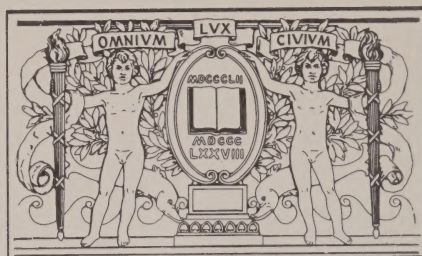


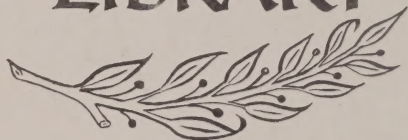
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CHOY SUSAN.

I.

THE ADVENT OF TEN MOON.

LESTER BALDWIN, storekeeper down at Sloan's Camp, arrived one morning at a Chinese fishing-village on the shore of the wide Pacific Ocean, in search of a few more hands for the railroad.

Instead of inquiring for the "bossee man" of the village, it was, strangely enough, a woman, Choy Susan, to whom he directed himself. Choy Susan enjoyed in the Celestial community — partly through innate force of character, and partly as the only one who had mastered the English speech, and thus made herself of invaluable use in business dealings with the outside world — a position quite unusual with her sex.

For the moment she was not at home. Nor was her partner, Yuen Wa, a superannuated old man whom she employed to tend shop for her during her frequent absences, which often included even bold excursions to the fishing-grounds.

As the storekeeper stood knocking at her door, he may be described as a person of lank figure, "sandy-complected," as he himself would have said, with a sandy "goatee," and a slight cast in one eye. He had, when he spoke, a chronic huskiness of voice. He was known to his friends not at all as Lester, but "Yank," or Yankee, Baldwin.

A large green parrot, the unsociable "Tong," hung out in a wooden cage beside the door, woke up, and delivered a torrent of jargon, probably abuse, in response to his knock.

"*Quack-a-lee! cack-a-lee-lee-ee! whoo-oosh!*" You're another," returned Yank Baldwin, in a facetious mood, by way of a reply in kind, and went on further in his search.

The village had a deserted look that day. Even some doors which had stood ajar on the storekeeper's first approach now churlishly closed. There was no one near the tawdry little out-of-doors theatre, no one at the fane of Hop Wo; there were no smooth polls being scraped at the barber-shop. A person at the smoky little cabaret, with its heavy wooden tables, who was engaged in preparing a confection of hog's fat and sweetmeats for the noonday meal, answered shortly to inquiries only "Twel' o'clock!" and could not be induced to say another word.

"I'd like to wring" — began Yank Baldwin, upon this, indignantly; but then, "Oh, well, what's the use!"

He saw some men at a distance, on the beach, by a smoking tar-kettle among the boulders, apparently mending a boat. He was betaking himself thither, and had reached a point where a grotesque idol, a deity of fishermen, was squatted on a flat rock among the dwellings, when

he heard himself hailed: "Eh, one man! where you go?"

It was Choy Susan herself, who had perhaps observed his quest, and now came out, laying aside some occupation in a shed used for storage. She waddled towards him, her ample form costumed in wide jacket and pantaloons of a shiny black cotton, men's gaiters on her large feet, and a bunch of keys dangling from her girdle. Her skin was plentifully marked with the traces left by small-pox.

"Oh, is that you, Choy Susan? How dy do?"

"How do?" replied Choy Susan, severely.

"It's a month o' Sundays since I've seen you, Susan. I declare, it's good for weak eyes to set 'em on a fine, strappin', handsome woman like you, agin."

"Too much dam' talkee! What want?" responded the Chinese woman, treating this ingratiatory palaver with brusque contempt.

"Well, we'll get down to business right away, then, if you say so. Say! I want catchee about a dozen good China boys to go down workee on railroad, Miller's division."

"No, can't catchee nothin' here. Man all gone flish. Bimeby, some time, other day."

"Good pay! plenty eat! plenty much rice!" said the other, continuing imperturbably, and making pantomime of raising food to the mouth with both hands. "I knew you was the one to come to. Sez I, 'If Choy Susan can't git 'em for us, nobody kin.'"

"Too much talkee! No, can't catchee nothing."

And she made as if about to bluntly conclude the interview and go back to her occupation.

"It's probably Easterby that would want 'em, if they was wanted," appealed the applicant. "You know Easterby, you know. He's a *white* man."

"Mist' Easte'by he a daisy," she re-

turned. She seemed mollified at the name, and gazed up the street as if now more inclined to consider the matter. This Easterby, in fact, had ingratiated himself with her of old by some politeness or service, — a way he had with people.

The village consisted of a long main street of wooden cabins, silvered gray by the weather, with a motley cluster, nearer shore, of fish-houses, strange dismantled boats, odd tackles, and, above them, frames of tall poles, along which were strung rows of fish to dry. The site was amid rugged bowlders, silvery-gray like the houses. Bright spots of color, the patches of red and yellow papers inscribed with hieroglyphics, a pennant, a tasseled glass lantern, a carved and gilded sign, scattered through it all, might serve from a distance as a reminder of the vivid spring wild-flowers, now vanished from the brown, dry, summer pastures.

Just in the edge of the expansive blue bay beneath lay at anchor the Chinese junk, the Good Success and Golden Profits, — to transcribe into practicable form the mystic blazonry of her title in the original, — which had come round on her periodic trip from San Francisco, to gather up the product of the fishing industry and bring a freight of salt and empty barrels. She had discharged cargo, and all at present was as quiet on board of her as elsewhere.

"That's right, now," pursued Yank Baldwin, following up his advantage. "Easterby's allers said your bark was worse than your bite."

Choy Susan's bark *was*, in fact, worse than her bite. She was plainly in the habit of being much bowed down before and deferred to; and this, together with her practice of defending herself against mockers, of whom she had met with many among "Melican" men, in a long experience, had given her a manner bluff, masculine, and inclining to surly rudeness. But this was in part a defense,

as has been said; and there were moments when, under her unsmiling exterior, she almost seemed to appreciate the humor of herself.

She prided herself on giving back to mockers as good as they sent, in their own vernacular. She had learned her English first at the Stockton Street Mission at San Francisco, of which she had once been an inmate, and perfected it at the mines at Bodie. Now Bodie was a place where it was charged that they would steal a red-hot stove with a fire in it, and "a bad man from Bodie" had passed into a proverb for what was lawless and terrorizing. At this university she had picked up a choice store of slang likely to be useful to her in her way of life, together with her half-English name and independent methods of action which made her an awe-inspiring figure before the eyes of her fellow-countrymen.

The negotiation for laborers had progressed to about the point indicated when a prodigious clattering of hoofs was heard in the distance. On they came, drawing nearer, the sound increasing to a phenomenal racket.

"Ger-eat Scott!" cried Yank Baldwin, pulling his hat down upon his head and running around a corner to see the more clearly, followed by Choy Susan.

A horseman came tearing into the settlement like a comet come ashore. It was a Chinaman, mounted on a small roan steed, which snorted, wheezed, kicked, and bolted in the most extraordinary manner. The Chinaman's loose clothing ballooned in the wind, his eyes were starting from his head in terror, and at every plunge of the animal he bounded high from the saddle.

A stride or two more, and they were here; another, and they were gone far up the street.

A sudden population, now appearing, — wherever they had been, — rushed out and threw themselves in the track

of the flying cavalier, crying after him in tones of agonized entreaty, —

"Ten Moon! Ten Moon!"

"Ten Moon!" shrieked the parrot, Tong, at Choy Susan's door, in goblin-like mockery.

Never, perhaps, since the days of the "fiery untamed steed" of Mazeppa, or since Roland brought the good news to Ghent, had equestrian arrived anywhere in more redoubtable haste than this.

"Well, if it ain't Ten Moon, cook o' the Palace Boardin' House, on my pony, Rattleweed! Oho! ho! ho-o! The boys has put up a job on him!" cried Yank Baldwin, slapping himself on the thigh with a coarse big hand. "A Chinaman on horseback!" he continued: "that beats a sailor, and they beat the Dutch," and he doubled himself up in convulsions of delight.

Turning inadvertently about, in his amusement, he discovered a new figure, a pleasing young woman, standing behind him. He reported at camp afterwards that he was "dead gone on" her from the first instant. She had come quietly out of the storage shed, where she had been in conference with Choy Susan.

She was attired in brown merino, with several furbelows on the skirt, and at the neck a wide linen collar of fresh appearance, and her brown hair was neatly smoothed. Her girlish face, of a clear paleness, had the features rather small, and a somewhat long upper lip which contributed to give her a thoughtful cast. She wore a flamboyant hat, which might have been the mode on the Eastern seaboard some years before. The knowing in such matters would have detected considerable trace of rusticity, but to Yank Baldwin she seemed the epitome of elegant distinction, — a person far beyond all those he was in the habit of seeing in his way of life. He considered her "high-toned," or "tony," in the extreme; and a thought of infidelity to one Spanish Luisa occurred to him.

He immediately drew a long face, as if his mirth were not decorous before the stranger. He threw out, by way of overture at conversation, the remark, —

“A pleasant *day!*”

“Yes, it *is* a pleasant day.”

But she gave him very little heed; her glance was following with a painful intensity the flying form of Ten Moon.

“Oh, he will be hurt; he will be killed, will he not?” she cried, clasping her hands tightly as the rider disappeared brusquely around a turn.

“Yes, I s’pose so; that is, I hope so,” replied the storekeeper nonchalantly, quite as if it were a matter of course.

The trio were walking onward to witness the end of the adventure, which must certainly now be near its close, among the narrow by-ways of the place; and Choy Susan was a little behind the two.

“You talk so about a fellow-being?” said the young girl, turning upon him indignantly.

“Well, may be they is feller-bein’s. I dunno but they is,” he returned, weakening under her glance, and taking an apologetic tone. “I dunno’s I’ve got anything so particular agin ’em, if *you* hain’t.”

He apparently began to admire the spirit and originality of her ideas, as well as her good looks.

“The Chinese has got to *go*, though, I s’pose?” he suggested inquiringly.

“Well, that’s no reason for wanting them all to be fatally injured while they’re here.”

But she had a much closer interest than general benevolence for the race in this, her messenger; for her messenger Ten Moon was.

“What is the matter with the pony, and why do they call him Rattleweed?” she now condescended to inquire.

“They’ve got to call him *something*,” he replied, as if this were a full and complete explanation.

“Oh!” was her only comment, taking him in his own way, which pleased him; and before he could begin the further explanation he intended, he was suddenly called away to take part in a curious *mêlée* which met their eyes in front.

The fiery little animal, after circulating impatiently in various by-ways, had been checked by rocks and fishing paraphernalia, forming a *cul-de-sac*. This had given time for assistance to come up. Some had thrown their arms wildly about his neck; others had seized Ten Moon’s legs; still others endeavored, with ropes, sticks, and poles, to snare the fuming pony and throw him down.

Taken thus at a disadvantage, Rattleweed now at last succumbed, with a certain expression of duty accomplished. He went down amid great clamor, Ten Moon still in the saddle, and the rest falling upon these in a confused mass.

All emerged from this chaos, miraculous to say, with but few bruises and practically unharmed. When Ten Moon had well felt of his bones and found that none of them were broken, he began a voluble recital of his story to the crowd. The young surveyors down at Sloan’s Camp, he said, had mounted him on this never-to-be-sufficiently-accursed animal, under pretense of kindness, on his return from an errand to that place. The audience looked at each other in indignant disgust, and expressed in shrill tones their opinion of the baseness of the surveyors aforesaid.

Choy Susan, with her air of authority, strode forward and interrupted this. She touched the narrator on the shoulder, took him aside, and listened to a report of his mission. Then she returned to her companion, the stranger, and reported in turn: —

“Ten Moon no got answer. No could find Mist’ Easte’by. Easte’by gone way now, down Miller’s Camp. They send letter if he no come back light away, bimeby, plitty click.”

The girl seemed to make an effort at first to repress strong feeling; then broke out with a despairing cry, "Oh, what *shall* I do if he does not get my letter at all?"

The female interpreter and autocrat of the Chinese village looked at her in open surprise. An expression of shrewd insight succeeded this.

"You want marry Mist' Easte'by? He you' beau?" she asked in a tone of bluff friendliness.

"Oh, Choy Susan, my father is going to make me marry another man! He has gone down to Soledad now, to bring him back with him. When they return, it will have to be done. My father is a—a bishop of our faith, and he will marry us himself."

"Why you stay here, then?"

"I got my father to leave me under pretense of sickness. I told him I could not travel any further in the jolting stage."

"So you want see East'by?"

"It was by the merest accident I knew he was here. I saw his name in a newspaper as among the surveyors at this place."

"How you come know he?"

Choy Susan propounded her questions with a dry, almost inquisitorial air.

"I used to know him when he was surveying down at Lehi, on the Utah Central, and afterwards at Salt Lake City. It is a very long time since I have seen him. He used to talk to me about — about — running away, and going to join his mother and sisters."

"So you goin' run away, now?"

"Oh, Choy Susan, how can I? He has n't asked me. He does n't know I am here — I don't want to marry *anybody* — *ever*. I only want somebody to *sympathize* with me — to *know*."

She burst into hysterical sobs, and put her handkerchief to her face.

"Finding you here, I — I thought I would get you to take a note to him," she added: "but he will never get it."

"Um!" commented Choy Susan. "This new husbin, he Mormin, too? Takee plenty more wife, alle same likee Chinaman?"

"Yes, he is Mormon, too. They would not let me marry any other. They would call it my everlasting perdition. He is a relation of mine. I've only seen him once — and he is old, and — and ugly — and I *hate* him."

"No good for woman to marry man what got plenty otha wife," said Choy Susan, with a philosophic and final air, after a pause. "My makee big mistake myself."

"Ah?"

The listener turned an attentive ear to sympathetic wisdom even from this rude source.

"Yes. You heap good look, but heap good look can catch all same plenty bad time," — a way of saying, no doubt, that beauty may be coupled with a hapless fate, which we know is true enough. "My know how it was myself," she continued. "My husbin name Hop Lee. I marry Hop Lee when I Jesus girl, down Stockton Street Mission. He Jesus boy, too."

"Oh, you were Christians?"

"One time; not now. I tellee you. Hop Lee he say, 'You marry me; I got heap big store, heap money. You no work sewin'-m'chine; you catch plenty good time, plenty loaf. I no takee more wife.'"

"He promised you not to marry again?"

"He plomise." The speaker closed an eye shrewdly; then, reopened it. "Bimeby plitty click I get sick, small-pock. He say, 'You no good. Shut up! I goin' bling otha wife.' He bling two more wife. They beatee me; make work sewin'-m'chine all time, all time, likee slave."

"Poor Choy Susan!"

"So one day I run away. Catch money and man clothes, catchee railroad, and come Salt Lake."

"And that was the time when you broke your arm, and I met you there?"

"Yes, you helpa me. Bimeby I go Bodie; then come here, get pardner, go fish, and kleep store."

"And what has become of Hop Lee?"

"He dead," said Choy Susan contemptuously. "I pray Jesus 'ligion first time makee Hop Lee die, but it no makee die. Then I pray China 'ligion makee die, and China 'ligion makee die, and both wife too, right away, plitty click. China joss much good. Jesus 'ligion no good."

"Oh, no, you must not say that!" expostulated the girl; but she was soon led back to her own affair, to which the Chinese interpreter returned.

"When your father and other man comin' back?" inquired the latter.

"Inside of four or five days; and then it will have to be done." The fair speaker whimpered tearfully again.

"Oh, plenty much time! plenty much time!" reassuringly. "Easte'by he get letter, he come. You see!"

Yank Baldwin came up and interrupted, having now rescued his eccentric pony from the chaotic scramble, and secured him in a place of safety.

"Crazy as a bedbug!" he now condescended to explain. "He's eat some o' this here rattle-weed, or loco-weed, what grows in the pastures. It gives 'em kind o' jim-jams. He goes like that every time he starts out. Never knows when to stop. He'd run himself to death if he had room. Run away once in a paymaster's wagon, with seven thousand dollars under the seat. Was out all night, and found in the woods next mornin', fast asleep on his feet."

His new acquaintance made a polite pretense of listening, but was furtively edging off at the same time to take her departure.

"He'll go down, some day, all of a heap, like the sun in the tropics," said the man, following her up. "There's

folks like that, too,—always on the dead jump, always burnin' the candle at both ends. I dunno but what I've been a good deal that way myself 'fore now. I've been thinkin', though, that it's 'bout time for me to settle down, and get me a good, spry, harnsome wife."

He accompanied this speech with such a glance of bold admiration that his meaning was plainly evident.

Yank Baldwin's theory was that of "love at first sight," and not confined to a special occasion, either. His stock of devotion lay very near the surface, and he made prompt demands upon it. It was told of him that he had once proposed to a waiter-girl at Frisco on her bringing him his second cup of coffee, and was only distanced by a companion who had already secured her after the first.

The stranger did not remain long to listen to his gallantries, but now tripped demurely away from the hamlet in the direction of the Palace Boarding House, at no great distance.

"Who is she?" inquired Baldwin sententiously, looking after her.

"She one o' them Mormins,—friend o' mine over to Salt Lake."

"She ain't no Mormon," he said, in strong incredulity.

"She *Mormon*,—you hear me?" severely. "Goin' marry man with heap other wife all same like Chinaman."

"Go way!" He whistled softly.

"*You go way!*" returned Choy Susan, in her most rowdy manner.

"Where's she stoppin'?" the store-keeper inquired again, after a reflective pause.

"Palace Boardin' House."

"That's where I take my meals myself, when I'm here from camp. I'm goin' there now."

He whistled several times more,—low whistles of peculiar meaning.

"What was Ten Moon up to, down to camp?" he asked.

"I guess he gone down see China

cook there," his informant responded nonchalantly. "He goin' back China day after to-morra. He take boat down there," pointing to the junk on the bay; "then big boat on big water from Frisco."

With this they returned again to the matter of the hands needed for the railroad. Yank Baldwin interrupted once more in the midst of it, however, as if dismissing, in a final way, an absurd idea that might have flashed through his brain.

"No Mormon in *mine*! Not any! That ain't what I'm *after*. Spanish Luisa's better 'n *that*, a mighty sight."

It was necessary to see Yuen Wa, Choy Susan's "pardner," about the negotiation. He had been a contractor for labor in his time, and still kept, more or less, the run of such matters. He was found at his place now in the stuffy little shop, full of curious budgets, specimens of the fine large *avallonia* shells found on the beach, dried *avallonia* meats and dried goose livers, opium pipes, sticks of India ink, silver jewelry, and packets of face powder. He sat behind the counter, a wizened little old man, with a thin, piping voice, reticent of speech, and more like one of his own idols than anything else. It was easy to see that he was a person of minor importance as compared with his more vigorous feminine associate.

"All our available labor," explained Yuen Wa in substance, "will be needed to-morrow and the day after for getting the Good Success and Golden Profits off to sea. After that, I must tell you, we begin a season of 'good' days, a festival of a week or so, when nobody will work at anything. But after that" —

"Never mind," replied Yank Baldwin. "I'll go over and see them Eyetilians at Monterey. May be I kin get enough o' them. If I can't, I'll come and see you again. And may be they won't be needed at all. It's kinder on-sartain."

Upon that he was going away, when the Chinese woman picked up from the top of a box in a corner a couple of small English volumes.

"B'long to she," she said. "Leavee here when she come see me, yest'd'y, I guess."

"Whose? Hern?" said Yank Baldwin, standing beside her as she opened them. "I'm goin' back that way. I'll give 'em to her," and he took, almost snatched, them from her.

One was a book of theological doctrine of the church of Mormon, or Latter-Day Saints; the other, a novel, of peculiarly affecting and tender love passages. In the former was inscribed, in a prim, small, girlish hand, a name — probably that of the owner — in full, as thus: *Marcella Eudora Gilham, Deseret University, Salt Lake City*. Under it was a date of about three years earlier, when she had no doubt been attendant upon that institution.

Chosen passages of doctrine were heavily underscored with pencil, as if they had been the subject of peculiar wrestling and study, or perhaps, again, in triumphant recognition of their force against error.

Yank Baldwin turned these volumes musingly, as he went along, — more than once nearly coming to grief over obstructions on the road, — and whistled softly to himself a great many times.

II.

THE PALACE BOARDING HOUSE.

The Palace Boarding House had once been an inn. It enjoyed a slight revival of prosperity at present from the recent burning down of the only hotel in the American town of Monterey, adjoining on the one hand, as did the Chinese village on the other. It lay at the intersection of cross-roads, leading up and down the coast and back into the

country. Behind it were great dusky woods of a moss-hung pine and cypress peculiar to the place, and in front was the sea, palisaded by high cliffs.

The building was a large shingle edifice, in but shabby repair. Its title was not borne out by the facts, but was only a tribute from the florid imagination of the place.

At a corner of the shabby veranda creaked a signboard, reading

PALACE BOARDING HOUSE.

SQUARE MEALS, \$1.00.

BY MRS. JANE McCURDY.

Some hens were scratching about the sterile door-yard, and a colt, his head triced up in a breaking-bridle, was wandering there, with a portentous air of feeling the indignity of his situation.

Yank Baldwin was late at dinner, and it happened that his new acquaintance, Miss Marcella Eudora Gilham, was the only guest with him at table. He was so impressed anew that he forgot for some time to give her back her books. He paused at times with his fork half raised to his mouth, in admiration. She had made some little new adjustments to her toilette. Her hair was smoother than before. He contrasted her with the somewhat frowzy style of Spanish Luisa, of Monterey; and though the raven tresses, the heavy brows, and the soft and melting mouth of this latter were of genuine attraction, he felt the contrast as most unfavorable to her memory.

Finally he bethought him of the recovered books, and made various other ingratiating advances, but without notable success.

"If she wa'n't Mormon, I don't s'pose I could expect her to look at the same side o' the road I was on," he thought.

Mrs. Jane McCurdy, the landlady, now came in from her labors in the kitchen to her own dinner.

"Mr. Bald'in, he's connected with the new railroad," she said to Marcella, by way of aiding to bring about a sociable feeling between the two.

"My son, he's allers follered firin', on the railroad, too, or else teamin', one. I dunno just what *is* become of him now," she continued, foraging about and making judicious selections among the lukewarm viands.

It seemed as if Marcella regarded the storekeeper with an increase of interest after this. She took a certain meditative way of looking at him, and talked amiably on general topics.

"Somebody was sayin' she was a Mormon," suggested Yank Baldwin to the landlady, when the girl had left the room.

"I expect she is," sighed that hard-worked woman in a weary way.

"Josephite, then, most likely? I've seen Josephites down San Barnardino way. They ain't no great different from other folks."

"No, I expect she's one o' the reglar uns."

"Not solid Mormon?"

"*Solid*," said Mrs. McCurdy, shutting out the last ray of hope, as she peeled a cold boiled potato.

Yank Baldwin groaned mentally.

"Her father, he's a kind o' bishop, or apostle, among 'em, I guess," went on the landlady in a gossiping way; "round this way to visit among the brethren and do a stroke o' business too in introducin' goods. I see his cards with Zion's Co-oppyrative Bazaar on 'em, and a pile o' tracts on religion, in his room. They went over to sell some things to the China stores the day they came, and the girl run acrost Choy Susan, who, it 'pears, she knew of old."

"So I hear."

"There's a kind o' scatterin' of the brethren round through here, I understand, on account o' some bein' left after the Mexikin war, and they're formin' new settlements, too. They say they're

a-goin' to settle all over everything after a while."

"Sho!" said Yank Baldwin.

"I've had consid'able many of 'em stop with me. Fact is, I had a sister among 'em oncet. They roped her in, some way, down in Illinois, in early times. She used to see hull quires of angils; I dunno but what 't was reams."

"Well, how 's business?" inquired the storekeeper, affecting a brisk air as he put on his wide slouch hat, after finishing his meal.

"You know of any good China cook?" returned the landlady, answering this question with another. "Ten Moon, he's goin' away, goin' back to his own country, and I've got to have somebody else. Them camp-meetin' folks'll be down this way, too, pretty quick, to open up at Pacific Grove, and that allers makes consid'able extra eatin'. Rev. Samyl Snow has writ. He gin'rally writes to let me know they're comin'."

"You better hustle round lively, then," said Baldwin. "The head o' construction 's goin' to be moved up this way, from Sloan's Camp. I should n't wonder if we started in three or four days. That'll make *more* square meals for you."

Marcella Gilham was waiting for him on the veranda, as he came out. She talked awhile on general matters; then asked as if by the way, —

"Oh, are you acquainted with a young man on the railroad named Rufus D. Easterby?"

"What, *Rufe*? Rufus D? I should *say* so."

"He is a chain-man, with the surveyors."

"He ain't no chain-man *now*. He's got to be transit-man now, at seventy-five dollars a month and found. Picked it up himself. Picks up everything. *You* know him?"

"I have met him," she replied evasively.

"Well, you've met a bang-up smart

feller, and a good un, — that 's all I've got to say. He's bound to be division engineer himself 'fore a great while, is Rufus."

"If you happen to see him, perhaps you will mention that you have seen me here."

"O' course I will; o' course I'll mention it. He often comes into my tent of an evening and chins. He's give me advice more 'n once that I've follered out and made money on it."

Marcella was very gracious, at considerable length, to the storekeeper. As he mounted to ride off she said, —

"I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again."

Then she turned away, and said to herself mournfully, "If I have made a sufficiently good impression, and the letter should miscarry, this man may still bring me news of him."

"Well, be good to yourself!" said Yank Baldwin, galloping away on his queer pony, who had no terrors for him. He was immensely flattered by her favor.

"Hopes she'll have the pleasure o' seein' me again, does she?" he soliloquized. "*Pity*, her bein' a Mormon. Should n't wonder, now, if I could convert that there girl over, if I was a mind to, as easy as rollin' off a log."

He repeated many times more in the course of that evening, "*Pity*, her bein' Mormon, ain't it?" together with the reflection about converting her. Converting her to what? Yank Baldwin's own theological convictions would have been extremely hard to determine.

He wandered in an aimless way about his store, where he had a stock of overalls, cowhide boots, blankets, tin cups, powder and shot, kerosene, and bags of meal and potatoes, distributed on the ground and upon a rude counter and shelves. The usual visitors came in, and sat around a barrel in the centre.

The inspiration suddenly took him that he might as well move his store on

the morrow, and not wait. He should be near her and would have leisure in the few days before the rest of the camp should follow to amply cultivate her acquaintance. Some Indians, a mongrel, beggarly set of the neighborhood, came in to buy stove-blackening. They were using it now as a choice article of face-paint; and the transaction, almost the only one of the evening, completed his readiness to go.

"No use o' stayin' here; there ain't no business doin'," he said, addressing a couple of young fellows who had hauled supplies into camp, and had a team there vacant. "Say, young roosters! what'll you take, to move me and fixtures complete up to the new place, right away to-morrer?"

The teamsters thus addressed named a price.

"You don't want the *job*," he said curtly, upon hearing it.

"The feed of the horses will cost so much," they argued.

"No livin' horses can eat so much," he returned.

"The tent alone will make one load."

"No, it won't make not half a load."

"It will take a couple of days to do it."

"Why, you'll have it all done by to-morrer noon."

The "young roosters" united in a cry of indignation.

"Oh, I mean if you *work*," said the storekeeper contemptuously; "and when I say work, I don't mean dawdlin' and goin' to sleep over it, the way you do for the railroad, either."

The spectators took sides for and against in the argument. The teamsters went outside the tent and laid their heads together confidentially, and returned with a new price. This in its turn was rejected, and the negotiation seemed wholly at an end.

"Well, I'll raise you the five dollars," said Yank Baldwin finally, infusing as much superciliousness as possible into

his tone. "But see you get started at daybreak, d'y'e understand? And don't you forget it!"

He felt that feminine influence — and not for the first time, either — had disabled him in a business transaction which, if left unbiassed, he should have brought to a much more advantageous issue.

Marcella hovered near, on his arrival at the new site with his second load of effects, and spoke with him. As he volunteered nothing about Easterby, she came to the point directly.

"No, I hain't seen him," said the new-comer. "Fact is, he's off somewhere. I guess he'll be back 'fore a great while. A letter came for him yest'd'y, too, and is waitin' for him, unless they've sent it on."

The girl turned away to hide her despair.

Whether aroused by the movement of its storekeeper or not, it is certain that the whole of Sloan's Camp also got in motion that day, in advance of its original intention. By nightfall a number of tents were pitched, and the head of construction was definitely transferred to the new location.

It was a charming little steep valley, traversed by a brook, amid embowering woods. The rattle of the powder blasts in the adjoining canyon already began to resound there, as the new railroad came rapidly on.

Yank Baldwin, as soon as installed, began his court to Marcella. He invited her down to camp after supper, to witness the moons of Jupiter (said to be of a notable clearness just then) through the glass of the surveyors' transit. She accepted, taking Mrs. McCurdy, however, for fuller companionship. Baldwin had brought her no news that day; perhaps she might happen upon some at camp. Perhaps, even, — but that was too good to be true, — Easterby might have arrived himself.

The tents glowed translucent, like

large lanterns, in the dusk; the noise of the clear brook smote musically on the ear; the stars peeped over the margin of the valley, and Jupiter was in fact exceptionally brilliant. The engineer, the rod-man, the two chain-men, the axe-man, and others had come, and there was a very polite man temporarily in charge of the transit instrument. But Easterby had not arrived, nor did the timid inquiries which alone the visitor dared propound bring definite information about him, if indeed there were any to be had.

She bore up, however. On the return she artfully drew out Yank Baldwin on the subject of railroad constructors and their habits, and especially on surveyors.

"Are they usually married?" she inquired. "Is Mr. Easterby, for instance?"

"If not, have they often — sweethearts? Has Easterby?"

"I should n't wonder if he 'd been, in love afore now, or may be is yet," explained her informant, "in some such way as to take his mind off the girls. I've kinder thought so. He don't take no shine to 'em at all. — Why? Was you particular interested in him?" he broke off sharply, perhaps inspired with a sudden suspicion.

"Oh, not at all. I — only it is easier to talk about some one we both know; that is all."

The storekeeper even ventured into the "settin'-room" of the Palace Boarding House, though not greatly at home in such places, and the interview was prolonged. The session there that night was later than usual. Ten Moon, the departing cook, was to "set a table to the devil" for a favorable journey, and there was a desire on the part of some to witness it. The table was in fact set out, with the proper allowance of rice, rice-brandy, roast fowl, and sweetmeats.

Marcella, meantime, whether through

desire for distraction in her anxieties, or to continue the chance of new discoveries, brought forth a photograph album to show her visitor.

"My brother, — my sister," she said, gravely pointing out in it one young face after another, with much dissimilarity of looks.

"Large fambly!" commented Yank Baldwin dryly.

He was burning to accost the subject of her creed, and make a beginning of the conversion which he believed his personal influence would render so easy.

She let fall inadvertently some expression about the "celestial marriage." This was his opportunity.

"Celestyil humbug!" he broke out. "*You* ain't one o' them that believes in lettin' a husband have 'bout forty'-leven other wives, are you?"

The girl sighed heavily.

"You ought to tie up to some good, strong, likely feller that 'ud look out for *you*, and nobody else," he continued.

Marcella Eudora Gilham sighed more heavily than before. The strange thing was that she showed no resentment.

"What does it say in these here novels?" bringing his hand down on the one he had returned to her the day before. "Why, they show just two, and no more, a-lovin' each other for keeps; a-stickin' to each other through thick and thin, and nobody else; a-havin' no end o' trouble, but comin' out all right in the wind-up."

Marcella looked at the book; then took it up herself, affectionately, as if mindful of certain passages that may have been an influence in her life. But she said, —

"I suppose I ought not to read novels. Our Book of Nephi calls them 'the vain imaginations and pride of the children of men.'"

"Book of" — began her exhorter in disgust. "Well, I can't say I've seen much o' your kind o' folks myself, but I know all about 'em from Rufe East-

erby. He's ben there and seen the whole thing. He says the women is the wust."

"Did he say that?" exclaimed Marcella, starting now with warm indignation.

"He says they're the biggest fools that ever was heard of," pursued Yank Baldwin imperturbably. His best point was not refinement, either of argument or of speech. "The head men preaches to 'em that it's their duty to git their own livin'; and they take it all in, and grub their fingers off. The thing can be run *ad liberty* that way, without its costin' the men a cent."

Perhaps there reëchoed through the listener's brain at this point the sonorous words of sermons she had heard preached in the Tabernacle:

"In that day seven women will plead with one man to take them as wives, promising to eat their own bread and wear their own apparel, if he will only consent for them to be called by his name."

"The women even makes the men take more wives when they was n't goin' to," continued Yank Baldwin. "The poor benighted creeturs thinks all hands 'll git a higher place in heaven. Oh, they're too cute for anything, them sly old Mormon foxes!"

With this onslaught Yank Baldwin was about to depart in triumph, considering that the successful end of his crusade could not now be far distant; but Marcella let fall an inoffensive-seeming remark, which checked him in full career.

"The greatest men of ancient times," she said, "those of the Bible, had many wives at once."

"They *did n't*?"

She brought him the Scriptures, and showed him the cases of Abraham, Jacob, David, and other of the famous polygamists.

It was news to Yank Baldwin, as very much more in the sacred books

would also have been. He felt himself getting beyond his depth, and went off in a dazed way. He recalled clearly, however, how charmingly the color came and went in her complexion as they argued. Dusky Spanish Luisa, of the raven hair and melting mouth, had vanished completely out of sight.

"May be Mormon ain't no such great difference from Spanish, any way," he mused, making provision in case that the conversion might not succeed. "I s'pose it could n't do any great hurt, *her* belongin' to 'em."

III.

THE SAILING OF THE GOOD SUCCESS AND GOLDEN PROFITS.

As there was no news for the Mormon girl from any source, on the following morning, and the time for action upon her impending fate was growing perilously short, she could not forbear approaching the storekeeper on the subject of Easterby again.

"The fact is," now said this person, "he's ben sent down the line to stave off a strike among some Mexican laborers, and I ben seein' if I could help git some extry hands here in case they was needed. They may strike, and may not. It's a secret, and we did n't want nothin' said about it till we see how it was all a-comin' out."

"And why was *he* sent? *He* is a surveyor."

"Well, he's picked up their lingo some way, and he's got a takin' way with him. If *he* could n't do it, nobody could."

She hurried with this statement to Choy Susan, in the Chinese village. She was in utter despair, believing now that Easterby would not come at all, would not be found. And even if he *were* found, what would he think of her? Oh, surely, *now* nothing could

be done! The Chinawoman tried again to comfort her.

"You got more money?" she said. "Ten Moon no can go, but send one more time messagy, and bling light away back."

"Oh, Choy Susan, I *have* no more money," and she let her hand fall helplessly on her pocket.

"All lite!" said Choy Susan, and she summoned Qum Tock, a bright, intelligent boy, swift of foot, and sent him off on her own account, with instructions to find Rufus Easterby at all hazards, and bring him back if it were a possible thing. The boy's employer, Mow the emblem-maker, came presently to complain on account of the boy's being taken from his work; but Choy Susan opened her batteries of invective upon him with excellent effect, using English for the greater impressiveness.

"Shut up!" she said. "Git out! Hire some hall! Don't you forget how!" Upon which Mow the emblem-maker retired, totally discomfited.

Yank Baldwin came to Choy Susan the same morning, to ask her "to speak a good word" for him with Marcella. This point had he now reached in his going away, as it were, after the woman of Moab. He offered a considerable reward if he should succeed by her aid. She showed no great surprise at the proposition.

"All lite!" she answered; "but you plomise me you say nothin' 'bout to she till I fix. See?"

To this he assented. He fervently met once more Marcella herself. She was wandering disconsolately on the cliffs, and he joined her. They sat a while at a charming point where old trees of gnarled roots gripped the rock, and the spray dashed up into the air from curious caverns below. Thence they went down to the beach. There were curious large shells, one seaweed red as coral, and another of a single long smooth stem, coiled like a huge whip or

serpent. Gulls and pelicans hovered above a neighboring reef in chattering conventions.

In front the blue water of the bay stretched out to meet the illimitable ocean. Across it came a sail-boat from the direction of Santa Cruz. Looking towards the Chinese village, they could see that the junk, lately arrived, was no longer moored off shore, but had drawn up alongside a small pier, and was the centre of an active bustle of departure.

Yank Baldwin adhered in the main to his agreement with Choy Susan. He could not forbear throwing in, however, some few words concerning himself and prospects by way of commending himself to favor.

"There's other bisnisses I could go into, if I was a mind to, more settled down like," he said. "I've sometimes thought o' startin' a fruit drier and cannery. There's big money in it. Or I would n't wonder if I could even pick up surveyin', if that was wanted, same as Easterby. There's your thermomyster for takin' levils, and so on; then you have your baromyter for seein' how hot it is, you know."

Marcella showed no great interest in this. She was feverishly excited; in need of movement, distraction, forgetfulness. She wished to go back to the Chinese village, to witness the sailing of the junk. Her cavalier wondered at her taste, but offered her such explanations of things there as he could; few of them, it is to be feared, accurate, and none of them free from race prejudice.

"It's no place for a feller to saloon his girl," said he, in contempt. "I don't see what's the use o' comin'."

There was a plentiful population abroad now. Many had stayed at home from the fishing-grounds, and chosen to begin, with the day, the festal season opening on the morrow. It was a time favorable for trade, and the merchants burned in their interiors old clothes and mock money, to bring custom and keep

away that class of shoppers who come only to price things, and not to buy.

A moral drama would be begun at the little theatre that evening. The fane of Hop Wo—to which an inscription, for the benefit of strangers, directed, “By This Way Go Up Stairs”—was freshly adorned. The deity Tien How, propitious to sailors, was set out upon the flat boulder in place of the usual joss, and a pig, roasted whole and adorned with ribbons and gilt papers, lay before her. In the restaurant, dusky with smoke, games of dominoes, fan-tan, and blowing the fist were in progress.

“Yet!” (one) cried the players in this latter, shrilly, throwing out fingers to correspond. “Two!” “Three!” “Four!” “*Eng!*” “*Look!*” “*Tak!*” “*What!!!*” “*Gue!!!!*” “*Skip!!!!*”

They rose in the end to a climax of uproar that drowned for the moment the monotonous whine of Ah Wai’s fiddle and the clack of Chin Moy’s ebony sticks on an ebony block.

Our couple came to where the school-master was teaching some school-children to kow-tow decorously before Tien How. The quaint, doll-like figures, in swaddling-ropes of green, red, and yellow, put their small hands together and bowed till their foreheads well-nigh touched the ground. The school-master, a man not without courtliness, smiled benevolently at our friends, and expended upon them his only English speech, “Good-by!”

Choy Susan came by, and explained to them, in substance,—stopping as she bustled down to the junk, for she was one of the most active with bills of lading and the like in preparing it for sea,—that he was a person rather above his station here. He was one who said philosophically,—

“It is better to be honored among the small than despised among the great.”

She might have told, too, how he had in his cabin the Ju-pieu, or dictionary

of twenty-six thousand characters. He read in the Chi Kang, the national book of poetry, in which heroines are described, soft as the willow seen through the mists of spring, and with brows as arching and delicate as the opening willow leaf. He taught the three thousand proprieties, and how it is polite to offer things, but more polite to refuse; and how the first person must never be used in speech, but only terms of deference and eulogy to the auditor instead.

But now the final moment had come for the junk to take her departure. The gallant Good Success and Golden Profits began to cast off her lines. The peak of her mainsail was hauled up. A pennant was loosed from her mast-head, with the inscription,—

“May this bark brave the storms of a thousand years!”

Our couple found a favorable lookout point on the brow of a rise of ground. They saw two merchants embark, neither of whom would trust the other with the control of a venture they had in common; hence both were going. Lastly came Ten Moon, hurrying from a final trip to the Palace Boarding House for his effects, and, embracing friends along the way, tumbled precipitately on board.

The Good Success and Golden Profits was a vessel of perhaps fifty feet in length by fifteen in the beam. She had a great rudder, with carven tiller, which served partly as a keel, her actual keel being of but small dimensions. Her motive power was a principal sail, lateen-shaped, with a jib or foresail, both braced with reefing-poles, so that they lay flat to the breeze instead of bellying. It might be expected that such a craft would be fairly good before a wind, but would not tack easily.

A fusillade of crackers and revolver shots rattled briskly before the shrine of Tien How, and last fervent wishes were breathed. A new pennant, with the lucky Yin and Yang, the male and female principle, was run up on the

junk. She drifted off from shore. Her hardy skipper raised aloft three cups of wine of rice, and poured a libation on the deck. Then he took in his hands a fowl, kow-towed thrice, reverently, cut off its head, and scattered the blood on silvered papers of inscriptions before him. His sailors, assisting in this nautical manœuvre, seized upon these papers, and ran with all haste to affix them to different parts of the ship.

There were already painted on each side the prow an open eye to spy out dangers ahead, and on the stern the phoenix, Foong, sitting on a rock and defying storms. With all this, if there were now no Jonah-like person on board to bring ill-fortune, it might be expected that the winds and waves, and especially the wild Sui Tow Foong, or devil's head-winds, were appeased in advance, and a prosperous voyage insured.

All at once a loud outcry went up. Luckless Ten Moon, not yet, as it seemed, at the end of his misadventures, was in the way of one of the sailors running to affix an inscription to his quarters. There was a collision. The ex-cook toppled over the gunwale and fell into the sea.

But a more singular thing happened. The outcry abated, and not a hand was raised in assistance. From both sea and shore his countrymen looked on in apathy at his fate. The sail-boat from Santa Cruz, which appeared to carry a load of tent apparatus, was now in the vicinity. She changed her course, — and there was a kind of vicious snap in the suddenness of the change, — and ran down to the spot, but she was not near enough to be of any avail.

The man was choking, struggling, sinking; he would surely drown.

Yank Baldwin bolted, without a word, from the side of Marcella, ran down to the pier, and leaped off. He swam with vigorous strokes to the drowning man, soon had him by the collar, and dragged him unceremoniously ashore.

There was a clamor of a different kind during this performance. It seemed to have rage, expostulation, and lugubrious wailings in it; and when the rescuer reached shore it almost looked as if he were going to be the victim of personal violence.

"Hang 'em!" said he, returning presently to Marcella. "I thought first they was going to *mob* me. A sick way of showin' gratitude they've got!"

"They don't believe in saving persons from drowning," she replied.

"They *don't*?"

"No. They think there are wandering spirits on the lookout to drag such persons under, and that they revenge themselves on those who balk them in their purpose."

Choy Susan had been with her in the mean time, and made her this explanation hastily, in connection with another, which confused her in presence of Yank Baldwin. He, too, had learned that Choy Susan had spoken the promised word, but did not know its definite result.

Down below, the sail-boat loaded with tent equipage touched shore, and a ministerial-looking man leaped out of it. He raised his hands in prayer and repulsion at the superstitious indifference to a human life he had witnessed, then seized upon Choy Susan and drew her aside. She explained, when he had re-embarked, and some time later to Marcella, that it was the Reverend Samuel Snow.

"He talkee my be Jesus woman and go back Stockton Stleet Mission. My ask him buy lottely tickets," she said, in a hardened way.

The rescued Ten Moon was rowed out in a small boat, and grudgingly received on the deck from which he had fallen. The junk then sailed away, and was slow in disappearing over the horizon. She would cruise homeward along the hundred miles of intervening coast,

enter at the Golden Gate, unload at Yslas Creek, and make her next trip probably to the shrimpers at San Bruno Point, twenty miles down San Francisco Bay.

IV.

VACILLATIONS OF YANK BALDWIN.

"Oh, *that's* what they think, is it?" said Yank Baldwin, continuing his interview with the engaging Marcella Eudora Gillam. "Howsumdever, it don't make no difference to me what they think. I'd see the hull bang of 'em at the bottom of the Red Sea, so fur as I'm concerned. I done it just for *one* thing. Do you want to know what that is?"

Marcella did not ask for information on the point; she feared she knew too well already; but this discretion did not avail her.

"I want to marry you," he said. "Choy Susan's broke it to you. Bein' as you took a notion to look at 'em as feller creeturs, and so on, and as the rest was so skulkin' mean, I thought I'd haul him out to please you. Now, what do you *say*? Will you have me?"

He stood before her in his wet apparel, streams of water running down and forming in pools about his feet, as if this were the most propitious of aspects for a wooer.

"Oh, I—I can't," she replied, timidly.

"You *can't*? Why not? I ain't a-goin' to say nothin' agin your folks. I've give that up. You was brought up so, and can't help it, I s'pose."

"My father would n't let me marry anybody who was not—a Mormon—one of the Saints," replied the girl, taking quite a different ground from that which he so complacently adopted.

"Saints be blowed! There ain't no saints about it. Joe Smith, what founded 'em, was a lazy money-digger, that's

all. Oh, Easterby's told me all about it, and I know. He could n't make out a livin', Smith could n't, so he pretended he'd found gold plates with hydroglyphics on 'em. How could he ever ha' read any gold plates, s'pose he *had* found 'em?"

"The Urim and Thummim, set in silver bows, were deposited with them in the hill of Cumorah, and by the aid of these he was able to translate them."

The countenance and tone of the young woman expressed perhaps a rapt devotion to her creed, yet a skeptical observer might have thought that he discerned a trace of hypocrisy in it all.

"Oh, yes, he was a sweet one, Joe was!" continued Yank Baldwin, suffering himself to be led away in heated sarcasm into a side issue. "I s'pose he got all them there revelashins straight from heaven, too. He used to come down every mornin' with things fixed just as he wanted. Got one revelashin tellin' his regular wife to shut up and not say nothin' when he took a lot more, or she'd be cut off into everlastin' fire and brimstun."

"Verily a commandment I give unto mine handmaid, Emma Smith. . . . But if she will not abide this commandment she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord," said Marcella, quoting the exact words of the text piously.

"He got a one-horse school-master, old Oliver Cowdery, and a one-horse lawyer, old Sidney Rigdon, to help him."

"Oh, you ought to go right home and get dry clothes. You will catch your death!" cried the girl, directing her attention, as for the first time, to his condition, and endeavoring thus to create a diversion.

"Never mind about *that*! That's all right," he responded morosely, putting up a hand to wring further moisture from his lank locks. "As I was a-sayin', they're all a set o' first-class frauds."

"Joseph and Hyrum were martyred

in Carthage jail, and there were many more who suffered for the faith."

Still the keen observer would have fancied in the fair devotee a certain evasion. Was she possibly fending off with her doctrines a suitor with whom it was not policy to quarrel outright?

"Oh, what's the use o' argying?" now broke out this latter in a final way. "*You* kin b'long to 'em, if you want to. I s'pose *your* belongin' can't do no great hurt. But you don't mean to say that you won't have me unless I jine 'em, too?"

The object of his ardor bowed her head distinctly, but in a sorrowful way, as if this were indeed her ultimate conclusion.

"Oh, that's just a little *too* much!" cried the storekeeper, starting off indignantly. "That settles it. You don't look like it, but I s'pose it's been grimed into you, and you can't help it. — So long!"

And he tramped away in high dudgeon, to put himself into dry clothing.

He hovered about the Palace Boarding House again towards evening, preserving a far-off, resentful air towards Marcella. He happened to be in her presence when a communication was handed her by a messenger, Qum Tock. She clapped her hands in rapture upon receipt of it and cried, —

"Oh, he is coming! he is coming!"

"Who's coming?" inquired the storekeeper, startled into the involuntary question.

"Oh — a — that is — my father," she answered, recalled to her self-possession.

But it was curious that the message, if from her father, should have been brought by Qum Tock, who came from Choy Susan.

After this circumstance, Marcella Gigham began to act towards Baldwin in a totally different manner. She was gay, loquacious, and treated him with a delightful coquetry.

The honest storekeeper, enraptured beyond all control, took the landlady, Mrs. McCurdy, aside, and said to her, —

"Say! borry some o' those there doctrine books o' hers for me, will you?"

Mrs. McCurdy obligingly borrowed them for him, taking them without asking permission, and he put them under his arm and trudged away to his tent.

When the shades of evening had fully fallen, that same day, a bronzed young man, alert of movement, short, stout, with a good round head and a bright eye, hurried into camp, threw off a canvas working-suit he wore, spruced up, and emerged from his tent again almost immediately. As he was coming out, he was saluted by Yank Baldwin, who had caught sight of him, with —

"Hay, Easterby, old man! Back again? What's the news?"

"The Mexicans are quieted down. They're not going to strike. And I've got a leave of absence and raise of pay."

"Good enough! I'm glad of it. Say!" approaching nearer, confidentially, "you're the one I ben a-waitin' for. I want a little advice. There's a Mormon gal here what" —

"Not now! not now, old man! Can't stop now, Yank. I've got business to attend to on the instant. See you later."

The young surveyor threw this back over his shoulder in a cheery voice, and was off without stopping for further parley.

Had the storekeeper followed instead of returning, as he did, to his tent to pore over the strange books of doctrine, he would have seen him joined by Marcella at the Palace Boarding House, and the two steal discreetly away toward the cliffs. He would have seen them find a sheltered seat there, just over the verge, screened by cedar boughs. He would have heard them set

to work to talk of earlier times; of a correspondence that had been interrupted, misunderstandings that had arisen. He would have heard argument then of a theological sort, and might have judged from a plaintive tone of the girl that she was struggling anew with old doubts and fears, once perhaps happily resolved.

"Oh, I *have* read, I *have* thought," she said. "Can you be so sure? Can the sufferings of all of our people, the blood of martyrs, been in vain?"

"Blood of martyrs," replied the young man, "has been shed for every absurdity under the sun. We are left to grope in darkness, for the most part, — Heaven help us; but we have our little spark of reason, and it must save us at least from gross impostures."

The night was dark in the absence of a moon, but the stars cast a pale radiance down upon the water. The milky way, scattered like breadths of daisies in a pasture, stretched from horizon to zenith and down again. The young girl said, turning a fair face up to it from below the cedar boughs, —

"When worlds are so plentiful as that, of what importance are we? How can it make any conceivable difference what we think, or do, or are?"

Her companion answered, holding her hand in both of his, —

"Those worlds are so far off, cold and uncertain, and we are here and warm and living, and we want our happiness."

None of this, however, Yank Baldwin saw or heard, wrestling in his tent as he was till well-nigh morning over uncouth doctrinal problems.

The pair on the cliffs heard the stage come in with a boom and rattle. When they parted, in the friendly obscurity of a thicket by the Palace Boarding House, Marcella turned to go within and Easterby back to his tent.

A door opened, letting out a bright light; and a rusty-looking man, with

beard and shaven upper lip, stepped forth upon the veranda, clearly revealed in it.

"Father!" exclaimed the girl, with a frightened intonation. "You are back so soon?"

"Yes; Erastus and I have come. 'Rastus did n't want to wait no longer. The ceremony'd better be to-morrow noon. I feel to rejoice that you're going to have such a good husband. Wa'n't that somebody *with* you, just now?" said the Mormon father.

He took his daughter by the arm; they disappeared within, and the door closed upon them.

Rufus Easterby overheard. With the alert, energetic manner characteristic of him he altered his course, and turned now towards the abode of Choy Susan. It was not yet so late that she could not be aroused; he found her, and the two held significant conference together.

A morning of fog, such as is common on the coast, succeeded the starry night. Fog dragged in the short grass, dripped from the tree branches, shut out the water, veiled the cliffs, and gave the hamlets a mysterious looming outline.

The day was long in coming. At breakfast-time a note was brought to Marcella, with whose own mood the gloom was well in keeping. The missive was from Choy Susan, in a peculiar handwriting that she had learned at the Stockton Street Mission. Marcella showed it freely to the Mormon father and the Mormon lover, "Erastus," another rusty-looking man, of the same general pattern.

"Choy Susan wants me to come over, if I can," she said. "She thinks she will buy some goods of us, if I will explain them a little more. She — wants me to — come alone."

The Mormon father looked inquiringly at the Mormon lover. The latter returned a glance inclining to suspicion. But there really was no good reason for

objection, and the passion for gain was strong in both of them.

"You can go, my daughter," said the father; "but be brief! You know what is to be done at noon."

Ah, yes, Marcella Eudora Gilham woefully remembered her pressing appointment for that hour.

Yank Baldwin, the storekeeper, had overslept himself that morning, after his long vigil. He hurried to find Mr. Easterby at once he was awake, but the latter was not in his tent.

"Never mind, then!" said the storekeeper. "I don't want no advisin' now."

He had the air of a man with a purpose inflexibly fixed.

He inquired at the Palace Boarding House for Marcella. Mrs. McCurdy told him that she had gone to the Chinese village, and her object. He directed himself thither thereupon with all expedition.

The Mormon father also, as it happened, heard this inquiry, and observed its manner. He chose to identify Yank Baldwin with the man he had seen with his daughter the night before. She had been gone well-nigh an hour, and should have returned. He counseled with Erastus. The two put their heads together, and in growing apprehension set out in pursuit.

As Yank Baldwin went along, with firm front and beating heart, he fanned his purpose with muttered words.

"Oh, I'll jine 'em," he said. "It comes high, but I'll do it. I'll jine 'em and git her, if I bust."

The enamored storekeeper had gone over to the Moabitish woman, horse, foot, artillery, and camp equipage, and was ready to embrace her faith. From time to time, languid airs drove back the smoke-like mist from the edge of the water, and showed a single milk-white breaker coming lazily in, and the gulls and pelicans standing motionless on wet films of the beach, in which their shapes were reflected. Then it swept down

again, and swallowed up alike Yank Baldwin and the Mormon parent and suitor following after.

In the Chinese village, that morning, there was rumor of something unusual afloat. Choy Susan had been seen to go at an early hour to the camp-meeting ground of Pacific Grove. She was dressed in her gala costume. She wore a wide-sleeved tunic of dark blue silk, and her earrings were large hoops of gold and malachite. Her black hair was smoothly oiled, and held up in loops by filigreed gold pins.

She returned presently, and soon afterward came the Reverend Samuel Snow, and entered her cabin. It was rumored with dread that she was to go back to the Christian faith, as the result of yesterday's conference with the minister. The girl, Marcella, who arrived and entered in her turn, was no doubt to be a witness to the ceremony. The young man, Easterby, was probably another.

Excitement grew apace. Heads were laid together; then a crowd assembled around Choy Susan's closed door. The morose parrot, Tong, poured out upon these his choicest vocabulary of abuse.

Yank Baldwin pushed his way hastily through, reached and knocked at the door. It was not opened immediately, and he knocked again. Marcella herself set it ajar with a peculiarly shy and blushing manner. The moment he saw her he began impetuously, —

"I'll jine. I'll b'long. You kin have it all your own way. I" —

But further speech seemed to stick in his throat. The door was thrown widely open. Beside Miss Marcella Eudora Gilham appeared, with smiling face, Rufus D. Easterby. Behind him appeared the Rev. Samuel Snow, and behind the Rev. Samuel Snow, Choy Susan. All had a significant air. Something unusual had certainly happened.

"My wife, old man!" exclaimed Easterby, pulling him socially forward.

"Holy smoke!" cried the astounded

storekeeper. "You hain't turned Mormon?"

"Not in the least. She's as good a Gentile as any of us. She had to keep quiet a bit, that's all."

"Well, carry me out, and put me away in some orphan asylum!" said Yank Baldwin, in utter collapse. He directed upon the delusive fair one, all of whose duplicity was at last exposed, a glance of meaning too deep for words.

"It's all Choy Susan's doing," said

Easterby, extending a friendly hand to the interpreter.

"And we hope Choy Susan will come and live with us, when we settle down," added Marcella sweetly, not unwilling perhaps to withdraw attention from the more exciting issue.

Puffing out of the fog at the same moment came a Mormon father and Mormon lover, with presage of ill written on their faces.

William Henry Bishop.

FIVE QUATRAINS.

I.

Romeo and Juliet.

FROM mask to mask, amid the masquerade,
Young Passion went with challenging, soft breath:
"Art Love?" he whispered; "art thou Love, sweet maid?"
Then Love, with glittering eyelids, "I am Death."

II.

Circumstance.

LINKED to a clod, harassed, and sad
With sordid cares, she never knew life's sweet
Who should have moved in marble halls and had
Kings and crown-princes at her feet.

III.

Evil easier than Good.

ERE half the good I planned to do
Was done, the short-breathed day was through.
Had my intents been dark instead of fair,
I had done all, and still had time to spare.

IV.

Omar Khayyám.

(AFTER FITZGERALD.)

SULTAN and Slave alike have gone their way
With Bahrám Gúr, but whither none may say;
Yet he who charmed the wise at Naishápúr
Seven centuries since still charms the wise to-day.

V.

Two things there are with Memory will abide —
 Whatever else befall — while life flows by :
 That soft cold hand-touch at the altar side ;
 The thrill that shook you at your child's first cry.

T. B. Aldrich.

THE GOSPEL OF DEFEAT.

"We are much bound to those who do succeed,
 But, in a more pathetic sense, are bound
 To those who fail: they all our loss expound;
 They comfort us for work that will not speed,
 And life itself — a failure."

JEAN INGELOW.

IN the first week of May, 1881, there died at Geneva a man little known to the great world of his contemporaries, and lightly held, even to the lesser world, by family and social ties, yet possessed of the utmost distinction both of mind and character. Henri Frédéric Amiel had been a professor in the Academy of Geneva for precisely a generation, or from the year 1849, when he returned to his native city after an exceedingly honorable four years' course at the University of Berlin. Until 1854, he held the chair of æsthetics, during the rest of his life that of philosophy; and doubtless the results of his learned and conscientious instruction have been, and are still, fructifying silently in the minds of many scores of pupils throughout the length and breadth of Europe. But of that more personal, remunerative, and brilliant fame, to which the few who both knew his resources and remembered his early promise believed him to have been, at least once upon a time, so richly entitled, he certainly won very little; and when he died, unmarried, at sixty, his death, in the sense of solid and satisfying achievement, might almost have been called premature. He

had a few cherished friends, to whom he revealed himself more freely than to the world at large, and whose enthusiastic faith in his possibilities took on, as the irrevocable years went by, a touch of something not very unlike indignation at his obstinate sterility. Chief among these was Edmond Scherer, the first of living French critics, and the greatest, upon the whole, since Sainte-Beuve. Scherer was so deeply impressed by the belief that the genius of his shy friend needed only to be *disengaged*, so to speak, by a happier arrangement of external circumstances that he never desisted, until Amiel was forty years of age, from his endeavors, by exhortation and practical suggestion, to bring about the required change. In a most interesting essay prefixed to the lately published volume of Amiel's Remains,¹ Scherer has given us an account of the last of these systematic efforts, and of its failure simply, as it seemed, through the lack of Amiel's own cordial concurrence in the plan devised for his assistance. In this case (what was very rare with him, and repugnant to his retiring nature), Amiel had even made a sort of appeal to his friend to help him to a freer use of his ineffectual faculties. "Is there yet time," he had diffidently asked, "for me to speak from my soul and win a hearing of my fellow-men?" And Scherer had responded briskly that

¹ *Henri-Frédéric Amiel: Fragments d'un Journal Intime. Précédés d'une Étude par EDMOND*

SCHERER. Vol. I. Paris, Neuchâtel, et Genève. 1884.

there was both time and place, and had proposed to him a congenial subject, and shown him an open channel for the communication of his thoughts to the world. Nothing came of it. Months elapsed before Amiel even answered his friend's letter, and then he wrote sadly and with compunction, saying how sweet to him had been the taste of Scherer's encouragement, but pleading, with scarce an attempt either at explanation or excuse, his powerlessness to profit by it. Instead of the original work to which he had been incited, Amiel published soon after a small volume of French translations from Goethe and Schiller: marvelous feats of fidelity and prosodic mechanism, as Scherer impatiently owned, but open in other respects to grave criticism, which he bestowed upon them unsparingly, when requested by the translator to pronounce a public judgment upon his work. Amiel quietly accepted the castigation in the sweetest of notes to his "dear Rhadamanthus," and Scherer says, with sorrowful candor, "I do not reproach myself with having been sincere. What I do regret is that I should have learned too late, from the perusal of the *Journal Intime*, the key to a problem which then seemed to me barely serious, but which I now feel to have been tragic. I experience a sort of remorse for not having divined Amiel sufficiently to have soothed his sufferings by a sympathy which would have been compounded of pity and admiration."

Movements of poignant compassion, like that expressed in the above passage, are rare with Scherer, who usually holds himself well *outside* of even the most interesting subject. If it had been Sainte-Beuve, indeed, — the softest hearted and most sympathetic critic who ever lived, despite the stinging severity of which he was capable, — we might have suspected some obscure fact of spiritual kinship between him and his subject, and have taken the word *tragic* with a

comfortable grain of salt. But when Edmond Scherer calls a man's life a tragedy, we may be sure that he means what any sensitive person this side of Geneva would call a *supplice*.

And such is indeed the revelation of the very remarkable and affecting private journal of the Genevan professor, a part of which has just been given to the world, with Scherer's introduction. The man who saw himself predestined to the renunciation of his own worldly hopes, and the disappointment of those which others had founded upon him, was unconsciously appealing from the judgment of his contemporaries in pages of the subtlest and most penetrating reflection. He was exploring the deepest mysteries of our mysterious being by the concentrated light of an exceedingly vivid intelligence, and under the guidance of a consciousness often exalted to that point where every pulsation is a pang. He was expressing in secret the fragrance of one of the rarest of moral natures, and holding a colloquy with his own soul and the material universe and the Author of them both, unsurpassed for sincerity and scope.

"Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt."

There are tears in the not unmanly voice which speaks to us from these posthumous pages. It is almost smothered, at intervals, in the sorrow of time, but it thrills none the less with the intuitions of eternity.

Let the reader judge of the exquisite quality of the whole book by a few specimens:—

May 3, 1849. "Thou hast never felt the internal assurance of genius, the presentiment either of glory or of happiness. Thou hast never foreseen thyself as great and famous, nor even as husband, father, influential citizen. This indifference to the future, this complete distrust, are doubtless signs. That which thou dreamest is vague, indefinite. Thou oughtest not to live, for thou art

now no longer capable of living. Keep thyself in order, then; let the living live, but do thou resume thy thinking. Make a bequest of thy thought and thy heart: it is the most useful thing that thou canst do. Renounce thyself, and accept thy chalice, with its honey and its gall. What matter! Let God descend into thee; make haste to *embalm* thyself in him; make of thy soul a temple for the Holy Ghost. Do good. Make others happier and better. Have no more any personal ambition, and then thou wilt be consoled for life or death, or whatever may come."

April 6, 1851. "'Blessed,' says the apostle, 'is he who condemneth not himself in the thing which he approveth.' This internal identity, this unity of conviction, becomes more and more difficult the more the mind becomes analytic, discerning, and clairvoyant. It is hard indeed for freedom to recover the frank unity of instinct."

"Alas, we must then reascend a thousand times the peaks to which we had already climbed,—reconquer the points of view once attained. The heart is like those kings who, under the form of a perpetual peace, sign only truces. Alas, yes! Peace also is a conflict, or rather it is *the* conflict. We find rest only in effort, as flame exists only in combustion. Oh, Heraclitus! the image of happiness is the same as that of suffering; unrest and advancement, hell and heaven, are equally in flux. The altar of Vesta and the torments of Beelzebub shine with the same fire! Ah, well, yes; this is life,—double-faced and two-edged life! The fire which illumines is the fire which consumes. The element of the gods may become that of the damned."

April 28, 1852. "Languors of spring, you are come again! You visit me after a long absence. This morning the song of the birds, the tranquil light, the freshening fields; all went to my heart. Now all is silent; and silence, thou

art terrible!—terrible as that calm of the ocean which allows us to look into unfathomable depths. But thou lettest us see depths within ourselves which are dizzying, unquenchable desires, treasures of suffering and regret."

"Do thyself no violence. Respect the oscillations of feeling within thee. A wiser than thou is their cause. Do not abandon thyself wholly either to instinct or to will. Instinct is a siren; will, a despot. Be the slave neither of thy momentary impulses and sensations, nor that of a more abstract and general plan. Open thyself to what life brings thee, whether from without or from within, and welcome the unforeseen; but *unify* thyself always, and bring the unforeseen within the lines of thy plan. Let nature exalt itself to spirit within thee, and spirit resolve itself into nature. It is thus that thy development will become harmonious, and the peace of heaven irradiate thy brow; always on condition that thy peace has been made, and that thou hast climbed thy Calvary."

Afternoon of the same day. "Shall I never again experience one of those prodigious reveries such as I used to have—one at dawn, on a certain day of my youth, seated among the ruins of the château of Faucigny; another, among the mountains, above Lavey, under a noonday sun, reclining at the foot of a tree, and visited by three butterflies; another still upon the sandy shore of the North Sea, lying on my back upon the beach and gazing into the Milky Way,—sublime, immortal, *cosmogonic* reveries, in which one takes the world to one's heart, touches the stars, possesses the infinite. Divine moments, those; hours of ecstasy, when thought flies from world to world, pierces the great enigma, breathes freely, tranquilly, deeply, as with the respiration of the great sea, serene itself and limitless like the firmament of blue; visits of the muse Urania, who draws around the forehead

of those she loves the phosphorescent nimbus of contemplative power, and floods the heart with the tranquil intoxication of genius, if not with its authority; instants of irresistible intuition, when one feels one's self great as the universe, calm as a god? From the celestial spheres down to the moss or the shell, all creation is, then, subordinated to us, lives in our bosom, accomplishes in us its eternal work, with the regularity of fate and the passionate ardor of love. What hours! what memories! Even the traces which they leave behind suffice to fill us with reverence and enthusiasm, like the visits of the Holy Spirit. And then to fall from those heights of the boundless horizons into the muddy ruts of triviality! What a fall! Poor Moses! Thou sawest afar the swelling outline, the ravishing boundaries, of the promised land, but thou hadst to lay thy weary bones in a desert grave. Which one of us has not his promised land, his day of rapture, his end in exile? How pale a counterfeit is our real life of the life whereof we have had glimpses, and how the blazing lights of our prophetic youth do dim the more the twilight of our mournful and monotonous virility!"

January 27, 1860. "Order! Oh, Order! material order, intellectual order, moral order! What solace, what power, what economy! To know whither one goes and what one wills, — this is order. To keep one's word, to arrive in season, this also is order. To have everything at hand, to manœuvre one's army, to employ all one's resources, — it is all *order*. To discipline one's habits, one's volitions; to organize one's life, to distribute one's time, to measure one's

duties, and fairly estimate one's rights; profitably to invest one's capital, one's talents, one's chances, — it is still and always *order*. Order is light, peace, internal freedom, the possession of one's self; it is power. To conceive order, to return to order, to realize order, in one's self, around one's self, by one's own means, — this is æsthetic and moral beauty, this is well-being, this is what must be."

There are even better things than these in Amiel, from the point of view of the general reader; delicacies of literary criticism and positive inspirations in the way of metaphysical definition. Nothing would be easier or pleasanter than to fill a score of pages with quotations; and Amiel's own thoughts are doubtless more striking and suggestive, more conclusive of their own value, than anything which can be said about them. But our present purpose is not so much to review in detail this particular *Journal Intime* as to compare it with certain other more or less renowned works of its own class, and to inquire a little into the psychological and moral significance of the type to which it belongs.¹

To any one at all well read, or specially interested in the private history of human souls, Amiel's journal will awaken a perfect chime of echoes, — clashing, contending, blending. It reminds us of the prophet Job and the royal David and the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, of À Kempis and Pascal, of Senancour and Maine de Biran and Maurice de Guérin, as a matter of course, but also of Shakespeare as Hamlet and Châteaubriand as René, of Leopardi and Shelley and Alfred de Musset that the lady is Mrs. Humphrey Ward, of London, niece of Matthew Arnold. It certainly furnishes a curious illustration of the kinship of minds that Amiel should have found in her no less admiring and sympathetic an interpreter than her uncle proved himself, a generation ago, to Amiel's elder brother, in solitary and sorrowful speculation, the author of *Obermann*.

¹ Amiel's journal, or rather the first installment of it, has already been introduced to the English reading public by a most interesting essay, published in Macmillan's Magazine for February, 1884. It is from the pen of the accomplished lady who proposes to translate the whole work when its publication at Geneva shall have been completed; and there can be no harm in saying, what will greatly add to its interest with American readers,

at their sanest and simplest, of Matthew Arnold in his dreaming youth. What, then, is the one quality — for there must at least be one — common to all this incongruous company of so many climes and ages, saints and sinners, kings and paupers, the misanthrope and the man of gentlest charity, poets and men of the world, *l'homme de bien* and the flagrant ne'er-do-weel?

Primarily, it is nothing more nor less than their abnormal capacity for mental suffering. *Pain*, pure and simple, in its last essence, indefinable, incorporeal, and from a vulgar point of view impossible, has constituted the *cachet* and the calling not merely of certain men like these, whom the world knows by the accident of their genius, but of many nameless and voiceless human creatures. Even physical pain is sufficiently mysterious, and takes us, when we attempt to analyze it, to the very edge of the unfathomable gulf, through which the little world of men floats onward to its doom. But of the pain of the nerves and senses we can say, in most cases, *I ail here, or here*; thus binding the strange fact of our anguish to one, at least, of the recognized conditions of our mortal existence. With that subtler order of pain, experienced by Amiel and other intellectual sufferers, it is not so. *That* is a tyrannous and terrible something (we have no choice but to call it a *something*; we know not whether it is essence or agency), free of all the categories and conditions which we can name or comprehend, in whose power men remain, they know not how; in the wheels of whose invisible machinery they are often most horribly entangled, when the world deems them fairly, or more than fairly, fortunate.

It is probably this last circumstance of the frequent disproportion between what such people suffer and the obvious conditions of their lot which has led to the belief, so common among common men, that these woes of the spirit are

for the most part imaginary, or at least unnecessary; in one word, as these cheerful critics are wont to say, in a sense of their own, *morbid*. Morbid, in the true meaning of the term, they undoubtedly are. A state of mind like that which became chronic with the brilliant Amiel (who, by the way, was more than commonly genial, and even playful and gay, in his intercourse with men) is as truly a malady as phthisis or hemiplegia. It defeats no less inevitably the ambitions and destroys the delights of life, but it no more deserves to be qualified with a *nuance* of righteous disapprobation than do those melancholy inflictions. A fashion prevailed in France, a generation or two ago, — originating, perhaps, in the vogue of Réné, — of calling this atrophy of the spirit by the special misnomer of the *mal du siècle*. In truth, it is a malady of all the ages, raging, like other plagues, with greater virulence in some, but reappearing continually, — sporadic here, and epidemic there; one, and not the least, of the essential ills of time, ineradicable, as it would seem, from the constitution of the species, though men, like Châteaubriand himself, have been known to recover from its attacks. Let us now try, by comparing a few of the most famous and fully reported cases, to gain some insight into the workings of this obscure and pitiful ill. If we fail to perceive any palliative for the individual sufferer, we may at least strengthen our sense of that oneness of our humanity, by virtue of which sympathy becomes the counterpoise, if not the cure, of pain, and suffering voluntarily undergone often seems to be, in a peculiar and mystical sense of the word, *salutary*.

The two private journals which most obviously suggest themselves for comparison with Amiel's are those of Pivert de Senancour and Maine de Biran. These are at once the most complete of these introspective chronicles which we possess, the most sincere and the most intelligible. Scherer, in his pref-

ace to Amiel's journal, finely contrasts the three, associating in the comparison the slight but peculiarly subtle notes of Maurice de Guérin. George Sand, in a somewhat explosive preface to one of the later editions of Senancour's book, can compare it only with *Réné*. But Maurice de Guérin died early of his malady, and Châteaubriand recovered early from his; so that their experiences have not the same value and significance as theirs who were called upon for the dry courage of mature manhood, the unmitigated patience of a long series of disillusioned years. Of the relative merits of the two who remain, we have by no means the same opinion as Scherer, who dismisses Maine de Biran with a page or two of rather supercilious comment. To ourselves, he is, of all the great introspectionists, not the most amiable, not the most eloquent and fascinating, but the most original and instructive; he who has made his long and painful self-examination best worth while to his fellow-men; and it is matter of curiosity and surprise to us that even the modest and magnanimous Amiel should have found his merits as a thinker exaggerated by his ablest biographer, Ernest Naville.

Senancour, it can hardly be necessary to say, is *Obermann*,¹ — "the master of my wandering youth," in the words of Matthew Arnold, and a somewhat infirm master, truly. He is so entirely *Obermann* that the real personality seems to have counted for nothing, even with his most sympathetic readers, beside the fictitious one. Born in 1770, he was but nineteen years of age when he renounced the priesthood, for which he had been educated, and went to live in Switzerland, where he wrote, under the thinnest possible disguise of fiction, his famous book of meditations on nature and man. "He obscured himself, he

effaced himself," says George Sand in the preface already mentioned; "the silence of the valleys, the peaceful cares of pastoral life, the satisfactions of a durable friendship, — we have here the last phase of *Obermann*." The real Senancour, however, returned to Paris in 1814, and continued for many years longer to eke out by literary hack-work a sickly and precarious existence. He was living and struggling there at the very time when Sainte-Beuve said so eloquently of *Obermann*, "He is the type of the dumb and abortive genius, of the full spring of sensibility wasted upon desert sands, of the hail-smitten harvest which never matures its gold." He lived on for a full generation longer, in the selfsame city where, about the year 1820, a certain group of gifted young men with a taste for melancholy — J. J. Ampère, Jules Bastide, Auguste Santelet — formed themselves, as Sainte-Beuve tells us, into a sort of *Obermann* society (the sympathy of the author of *Volupté* with their objects is readily conceivable), and fairly "steeped themselves" in him. He even published, as late as 1833, an instantly forgotten novel, and he could hardly have been dead above a year, if he were not even then living, when Matthew Arnold first took *Obermann* for his guide in Switzerland. For Senancour, delicate as was his organization, had fifteen more years of life to accomplish than either De Biran or Amiel, neither of whom passed his grand climacteric.

Maine de Biran was a Frenchman of distinction, born under the old *régime*, who at the age of twenty was a member of the body-guard of Louis XVI., and bearing his part in all the mad gayeties of the Versailles of Marie Antoinette, on the eve of the great Revolution.

During one of the *émeutes* of 1789 he received a wound which disabled him from military service, and thus it happened that when the tempest finally

¹ *Obermann*. Nouvelle édition, revue et corrigée, avec une Préface par GEORGE SAND. Paris: Charpentier. 1874.

broke he was in shelter from its fury, leading an entirely retired life on his beautiful but lonely estate of Bergerac; for, like Amiel, he had early been left an orphan. There he remained unmolested until the guillotine had done its savage work, and it had fallen to the lot of a young Corsican officer to reëstablish the reign of law and order in the intellectual capital of the world. A consistent royalist always, he was destined to return to civic life in 1809, as a member of the Corps Legislatif, and to pass his remaining fifteen years chiefly in Paris, where he held high office under the Restoration. During the period of his comparative obscurity he had enjoyed a few years of happy married life; but his young children, after their mother's early death, were confided to the care of their maternal aunt, Madame Gérard, and in his thirty-ninth year Maine de Biran found himself once more alone. His was, however, no idle solitude. He had early plunged into metaphysical and medical studies. "I passed," as he himself says, half humorously, of the first years of his retirement, "at one bound from frivolity to philosophy;" and in the years 1803, 1805, and 1807 he competed successfully for prizes offered by the French Institute and the Academy of Berlin for essays on philosophical subjects. He began his career as a disciple of the fashionable philosophy of his day, the sensationalism of Locke and Condillac; but the line of his always independent researches led him far away from the somewhat brutal conclusions of the latter. In the end he became a pronounced spiritualist, hailed by Cousin as "the most original of modern thinkers," and of whom Royer-Collard, who met him occasionally during his later years in Paris, at the reunions of a small society for philosophical discussion, to which they both belonged, said, admiringly, "Il est le maître de nous tous."

But it was only on rare occasions that

Maine de Biran could thus convince either himself or others of his personal power, and he has left behind him no complete exposition even of his philosophical creed. The essays and memorials upon which his fame chiefly rests were fragments, never incorporated into a symmetrical whole, and published, almost all of them, before the date at which the painful private journal¹ becomes continuous and full; and we should have no need to concern ourselves with his speculative views at all but for the light which they indirectly shed on the pathology of the human soul. As it is, we must attempt a brief account of them.

Starting, as we have said, from the then prevalent point of view, that the mind contains nothing except what enters it by the senses, and that thought itself is but a function or secretion of its material organ, through the very refinement of his own sensibilities he soon discovered another order of facts. He found within himself the power to observe, and, up to a certain point, to modify and regulate, the chaotic world of his own sensations,—that world which, in his own words, "is composed of impressions without consciousness, and of reflex movements which are likewise unconscious." "This," he goes on to say, "is the life of the animal, in which being becomes in fact the modification from which it does not distinguish itself. Here is to be found the *brute matter* of the phenomena of the human mind. At the moment in which consciousness awakes, in the mystery of a first effort of the will, the personal force finds a preëxisting material, in the bosom of which it develops itself. It acts upon this material. It takes possession of it. It does not emanate from it."

It will thus be seen that M. de Biran allows a large and most important place

¹ *Maine de Biran. Sa Vie et ses Pensées. Publiées par ERNEST NAVILLE. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1877.*

to the phenomena of sensation, at the same time that he differentiates himself from the true sensationists by recognizing the sense of *effort*, the capacity for self-modification, as the fundamental fact of consciousness, — that which distinguishes the ego from the non-ego, the thinker from the thought. Descartes had said, *I think, therefore I am*; De Biran said, *I will, therefore I am*. Inside the mysterious limits of his own individuality, he perceived a process analogous to that cosmic one described in the majestic and mystical words, "The spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." The chaos, the brute material of our conscious activities, he called the *système affectif*, or life of the animal; the same under the influence of consciousness, the *système perceptif*, or life of the man.

At this point the development of Maine de Biran's psychology rested for a time. That rarely exalted consciousness of his was destined to make him yet other and more solemn revelations, but slowly, imperfectly, and by means of an experience so dolorous that he who has once perused, with a certain sympathy, the private record of the philosopher's later years shrinks even from reopening the book and retracing the process. It is in this "*selv' oscura*" of their middle life that our three self-analysts are continually meeting upon common ground, and here, for a time, their subdued voices are hardly to be distinguished from one another.

"Man," says Obermann, always the most poetic of the three in his forms of expression, — "man, who toils to elevate himself, is like those evening clouds which are displayed for an hour, which become vaster than their causes, which appear to increase in bulk even as they waste away, which disappear in one instant."

"Our life," says Amiel, "is but a soap-bubble suspended on a reed; it is born, it widens, it clothes itself with the fairest

of prismatic colors, by moments it even escapes from the action of the law of gravity. But the black point soon appears; the globe of gold and emerald vanishes in space, and is resolved into a single drop of impure liquid. All the poets have made this comparison. Its verity is striking. To appear, to shine, to vanish; to be born, to suffer, to die, — is not this the universal summary of life for an ephemerid, for a nation, for a heavenly body?"

"Time," says Maine de Biran, "carries away all my opinions, engulfs them in a perpetual flux. I have taken note of these varying points of view from my youth up. I thought to find, as I advanced in life, something fixed, some loftier point of view, whence I might embrace the entire sequence, correct its errors, reconcile its contradictions. And now, here I am, already well on in years, but still uncertain and vacillating in the way of truth. Is there a point of support, and where is it?"

So, too, both Amiel and De Biran speak repeatedly of a sense of *somnambulism*, — of living surrounded by illusions which have no counterpart in any reality, of walking in a vain show and disquieting themselves for naught. There is also common to all three an intense and altogether peculiar susceptibility — now taking the form of sympathy, and now of revolt — to what may be described as the pulsations of the life of external nature, to the variations of the sky and the procession of the seasons, with its attendant phenomena. Spring, which often brings even to the most thoroughly acclimated and contented children of earth light touches of vague sadness, is for them a season of acutest pain. It is as if they experienced in their own persons the peculiar anguish which attends the return of life after a temporary suspension, the recovery from a swoon. It is noticeable, however, that Maine de Biran, who was less an artist than either of the others,

and with whom individuality was, in some sort, a matter of conscience as well as of consciousness, here suffers most keenly of them all. The other two have, to some extent, the power of absorbing themselves in nature. Amiel has it, at times, in a very extraordinary degree. He is subject to what he calls *Proteism*, and he finds wonderful words for describing the strange experience. The mounting flood of the century's pantheism came nearer, than in the case of his predecessors, to submerging him in its "vast and wandering grave."

Long before the day of either of them (there were only three years during which they were all contemporary) Pascal had broached the theory that the life of the soul, like that of the bodily organs, is revealed to the subject only through the medium of pain; and that suffering and self-knowledge not merely imply, but continually react upon and enhance one another. The positive and scientific side of Maine de Biran's mind, together with his long practice in analytic thinking and writing, enabled him both to observe with steadiness and record with precision certain phases in the progress of the "long disease" of life, which in the case of his more imaginative compeers either evaporated in reverie, or exhaled in inarticulate sighs. Of that free-will, whose existence his early meditations had so clearly revealed to him, whose claims to philosophic recognition he had so strikingly vindicated, he was now to experience with an equally abnormal intensity the shackles and the limitations; the misery of the incessant struggle by virtue of which it maintains its place for a time in our perishable organism. Physiology tells us that every one of those facts of *effort*, of which Maine de Biran had perceived the central importance, is accompanied by a disintegration of the material substance of the muscles and the brain. It is almost as if this man had had a nervous system delicate

enough to report the progress of this obscure and incessant dissolution, of which the mass of men are, Heaven be praised, entirely unconscious. We are the more prone to believe it because his mental misery increased so noticeably from about that fifth decade, in which the decline of human life begins, and the waste of substance inevitably exceeds its repair. Saint Paul, who was also curiously and keenly conscious of his own mortality, had said, "I die daily;" but Maine de Biran might have said, "I die hourly, momentarily." In September, 1816, he writes, "It is not surprising that as we advance in life we are more and more tempted to seek distraction, and to avoid ourselves. We no longer find within those engaging sentiments of youth which make a man dear to himself. As we descend into the depths of our being, we are forced to recognize the losses which we have sustained and are sustaining daily. No more future, no more hope, no more progress! We discover a mass of those miseries, pettinesses, vices, which are the accompaniment of old age. We feel that we can go no farther, that the end is near." And in May of the succeeding year, "There is within me a faculty of reason and reflection, which judges and controls all the rest. My constant exercise of this faculty at a time when I was younger and stronger and in better intellectual condition is to-day a disadvantage. I assist as witness at the degradation and successive loss of the faculties which gave me value in my own eyes. It would be better, perhaps, not to take account of one's self, to cherish illusions with regard to one's own value. But if I am led by the sense of my intellectual and moral decadence to look beyond myself for consolation and support, reason and reflection, after having been the occasion of suffering, will doubtless have rendered me the greatest service of which they are capable." And again, more simply and

brokenly, "I have no basis, no constant motive. I suffer,—I *suffer*. I will take refuge in the thought of God."

There is little enough of the joyous enthusiasm of "conversion" here, yet Maine de Biran *was* led, slowly always, and at first very blindly, in the direction thus indicated. Before attempting, however, to trace the latest development of his speculative thought, let us say that it seems to us past a doubt that we have precisely here, in the mysteriously exaggerated sufferings of these distinguished patients, one, if not an all-sufficient, explanation of their practical inefficiency,—their failure to take that place in the world of men to which their native power would seem to have entitled them. They are simply exhausted by their conflict with the sinister powers of the air,—anæmic from the loss of their life-blood by invisible wounds. The water which a man has once seen under a microscope will never quench his thirst. But to return to the speculations of Maine de Biran.

That central will, which he found so painfully baffled and thwarted, as the years went on, by the wearing out of its corporeal instruments, he nevertheless felt to subsist within him, intact in its essence and unaltered by the wreck of matter; and he began to consider, with more and more of assurance, the possibility that its roots go deeper than the beginnings of human life, and that its final attachments are altogether outside the world of time and sense,—are, in fact, religious. Still groping cautiously, therefore, by the guiding-thread of a carefully noted experience, he evolved the notion of a third *system*, in addition to the sensitive and perceptive,—the *système relatif*,—wherein he finds room for the connection of the soul with God. The will which rebels and contends against the great unseen necessity and the will which submits doggedly to its omnipotency are still in chains. The will which ranges

itself on the side of its Ruler is free, and in so far as free the equal of its cause. The poet laureate of England, in the preface to his most profound work, has furnished in a single couplet an exactly appropriate motto for the philosophy of Maine de Biran: for its first two divisions, "Our wills are ours, we know not how;" for the third and last, "Our wills are ours, to make them thine." Epictetus, as well, had ages before condensed into one succinct exhortation the essence of the Frenchman's supposed discovery, "*Choose the inevitable*;" and some of the most interesting pages, from a literary point of view, of Maine de Biran's later journal are those in which he compares, with extreme sympathy of mind on either hand, and subtlety of analysis, the greatest of the Stoics with some of the most spiritual of Christian writers,—Marcus Aurelius with À Kempis and Fénelon. The grounds on which he finally awards his firm preference to the latter illustrate at once his disinterestedness and his humility, Stoicism he finds possible only for the elect of the elect, the fewest of the few; Christianity is applicable to all mankind.

"And is this all?" exclaims poor Amiel, with the true impatience of fever, as he flings aside the memorial of his elder brother in sorrow, complaining that the book has given him "a sort of asphyxia," "paralysis by assimilation and fascination by sympathy." "I pity him, and I am afraid of my pity, knowing that his faults and his disease are mine." And then he falls into somewhat captious criticism: "It took this thinker thirty years to advance from Epicurean quiescence to Fénelonian quietism, and his whole anthropological discovery consists in having reiterated the theory of the triple life,—the inferior, the human, and the superior,—which is in Pascal and in Aristotle. Is this what they call a phi-

philosopher in France?" If Amiel had further known that Maine de Biran's views were, ere long, to be pompously cited as authority for the tawdry phantasmagoria of Bulwer's *Strange Story*, he would have found the fact rather grateful than otherwise, in the momentary wretchedness of his unreasonable disappointment. Scherer, too, in his preface to Amiel's book, sums up the results of Maine de Biran's researches into the secrets of human suffering with a certain clear and cold disdain: "The interest of the book" (Maine de Biran's *Pensées*) "consists in the contradiction between the moral sense of the author which supposes responsibility and a psychological analysis which suppresses it. It is stoicism contending against fatality, and taking refuge in the doctrine of grace."

In effect, this *is* Maine de Biran's final word, and, from the point of view of the student of human philosophies, the conclusion is undoubtedly both slight and trite. No better one has ever yet been offered, to be sure, but that matters little. It interests us more at the present moment to know that the resolution of discord thus foreshadowed sufficed for the assuagement of Maine de Biran's protracted mental sufferings. He was never positively happy in his faith, if faith it may be called, but he began to *rest*. The tension was relaxed. There stole over his long strained and tortured faculties that blessed beginning of quietude, the sight of whose counterpart in the bodily frame has caused how many a helpless watcher over agonies beyond his power to relieve to lift his eyes and involuntarily murmur those old, old words of tremulous gratitude and appeal, "Lord, if he *sleep* he shall do well!"

Before his death, on the 20th of July, 1824, Maine de Biran received the last rites of the Roman Catholic church, in which he had been born and bred. The wholly orthodox tendency of his final

speculations naturally approved and endeared him to the foremost apostles of that Catholic revival which had been heralded by the author of the *Génie du Christianisme*. Nevertheless, his spiritual condition and "exercises" do not appear to have been entirely satisfactory to the closer Christian critics of any school. His Catholic biographer, Auguste Nicolas,¹ laments that, while the last word of Maine de Biran's journal, entered about two months before his death, concerns the Mediator by whose side man walks in the presence of God, he should yet have experienced so little of the solace which the majority of those bearing the Christian name have certainly derived from confiding in the actual and miraculously protracted presence of Christ in the midst of them. His Protestant biographers would have been better satisfied if they had been able to discover in the candid pages of the journal any definite sense of original sin, or need of an external atonement. Nevertheless, it is one of the latter, Ernest Naville, who has illustrated the tale of M. de Biran's spiritual struggles most fully, and who has prefixed to his edition of the *Pensées* the singularly appropriate motto from St. Augustine: "*Domine, fecisti nos ad te, et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in te.*"

Amiel, too, had his religion, and that not merely an inward motion, but an outward habit, — the habit of his youth, which he never abandoned. There are frequent notes of sermons in the *Journal Intime*, and an exceedingly interesting commentary on a course of lectures delivered at Geneva by Ernest Naville himself on *La Vie Eternelle*. There is indeed a peculiarly pathetic entry in the diary, dated March 17, 1861, and beginning, "Langueur homicide! tristesse mortelle!" in which he goes on

¹ *Étude sur Maine de Biran*. D'après le journal intime de ses pensées. Par AUGUSTE NICOLAS. Paris: Auguste Vaton. 1858.

to say, "Our church ignores the sufferings of the heart. She does not divine them. She has little of compassionate precaution or wise regard to delicate pains, no intuition of the mysteries of tenderness, no religious suavity. Under a pretext of spirituality, we crush legitimate aspiration. We have lost the mystic sense; and can there be a religion without mysticism, a rose without perfume? We are always saying *repentance, sanctification*, but *consolation, adoration*,—these also are two of the essential elements of religion." Nevertheless, Protestantism is still to him a church; and *his church* and the shadow of its unsculptured porch is grateful to his aging eyes.

For Senancour alone there seem to have been no simple mother cares in his last agony. He died as he had lived, exceptionally alone. But let us not fail to note one or two particulars, in which he seems, half unconsciously, to draw nearer to the spirit of the founder of Christianity than either of the others. He is less a spiritual *aristocrat* than they. The sentiment which secludes him from his fellow-men is not so much one of fastidiousness or disdain—even for the intellectually poor—as of utter helplessness. He finds himself in the ranks of humanity with no arms for bearing his part in the battle. Maine de Biran knew that he had a will which was thwarted by circumstance. Senancour mourns that he has none whatever. But his power of passive sympathy with others is intense; and with him, often-er than with either De Biran or Amiel, the sickening accuracy of description, the piercing, blind appeal, are for sorrows which are not his own.

The application of the words "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these," etc., to works of practical benevolence is happily universal in our day among all who bear the Christian name. Our object has been to call attention for a moment to miseries of a no less poignant reality which are beyond relief by gifts of clothing, food, and shelter; and he whose brief life in Judea, whether or no it have the unique and eternal significance which his professed followers assign it, did certainly epitomize in a remarkable degree the numberless varieties of human woe, had his full share in this nameless and incorporeal anguish. Over and above its privation of all that have ever been held the prizes of human existence,—love, honor, beauty, riches, and power,—that life of thirty-three years passed encompassed by a great sphere of spiritual sorrow, into the mysteries of whose awful culmination a not too reverent theology has, for the most part, peered in vain. Reflecting upon these things, we are more and more confirmed in our impression that there is a fixed place in the mundane order for souls whose too keen sense of its imperfection deprives them of the little power they might otherwise possess to disguise, or modify, or ameliorate it. The average world, which shakes its wise head over their inexplicable inefficiency and needless enervation, still dates its daily doings from the commencement of a life which called forth the saddest commentary ever yet pronounced upon a so-called, unsuccessful human career: "He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. He came unto his own, and his own received him not."

Harriet Waters Preston.

A COOK'S TOURIST IN SPAIN.

I.

THE choice spirits of our day have found a term of contempt stronger than that of "Philistine," namely, "Cook's Tourist." Indeed, it includes the other, for who but a Philistine would go to a land of art, historical associations, and natural beauty for a four weeks' trip with a return ticket? Yet I am ready to make the humiliating confession that I have done this thing, and found so much to see and enjoy, even under those galling circumstances, that a short account of my journey may amuse other Philistines, and point out a new path for their innocent pleasures.

Experienced friends who know Spain well, and have known her for over a quarter of a century, warned me against disappointment. I was not to expect customs, or costumes, or fine cities, or fine scenery, or comfort in traveling, or ease in an inn, or, above all, "local color;" *that* had vanished before the approach — the distant approach, it would seem — of civilization. Indeed, they were so anxious that I should not expect too much that they had some difficulty in specifying what I was to expect: pictures, to be sure, such as could not be seen anywhere else, and a few fine churches, and the Alhambra, — they would not promise anything more; yet they urged me to go, by all means. Over-persuaded in this singular manner, I set out with my expectations pitched at a moderate height, and here offer my thanks to those friends for the delightful surprise they prepared for me.

At Bayonne, a pretty town with a physiognomy of its own, there are indications of Spain perceptible even from the railway: notices printed in Spanish and French, and coachmen in Figaro jackets. There we had the first glimpse of the bay

of Biscay, — a mere peep between the harbor fortifications, — standing on its head in a truly traditional manner. The French frontier towns either stretch along the sandy shores or cling high up on the cliffs of these turbulent waters, which are so shut in by headlands as to resemble a series of fiords or lakes; the short, sharp spurs of the Pyrenees strike into them, a succession of abrupt hills and deep dells covered with slender pine-trees, an undergrowth of golden gorse and broom lighting up the ever-green gloom like sunshine. Every town has its church and its ruined fortress on a rising ground above the cross-timbered, many-storied, deep-eaved, galleried Basque houses. Hendaye stands on a promontory so isolated by intervening knolls that it looks like a conical island covered with a cluster of picturesque houses, no two alike, encircled by walls, climbing from the water's edge to the castle at the summit. Another — San Sebastian, I think — is separated from the mainland by a tiny land-locked bay, joining the sea by a straight, narrow creek between two steep ridges. The smiling little town, with its white dwellings, blue balconies, and red roofs, is built in two regular lines on each side of the channel, as if it were a street; seen across the intervening water, the effect is strange and charming. The robust, well-knit peasantry, with hawk noses, wild, bright brown eyes, bronzed skin, and strong white teeth, recall the Welsh type. They have no resemblance to the people at the stations north of Bordeaux, who are unmistakably French; the dissimilarity is a striking illustration of the difference between a nation and a race. They almost universally wear the Basque costume, a blue *berret*, or round woolen cap, and blue or brown homespun jacket and trowsers; a few, prin-

cipally public coachmen, sport jacket and breeches gay with embroidery, silver braid, and double rows of silver buttons, high leather gaiters, a bright sash, and a little varnished black hat with a silver band, worn jauntily over one ear. They are very proud of their nationality and language; there is a guide-book story that they consider it the original one spoken by Adam and Eve in Paradise. Their farming implements might be made on the model of those used by our first parents after leaving the garden of Eden, and are not designed to mitigate the curse and spare the sweat of the brow of their descendants. Nevertheless, the Basque peasantry contrive to till their valleys and hillsides very well. At Irun the type and dress disappear; the next stations show only mongrel Spanish.

My first contact with the new country was at Irun, in the custom-house, and all the boding words of the guide-book had not sufficiently forewarned me. There were but few travelers, and there were, relatively, a great many officials. The time-table announces three quarters of an hour's delay to examine luggage, but we stopped an hour and a half; the additional respite being explained by the difference between Paris and Madrid time, which is made good out of the patience of the passengers. Three dignified personages, each with a long cloak thrown gracefully over his left shoulder and smoking a cigarita, took my modest baggage into examination, while my fellow travelers had about as many apiece to investigate theirs. The slowness, the seriousness, the silence, and the suspicion with which this investigation was carried on were entirely unprecedented in my experience, although I had made acquaintance with the custom-houses of half a dozen European countries, some of them in time of war. Articles of the most trifling value and common use excited the deepest doubts in those mistrustful breasts.

A woolen wrapper, the first thing which met their eyes, spread frankly over the contents of the lower compartment of the trunk, was taken out, weighed, measured, tested by four of the five senses, and regarded with much shaking of heads. I was asked whether it was new, whether it was for sale, and a number of other questions, which I did not understand. As the successive layers of my wardrobe were subjected to the same scrutiny, my patience gradually gave way. There is one piece of advice in which all guide-books concur, and which had been repeated to me by everybody who knew anything of Spain, on hearing that I was bound thither: Never lose your temper. There is nothing, they said, which a Spaniard cherishes like his self-love; he cannot bear the slightest offense to his dignity, and unless you wish to have the worst of it you must treat him with the utmost forbearance, even under the utmost provocation. It is proverbially difficult for one of an English-speaking race to keep his temper with anybody who does not understand the English language; and when, in addition to this, the delinquent does not understand the use of a sponge the difficulty is aggravated. In spite of these trials, I controlled myself until the three officials, having tossed about the contents of my trunk and strewn the custom-house counter with them, dismissed me with a condescending wave of the hand, and turned away. Then my temper was too quick for me, and I informed them in the plainest English that they must put back what they had pulled out, and leave my effects in the order in which they had found them. They looked at me inquiringly and seriously. I repeated my words in a louder voice and with emphatic gestures, whereupon they gravely refolded and repacked the clothes, tucking and patting them under their covers, and locked the trunk; a porter seized it and rushed off with it to the luggage-car, the officials

and I parting with a pantomime of mutual esteem. This little prefatory incident sent me into Spain in a good humor which withstood all subsequent trials of the journey, so that I cannot say whether the same plan would have answered invariably.

At Irun the scenery changes. Leaving the bold, warm-colored cliffs and blue coves, the road passes into a dreary and uninteresting region, without trees, rocks, or striking outlines; poorly cultivated hillsides rising steeper as they draw back toward the distant Pyrenees. But as night approached, so did the mountains, their grand and rugged profiles breaking through masses of golden and crimson cloud, into which the fog of the day rolled at sunset. It was a gorgeous, profuse, dazzling change, and amid the heavy purple peaks a silvery wedge of solid white gleamed through the rifts of the splendor. At twilight we were rushing between high walls of rock, rising sheer from their foundations like titanic masonry, and through gray wintry forests of great trees, twisted and torn by the winds into the semblance of monstrous hobgoblins. A depressing series of tunnels ushered us into the darkness of night. It had been as warm as June when we left Bayonne, at noon; it was as cold as December before midnight, when we stopped at Burgos.

I had heard so much of the dirt and discomfort of Burgos that nothing but the length of the journey from Bayonne to Madrid, twenty hours, decided me to halt there, the other towns on the route dividing the distance too unequally. As I walked up the wide, easy, dingy staircase of the Gran Hotel de Paris (Antigua Fonda de Rafaela), having previously made my bargain (without doing which nobody should enter either public abode or conveyance in Spain), the unscrubbed paint of the walls and the odor of mouldy cheese, which got the better even of strong smells of tobacco

and garlic, made me quail a little. I never saw a less prepossessing hostelry except in out-of-the-way towns in the old Italian States of the Church, or in one of our second-rate Southern cities, twenty years ago. My bedroom was a large, bare, square chamber, fully twenty feet high, with whitewashed walls rudely painted to imitate panels and wainscot; the furniture consisted of a shabby, uncomfortable sofa, a chest of drawers, above which hung a distorting mirror, a small and rickety wash-stand, a huge brazier of dead ashes, and two or three new cane chairs, the single rung of which was but six inches below the seat, so as to defy even an American's attempts to use it as a foot-rest. The floor was covered with a straw matting; the bed stood in an alcove, with green merino curtains. Although there was a thick layer of dust over everything, the bedding proved to be perfectly clean, the wash-stand well supplied with water and towels, and there was no difficulty in having a traveling bath-tub filled. This was a fair sample of my lodgings throughout Spain, and travelers should not expect more. To conclude the chapter of creature comforts, let me say that at Burgos and everywhere else the two essentials, bed and board, were not only irreproachably clean, but in all respects tolerable. I here first made acquaintance with *tortillas*, or eggs scrambled with tomatoes, a very nice breakfast dish; with omelets fried in olive oil instead of butter or lard, which had too unfamiliar a taste to be pleasant at first, but which I soon learned to prefer to those fried in grease. The bread was excellent: a little salt and not very white nor too light, — something like a home-made loaf; an agreeable change after the spongy French rolls. Then there was rice cooked in various ways, all of them good, and macaroni savory with cheese or gravy. The coffee was delicious; but cow's milk must always be asked for, or otherwise

the traveler will be given goat's milk, which spoils tea, coffee, and every other beverage. Here, too, I had my first cup of Spanish chocolate, thick and frothing, but overspiced; it tasted of cinnamon rather than chocolate, as did all that I drank in Spain. Salad is always served at dinner, very nice, of fresh, crisp lettuce, and excellent oranges are never failing. This is a Grahamite bill of fare, but one need not starve upon it; and there were many strange dishes of meat, plentifully seasoned with garlic and several varieties of beans, for those who liked them. The wine was sweet and strong, with a family flavor of port, and as violet-colored as in the days of Théophile Gautier. The demeanor of the servants at the Gran Hotel de Paris teaches a wholesome lesson to those who find cause of complaint on this head in American hotels. There were two in the dining-room, a man and a maid, — the latter a most slatternly person, who dressed her hair elaborately every afternoon and stuck a flower in it, without changing her soiled apron; next morning the apron was still more soiled, the hair was rough, and the flower was faded, but still there. The waiter was trimmer, spoke a little French, and was called El Chico on account of his stature, like Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings. This pair used to present themselves a quarter of an hour after the bell sounded for a meal, and lean on either side of a large arched doorway communicating with the pantry, which opened into the kitchen, and amuse themselves with our impatience as the food was not served for another fifteen minutes. The boarders, who were apparently officers in garrison, lawyers, and men of business, who messed there and lodged elsewhere, would remonstrate good-humoredly at first, and then grumble. The servants, leaning against the door-posts, laughed and chaffed them, ironically congratulated them on their appetite, and inquired if they would have

their food now or wait until they got it, with similar *facetiae*. Once during the midday breakfast, which corresponds to luncheon in England and America, a burst of military music and the measured tramp of feet announced that soldiers were passing. The servants immediately set down the dishes they were serving, ran to a window, threw it open, and stepped upon the balcony, where they remained, talking, laughing, and looking at the regiment until it was out of sight. The meeker spirited of the guests joined them, following them back into the room when they deigned to return. Before the repast was over the drums were heard again; out rushed the servants a second time; nobody else stirred, and a gloom fell on the company; but it did not in the least disturb the cheerfulness of the couple on the balcony, who came back at their own pleasure, and chatted gayly with each other, as nobody else would speak to them. This was my introduction to the extraordinary democracy of manners which prevails throughout the most aristocratic and top-lofty society in the Old World.

The first morning in Burgos, on waking, I threw open the heavy wooden inner shutters and the long French window of my room, which looked on a balcony, and I drew back dazzled by the blaze of sunshine. Below, market was going on in an open square, groups of men in wide slouched hats and dark cloaks thrown over the left shoulder, and of women in black, with veils worn mantilla-wise over head and bust, stood about amongst shaggy brown donkeys, who were munching pensively, freed from their harness, and black oxen, with sheep-skin frontlets, lying on the ground near their carts, amid heaps of unfamiliar vegetables and dark red or cream-colored pottery of strange and beautiful shapes. The scene was shut in on one side by a long pale pink house front, with little iron-railed balconies at every

window; on the other by a gray, castle-like Gothic building, with crockets along the edge of the roof, and a fine arched gateway surmounted by two coats-of-arms carved in the stone, bound together by a heavy sculptured cord falling in a huge tassel on either side the entrance, — the order of Teutonic knight-hood (according to the guide-book). In the immediate background, with pre-Raphaelite disregard of middle distance, rose a steep green hill, crowned by fortifications. These simple elements composed a characteristic and purely Spanish picture.

After this view I could not dress and get out into the streets quickly enough. The general aspect of the town is modern, but entirely foreign to everything north of the Pyrenees. The principal streets are wide, the houses high, of light-colored stone or gay stucco, with many windows, mostly inclosed in square glass bays, each with a small iron balcony. The entrance is through a deep arched doorway, generally open, on a level with the pavement, into a sort of vestibule, whence the short staircase leads up into the body of the house. But these new, fresh-looking streets are filled by a crowd of people in the very costumes, if not the very clothes, of Murillo's and Velasquez's times. Not a single figure was visible which might not have belonged to the seventeenth century, except soldiers, of whom there were a great many, lighting up the sombre mass with dashes of red and blue. The varieties of brown were as remarkable as its prevalence: there were snuff-color, mahogany, chocolate, coffee, umber, burnt siena, Vandyke. The women's dress had no peculiarity except want of conformity to any contemporary fashion. I met two or three groups of peasants, in thick woolen petticoats of old-gold color with a cherry border, black bodices, and cherry kerchiefs; some of the men wore the red Basque berret, but the predominating hues were black and

brown. The streets were thronged all day long, but nobody seemed to be going any whither, or to have anything to do, except for an hour on Sunday morning, when everybody was going to or from church: that was my only glimpse of the upper classes, and they too wore the cloak or mantilla-veil, according to sex. The ladies were for the most part dressed in black, with crape veils instead of lace. Walking by twos and threes, their missal clasped in their hands and a long silver rosary dangling before them, their dark eyes cast down under their long black eyelashes, they looked like members of a religious order. I saw a few handsome faces, the outline oval, the features regular, the complexion like ivory, the hair, brows, and eyes dark as night. As a rule the faces both of men and women were too strongly marked for beauty: the features tended to coarseness, the skin to wrinkles and sallowness, the brows to grow too close and heavy. An expression of gravity, dignity, and reserve in almost every face redeemed it from commonness. The men are not tall, but well knit. The soldiers strike one as under size, on an average; the officers are fine men, but the distinction is more in their bearing than in height. A few Gothic palaces, like the Casa de Cordon on the market-place, look down on the stir and chatter of the streets; from a wide promenade, with trees and statues, bordering the river is seen the arch of a huge mediæval gateway, with heavy battlements, turrets, and towers, which frames a perpetually changing series of street-pictures. They are only a repetition of men, women, and donkeys. The latter are on curious terms with their owners: the donkey uses his discretion in obeying his driver, who has no whip or cudgel, but administers an occasional slap or push to the animal's hind-quarters with the palm of the hand, to make him go faster. As I was watching the never-ending combinations of these groups, a circus company

of fine muscular men, with bare limbs and shoulders, and gaudy tunics, mounted on showy horses with tinseled trappings, wound slowly out of a narrow street, like a procession of the Middle Ages, quite in keeping with the rest of the scene. Following them for a few steps to lend myself to the illusion, I suddenly found myself confronted by one of the great doors of the cathedral.

Of all the famous minsters I have ever seen, that of Burgos seems to me to fulfill to the utmost completeness and content the ideal of a cathedral. It lacks but two points of perfection: a better site, granting an entire and instantaneous view of the mighty structure, and an unencumbered nave, which would allow the eye to range down its whole length and embrace its grand dimensions at a glance. The first condition can never be achieved, for, besides being crowded and hidden to the knees by adjoining houses, the cathedral is built into a hillside; so that even if the streets which abut upon it were cleared away it would not stand apart and detached, visible from all sides. One must be satisfied, therefore, to see the exterior piecemeal. The west front looks upon a small, open square, giving the spectator an opportunity of standing off far enough to get the effect of the statued gallery above the main portal, of the rich rose window, and two beautiful towers with airy spires, a network of stone through which is seen the blue sky. Two or three low steps lead up to a sort of flagged terrace, from which the church is entered at this end; a striking feature, which I do not remember having seen elsewhere, nor do I know if it has an architectural name. On the north the Puerta del Sarmantal is approached from the street by a long, narrow passage between the archbishop's palace and the cloisters. Owing to the inequality of the ground the entrance on this side is by a very high flight of steps, leading to a magnificent doorway of the thirteenth century,

guarded by a host of sculptured figures; above is seen the summit of the glorious lantern, an octagonal tower with an eight-pointed diadem of exquisite Gothic carving. On the south side the level changes again; one looks down upon the Gothic galleries of the chapels and cloisters towards the clustering finials of the eastern towers.

Entering the church from this side, one sees the pavement thirty feet below the door, which opens at the head of a magnificent double staircase, turning upon itself midway at a broad landing, — a superb production of the Spanish Renaissance. But how can dimensions or descriptions impart the sense of an immortal work of art? As the heavy leather curtain of the east door falls between the traveler and the outer world, with its besieging army of beggars, how can words convey the feelings with which he finds himself for the first time within a great Spanish cathedral, his eye straining to reach the height of the vaults and to pierce the depth of the aisles, while the sunset light of the painted windows falls athwart the pillars, carrying the gaze further and further on, until it is lost in the dimness of the distant chapels. He has the vastness to himself, for except during the morning services there is seldom any one to be seen in the long vistas; even on Sunday at vespers there are only a few dark figures, kneeling at long distances apart, and still more isolated by the rapt intensity of their prayer. The traveler feels as if he had never been in a real church before.

The material obstacle to a full enjoyment of the sublimity of Burgos is the enormous, lofty choir, which obstructs the nave and does not even leave a free view of the upper arches. The finest general impression is to be had from the north door, whence one looks across the grand transept — only a sixth less in length than the nave — to the splendid double staircase of the south door and

up into the lantern-tower, which is adorned to its very apex with graduated tiers of galleries and ogival windows, niches, statues, heads, wreaths, and all the luxuriance of florid Gothic. The richness of this lantern, although consistent with the rest of the edifice, is a singular beauty, for I cannot remember another instance of the interior of a dome or tower with any ornament except frescoes or mosaics; it is like a cavern encrusted with stalactites, and enhances the magnificence of the nave immensely.

Next to the grand harmony of the whole structure, notwithstanding the difference of age and style in its several parts, its chief characteristic is opulence of detail and wealth of special art treasures. The poor Cook's Tourist, with but two days to give to a place where he would gladly spend two months, goes away with an unsatisfied, almost sad, recollection of marvels of sculpture, painting, wrought iron and bronze, goldsmith's work, stained glass, illuminated missals and music-books, embroidered vestments, wood-carving, which he was obliged to slight, and of historical associations which he was forced to neglect, in those crowded hours. The screen of masonry inclosing the high altar is paneled externally with sculpture, in high relief, of the Passion, Agony, and Resurrection of Christ; there are scores of figures, about a third the size of life, executed with the finish of single statues. They are all worthy of study, but the Vigil in the Garden of Olives, by Philip of Bergoña, a Spanish sculptor of the late fifteenth century, is a masterpiece. The kneeling figure of our Saviour, the descending angel, and the apostles struggling with their sleep are represented with a grace, simplicity, and pathos which recall nothing in art so much as Perugino's best delineation of the same subject. Single heads, of extraordinary force and individuality, prophets and apostles, project from be-

low these panels; on the pillars which divide them there are niches, with statuettes of royal and warrior saints, so noble in attitude and expression that the spectator cannot but wonder whether the artist found living models of such rare dignity and devoutness, or followed his own exalted conceptions alone. Behind the high altar is the Chapel of the Constable, the finest and most interesting of fourteen which surround the church. It was built by John of Cologne in 1487 for Velasco, the hereditary constable of Castile, and is a monument of Gothic art in its happiest exuberance. Amidst an efflorescence of buds and sprays like the simultaneous outburst of twig, leaf, and flower in a late spring, the constable and his wife lie side by side on tombs as rich as thrones, with the simple, stately indifference of true grandees to the magnificence around them. Their ancient lineage is attested by coats-of-arms carved in every direction among branching, blooming tracery, as if their entire ancestry had hung up their shields in this forest of stone; the sculptured orders of the Golden Fleece and of St. Iago de Compostella give the last touch of pomp and pride of place to this almost royal sepulchre. When the Duke of Frias, the descendant of this noble pair and present owner of the chapel, comes to visit the hereditary constable's effigy, he may be excused for believing that the blood in his veins is not chemically composed like that of other mortals.

Each of the thirteen remaining chapels has its picture, monument, great silver lamp with chains wrought like bracelets, or other work of art; some of them are small museums; several are as large as a full-grown modern church, with a separate high altar, organ, and gallery. The largest, though neither the most beautiful nor the most interesting, is the great chapel of Santa Tecla, to the left of the main entrance. It is a perfect specimen of rococo decoration: the twisted columns wreathed in vines; the vaulted

roof embossed with heads of cherubim, rosettes, vases, fabulous beasts, and imaginary blossoms; the interspaces filled with clouds, flames, sun-disks; the reredos of the high altar, representing Saint Thecla on the martyr's pile surrounded by Moors feeding the flames, might have been designed during an orgy. Yet the delicacy of coloring is exquisite: amber, rose, turquoise, aquamarine, and I do not know how many more clear, tender tints, combined by white and gilding in profusion, produce a lovely result, like a heap of rare sea-shells or a hot-house in full bloom. In spite of the detestable style of art of which it is an exaggerated specimen, it contrasts charmingly with the gray solemnity by which it is enveloped.

The cloisters are peculiar in being two-storied, and are exceedingly ornate. The spaces between the pointed arches are occupied by life-size statues of saints, kings, and queens; the walls are hollowed into Gothic tombs, where below carved canopies repose knights in their armor and prelates in their robes; through the mullioned windows turrets and pinnacles are seen against the deep blue sky; the sunshine traces Gothic patterns on the marble pavement. The lively air of heaven and a certain serene cheerfulness of their own give the cloisters a beauty and solemnity differing from those of the cathedral.

There are other fine old churches at Burgos, but they are annihilated by the neighborhood of the cathedral. Near the town are two convents which are worth seeing, even if one has but an hour to give to them. One is the Cistercian convent of Las Huelgas, about a mile northward, through the tree-bordered avenues beside the river. A great gateway in a high, blank wall gives access, not to the solitary precincts of the religious establishment, as one expects, but to a large and squalid village, and the traveler picks his way through dirt and garbage until he finds the entrance

to the church for himself. There is no lack of beggars, but a peculiarity of the Spanish beggar, which distinguishes him from his brother of Italy, France, or Switzerland, is that he never offers to show you your way, or call the custodian, or perform any of those services by which the others pretend to earn your alms. The Spanish beggar is not a whit less importunate than they, but stands upon his own merits. The church of Las Huelgas has a square tower, much like that of many an old English country church, and apart from its surroundings is not unlike some early English sacred building which has escaped alteration. Tradition connects it closely with English history: it was founded by a sister of Richard Cœur de Lion, and Edward I. of England was knighted here by Alonzo X. of Castile. But royal tombs such as those that line the cloister, the sculptured arches of the doorways and vaults, are not to be found in English parish churches. Above the principal door there is a thick wreath of ivy, most beautiful and natural in execution, yet completely subordinated to decorative use; one of the pillars is entwined with convolvuluses, more conventionally treated, yet of charming delicacy and grace. The interior of the church is striking only by its good proportions, being whitewashed and otherwise disfigured, but it possesses some curious relics. Its most noteworthy feature is the nuns' chapel, nearly as large as the main church, and occupying the usual position of the north transept. The stalls of its choir are superbly carved, and the walls hung with gorgeous old tapestries. A grating divides it from the church, and it is never profaned by the foot of man; even the preacher delivers his exhortations through the bars, the ancient pulpit turning on a swivel to bring him within sight of the nuns. Noon, the hour at which they daily assemble for worship, came while I was still lingering before the carvings of the principal door,

and the sexton hurried out to adjure me by vehement gestures not to miss the opportunity. The nuns, in their long, thick white draperies, slowly entered, two by two, separating right and left, and seated themselves on each side of the choir; there were not more than a dozen of them. One row immediately began to chant in soprano, the other responded in contralto; presently they rose, and falling in pair and rank again made their exit majestically. The ceremony did not last five minutes, and I wondered whether these brief orisons were all that the rule exacts daily. The nuns were all stout, some of them were short; their robes were long, and swayed in inconvenient folds about their feet, but such dignity of bearing and motion I never saw before. Every one of them walked as if she were a born queen. This was in part explained by Murray's guide-book, from which I learned that to enter this particular convent a woman must be of noble birth and have a dowry, that the abbess takes precedence of every lady except the queen of Spain, and that Las Huelgas is altogether a most patrician and privileged institution. By way of contrast to these cloistered dames, and to the picture seen through the grating of their white forms in the dark oaken stalls beneath the rich purple tapestry, as I walked back to town, I saw about twenty women in line hoeing a newly plowed field, — a mere flutter of dingy rags, one or two wearing tawny, yellow skirts, and all with red or rose-colored headkerchiefs; standing between the brown earth and the blue sky, against the background of a white convent wall shaded by a gray row of leafless trees.

Two miles south of Burgos is the Carthusian convent of Miraflores. The way at first lies beside the river, along parallel avenues of trees divided by wide strips of grass, leading unexpectedly to what looks like the fragment of a palace garden centuries old. There is a

large fountain surrounded by concentric walks and high circular walls of box-wood shrubbery, encompassed by an outer ring of great trees in formal order. This strange oasis is unprotected from the public road, yet is as solitary, damp, green-mouldy a spot as can be imagined. Beyond it the road strikes upwards among the lonely hills, and by and by the convent comes in sight; its severely simple Gothic roof and tower cut clean against the sky, shut in from the uninhabited region round about by high walls inclosing a large tract of almost equal desolation. The view from this height is very striking; beautiful, too, with a stern, implacable beauty. On one hand, long lines of hillside, without dwelling, tree, or cultivation, swept by every wind and bare to the blazing sun; on the other, sharp, serrate, deep-purple mountain ridges with glazed snow-peaks. The sky was cloudless, the sunshine splendid, the air keen and exhilarating, with a quality of lightness and purity, as if it had taken no taint from the clear, unencumbered expanse over which it blew. The church is of fine proportions, but cruelly naked under its whitewash, which contrasts crudely with the vivid stained glass of the ancient windows and the exquisite open carving of the canopied choir stalls. Before the high altar is an immense alabaster tomb, erected by command of Isabella of Castile for her parents. The royal pair repose in their robes of state on embroidered pillows; the rich stuff is so scrupulously copied that it looks like petrified brocade. Small figures, of great originality and expressiveness, kneel along the upper edge of the tomb, and its sides are crowded with scriptural subjects in high and low relief, with a herd of lions as supporters to the oft-repeated royal arms. Close by, in an arched mural recess, kneels their only son, whose death gave the crown to his sister. This monument represents a sort of oratory, but is more like an arbor of sculptured vines, with

lovely children playing hide-and-seek among the leaves and grapes. It is inclosed by pillars, and surmounted by an arch and spire so elaborately and excessively ornamental that the details, beautiful and spirited as they are, detract somewhat from the still and reverent dignity of the youthful figure. The background, the base, and the moulding which joins the monument to the wall are chased like the setting of a seal. A white-robed Carthusian monk, with a good-humored, intelligent face and broad brown eyes, did the honors of his church in sympathetic silence, evidently pleased by my admiration and astonishment at finding such works of art on this remote and abandoned hilltop. A few sentences of mine in guide-book Spanish and First Reader Latin to offer a small sum for the poor of the church porch and for the repairs of the beautiful sanctuary set him smiling and replying unintelligibly, for though I had weighed my own words, I could not keep up with his. However, he manifested so much cordiality that I imagine a visit even from a Cook's Tourist is a welcome event in his existence.

Five miles away from the Cartuja des Miraflores, across the bare hills, is the convent of San Pedro de Cardeña, where the Cid was buried by his own wish, beside his wife and daughters and his war-horse Baviaca, the faithful steed of so many legends and ballads, that wept over his dying master, like the horses of Hector over Patroclus. The convent was founded by one of the Gothic queens of Spain, and abounds in traditions of Moorish times and in mediæval tombs. But the time was short, the way was long and lonely; there was no road for wheels, and no saddle horse or mule to be hired, so I turned back to Burgos, where the cathedral consoled my few remaining hours. I might have visited the bones of the Cid in the town hall, had I been so minded, as they were sacrilegiously removed thither some forty

years ago; but I went to see neither them nor the so-called House of the Cid, deeming this to be one of the occasions on which it is safer to trust to the imagination than to ocular evidence.

At ten o'clock at night I was off for Madrid. In Spain the quick trains, that is to say the least slow, run at night only. They consume an inordinate length of time in making their distance, but the day trains are so much more tardy that they are used only by travelers whose object is not to arrive until the latest moment possible. Through the long sleepless night we were either roaring through tunnels or tarrying at places of which we could see nothing, with names which, disengaged from the Spanish lisp and gutturals, evoked recollections of the Peninsular War, of Prescott, Motley, and Lockhart, of Don Quixote and Gil Blas. The night was cold and moonless, and at Avila station the dark profile of a town on a hill, with walls and towers against the star-lit sky, promised confirmation of the reputed picturesqueness of the place. But the best stored memory and the liveliest fancy could hardly have kept the hours from dragging, until dawn revealed the most dreary and forbidding landscape which my eyes ever beheld: an irregular, broken foreground, scattered over with innumerable fragments of cold gray rock, scarred by the track of brooks which had torn their way deep into the surface, dragging stones and bowlders after them; the same scene repeated again and again, until distance effaced the details, and showed only a dun and ragged desolation, closed by mountains of a dull, lifeless blue. I do not believe that the African desert can impart such a sense of inexorable sternness and mournful hopelessness. The only relief came from an infrequent wood of small, round-headed pines, which would look gloomy in any other scenery, but which gave this a sort of doleful cheer. I saw so much of this stony

sterility in Spain that I could not wonder at the poverty of the people, or the impossibility of wringing a subsistence from such a soil. There were hours of it before the Escorial appeared, squatting like a monstrous gray toad in the midst of the morose solitude. It is an immense construction by actual measurement, but as wanting in every element of greatness as the soul that conceived it. It is a huge muniment house for the secret history of Spain during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. I heard in Madrid that a learned friar, after long researches there, had lately published a work to rehabilitate the memory of Philip II., who is not venerated even in Spain. If he has found new matter in the archives of the Escorial, he can reckon upon readers, if not on converts.

As we drew toward Madrid the gray stones grew fewer, the lines became less harsh, the grim aspect of the country relaxed a little, and the woodland of royal domains clothed the hillsides in several directions. The railway stations are a long way from the principal *plaza*, the *Puerta del Sol*, on which stand the best hotels, and, on first arriving, one gets an idea of the town which is not much modified afterwards. It is a mere modern capital, not unlike Munich, but still more like Washington: wide, dusty avenues planted with trees which give no shade; immense public buildings of more pretension than merit; irregular lines of houses, the largest and handsomest side by side with the smallest and shabbiest; great gaps of vacant ground covered with rubbish; tasteless monuments, extortionate-looking shops, pretty little public gardens and squares; the most miserable of street carriages, horses, and drivers; no life in the extremities, but always an idle, miscellaneous crowd at the centre, the *Puerta del Sol*. No European town can be so destitute of physiognomy as an American one, and Madrid has some peculiar fea-

tures and a certain grand air of its own, but flattened and indistinct like the die on the old Spanish "levies" and "fips" which were in circulation with us a quarter of a century ago. The cloak is universally worn by men of all ranks, with great variety as to lining, the favorite colors being the national ones, deep yellow and bright red; the garment is thrown over the shoulder in such a manner as to show a stripe of each. The dandies, *polios* as they are called, wear velvet collars of dark blue, green, brown, or black, to match the cloak, for all these shades are in favor in Madrid; sometimes lined with light-colored silk or satin, pale blue being much approved. This excessive elegance is kept for the evening and dress clothes. Great study is bestowed on giving the cloaks graceful folds as they fall over the left shoulder, leaving the right hand free beneath to offer to a friend or to hold a cigarita. The mantilla is often seen, but much less frequently than at Burgos, and chiefly among the middle and lower classes. Some of the officers have a beautiful uniform, light blue with white facings heavily braided with silver, and there are few street scenes in which they do not appear. Another figure of the plazas of Madrid is the crone, in a dark dress and bright headkerchief, selling water, which she carries in a large ivory-white jar of Oriental form; glasses and long sticks of coarse white sugar, called *azucarillos*, are ranged in the sockets of a curious brass stand surmounted by round brass balls about the size of oranges, the whole apparatus glittering with cleanliness. The wet-nurses of rich people wear a gorgeous costume: a skirt of red, purple, or any brilliant color, striped above the hem with black and gold, or some other strong contrast, and a fringed neckerchief, usually black or white. Their little nurslings are most often in white, but sometimes cluster round their knees in rose-color or blue, like a bunch of buds. The boys who have got beyond

petticoat government march about solemnly, clad in dark velvets and broad Vandyke collars, in charge of a black-robed priest. Most Spanish children are handsome and sturdy, with rich, ruddy complexions, and a physical vigor which is seen in their dense black hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes, and in their full crimson lips.

The Puerta del Sol is a paved polygon, so irregular in shape that it is difficult to judge of its extent, which, however, appears great, particularly in crossing it on a sunny day or a muddy one. There is room, and much to spare, for cab-stands, omnibus stations, a tramway terminus, and a fountain; it is the headquarters of the hotels, cafés, shops, and all that portion of a town designed for deluding strangers. It is never quiet, day or night; the noisy newsboys shout the evening papers until they begin to sell the morning ones. The great rival hotels are the Paris and the Paix, and for foul smells, steep stairs, poor fare, and high charges they divide the palm. Yet in these, as in the Fonda de Rafaela at Burgos, the beds and table are clean, and there is a perpetual scrubbing of some part of the house. The habits and customs are bewildering to a foreigner. In the lower hall of the Hotel de Paris there was a big man in gray, called the *concierge*, but who exercised some of the functions of clerk and hall-porter. He sat all day at the foot of the staircase playing cards at a round table with three or four comrades of evil mien, not concealing his annoyance when called off by lodgers to attend to his business. On each landing there are a bench and table, at which the female servants congregate and flirt with men who seem to come in from the street for that purpose, as they are not inmates of the hotel in any capacity, and always keep their hats on. My observation of this practice goes as far as the fourth story. The washerwoman, fetching or taking away the lodger's clothes, avails herself of these

social opportunities for hours at a time. There are electric bells in the bedrooms, but the servants bawl to each other all over the house from story to story, and from end to end of the dining-room while waiting on table; the Spanish boarders generally calling out their orders, too. Adjoining the dining-room is a small apartment called the reading-room, in which there are native and foreign newspapers, writing materials, and some show-cases of sham antiques, with addresses of bricabrac shops and other cards of advertisement. The Spaniards collect in this room as they leave the table after the midday breakfast, and immediately begin to smoke, which they continue to do until midnight, their example being followed by foreigners of every nation (including English), our countrymen alone excepted, although there is no other public sitting-room for ladies.

To return to the streets: asses and mules abound in them; there is abundance of horses, too, and of all conditions of men on horseback, riding about their business. I could not understand the politico-economical position of the donkey in Spain; he seems to be an object of luxury as often as a possession of poverty. It is common to use a donkey, often an absurdly small one, as leader to a line of large horses dragging a load of stone or iron, a custom for which nobody could account. The modes of harnessing are odd and various; the trappings of the beasts, especially the mules, are sometimes gay and fanciful. There are public vehicles, a cross between omnibus and stage-coach, of which I saw none but shabby, rattle-trap specimens, used by the common people, drawn by two, three, or four horses; the driver sitting on the shaft, the box-seat being occupied by passengers. Four-in-hands are more common in Madrid than in London or Paris, but it is by no means a matter of course that the equipage should be elegant. Even the king and

queen observe no great state in their comings and goings. Every Saturday afternoon they go to pray for a short time in an old convent church called the Atocha, on the outskirts of the town; rather picturesque, with its open garden court in front, and arcades half hidden by creepers. It is a usage dating from the time of Philip II., and attracts attention on that account only, for it makes but a poor show. The king's coach, preceded by an outrider in uniform, is a simple close carriage with four horses, a coachman and two footmen in plain dark livery, three-cornered hats, and powdered wigs; it is accompanied by a mounted escort of about twenty soldiers; the gentlemen and ladies in waiting follow in three similar carriages, and a single mounted guard brings up the rear. They dash through the streets at a good pace, but there is nothing impressive in the procession beyond its associations and the fact of seeing four-in-hands used as mere conveyances, with no special end of ceremony or frolic, like opening Parliament or driving to the Derby.

The royal stables are on the list of sights for strangers. They are in an immense brick and granite building, lofty, well lighted and ventilated, clean and in good order, with an entire absence of "fancy" arrangements. There are several hundred horses: one compartment is given up to the royal saddle-horses, another to the saddle-horses of the suite, a third to the four-in-hand and other carriage-horses for the king and queen, a fourth to the carriage-horses for the use of the palace; and there are others. The horses are beautifully groomed; most of them struck us as in too high condition, but seeing them only in the stalls it was impossible to judge of them fairly in any way. There are a number of English horses, and several Irish hunters with prodigious haunches; among these is the queen's favorite saddle-horse, a huge beast, over

sixteen hands high. Here I saw for the first time the true Spanish horse, the Andalusian barb, the steed of Velasquez's equestrian portraits; he is seldom over fifteen hands, with a big head, neck, and body, tremendously long thick mane and tail, a prominent eye of great intelligence and gentleness, and none of the signs of the English blooded stock. At first the looks of a saddle-horse so unlike the English, American, and French standard shock the prejudices of a horseman of one of those nations; but every rider must soon be convinced of the delightful qualities of the barb, his strength, endurance, docility, steady temper, smoothness of gait, and lightness of mouth. Not being bred or trained to jump, he is unfit for fox-hunting or steeple-chasing, but for a riding journey he is perfection; his action is extraordinarily springy, almost plunging to appearance, but it is as easy as a rocking-chair. The only specimen of the arched neck and fine limbs, dish-face and small ears, which we prize in horseflesh was a small light bay mare, with large eyes of the same color and the expression of a setter-dog. Not only did she turn such looks of affection on her groom that his face melted into smiles every time he glanced toward her, but when strangers stroked and patted her she laid her head against their breasts and looked up into their faces with canine gratitude and tenderness. There was not one of the party who did not linger in her stall, and leave it with regret. There is a pretty collection of ponies for the queen and princesses to drive in pairs and fours. One of them was a little black, woolly fellow, crinkled like a negro's pate, with mane and tail to match; he had an ugly head, and was altogether abnormal and unattractive. There was another mite of a creature, a beautiful miniature thoroughbred, though with the strange tapir-like upper lip rather common in Andalusia; he was so used to petting that he ran after

us and stood on his hind-legs begging for sugar, and it was with difficulty that we kept his tiny fore-feet off our shoulders. The exhibition of saddles and harness is handsome, but too large to be seen thoroughly in one visit, and is not interesting enough for two. The show-cases are arranged down the middle and around the walls of a gallery as long as Wimpole Street,¹ and present a gorgeous assortment of housings, caparisons, harness, and hammer-cloths. There are saddles and bridles of pale blue satin and silver for royal weddings, others of chamois-leather embroidered in gold for royal huntings, and superb sets of black harness with black velvet and satin hammer-cloths for royal mourning; there were trappings fit for the Field of the Cloth of Gold, used by the young grandees at their amateur bull-fights on very great occasions, such as the accession of a sovereign; but a catalogue soon grows tedious. There are some handsome modern state carriages and some of the last century, painted as prettily as a lady's fan; but the coach-house, with its immense variety of brand-new vehicles, is like the show-room of an American carriage-factory. The only one possessing any historical interest is that shown as the carriage in which poor mad Joan, Juana la Loca, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella and mother of the Emperor Charles V. traveled about with the dead body of her husband, the handsome Philip of Austria. The carriage is appropriately painted and lined with black, and has a suitably funereal aspect the guide explains that it has been "restored." It is, however, merely a Louis XIV. *berline*, richly carved with Cupids and garlands, much out of keeping with its pretended purpose and date. It is evidently fictitious, yet awakes some emotion by recalling the memory of that hapless woman. She has lately

acquired new interest from the discovery of documents proving that, if not inclined to the heretical ideas of the reformers, she was at least opposed to religious persecution and unfavorable to the Inquisition, and that a temporary insanity was made the pretext for the long captivity and harsh usage to which she was subjected by her unnatural son and hard-hearted grandson because her orthodoxy was suspected. These documents, which have come to light within a few years, give Juana la Loca a new claim to compassion. She has long been a favorite subject with Spanish artists; I know of four life-size pictures on her story by contemporary artists.

Pictures! The word has a portentous significance in Madrid. Nowhere else does life seem so short and art so long as at the door of the great gallery of the royal museum. If I were to say that I had found more Italian masters there than in the Pitti palace, more French ones than in the Louvre, more Flemings than at Antwerp, and more Spanish pictures than in all the rest of Europe, it would convey my first impression of this stupendous collection. The master-portraits of Titian are there, some of the finest Tintoretto's and loveliest Veronese's, two world-famous Raphaels, several canvases of Andrea del Sarto unsurpassed by any in Florence. With regard to native art, it may truly be said that nobody can have a just idea of Spanish painting without having been in Spain. There are fine specimens of the principal masters in several of the public galleries of Europe, but to understand the variety and concrete force of any one of them he must be studied in the Spanish museums and churches. There are some who are unrepresented and unknown out of their own country: two in particular, Joanes Vincente, commonly called Juan de Juanes, and Luis de Morales, both of the sixteenth century, who are overshadowed by the greater names of the succeeding age.

¹ "Everything has an end," said a ghostly comforter to a dying wit. "Except Wimpole Street," replied the moribund.

Both show the influence of early Italian and Flemish schools, but they have a concentration and poignancy in the expression of suffering which is national and individual. They painted religious subjects exclusively, and in their mode of depicting the *Ecce Homo*, *Mater Dolorosa*, *Agony in the Garden*, and *Descent from the Cross*, there is a singular bitterness of anguish, the moral and physical sentiment of the gall and wormwood, the vinegar mingled with honey. This quality they have in common, but in other respects they differ widely. There are but half a dozen pictures by Morales, only one of them on a more cheerful subject, the *Presentation at the Temple*, in which the youthful Virgin advances toward the aged Simeon at the head of a lovely, lightly moving band of girls, imbued with innocence and simplicity. Juanes has nearly twenty pictures in the Madrid gallery, of which five constitute a series on the history of St. Stephen. As well as I can remember, their size is three feet by two, and they are crowded with figures excellently drawn and spirited even to exaggeration; when this tendency is controlled, the expression of the faces is wonderful; the coloring is bright and clear, but they are deficient in atmosphere. On the same wall hangs a life-size three-quarters-length portrait of Don Luis de Castelví, a Valencian nobleman of Charles V.'s time, a man in the prime and pride of life, in a dark, rich, bejeweled dress; it is a splendid picture, worthy of Titian or Moor, and might have been painted a century later than the series of St. Stephen. There is also a small picture, by the same master, of the *Coronation of the Virgin*, a 16mo canvas so to speak, composed in the conventional manner with rows of doctors, confessors, martyrs, saints, and angels, and executed with the patient care of Hamling or Van Eyck. The versatility of which these two last-named pictures give proof is extraordinary, considering

the clearness of conception and firmness of execution which are also to be found in all Juanes' works; he did not waver and falter between different styles, but went straight from one to another, with a fixed purpose and a steady brush. Tradition says that he was noted for devoutness, and his life was almost that of an anchorite; the sacred images always hung in his studio, and he never omitted to pray before beginning to paint. Fervor of devotion, intensity of supplication, are the strongest characteristics of Spanish religious pictures: in these they are unapproached by any other school. Murillo's saints are so absorbed in prayer, their look of entreaty is so compelling, that the celestial apparition descending toward them seems but the natural, the necessary, answer to the appeal: the limits of sense, of space and time, are forgotten; they are insensible to the cold, heat, thirst, and fatigue which waste them; they are consumed by a desire for a nearer communion with Christ, and it must needs be vouchsafed to every one who so beseeches. There is nothing of the placid rapture and beatitude of Italian pictures on the same subjects; the look with which the saints in Spanish art receive their divine visitors is one of infinite assuagement and consolation rather than of actual bliss; the remembrance of pain is never absent. Even in the St. Anthony of Padua of the Seville gallery the predominant expression is that of relief from prolonged strain and suffering. They are profoundly affecting pictures. Spanish religious art goes far to explain Spanish religious persecution. The native painters all seem to have possessed this capacity for conviction; it is signally illustrated by Velasquez's famous *Crucifixion*, his one religious picture. Among the fifty and odd canvases by him in the gallery of Madrid there are one or two on sacred subjects, but they might as well be secular. In the *Crucifixion* our Saviour is represented as just dead: the face and

form are of great beauty, attenuated by an austere life and recent torture; the head has sunk on the breast, and one heavy lock of dark hair falls across the right side of the face and almost hides it; the clay-like hue of the flesh, a few drops and streaks of dark blood, are the only tokens of physical suffering; the face has in its expression all the words uttered from the cross, which is erect in appalling solitude against the blackness of darkness. The picture is out of place in a gallery; it is fit only for a church, to be unveiled in Passion Week. It is, as I have said, strictly speaking Velasquez's only religious picture, and it strikes one as though the painter had been exhorted to pronounce his creed, had summed up his whole belief in this Crucifixion, and had left it to the world as his profession of faith.

Velasquez's pictures, besides being splendid works of art, reflect the court life of his country and century like the palace mirror in his canvas of *Las Meninas*. They depict the famous personages of his day, the royal pleasure-grounds, with old-fashioned fish-ponds and formal avenues, processions of state coaches and troops of stiffly-robed lords and ladies who have got out of them to take the air; they chronicle the existence of the royal children, encompassed with artificial restraints of brocade and etiquette; they reveal the courteous, chivalrous side of the national character in the magnificent surrender of Breda, where the Duke of Spinola accepts the keys of the captured city as if they were a gift; they betray its barbarous side in a strange assemblage of dwarfs and jesters. The dwarfs are a collection of every type of humanity afflicted with that particular deformity. There is one called *El Primo*, whose poor little body supports the head of a philosopher, with phrenological indications of high moral and intellectual qualities, and a sad, self-contained, thoughtful, handsome, middle-aged face; he is turning over the

leaves of an ancient tome, in which it is easy to believe that he may find consolation. Next to him hangs a diminished and distorted copy of the human form in the mockery of a rich dress, crimson embroidered with gold, surmounted by a big head with irregular features lighted by a pair of dark eyes like live coals, and an expression of acute mental suffering and hopeless revolt against fate. The face burns with passionate grief and hatred, but there is nothing base in it; on the contrary, there is a capacity for love and devotion. I heard a number of people, on first coming up to it, echo my own silent exclamation, "*Triboulet!*" Beyond this is a less painful picture of the conventional dwarf, tolerably well proportioned, with a round face, long curly hair, and the choleric expression of a child who is alternately petted and teased. The little fellow, splendidly dressed like a court page, stands stoutly on a pair of good legs, holding his white-plumed hat; beside him there is a fine mastiff, as tall as himself. Next is a poor half-witted creature, sickly and misshapen, with a cunning but harmless face, blurred features, and a dim glance; if he was not tormented he was probably not unhappy. The last of the series is merely a small monster; the heart swells and sickens at the thought of his being made the butt of jokes and tricks. The jesters are a very different race, and look quite able to take care of themselves; their common trait is an irritable eye and the air of paid assassins. There is one of them painted in a very simple scarlet dress, holding a naked sword in his hand, with a fine face and figure, but so grim of aspect that I took him at first for the king's *bravo* or the state executioner. There is a deplorable absence of landscape-painters among the Spanish artists. Velasquez has left half a dozen sketches of villa gardens and parks, but there is nothing else of the sort, so that one turns for relief to the fine landscapes of the Low Country mas-

ters in the side-rooms. This is a curious deficiency in the native art.

I have no intention of going through the list of the pictures, or even the painters, in the Madrid gallery, but I cannot turn away from it without mentioning Juan Pantoja de la Cruz, Sanchez Coello, and Alonzo Cano: the first two are among the fine portrait-painters of the sixteenth-century; the last is a seventeenth-century painter of sacred subjects, noted also for being almost the only sculptor of merit whom Spain has produced in later times. Between the old and new schools of Spanish painting stands Goya, who died about fifty years ago in extreme old age. To my thinking, he is the most original genius of modern times. There are few of his pictures out of Spain: one or two in the Louvre, one or two in Belgium, and Americans might have seen two volumes of his *Caprichios* in the Spanish government building of the Centennial Exhibition. Everybody who turned over those pages will remember the frenzy of fancy, reveling in the grotesque and horrible. Spanish galleries are full of Goya's pictures, and the streets of the subjects from which he took them. His compositions have a grace, dash, and "go," a freedom of first impulse and an audacity, inconceivable to those who do not know him. The criticism of Goya in Théophile Gautier's eloquent and picturesque travels in Spain gives as good a notion of his genius as words ever can do of works of art.

To Gautier also may be referred those readers who wish to know a bull-fight by hearsay; they can satisfy their curiosity by reading his chapter on the subject, which leaves nothing for any other traveler to add. The crowd returning from the sport along the Alcala, a long, wide street leading from the Puerta del Sol to the Bull Ring on the outskirts of town, is one of the most extraordinary sights which Europe affords in the present century. A disorderly battalion

of omnibuses, barouches, light wagons, coupés, four-in-hand breaks and drags, cabs, mule-carts, and numberless nameless vehicles, some drawn by a single horse or donkey, some by two, three, four, or six, with jingling bells and dangling fringes and tassels, filled with fine ladies and gentlemen dressed in Paris fashion, with women of the town in black lace mantillas, bunches of carnations in their hair and fans in their hands, with middle-class dandies in round cloaks, with peasants in Andalusian jackets and red berrets, with people of the lower orders in any sort of rag, rush by helter-skelter, pellmell, like a routed army, smoking, singing, laughing, shouting, — interspersed with hundreds of horsemen and thousands of people on foot dodging the carriages. The arrogance of everybody's demeanor passes belief, from the blue-blooded grandee with a title as old as the kingdom to the beggar with his tattered cloak draped over his shoulder and his battered hat cocked over his left ear and slouched over his right eye. Such an aggressive assertion of independence and equality is unknown even in France, and can be seen in our own happy country only on St. Patrick's day. Everybody is as good as everybody else, and better, except when a barouche tears by with the bull-fighters in their sumptuous costumes of embroidered satin and velvet; then the whole multitude does homage with huzzas and waving hats. The rabble gallops on across the Prado and up the steep streets on the city side, filling the Puerta del Sol for a noisy half hour, then pouring off down a dozen diverging streets, when the Puerta del Sol returns to its normal condition of a vast human ant-hill of idle ants. Yet if this mad multitude at the height of its frenzy meets a priest and his acolyte carrying the Host to a sick-bed, the tumult is instantly stilled, the on-rush checked in full career, and every knee is bent and every head uncovered, while the tinkling of the little

bell can be heard. These weekly saturnalia strengthen the impression of the semi-civilized condition of Spain which a stranger receives from numerous and divers trifles. Neither the country nor the society has kept pace with the age. Even the gossip from high-life, which reaches him remotely, has not the ring of chit-chat of the present day; the scandals of modern Spanish society are so gloomy and romantic, with the high-sounding names of the actors in them, that they are fit for plots of the tragedies of two hundred years ago. The discrepancies in the mode of life of people of rank and wealth are among the symptoms of this semi-civilization. The royal palace, a fine building with a long front and wings agreeably divided by pilasters, stands upon a bluff above the thirsty little river Manzanares, a broad, terraced drive leading down to the base, where an extensive orangery shows a thick screen of dark foliage and bright fruit through great glazed doors and windows. At the foot of the declivity lies the *Caza del Moro*, or Chace of the Moor, a small uninclosed park of fine trees, formal shrubbery, and walks converging toward a central fountain. Between this pleasure-ground and the river, directly under the eyes and nose of royalty, a belt of wretched houses occupied by washerwomen stretches along the bank; it is an untidy laundry, a mile long, and the king and queen cannot leave the palace in this direction without crossing a tract of fluttering house and body linen which comes between the wind and their nobility. It is the only way of reaching the *Caza del Campo*, a royal park for pheasants and ground game which lies just beyond the city limits, on the farther side of the Manzanares. The *Caza del Campo* is not a gay resort; indeed, it is hardly a resort at all. I rode there two or three times, the regular promenades, the *Buen Retiro* and *Castillanas*, being too crowded and circumscribed for exercise; and I met

hardly anybody except a few groups of ladies in black walking near the entrance followed by their carriages. *Etiquette* — a word which is not obsolete in Spain — prohibits the fashionable drives to people in mourning, so they come to this deserted chace to stretch their limbs. There is no pretense of keeping the place up; there are some short drives in good condition, bordered by fine trees, but they soon merge into rough roads, leading among low hills and abrupt hollows, spotted with a gnarled, dusky, evergreen oak, and as lonely as the surrounding country. The ground is covered with short, close grass and aromatic herbs, over which the smooth paced Spanish horses canter lightly, keeping a sharp lookout for rabbit-holes, as the whole domain is little better than a warren. The small, brown masters of the soil start up at every moment, wrinkling their noses at intruders from the height of their hind-paws, and only on instant peril of being ridden down disappear into their subterranean abodes with a twinkle of a white-lined tail. From the hilltops there is a view on one hand of the wide, desolate, barren plain, sloping up gradually to an expanse of pale green table-land, level as the sea, and melting into the horizon; on the other, low hills tread on each other's heels, until they are stopped by the long crenelated wall of the *Guadarrama* range, violet and lilac and silvered with snow. Southward Madrid stands up on its bluff, showing the long, many-windowed fronts of its public buildings; and at this distance its flat roofs and light tints give it a more foreign appearance than it wears in its streets and plazas, with a faint suggestion of the East. Here, on these breezy hills, one escapes from the immediate climate of the city, which has the peculiarity of Boston, so trying to the nerves, of stringing them to cracking-points, while it induces a constant sense of fatigue; at Madrid, too, humanity is under the "whip of the

sky." The water, on the contrary, which does not come from the panting Manzanares, but from springs among the Guadarramas, is deliciously soft : under

its influence the skin becomes like velvet and the hair like floss-silk ; after a bath the body is as smooth as if it had been anointed.

BIRD-GAZING IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

It was early in June when I set out for my third visit to the White Mountains, and the ticket-seller and the baggage-master in turn assured me that the Crawford House, which I named as my destination, was not yet open. They spoke, too, in the tone which men use when they mention something which, if you had not been uncommonly stupid, you would have known already. The kindly sarcasm missed its mark, however. I was quite aware that the hotel was not yet ready for the "general public." But I said to myself that for once, at least, I was not to be included in that unfashionably promiscuous company. The vulgar crowd must wait, of course. For the present the mountains, in reporters' language, were "on private view ;" and for all the ignorance of railway officials, I was one of the elect. In plainer phrase, I had in my pocket a letter from the manager of the famous inn before mentioned, in which he promised to do what he could for my entertainment, even though he was not yet keeping a hotel.

Possibly I made too much of a small matter ; but it pleased me to feel that this visit of mine was to be of a peculiarly intimate character, — almost, indeed, as if Mount Washington himself had bidden me to private audience.

Compelled to wait three or four hours in North Conway, I improved the opportunity to stroll once more down into the lovely Saco meadows, whose "green felicity" was just now at its height. Here, perched upon a fence-rail, in the

shade of an elm, I gazed at the snow-crowned Mount Washington range, while the bobolinks and savanna sparrows made music on every side. The song of the bobolinks dropped from above, and the microphonic tune of the sparrows came up from the grass, — sky and earth keeping holiday together. Almost I could have believed myself in Eden. But, alas, even the birds themselves were long since shut out of that garden of innocence, and as I started back towards the village a crow went hurrying past me, with a king-bird in hot pursuit. The latter was more fortunate than usual, or more plucky ; actually alighting on the crow's back and riding for some distance. I could not distinguish his motions, — he was too far away for that, — but I wished him joy of his victory, and trusted that he would improve it to the full. For it is scandalous that a bird of the crow's cloth should be a thief ; and so, though I reckon him among my friends, — in truth, *because* I do so, — I am able to take it patiently when I see him chastised for his fault. Imperfect as we all know each other to be, it is a comfort to feel that few of us are so altogether bad as not to take more or less pleasure in seeing a neighbor's character improved under a course of moderately painful discipline.

At Bartlett word came that the passenger car would go no further, but that a freight train would soon start, on which, if I chose, I could continue my journey. Accordingly, I rode up through

the Notch on a platform car, and can in good conscience recommend that mode of travel. There is no crowd of exclaiming tourists, the train of necessity moves slowly, and the open platform offers no obstruction to the view. For a time I had a seat, which after a little two strangers ventured to occupy with me; for "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good," and there happened to be on the car one piece of baggage, — a coffin, inclosed in a pine box. Our sitting upon it could not harm either it or us; nor did we mean any disrespect to the man, whoever he might be, whose body was to be buried in it. Judging the dead charitably, as in duty bound, I had no doubt he would have been glad if he could have seen it put to such a use. So we made ourselves comfortable until, at an invisible station, it was taken off. Then we were obliged to stand, or to retreat into a miserable small box-car behind us. The platform would lurch a little now and then, and I, for one, was not experienced as a "train hand;" but we all kept our places till the Frankenstein trestle was reached. Here, where for five hundred feet we could look down upon the jagged rocks eighty feet below us, one of the trio suddenly had an errand into the box-car aforesaid, leaving the platform to the other stranger and me. On the whole, I thought I had never enjoyed the ride through the Notch so much.

Late in the evening I found myself once again at the Crawford House, and in one of the best rooms, — as well enough I might be, being the only guest in the house. The next morning, before it was really light, I was lying awake looking at Mount Webster, while through the open window came the loud, cheery song of the white-throated sparrows. They seemed to be inviting me to come at once into their woods; but I knew only too well that, if the invitation were accepted, they would every one of them take to hiding like bashful children.

The white-throat is one of the birds for whom I have a special liking. On my first trip to the mountains I jumped off the train for a moment at Bartlett, and had hardly touched the ground before I heard his familiar call. Here, then, I had found Mr. Peabody at home. He had often camped near me in Massachusetts, and many a time I had been gladdened by his lively serenade; now he greeted me from his own native woods. So far as my observations have gone, he is to be found throughout the mountain region; and that in spite of the standard guide-book, which puts him down as patronizing the Glen House almost exclusively. He knows the routes too well to need any guide, however, which may account for his ignorance of the official programme. It is wonderful how shy he is, — the more wonderful, because, during his migrations, his manner is so very different. Then, even in a city park you may watch him at your leisure, while his loud, clear whistle is often to be heard rising above a din of horse-cars and heavy wagons. But here, in his summer quarters, you will listen to his song a hundred times before you once catch a glimpse of the singer. At first thought it seems strange that a bird should be most at home when he is away from home; but in the one case he has only his own safety to consult, while in the other he is thinking of those whose lives are more to him than his own, and whose hiding-place he is every moment on the alert to conceal.

In Massachusetts we do not expect to find sparrows in deep woods. They belong in fields and pastures, in roadside thickets, or by fence-rows and old stone-walls bordered with barberry bushes and alders. But the white-throats are creatures of the wilderness. It is one charm of their music that it always comes, or seems to come, from such a distance, — from far up the mountain-side, or from the inaccessible depths of some ravine. I shall not soon forget its wild beauty

as it rose out of the spruce forests below me, while I was enjoying an evening promenade over the long, flat summit of Moosilauke. From his habit of singing late at night this sparrow is in some places called the nightingale. His more common name is the Peabody bird; while a Jefferson man, who was driving me over the Cherry Mountain road, called him the Peverly bird, and told me the following story:—

A farmer named Peverly was walking about his fields one spring morning, trying to make up his mind whether it was time for him to put in his wheat. The question was important, and he was still in a deep quandary, when a bird spoke up out of the wood and said, "Sow wheat, Peverly, Peverly, Peverly!—Sow wheat, Peverly, Peverly, Peverly!" That settled the matter. The wheat was sown, and in the fall a most abundant harvest was gathered; and ever since then this little feathered oracle has been known as the Peverly bird.

We have improved on the custom of the ancients: they examined a bird's entrails; we listen to his song. Who says the Yankee is not wiser than the Greek?

But I was lying abed in the Crawford House when the voice of *Zonotrichia albicollis* sent my thoughts thus astray, from Moosilauke to Delphi. That day and the two following were passed in roaming about the woods near the hotel. The pretty painted trillium was in blossom, as was also the dark purple species, and the hobble-bush showed its broad white cymes in all directions. Here and there was the modest little spring beauty (*Claytonia caroliniana*), and not far from the Elephant's Head I discovered my first and only patch of dicentra, with its delicate dissected leaves and its oddly shaped petals of white and pale yellow. The false mitrewort (*Tiarella cordifolia*) was in flower likewise, and the spur which

is cut off Mount Willard by the railroad was all aglow with rhodora,—a perfect flower-garden, on the monochromatic plan now so much in vogue. Along the edge of the rocks on the summit of Mount Willard a great profusion of the common saxifrage was waving in the fresh breeze:—

"Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance."

On the lower parts of the mountains, the foliage was already well out, while the upper parts were of a fine purplish tint, which at first I was unable to account for, but which I soon discovered to be due to the fact that the trees at that height were still only in bud.

A notable feature of the White Mountain forests is the absence of oaks and hickories. These tough, hard woods would seem to have been created on purpose to stand against wind and cold. But no; the hills are covered with the fragile poplars and birches and spruces, with never an oak or hickory among them. I suspect, indeed, that it is the very softness of the former which gives them their advantage. For this, as I suppose, is correlated with rapid growth; and where the summer is very short, speed may count for more than firmness of texture, especially during the first one or two years of the plant's life. Trees, like men, lose in one way what they gain in another; or, in other words, they "have the defects of their qualities." Probably Paul's confession, "When I am weak, then am I strong," is after all only the personal statement of a general law, as true of a poplar as of a Christian. For we all believe (do we not?) that the world is a universe, governed throughout by one Mind, so that whatever holds in one part is good everywhere.

But it was June, and the birds, who were singing from daylight till dark, would have the most of my attention. It was pleasant to find here two rare warblers, of whom I had before had only

casual glimpses, — the mourning warbler and the bay-breasted. The former was singing his loud but commonplace ditty within a few rods of the piazza on one side of the house, while his congener, the Maryland yellow-throat, was to be heard on the other side, along with the black-cap (*Dendroæca striata*), the black-and-yellow, and the Canadian fly-catcher. The mourning warbler's song, as I heard it, was like this: *Whit whit whit, wit wit*. The first three notes were deliberate and loud, on one key, and without accent. The last two were pitched a little lower, and were shorter, with the accent on the first of the pair; they were thinner in tone than the opening triplet, as is meant to be indicated by the difference of spelling.¹ Others of the family were the golden-crowned thrush, the small-billed water-thrush, the yellow-rumped, the Blackburnian (with his characteristic *zillup, zillup, zillup*), the black-throated green, the black-throated blue (the last with his loud, coarse *kree, kree, kree*), the redstart, and the elegant blue yellow-back. Altogether, they were a gorgeous company.

But the chief singers were the olive-backed thrushes and the winter wrens. I should be glad to know on just what principle the olive-backs and their near relatives, the hermits, distribute themselves throughout the mountain region. Each species seems to have its own sections, to which it returns year after year, and the olive-backed, being, as is well known, the more northern species of the two, naturally prefers the more elevated situations. I have found the latter abundant near the Profile House, and for three seasons it has had exclusive possession of the White Mountain Notch, — so far, at least, as I have been able to discover.² The hermits, on the other hand, frequent such places as North Conway, Gorham, Jefferson, Bethlehem, and the

vicinity of the Flume. Only once have I found the two species in the same neighborhood. That was near the Breezy Point House, on the side of Mount Moosilauke; and even here it was to be noticed that the hermits were in or near the sugar-grove, while the Swainsons were in the forest, far off in an opposite direction; but this place is so peculiarly romantic, with its noble amphitheatre of hills, that I could not wonder that neither species was willing to yield the ground entirely to the other.

It is these birds, if any, whose music reaches the ears of the ordinary mountain tourist. Every man who is known among his acquaintances to have a little knowledge of such things is approached now and then with the question, "What bird was it, Mr. So-and-So, that I heard singing up in the mountains? I didn't see him; he was always ever so far off; but his voice was wonderful, so sweet and clear and loud!" In such cases it is generally safe to conclude that either the Swainson thrush or the hermit is the bird referred to. The inquirer is most likely inclined to be incredulous when he is told that there are birds in his own woods whose voice is so like that of his admired New Hampshire songster that, if he were to hear the two together, he would not at first be able to tell the one from the other. He has never heard them, he says; which is true enough, for he never goes into the woods of his own town, or, if by chance he does, he leaves his ears behind him in the shop. His case is not peculiar. Men and women gaze enraptured at New Hampshire sunsets. How glorious they are, to be sure! What a pity the sun does not sometimes set in Massachusetts!

As a musician the olive-back is certainly inferior to the hermit, and, according to my taste, he is surpassed also by

¹ He is said to have another song, beautiful and wren-like; but that I have never heard.

² This is making no account of the gray-

checked thrushes, who are only found near the tops of the mountains.

the wood-thrush and the Wilson; but he is a magnificent singer, nevertheless, and when he is heard in the absence of the others it is often hard to believe that any one of them could do better. A good idea of the rhythm and length of his song may be gained by pronouncing somewhat rapidly the words "I love, I love, I love you," or, as it sometimes runs, "I love, I love, I love you truly." How literal this translation is I am not scholar enough to determine, but without question it gives the sense substantially.

The winter wrens were not so numerous as the thrushes, I think, but, like them, they sang at all hours of the day, and seemed to be well distributed throughout the woods. We can hardly help asking how it is that two birds so very closely related as the house wren and the winter wren should have chosen haunts so extremely diverse,—the one preferring door-yards in thickly settled villages, the other keeping strictly to the wildest of all wild places. But whatever the explanation, we need not wish the fact itself different. Comparatively few ever hear the winter wren's song, to be sure (for you will hardly get it from a hotel piazza), but it is not the less enjoyed on that account. There is such a thing as a bird's making himself too common; and probably it is true even of the great *prima donna* that it is not those who live in the house with her who find most pleasure in her music. Moreover, there is much in time and circumstance. You hear a song in the village street, and pass along unmoved; but stand in the silence of the forest, with your feet in a bed of creeping snowberry and oxalis, and the same song goes to your very soul.

The great distinction of the winter wren's melody is its marked rhythm and accent, which give it a martial, fife-like character. Note tumbles over note in the true wren manner, and the strain comes to an end so suddenly that for

the first few times you are likely to think that the bird has been interrupted. In the middle is a long in-drawn note, much like one of the canary's. The odd little creature does not get far away from the ground. I have never seen him sing from a living tree or bush, but always from a stump or a log, or from the root or branch of an overturned tree,—from something, at least, of nearly his own color. The song is intrinsically one of the most beautiful, and in my ears it has this further merit, that I have never heard it anywhere except among the White Hills. How well I remember an early morning hour at Profile Lake, when it came again and again across the water from the woods on Mount Cannon, under the Great Stone Face!

Whichever way I walked, I was sure of the society of the snow-birds. They hopped familiarly across the railroad track in front of the Crawford House, and on the summit of Mount Washington they were scurrying about among the rocks, opening and shutting their pretty white-bordered fans. Half-way up Mount Willard I sat down to rest on a stone, and after a minute or two out dropped a snow-bird at my feet, and ran across the road, trailing her wings. I looked under the bank for her nest, but, to my surprise, could find nothing of it. So I made sure of knowing the place again, and continued my tramp. Returning two hours later, I sat down upon the same boulder, and watched for the bird to appear as before; but she had gathered courage from my former failure,—or so it seemed,—and I waited in vain till I rapped upon the ground over her head. Then she scrambled out and limped away, repeating her innocent but hackneyed ruse. This time I was resolved not to be baffled. The nest was there, and I would find it. So down on my knees I got, and scrutinized the whole place most carefully. But though I had marked the precise spot, there was

no sign of a nest. I was about giving over the search ignominiously, when I descried a slight opening between the overhanging roof of the bank and a layer of earth which some roots held in place close under it. Into this slit I inserted my fingers, and there, entirely out of sight, was the nest full of eggs. No man could ever have found it, had the bird been brave and wise enough to keep her seat. However, I had before this noticed that the snow-bird, while often extremely clever in choosing a site for his nest, is seldom very skillful in keeping a secret. I saw him one day standing on the side of the same Mount Willard road,¹ gesticulating and scolding with all his might, as much as to say, "Please don't stop here! Go straight along, I beg of you! My nest is right under this bank!" And one glance under the bank showed that I had not misinterpreted his demonstrations. For all that, I do not feel like taking a lofty tone in passing judgment upon *Junco*. He is not the only one whose wisdom is mixed with foolishness. There is at least one other person of whom the same is true, — a person of whom I have nevertheless a very good opinion, and with whom I am, or ought to be, better acquainted than I am with any animal that wears feathers.

The prettiest snow-bird's nest I ever saw was built beside the Crawford bridle path, on Mount Clinton, just before the path comes out of the woods at the top. It was lined with hair-moss (a species of *Polytrichum*) of a bright orange color, and with its four or five white, lilac-spotted eggs made so attractive a picture that I was compelled to pause a moment to look at it, even though I had

three miles of a steep, rough footpath to descend, with a shower threatening to overtake me before I could reach the bottom. I wondered whether the architects really possessed an eye for color, or had only stumbled upon this elegant bit of decoration. On the whole, it seemed more charitable to conclude the former; and not only more charitable, but more scientific as well. For, if I understand the matter aright, Mr. Darwin and his followers have settled upon the opinion that birds do display an unmistakable fondness for bright tints; that, indeed, the males of many species wear brilliant plumage for no other reason than that their mates prefer them in that dress. Moreover, if a bird in New South Wales adorns her bower with shells and other ornaments, why may not our little Northern darling beautify her nest with such humbler materials as her surroundings offer? On reflection, I am more and more convinced that the birds knew what they were doing; probably the female, the moment she discovered the moss, called to her mate, "Oh, look, how lovely! Do, my dear, let's line our nest with it!"

This nest was found on the anniversary of Bunker Hill day, which I had been celebrating by climbing the highest hill in New England. Plunging into the woods within fifty yards of the Crawford House, I had gone up and up, and on and on, through a magnificent forest, and then over more magnificent rocky heights, until I stood at last on the platform of the hotel at the summit. True, the path, which I had never traveled before, was wet and slippery, with stretches of ice and snow here and there; but the shifting view was so

¹ Beside this road (in June, 1883) I found a nest of the yellow-bellied fly-catcher (*Empidonax flaviventris*). It was built at the base of a decayed stump, in a little depression between two roots, and was partially overarched with growing moss. It contained four eggs, — white, spotted with brown. I called upon the bird half a dozen times or more, and found her a model "keeper at home." On

one occasion she allowed my hand to come within two or three inches of her bill. In every case she flew off without any outcry or ruse, and once at least she fell immediately to fly-catching with admirable philosophy. So far as I know, this is the only nest of the species ever found in New England outside of Maine. But it is proper to add that I did not capture the bird.

grand, the atmosphere so bracing, and the solitude so impressive that I enjoyed every step, till it came to clambering up the Mount Washington cone over the boulders. At this point, to be frank, I began to hope that the ninth mile would prove a short one. The guide-books are agreed in warning the visitor against making this ascent without a companion, and I have no doubt they are right in so doing. A crippling accident would almost inevitably be fatal, while for several miles the trail is so indistinct that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to follow it in a fog. And yet, if one is willing to take the risk (and is not so unfortunate as never to have learned how to keep himself company), he will find a very considerable compensation in the peculiar pleasure to be experienced in being absolutely alone above the world. For myself, I was shut up to going alone or not going at all; and a Bostonian must do something patriotic on the Seventeenth of June. But for all that, if the storm which chased me down the mountains in the afternoon, clouding first Mount Washington and then Mount Pleasant behind me, and shutting me indoors all the next day, had started an hour sooner, or if I had been detained an hour later, it is not impossible that I might now be writing in a different strain.

My reception at the top was none of the heartiest. The hotel was tightly closed, while a large snow-bank stood guard before the door. However, I invited myself into the Signal Service Station, and made my wants known to one of the officers, who very kindly spread a table with such things as he and his companions had just been eating. It would be out of place to say much about the luncheon: the bread and butter were good, and the pudding was interesting. I had the cook's word for it that the latter was made of corn-starch, but he volunteered no explanation of its color, which was nearly that of chocolate. As

a working hypothesis I adopted the molasses or brown-sugar theory, but a brief experiment (as brief as politeness permitted) indicated a total absence of any saccharine principle. But then, what do we climb mountains for, if not to see something out of the common course? On the whole, if this department of our national government is ever on trial for extravagance in the way of high living, I shall consider myself a competent witness for the defense.

A company of chimney-swifts were flying criss-cross over the summit; one of the men said that he presumed they lived there. I took the liberty to doubt his opinion, however. To me it seemed nothing but a blunder that they should be there even for an hour. There could hardly be many insects at that height, I thought, and I had abundant cause to know that the woods below were full of them. I knew, also, that the swifts knew it; for while I had been prowling about between Crawford's and Fabyan's, they had several times shot by my head so closely that I had instinctively fallen to calculating the probable consequences of a collision. But, after all, the swift is no doubt a far better entomologist than I am, though he has never heard of Packard's Guide. Possibly there are certain species of insects, and those of a peculiarly delicate savor, which are to be obtained only at about this altitude.

The most enjoyable part of the Crawford path is the five miles from the top of Mount Clinton to the foot of the Mount Washington cone. Along this ridge I was delighted to find in blossom two beautiful Alpine plants, which I had missed in previous (July) visits, — the diapensia (*Diapensia Lapponica*) and the Lapland rose-bay (*Rhododendron Lapponicum*), — and to get also a single forward specimen of *Potentilla frigida*. Here and there was a humblebee, gathering honey from the small purple catkins of the prostrate willows, which

were now in full bloom. (Rather high-minded humblebees, they seemed, more than five thousand feet above the sea!) Professional entomologists (the chimney-swift, perhaps, included) may smile at my simplicity, but I was surprised to find this "animated torrid zone," this "insect lover of the sun," in such a Greenland climate. Did he not know that his own poet had described him as "hot midsummer's petted crone"? But possibly he was equally surprised at my appearance. He might even have taken his turn at quoting Emerson:—

"Pants up hither the spruce clerk
From South Cove and City Wharf?"

Of the two, he was unquestionably the more at home, for he was living where in forty-eight hours I should have found my death. So much is *Bombus* better than a man.

In a little pool of water, which seemed to be nothing but a transient puddle caused by the melting snow, was a tiny fish. I asked him by what miracle he got there, but he could give no explanation. He, too, might well enough have joined the noble company of Emersonians:—

"I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me here
brought you."

Almost at the very top of Mount Clinton I was saluted by the familiar melody of the Nashville warbler. I could hardly believe my ears; but there was no mistake, for the bird soon appeared in plain sight. Had it been one of the hardier-seeming species, the yellow-rumped for example, I should not have thought it very strange; but this dainty *Helminthophaga*, who is so common in the vicinity of Boston, did appear to be out of his latitude, summering here on Alpine heights. With a good pair of wings and the whole continent to choose from, he surely might have found some more congenial spot than this in which to bring up his little family. I took his

presence here to be only an individual freak, but a subsequent visitor, who made the ascent from the Glen, reported the same species on that side also, and at about the same height.

These signs of life on bleak mountain ridges are highly interesting and suggestive. The fish, the humblebees, the birds, and a mouse which scampered away to his hole amid the rocks,—all these might have found better living elsewhere. But Nature will have her world full. Stunted life is better than none, she thinks. So she plants her forests of spruces, and keeps them growing, where, with all their efforts, they cannot get above the height of a man's knee. There is no beauty about them, no grace. They sacrifice symmetry and everything else for the sake of bare existence, reminding us of Satan's remark, "All that a man hath will he give for his life."

Very admirable are the devices by which vegetation maintains itself against odds. Everybody notices that many of the mountain species, like the diapensia, the rose-bay, the Greenland sandwort (called the mountain daisy by the Summit House people), and the phyllodoce, have blossoms disproportionately large and handsome; as if they knew that, in order to attract their indispensable allies, the insects, to these inhospitable regions, they must offer them some special inducements. Their case is not unlike that of a certain mountain hotel which might be named, which happens to be poorly situated, but which keeps itself full, nevertheless, by the peculiar excellence of its *cuisine*.

It does not require much imagination to believe that these hardy vegetable mountaineers love their wild, desolate dwelling-places as truly as do the human residents of the region. An old man in Bethlehem told me that sometimes, during the long, cold winter, he felt that perhaps it would be well for him, now his work was done, to sell his "place"

and go down to Boston to live, near his brother. "But then," he added, "you know it's dangerous transplanting an old tree; you're likely as not to kill it." Whatever we have, in this world, we must pay for with the loss of something else. The bitter must be taken with the sweet, be we plants, animals, or men. These thoughts recurred to me a day or two later, as I lay on the summit of Mount Agassiz, in the sun and out of the wind, gazing down into the Franconia Valley, then in all its June beauty. Nestled under the lee of the mountain, but farther from the base, doubtless, than it seemed from my point of view, was a small dwelling, hardly better than a shanty. Two or three young children were playing about the door, and near them was the man of the house splitting wood. The air was still enough for me to hear every blow, although it reached me only as the axe was again over the man's head, ready for the next descent. It was a charming picture, — the broad, green valley full of sunshine and peace, and the solitary cottage, from whose doorstep might be seen in one direction the noble Mount Washington range, and in another the hardly less noble Franconias. How easy to live simply and well in such a grand seclusion! But soon there came

a thought of Wordsworth's sonnet, addressed to just such a mood, "Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine eye," and I felt at once the truth of his admonition. What if the cottage really were mine, — mine to spend a lifetime in? How quickly the poetry would turn to prose!

An hour afterwards, on my way back to the Sinclair House, I passed a group of men at work on the highway. One of them was a little apart from the rest, and out of a social impulse I accosted him with the remark, "I suppose, in heaven, the streets never will need mending." Quick as thought came the reply: "Well, I *hope* not. If I ever *get* there, I don't want to work on the road." Here spoke universal human nature, which finds its strong argument for immortality in its discontent with matters as they now are. The one thing we are all sure of is that we were born for something better than our present employment; and even those who school themselves most religiously in the virtue of contentment know very well how to define that grace so as not to exclude from it a mixture of "divine dissatisfaction." Well for us if we are still able to stand in our place and do faithfully our allotted task, like the mountain spruces and the Bethlehemite road-mender.

Bradford Torrey.

BLOOD-ROOT.

WHEN 'mid the budding elms the bluebird flits,
As if a bit of sky had taken wings;
When cheerily the first brave robin sings,
While timid April smiles and weeps by fits,
Then dainty Blood-Root dons her pale-green wrap,
And ventures forth in some warm, sheltered nook,
To sit and listen to the gurgling brook,
And rouse herself from her long winter nap.
Give her a little while to muse and dream,
And she will throw her leafy cloak aside,

And stand in shining raiment, like a bride
 Waiting her lord; whiter than snow will seem
 Her spotless robe, the moss-grown rocks beside,
 And bright as morn her golden crown will gleam.

E. S. F.

IN WAR TIME.

XIII.

MR. ARTHUR MORTON would have justified the suspicions of the Quaker colonel. He paid his visit to Hester in the presence of Miss Pearson, and was to go home that day; and when was Miss Hester to go?

Mrs. Westerley was not astonished when he telegraphed her that he was detained, and as little surprised when he told, next day, how pleasant the journey had been, and how, of course, he had felt himself obliged to wait for Hester, and had left her at Dr. Wendell's, and had seen dear old Ned, who was looking a lot better. "And how nice of you, Mrs. Westerley, to have them all here to dine, — Hester, and Ned, and the doctor! Miss Ann won't come," he added. "Why does n't she come? And my colonel, — why is n't he coming, either? I wish I had thought to ask you to have him, too."

"Do give me time to breathe, Arty," answered the widow. "We can't have everybody."

"Oh, I just mentioned him because he looked so ill. I met him at the station. He was sending off a squad of men, and told me that he had telegraphed for his major, and was going back at once. I'm off as soon as I can get my outfit."

Alice Westerley felt as if there had been a leaf doubled down in her life book, — what, as a child, she had called a dog-ear, — and now of course everybody opened the volume at that place.

"How is your mother?" she asked.

"Well, pretty well. But every one you meet abroad now is detestable. No one believes in the North, and mother says it is depressing. She declares that she will not stay another year."

"Another year!" exclaimed Mrs. Westerley, in astonishment.

"Yes. Father does n't even talk of returning, and I think it will end in her coming over alone for a while."

"Well, go and dress for dinner. And mind that you are very attentive to the old gentleman, — you know he likes it; and don't leave him alone with Dr. Wendell and the madeira."

"Oh, no, of course not; and as to madeira, I have n't heard it mentioned for a year!"

Edward, with Hester and the doctor, came punctually; but Wilmington was late, and Arthur, of course. He was at the age when time has no value, and seems as boundlessly abundant as sand in the desert.

Hester was in simple white, with a rose in her hair. She was a source of unending wonder to Wendell and to Edward. Was this tall, fair woman, with eyes like violets dowered with souls, the awkward girl of six months ago? This amazing bit of Nature's sleight-of-hand seemed to them incomprehensible: a being child-like now, and presently clad with the well-bred composure of grown womanhood! As for Arty, he looked half dazed for a moment, as she turned to greet him. He said afterwards to Edward, in his exu-

berant way, "Was n't she just like June days, Ned? You could n't tell whether she was child or woman, spring or summer!"

In fact, as Colonel Fox had predicted, Hester had gone past Arthur, and he was puzzled at the metamorphosis. At last Mr. Wilmington came, and they went merrily to dinner. Mrs. Westerley's dinners were always successful. She had learned the golden rule never to put the stupid people to entertain the clever ones. But to-day there was no need for her social arts, and the party was gay without help from her. For this she was thankful. She felt dull, and was glad not to exert herself. So she talked quietly to Wilmington, and caught, at times, the bits of chat which fell from her other guests; watching with the pleasure of a gentlewoman the effect on Hester of six months' training with a refined and somewhat accurate old lady, or smiling as she recalled the social lessons of her own childhood.

"Sherry, sir?" whispered John to Mr. Wilmington.

The old gentleman raised his glass. "Your good health, Miss Gray," he said. The girl smiled, and tasted her wine. He was perhaps the last of a generation who drank healths, and he never gave up the ancient custom.

"Good manners, that child," he murmured to Mrs. Westerley. "I dined out yesterday, and do you know, when I asked a young fellow to take wine with me, he said he never drank."

"Poor fellow!" said the widow, much amused.

"And you think I shall never be a colonel, Hester?" she overheard Arty say.

"Well, not never, but not in six months, you know."

"Arty believes that he will be a general in that time," laughed Edward.

"I know he would make a better one than some of them, Mr. Edward."

"That might be," observed Wendell.

"But, Hester, do you carry bugs about yet?"

"And lizards?" said Edward.

"And salamanders?" added Wendell.

"Oh, no," she laughed. "I am limited to a little plant hunting. And oh, I meant to tell you before! I took with me to school — and Miss Ann never knew it, either — a jar full of caterpillar cocoons, so as to have my butterflies in the spring. I wish you could have seen Miss Pearson's face when she saw them!"

"And what did she say?" asked Wendell.

"Oh, she said that several of the girls would be butterflies in a year or two, and that her crop was large enough. I could n't help laughing, but I cried afterwards."

"What a horrid old maid!" exclaimed Arty.

"Not the least horrid. A dear old lady. And as to old maids, I mean to be one myself."

Arty looked up, and murmured to himself, "That will be when I am a colonel, I presume."

"We shall take nets and go after beetles to-morrow evening," said Edward, "and Arty shall carry the lantern."

"Try your eyes, Hester," suggested the embryo colonel, under his breath, to his neighbor.

"What's that, Hester?" asked Wendell.

"He says I shall find it trying to my eyes!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Westerley, who had caught the side glance. "Quite time," she thought, "that this young gentleman was in the field!"

"Eyes? What's that about eyes?" queried Wilmington, who was a little deaf unless it was desirable that he should not hear. "Her eyes are good enough, I should say; and I think," he added in an aside to Mrs. Westerley, "that she is beginning to know how to use them."

Then there was, as always in those days, some desultory war talk.

"Hester," said Arthur, "I shall come to see you again, in my full war rig, before I go."

"I would rather you did not," she said to him quietly. "I know you must go; but I am a Carolinian, and I try to think nothing about this war. I don't want to find out whether it is right or wrong. It is awful to me, — awful."

As she had grown older the girl had been led to reflect more and more on her position and its difficulties, and this sort of thoughtfulness was new and surprising to Arthur. "How old she grows!" he reflected. "I see, Hester," he said, — "I see! I ought to have thought all that for myself."

"Thank you," she returned, feeling that he was gentle and generous.

"And now let us have a truce to war," said the hostess, who knew better than Arthur what was in Hester's mind, and suspected that this incessant war gossip might be unpleasant to her. "Come, Hester, we will go;" and so saying, Mrs. Westerley rose, and left the men to their wine, remarking as she passed Wendell, "Lest I forget it later, will you kindly tell Miss Ann that I will come and see her about Hester tomorrow; a little early, — about twelve o'clock, I may say. And Edward, you will take care of our friends?"

The next day, when Alice Westerley entered Miss Wendell's parlor, Dr. Wendell rose and came in from the back room. His face, which was easily moved, expressed clearly the pleasure of which he was conscious whenever she was near him. Indeed, it would have been hard for any one, and least of all for one who was sensitive to beauty in form and color and sound, not to have dwelt with growing interest on one who combined all these attractions. In no other woman whom he had known were the mysteries of womanhood so developed. That he did not understand her fully

was a part of her charm. Wendell himself was looking well. The combination of a forehead which was delicately moulded, and looked wiser than the man was, with a mouth of unusual mobility, and free from the mask of the mustache, gave to his face an unusual capacity to exhibit whatever feeling was dominant.

He was now under the elating influence of a new idea, which he thought could be brought in time to useful development. He had been seized with the fancy that it would be interesting to search into, and elaborate on paper, the differences between American and European types of various maladies. For this he meant to drop, as he said, for a time other favorite subjects, for which he had collected a good deal of material of value. Mere observation within restricted fields, under some organizing and applicative mind, should have been his sole function. When he came to a point in his studies where it was needful to compare acquired facts, in order to know how to observe further, or how to obtain by experiment facts which should explain the observations of the post-mortem table, he began to find difficulties which usually ended in barring his path, until some newer, and because newer more fascinating, subject attracted for a time his easily exhaustible energy. In fact, his mental ambitions were high, his power to pursue them limited; while his capacity to be pleased with the recurrent dreams of possible future intellectual achievements was as remarkable as his failure to see why he constantly failed to realize them. Hence, while respected as a man with much general and scientific knowledge, he was known among doctors as having contributed nothing to their journals save barren reports of cases, and to naturalists as a clever amateur. But of these siftings of a man by his fellows, the public which is to use him learns little or nothing, so that to Alice West-

erley he represented the brilliant and original physician, to be justified by the patient issues of the years which go to the slow growth of a doctor's reputation.

"I am very happy," he began, "to see you. But now I must go."

Just then Ann Wendell, about to enter the room, passed him as he went out, and Mrs. Westerley heard her say, —

"I thought, brother, there was a meeting at the hospital about something."

"Yes, there is, Ann. But I was delayed."

"You can't possibly catch the train now."

"Oh, yes, I can. It is only a step."

"Well, hurry, Ezra," she said, and so left him; Alice Westerley beginning to have a faint suspicion that it was just possible he had lingered to see her. To a woman accustomed to admiration this was a trifling matter; and the fact that he had probably failed of a small duty thereby would have been of no disturbing value in her estimates, until iteration had given to such lapses a body of weight, or until some chance had occurred to see the large results of what seemed singly to be but trivial failures.

"You must excuse me," said Miss Wendell, remembering that in her haste she had spoken so as to be overheard. "My brother has his mind so full of his work that he forgets, sometimes."

"But what noble work," exclaimed Mrs. Westerley, "and what a life of constant self-sacrifice!"

Ann had heard all this before. She looked calmly at life from standpoints of duty or religion, which did not vary. If she had said literally what was in her mind, it would have been that doctors knew pretty well what was before them; or else, being fast bound to their profession, ought simply to accept as of their own making that which it is pleasant to find other good people call self-sacrifice. But it is not in even as exactly moral a nature as Ann's to be mathematically moral.

"Yes," she said, "I think it to be counted a privilege when one is called to a life of much giving, even of what one is obliged to give."

"I hope he does not suffer from these constant exposures in our rough weather? I thought that he looked better than common to-day."

"No; he is what I call a strong man. And your winters seem very mild to folks from the Cape. Like all of us, he has now and then fits of the blues; but just at present he is very happy over some new medical idea."

"About American and European diseases? Oh, yes, he spoke of it last night. I thought it so very interesting; and he tells me it is such a fresh idea."

Ann was always calmly pleased when her brother announced to her any of these novel views, which at first sight assumed to him an importance immense enough to justify the enthusiasm of which he was always capable at the outset of undertakings. With his schemes, plans, or researches, as intellectual interests, she had no true sympathy; and it would have been foreign to her nature and her nurture to seem to be that which she was not, even for his gratification.

"It must be delightful for my brother to find people like yourself, who can enter into his ideas. I am very stupid, you know," she added, placidly smiling. "And really, I think Hester understands him in some ways better than I do!"

"Indeed!"

"You know," she continued, — for she was by this time, it must be remembered, on terms of easy acquaintanceship with Mrs. Westerley, — "it is n't always just quite agreeable to feel that some one else can be in any way more to your brother than you are, but certainly Hester is a great pleasure to him. I sometimes tell him that I think if she were older, or he were younger, he would fall in love with her!"

This was not a pleasant idea to Mrs.

Westerley. She hardly knew why, but even as a jest it seemed to her not quite what she would have called nice.

"No," she replied, setting aside with a well-practiced conversational device the later statement. "I can understand that a woman who is the sister of such a man as Dr. Wendell might well desire to be everything to him in his life. But how well Hester looks! Your speaking of her makes me think of what I came about. I want you to let me take her to Newport in August. Won't you, Miss Ann?"

Ann was willing enough. She liked Alice Westerley as well as she could conscientiously like any woman who had spent summers at Saratoga and in London, and who dared to say, without sign of compunction, that she had been to two balls in one evening. Moreover, she had herself made up her mind that chance, or, as she preferred to say, the will of God, had taken out of her hands the responsibility of Hester's training; while also, perhaps, there was in her mind, as the result of various circumstances, what the chemists would call a precipitate of jealousy as to Hester's relations to her brother. This was so easily stirred up that it was apt to cloud her judgment, which naturally would have made her wish to keep Hester as much as possible within her own control. In morals and social action, as in physics, it is common to find that we act under the domination of a number of influences, and submit in our decisions to what the physicist calls a resultant of forces.

"I have no doubt," she replied, "that my brother will feel that Mr. Gray would wish Hester to be with you, at least a part of the summer."

"Thank you," said Alice. "I have already mentioned it to him, and he has said that what you would wish would be what he desired."

Ann would have preferred that her brother should first have spoken to her.

She had an uneasy sense that he was in some vague manner moving away from her and her influence.

"And it will not be till August," added Mrs. Westerley.

"I think he will be glad of the delay, and Mr. Edward Morton, too. He has almost taken possession of Hester since she came back."

"I am glad the poor fellow finds anything so pleasant to interest him. He has such high standards that any one, old or young, must be the better for his company." Then after some further chat the widow rose. "I must go," she said. "My love to Hester. Is she in?"

"No; she has gone to walk with Arthur. I asked them to leave a note at a Mrs. Grace's for my brother."

"Mrs. Grace?" exclaimed Alice, interrogatively, and surprised into undue curiosity.

"Yes. She sent to ask him to call on her this morning, and he had to write that he could not see her till the afternoon."

"She has had six doctors in a year, my dear Miss Ann, and she abuses them all in turn!"

"Dear me," said Ann, "I hope she won't abuse Ezra!"

Alice had her own views as to this, but she felt self-convicted of having mildly gossiped about a woman whom she detested, and she therefore held her peace and went away; still believing that, as regarded Mrs. Grace, it might be wise to put her friend the doctor on his guard.

Two days later, early in July, Arthur joined his regiment.

"Don't say good-by," begged Edward. "Slip away without it. You will be back and forth, I suppose, and these good-bys in war times are too hard. Always one thinks anew of what may happen. I told Hester that you would n't be here again."

"But I must see her before I go,

Ned. I came here out of uniform on purpose to see her."

"Out of uniform — Hum — I see — that's right. But really, I would n't see her, if I were you. Just oblige me about this."

"But I hate to go off that way."

"I know; but she has, as is natural, Arty, a good deal of feeling about the war, and as she grows older it deepens, — and — altogether, I think I would just go away quietly."

"Well, Ned, I don't quite see it, and — well, I'll do as you say; but you'll tell her, won't you?"

"Yes, dear old boy, I'll tell her! After all, it can't be to her quite what it is to me; and yet even I would far rather say good-by now."

"Then good-by, Ned."

"Don't be foolishly rash, Arty; and God keep you!"

And so was said one of the million partings of the great war.

"Poor Ned!" murmured Arthur, feeling in his poetic young heart all that the staying at home meant for the gallant and high-minded gentleman left looking after him, as he walked up the street towards Mrs. Westerley's.

XIV.

Mrs. Grace was the middle-aged wife of a merchant, who had been first one of her father's clerks, and then, through much industry and indifference to anything but the begetting of dollars, his junior partner. Like many men who win success in cities, he had come from a country farm, and nothing was more remote from his visions, when he became a clerk, than the idea that, like the good apprentice, he might marry his master's daughter. But when he grew useful enough to be noticed, and to be asked as a younger partner to dine at Mr. Johnston's table, he fell an easy prey to the eldest daughter, who, having seen

three sisters married in turn, felt that it was well to dismiss her hopes of position in favor of the ruddy-faced, rather stout young man, who was somewhat her junior. Mr. Johnston, who was not over-prosperous, knew full well the value of Richard Grace, and realized the fact that he ran some danger of losing his energetic partner. It was true that his own family had been solid merchants, with an accepted social position, for three generations of absolute inactivity, except as to varied fortunes in getting and losing money; but then, social considerations could not be allowed, as he told his wife, to stand in the way of business, and therefore in due time his daughter became Mrs. Grace, and had sons and daughters after her kind.

The husband became what such men always become. He prospered to a certain extent, and but for the many arrows in his quiver might have been called rich. He liked a quiet life; drank a little of a morning, a little more at bedtime; drove a fast horse late every afternoon, played euchre three times a week, read the Ledger, and believed in the Pennsylvania Railroad. There were two things in his life he disliked: one was that Colonel Fox, a distant cousin of his wife, was the relentless trustee of her small estate, which was bringing, in safe ground rents, six per cent. in place of the ten which her husband felt it would have brought in his own business; the other was his wife's tongue, and the consequences thereof. When he stayed at home on the off evenings of his euchre club, without lifting his eyes from his newspaper he said "Yes — yes" at such intervals as a long experience had proved to him were reasonably competent to keep her in the belief that he was listening. They were in fact mutually unentertaining. As to what he did, or in what enterprises he engaged, she was in no wise concerned, nor did he himself conceive that these were matters in which a woman should

have any share ; while, unless her heedless talk brought him into trouble, and explanations became needful, he had long ceased to listen, even at meal-times. Nor was he much to blame. There was about her mental operations a bewildering indefiniteness, which baffled the best bred attention ; and when Mrs. Grace talked, what she was saying was as unlikely to have any relation to what she had said before as are the successive contents of a naturalist's trawl-net after deep-sea dredging. Her life had been a feeble acetous fermentation. Her position was less good than it had been. Her daughters had married out of what she considered her own proper sphere of social life ; and altogether she had come by degrees to have a dull sense of being somehow wronged.

It was out of reason to expect such a person not to be critical of her more happy neighbors ; but her criticism was after all less that of determined malice than the mere simmering of a slow intelligence, limited in its interests, and heated, or rather but merely warmed, by disappointments, which, like everything else, she felt but vaguely. It is not, however, to be presumed that such women are inoperative in life. If they have ruled stolidly a stolid family, they acquire dangerous habits of self-assertion ; and as obstinacy is the armor of dull minds, Mrs. Grace was apt, when attacked, to retreat within its shell, with changeless opinions. There are some stupid people, and certain antagonistic but clever people, who enjoy in their different ways the pleasure of holding theories, which they treat like spoilt children, and indulge at the social cost of others. Of such theories Mrs. Grace had her share. She had a high estimate of her insight into maladies, dosed her helpless family a good deal, and expected to be heard with attention by her doctors, of whom, as a natural consequence, she had many. She disbelieved in vaccination, and had views as to the

impropriety of experiments on animals, which may have arisen, as Mrs. Westerley said, from some mysterious defensive instinct as to transmutation in kind.

The Sanitary Commission was a great resource at present in Mrs. Grace's life, and late in the morning of the day she had sent for Wendell she entered the busy room of its local office with a sense of tranquil satisfaction. Here she found Ann Wendell, aided by Hester, busily engaged in inspecting and sorting undergarments intended to be sent to Pennsylvania regiments. Alice Westerley was occupied at a table with accounts, and two or three older and some younger women were sewing, or packing different articles.

Alice Westerley nodded to the newcomer, and the other women, who represented very various degrees of social life brought together by one purpose, spoke to her as she came in.

"What is there to-day?" she asked Miss Wendell.

"Oh, everything," replied Ann. "You might help Hester to pack these socks. This is Mrs. Grace, Hester. Make room for her, my dear."

"What a tall girl you are!" said Mrs. Grace, and knelt down, talking as she somewhat sluggishly helped to pack the box between them. "And you are Miss Wendell's niece, Hester?"

"No, I am not her niece."

"Oh, yes, I remember, — her ward."

"Oh, no, I am not that, either," answered the girl, whose instincts were quick and defensive.

"Now, I remember : Sarah — that's my daughter — told me about you, and how your father was killed. And, you know, Sarah says you are engaged to Arthur Morton."

"I am not engaged to Mr. Arthur Morton!" exclaimed the girl, coloring as much with anger as with shame. "I am a young girl at school, and I do not see why any one should say such things about me!"

"But you know you look eighteen, my dear, — quite eighteen. I suppose your dress — the way you are dressed — makes you look less young."

"I dare say I seem older than I am," said Hester.

"But you might be nineteen, to look at you. You know Dr. Wendell is to be my doctor."

"Indeed!" And Hester nervously crammed away rebellious socks into the unoccupied corners left by Mrs. Grace's clumsy stowage.

"I sent for him because he believes in malaria."

Hester was silent, and so aroused Mrs. Grace's dull suspicions.

"He does believe in malaria, does n't he? — I mean in Germantown. Dr. Mason says it's nonsense; but then I never have agreed with him. He did say, though, that Sarah had malaria, and after all it was measles; but I think measles is malaria," she added, with a sense of triumphant logic. "There must be an awful amount of malaria on the Potomac."

"I hardly think I know anything about it," returned Hester, and went on packing, her thoughts meanwhile far away with Arty and the war; for even the poorest husbandman may effectively sow seed.

"I should say Arthur Morton would be a right good match for almost any girl," observed Mrs. Grace, with her amazing capacity for dangerous digression.

Hester looked down resolutely, wondering if the woman could know what thoughts were in her mind. The simple purity of a nature trembling at the gates of womanhood was disgusted and disturbed at this rude criticism of her most pleasant relations in life.

But Mrs. Westerley, having ended her work, was standing over them, and had overheard the last sentence.

"You are packing very badly, Hester," she said, which was true. "Leave

that to Mrs. Grace, and come and copy this list."

Hester rose, with a look of relief, and went to the desk.

"Oh, Mrs. Westerley," she whispered, "what a dreadful person!"

"Yes, my child, but never mind."

Then Mrs. Grace investigated Ann Wendell's views as to vaccination, and was gently amazed to find that Ann had no particular views at all on this matter. Not so, however, Miss Clemson, her neighbor, a tall young woman, with a thin, pugnacious nose, and a mind quite too satisfactorily logical to be attractive to the common masculine mind, which finds a mysterious gratification in the indefiniteness of young women.

"Vaccination?" she said distinctly, while the surrounding persons looked up with the pleased sense of something amusing in prospect, — "vaccination? Have you ever made a study of the subject? That is, have you ever really inquired into the statistics?" She spoke with a clear and deliberate articulation.

"No; but I have my opinions."

"You say *No*. Is that a negation of the value of vaccination? Because you must be aware," she continued blandly, "that that would be a mere repetition of what you have just stated. Now, an accurate examination of the statistics of variola" —

"Of what?" asked Mrs. Grace.

"Of variola," repeated Miss Clemson, not stopping to explain — "would show that before Jenner's time" —

"Oh, I know!" interrupted Mrs. Grace. "I have seen all that in the papers, over and over; but I need not say that that does n't satisfy me. I think you will find Dr. Wendell agrees with me. Is n't it so, Miss Wendell?"

Ann kept silence. She did not know anything about it, except that her brother did vaccinate people; and also, it may be added, the wisdom and great good of holding her tongue had been

borne in upon her, as she said, with effective clearness.

As she paused, unwilling to reply, Alice Westerley, perceiving her difficulty, said, smiling, "And of course you do not have your own children vaccinated?"

"My children are vaccinated because Richard would have it. Richard is just too awfully obstinate. Sarah says 'he's a regular *pièce de résistance*.' I've mostly forgotten my French, but I guess that's about what he is. But that does n't change my mind."

Alice Westerley and Miss Clemson exchanged furtive glances of amusement, and one young woman fled, convulsed with suppressed laughter, into the back storeroom.

At last Miss Clemson attained sufficient composure to murmur, "Oh, of course not; but perhaps you might agree with him if you were to read Dr. Jenner's original treatise."

"Oh, I presume you've read it," said Mrs. Grace.

"Yes, I have," returned Miss Clemson, simply. In fact, there were few things she had not read about, and her memory made her a dangerous opponent.

"Won't you ask for labels, Mrs. Grace?" said Alice, wishing to stop the talk, and longing for a solitary laugh.

Mrs. Grace rose heavily, and saying, "No one should vaccinate me," went into a back room in search of the desired articles.

"I do not think I envy Dr. Wendell, Miss Ann," began an indiscreet miss at her side. "They say she has a doctor every two months, and that" —

"Hush," exclaimed Alice Westerley; "don't let's talk gossip here. We are getting to be as bad as a Dorcas meeting!"

"Was that gossip, Mrs. Westerley?" asked the young person. "I thought anybody could talk about doctors."

"Doctors!" said Alice, laughing, —

"doctors, indeed! You know that you were not discussing doctors!"

"Mrs. Westerley is right," added Miss Clemson. "There is no need to talk about persons at all, Susie."

"But were n't you talking about a Dr. Jenner?" replied the young person, calmly triumphant.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Miss Clemson.

"And what did I say?" went on Miss Susan; and there was a burst of laughter, which cleared the air, and amidst which Hester and Miss Wendell went away with the widow.

Then Mrs. Grace returned to the room, having been unable to find the labels, "And would n't Miss Susie find them?" which enabled that young person to drop her work, and chatter with a clerk and two other maidens in the back room.

"What were you all laughing at?" questioned Mrs. Grace, all unexplained mirth being suspiciously unpleasant to her.

"We were laughing at one of those chatterbox girls," returned Miss Clemson.

"Oh, was that all? And where is Alice Westerley?" said Mrs. Grace, who by no means indulged in so naming that lady when present, but who had no objection to the varied circle within earshot supposing her to be on terms of intimacy with the widow. Mrs. Grace was beginning to feel quite decisively the effects of that gradual fall from a good position which is so common a feature of American life, and which had already begun to show in her parents. In colonial days her people had won much money, and with it the chance of culture; but, as old Mr. Wilmington said, they were like some wines, and did n't take kindly to fining. In another generation they would disappear socially, having failed in the competitions of our uneasy life. Mrs. Grace had in fact an indistinct sense of

lapsing from her rank, and her children were still sinking, and did not care about it, or perhaps as yet did not feel it.

"Don't you think our Sanitary should have a new president, since Mrs. Morton does n't appear to come back?" asked this lady.

"I cannot see why," replied Miss Clemson. "Mrs. Westerley is vice-president, and that answers every purpose."

"And a good one," assented Mrs. Bullock, a motherly woman in the corner, ceasing to count the pile of garments before her. "We should only just change her title, if we made her president, and of course we could not elect any one else."

That was not at all Mrs. Grace's idea. She herself had dimly felt aspirations after office, but she had sense enough to say, "Oh, yes, of course not," which was sufficient; and then she added, "And where is Miss Wendell?"

"Gone with Mrs. Westerley."

"Oh! They do say she is going to marry that doctor."

"Who do say?" queried Miss Clemson; "and who is to marry who?"

"Oh, several say. You know he's there all the time; and for my part I do not see how a young woman like that can be so imprudent as to have an unmarried man for her doctor."

"Is she ever ill?" asked the matron in the corner.

"Oh, I suppose so, or why should he go there?"

"I should not believe that he went there at all, at least without proof. How often does he go there, Mrs. Grace?" It was a question for investigation with Miss Clemson. She was too accurate for perfect manners, but was nevertheless well bred.

"I suppose you would n't doubt my word?"

"Oh, no," replied Miss Clemson, who was in a high state of disgust, "not your word; only your power of obser-

vation, or perhaps your talent for arithmetic. When people are slandered, I like to ask for proofs."

Mrs. Grace was silent a moment, but a rosy young woman came to her aid, who showed already a reasonable promise of being in middle life a bore of great inertia, having the gift of indefinitely explaining minute commonplaces, and being, as yet, so pretty that her face was a bribe to some measure of endurance. "I think Mrs. Grace means that when a doctor goes very often, and when you know he is a young man, and when you see he is handsome, — why, I think it must make a difference."

Miss Clemson beat an impatient tattoo on the table with her thimbled forefinger.

Then Mrs. Grace announced with emphasis, as if she had really thought it all over, "Yes, it must make a difference. It must make a great difference."

"I don't think," remarked Mrs. Bullock, "that I understand, quite."

"Who could!" cried Miss Clemson. "But this much I understand: that Mrs. Grace desires us to believe that there is some impropriety in Mrs. Westerley being attended, when ill, by Dr. Wendell. I hope Mrs. Grace will not feel hurt if I say that all this kind of gossip is dangerous."

"You are right," said Mrs. Bullock, who felt that, true or not, it was hardly the kind of talk to which young girls should be made to listen.

"All of which does n't change my opinion," put in Mrs. Grace.

"And are you quite willing I should tell Mrs. Westerley?" asked Miss Clemson.

"Good gracious, no!" returned Mrs. Grace. "Why should any one tell her?"

"Then why," continued Miss Clemson, "need any one say such things? I hate gossip; it is always inaccurate."

"Oh, I don't think Mrs. Grace meant to gossip," exclaimed the forward young person from her corner.

"I never gossip," said Mrs. Grace, "but I have my own opinions."

"Then let us all have our own opinions, and keep them, like other precious things, to ourselves," returned Miss Clemson, wearily. "Where are those labels, Susie?"

If any one had told Mrs. Grace that she was maliciously sowing a slander, it would have surprised that lady. She was simply saying what came uppermost, and her mind, as Arty once said, was "like our Christmas grab-bag: you never knew what you would pull out." Nevertheless, she had done some evil, ignorantly or not, and evil has a feline tenacity of life.

For the present no more came of it than that Mrs. Bullock, who had overheard Mrs. Grace's talk with Hester, thought it well to say to Mrs. Westerley something about the strong desire they all felt that Mrs. Grace should by no good-nature of Mrs. Westerley be allowed to become the head of their branch of the commission.

"Rest easy, my dear," said the widow; "not while I am alive."

"She ought to be shut up," returned the matron. "I do think, Mrs. Westerley, there are some people in the penitentiary who have done less harm in their lives. You should have heard her talk to Hester Gray about being engaged to young Morton! It was simply disgusting, and" —

"No doubt," broke in Alice, "but I do not think she really wants to hurt anybody. For my part, I hardly care to hear what she said, and for that reason I interrupted you. You won't mind my interrupting you, but I am really ashamed to confess that sometimes what that woman says has the power to make me unreasonably angry."

"Well, it's all right. I had nothing else to say." This was hardly more true than Mrs. Grace's gossip; but the speaker was glad to have had time to reflect, and had hastily concluded that

what she had meant to add further were best left unsaid.

The summer sped away, and the war went on its unrelenting course as Grant drew tighter his paralyzing lines around Petersburg, and the wearied rebel army struggled with the vigor of a brave race against men as gallant and more numerous; while to the little circle of friends Arthur's frequent and clever letters brought a new and anxious interest in this dreadful death-wrestle.

Hester was changing in a way that surprised Ann Wendell, and both surprised and interested Alice. By degrees the effects of her former dreary school life and the subsequent sense of isolation, as well as the shock and terror of her father's death, were wearing off. For a long while, and more and more as with larger knowledge she realized this novel experience of a death, its memory oppressed the girl at times; but time is stronger in the young than any memories, however sad, and Hester was now exhibiting such joy of happy thoughtlessness as belongs of pleasant right to her age.

Alice Westerley saw plainly that Hester showed, as she grew older, a little too much tendency to be her own mistress, — a fault which was due rather to the early lack of firm home training than to any uneradicable peculiarity in Hester's mental or moral structure. The widow, like Mrs. Morton, had also her doubts as to whether Ann Wendell was exactly the person to mould or manage a light-hearted girl of resolute nature, and felt a certain anxiety as to whether Hester was to look for permanent help from Henry Gray, or was to be dependent upon her own exertions. It was best, she thought, to assume that the latter was to be the case; but yet it was not in Alice's kindly nature to be able to feel that so young and joyous a creature should be on this account made to know too early the bitterness of having

to look forward into a future of self-sustaining labor among absolute strangers. She would at least take her to Newport, and see, as she said. Meanwhile she wrote to Henry Gray, who was like a bird on the wing for restlessness, and who for some reason made no reply.

Yet whatever were Alice's doubts and fears, there were none now for Hester, nor for Edward Morton. His health was still infirm, and likely to be so for life; but even his occasional pain and sleeplessness only tended to make him more and more dependent upon Hester's gentle help.

They had gone out together for an afternoon drive, which meant usually a little wandering about through lanes and by-roads behind a lazy old horse, which they hitched to a fence now and then, while they gathered flowers, or looked for grubs and beetles, or watched ant heaps by the hour. Hester had thus come to know by degrees the beauty of that charming neighborhood, happily preserved to-day by the Park inclosures; and it was a fresh delight when her friend could show her some new lane, or discuss with her, book in hand and map on knee, their doubts as to the track of Revolutionary armies, or with equal interest the family name of a fern or a butterfly. They were both somewhat silent, as they drove lazily along, on this their last summer afternoon together, until at last Edward said, smiling, "Queer, is n't it, Hester, that as this is our last chance for a good gabble we should both be mum as mice! Let us improve the occasion, as Miss Ann's preacher says. Look down the river. What a leaf crop there is this year!"

They crossed the Schuylkill at the Falls' Bridge, and passed southward along the bank, until at last the young man said, "We will try the hill here, Hester. I want to show you something; but I shall need help. Give me my

stick, and let us go slowly, and halt as often as the Potomac army."

Then, tardily enough, — for he walked with difficulty, — they crossed the Reading railroad, and climbed up a narrow, sunken lane, brier-set and dark with sumach and dogwood. "We are on the old inclined plane of the railway, Hester," he said, as he paused for breath near the summit. "And this is our way, here, to the right;" and so saying he broke through a close, wild hedge of alders and judas-trees, and turned with pleasure to see the joy of the eager young face at his side. Before them lay a rolling bit of grass land, bounded on three sides by forest, much as it is to-day; not far away rose a green hillside, above a gray stone spring house, and to their right, in the woods, a brook chuckled merrily noisy answers to the dauntless catbirds, who love the wood edges, and the wood robin, who likes its darkened depths. The trees about them stirred the girl's unaffected love of nature. "These be honest gentlemen," said Edward, standing bareheaded. Three matchless tulip poplars, stateliest of trees, rose serene, with moveless shining leaves, beside the more feminine graciousness of a group of maples, perfect as to form and densely clad in August greenery. "Ah, Hester," he said, "you who love trees should say a prayer for him who spared these noble fellows. But here is my spring. This is what we came to see."

At an angle of the wood was a quiet little pool of cold water, set about with narrow slabs of marble stained with the fallen leafage of many an autumn. In its depths pink willow rootlets, which our boys call foxtails, were tangled with the white roots of a sturdy maple, which rose in wholesome strength above the surrounding trees. Hester knelt down, and, smiling, saw her face set in the brown mirror's little square of mottled sun and shade.

As she looked, Edward stood over her, and she saw his face in the still

spring, beside her own. She laughed prettily, and bent over to drink; but looked up as she touched the water. "I have drunk you all up, Mr. Edward!" she cried, still laughing. Edward shrank back. Disease had made the once strong young man unnaturally sensitive and nervous. He remembered the story of this little forest well, and how once a fair maiden, drinking here, like this girl, had seen of a sudden, beside her own face, that of a man; and how she had come to love that sombre face; and how in after days its owner had wrecked her life, and betrayed his country in its darkest hour.

Hester arose, seeing the trouble in her friend's face.

"What is it?" she asked, "What is the matter?"

"Nothing," he returned hastily. "A little tired, I suppose."

He wondered, indeed, at the strange stir and tumult in himself. Not for the world would he have told her that grim legend of Arnold's well. "Come away!" he exclaimed. "Let us see what there is in our bag. I am all right now. We have a lot of jolly queer things. How the doctor will like it! I sometimes wonder now, Hester, how I could ever have so despaired of life. What helpful things books are! Don't you marvel what sick folks did in the Middle Ages? I mean poor devils of half-sick folks, like me."

"I think," said the girl, doubtfully, "they must have looked even more at the skies and the flowers than we do; but I don't know, really. If I were sick, I should n't be as patient as you. Mrs. Westerley tells me I am sometimes impatient, now."

"But why does she say that?"

"Indeed, I don't know. No, I hardly mean that: I do know very well! She scolded me a little yesterday, and I suppose I was n't quite as meek as I ought to have been. But I have promised to be so awfully good at Newport!"

"Little scamp! It's a nice place for you to begin a career of goodness. I would n't trust you!"

"Yes, you would! I should n't like it if you ceased to trust me. Oh there is a droll-looking bug! I wonder what it is!"

"Let the bugs alone, little friend, and come and sit down. I am mortally tired."

Then the girl found that perhaps she too was tired, which was scarcely the case; but she was tenderly thoughtful with and for Edward.

"Let us read Arthur's letter," she suggested. "I have been saving it, as Miss Ann says, for 'gooding.'"

"What a nice old English word! There's a stump for me, and you can lie on the grass. And now for dear old Arty," said Edward, as he cast a pleased glance at Hester, who was opening Arthur's letter with that dainty care which, to a more experienced observer than her companion, might have gone far to tell her modest secret.

As he looked down upon her, a thought came to him of the contrast between her vigorous and growing life and his own increasing feebleness; and, looking up, Hester saw him gazing past her, dreaming. What meaning there was in the profound sadness of his eyes she did not comprehend; but seeing the sadness, was by instinct moved with some sweet womanly equality of mere emotion.

"What is it, Mr. Edward?" she said.

"Nothing, dear," he answered; but there was a look of grievous defeat about the young man, and when, in after-years, Hester stood before the stricken lion of Lucerne, some remembrance of her hour at the spring, beneath the maples, came back to her, and with eyes full of tears she turned away. "Don't mind me," he continued; "go on. What does the living say to the dead, Hester?"

"Nonsense!" she answered, cheer-

fully. "That does n't sound like you. You are worth some dozen of certain live folks I know."

"Then your acquaintance must have queer limitations. What does he say?"

"Mr. Arthur says," she replied, carefully spreading out the letter on her lap, — "he says" —

"But why do you say 'Mr. Arthur'?"

"Oh, I am practicing," said Hester, with a wicked demureness of repressed fun. "That was what Mrs. Westerley lectured me about yesterday."

"No! not really? Why, she is worse than mamma."

"Yes. She orders authoritatively that I am to call you both 'Mr. Morton.' Mrs. Westerley does not approve of the way young girls have of calling men by their first names. Do you understand?"

Edward whistled. "And when does it begin?"

"Oh, I begged off till I come back. I said it would n't seem so sudden then."

"I shall be told to call you Miss Gray, next."

"Oh, no!"

"Oh, yes! Why not?"

"But I won't like that, at all! I won't have it; and Arty — he" —

"Wait a little, my dear; you don't know Mrs. Alice. She will have her way, you will find; and as to 'Won't,' — you know what happened to him?"

"Yes, I know. But I like him well; and I like all his family, — 'Sha'n't,' and 'Can't,' and the rest."

"A bad connection, Miss Gray," he said, smiling. "But what about Arty? — Mr. Morton, I should say."

"Mr. Morton says: —

"DEAR QUEEN ESTHER [that's for short, I fancy], — I suppose the newspapers tell you all about us in general; more, in fact, than we know ourselves. Fox swears like our army in Flanders (every one swears in the army, — except me) when the reporters come to

our bivouac. And, by the bye, tell Ned to send me some onions and a little old Rye. Don't forget the onions. He knows where there's some at home. I mean Rye. Yesterday we had a little relief from this endless drill and loafing. The colonel gives us no peace about drilling. There was an alarm at day-break, and we had a sharp affair with a — [something — it is blotted out] Confederate regiment." (He had written Carolina, but remembering what eyes were to see it had erased the number and State, which would have told Hester that it was her father's old regiment.)

"Fox had a near thing of it, and I was twice in among their guns. Had to come out again in a hurry. I thought of" —

Here the girl paused, confused.

"Oh, I know," said Edward. "He thought of me. Go on; I can stand it!"

Hester looked down. "I thought of my dear Ned, and knowing how much better a soldier he would have made than I, wished he might have been with me. But don't think I like it at all. Any one who says they like it is stupid, or lies. I don't. I never realized until now how dreadful is war; but I think I know that I ought to be here, and why. Yet when a fellow is in the thick of one of these mad rushes at death through smoke, there is something of a wild joy about it. At all events, it does one some good. That is, it does the decent fellows good. It seems to me I am older by years in these few months; but then, for people who think at all, there is time and material here for thinking, and much to learn about war out of books on tactics, and so on, with practical lessons at intervals. Edward, who was always the boldest man I know, keeps writing me not to accept needless peril. Tell him I do not mean to. It is really necessary sometimes for officers to expose themselves as examples, when men

are shaky, but not often. I think of it now because that was just what Fox did yesterday. We were all lying down, or in shelter, having made a stand after what came near being a stampede; and what does Fox do but begin to walk up and down, with a cigarette in his mouth, pretending to be using his field-glass. I got up as he passed me, and said, 'Let me do that, sir;' and what did he say but 'Lie down, or you'll get hit; and when you address me, sir, be good enough to salute.' And the balls were as thick as mosquitoes in a Jersey marsh. Oh, Hester, one must see a man in the *ennui* of camp, and then in the field, to know him. It seems to me that what I have heard Dr. Lagrange say of disease is true of war. It ruins some men morally, and some it makes nobler, — like my brother Ned!"

"Oh, Mr. Edward, is n't that just like Arty!" said Hester, pausing.

"Arty is a dear old goose about me," returned Edward. "He thinks I am a patient martyr, but he does n't know how much I have wriggled at the stake."

"I have everything, I think," went on Hester, rising, and standing thoughtfully before him, the letter in her hand, — "everything; but I am not as patient as you who have so little."

"You can't count another man's wealth, child. I have my little Hester, and this August day, and these woods, and all the strange world I am peeping into."

"Yes, I know," murmured Hester, softly, the morn of womanhood, that was waking under the fading dusk of childish indifferences to the larger trials of life, beginning to glow with warmth of appreciative feeling.

"It is n't bad for any one to know how much he is a help in other folks' lives," continued Edward. "It makes him better, too, I dare say. And now for more help. Give me a hand, — now a good pull. I must heft pretty heavy, as Miss Ann says. We'll keep the rest

of Arty's letter for to-night. There seems to be a lot of it, and it is late. I hope my horse has kept quiet. I wish he was nearer; I am pretty tired."

The next day Hester went to Newport, whence she wrote to Edward often, and to Arthur rarely. Alice perceived well enough where this close intimacy of two attractive young folks might end, but scarcely saw how to lessen the danger; and now, feeling more and more that she disliked the responsibility, she wrote to Mrs. Morton quite frankly, but only to learn that Morton would not return until he was fit for duty, and that of course she, Mrs. Morton, did not fancy the idea of a match of this kind at all, and knew Alice would discourage whatever might make it a possible event — all of which left Mrs. Westerley quite as helpless and more anxious than before, and not much comforted by this final phrase of her friend's letter.

"For after all," she wrote, "I dare say you are mistaken; and then boys always have one or two affairs of this kind. They are pretty bad for a girl, I think, but they do not hurt men," — which to Alice, who was very much attached to Hester, seemed on the whole to partake rather strongly of the selfishness of maternal affection, and to be a little too like Helen Morton, who was apt to think first of her own children, and in their relations to others of them alone.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Westerley, as she found, had her hands full at Newport, where she had many friends, and where it was difficult always to leave Hester out of the constant social engagements of that charming place.

"Luckily," she wrote to Mrs. Morton, "most of the nicer young men are where they should be, at the war; but there are enough and too many older lads, on their vacation holidays; and even with your ideas and mine, it is hard to keep this very gay young lady from seeing

that she is admired, and from being disappointed because I do not allow her to go about as she does at Germantown."

Nevertheless, Hester enjoyed this new life, and saw enough of men, old and young, in Mrs. Westerley's drawing-room to widen her horizon as to the general opinion of Miss Gray.

With some little interior mutiny of criticism, Hester came to yield tranquilly enough to her friend's social discipline, and to observe that among the class of girls she saw and found pleasant, the most of them were quite as much controlled as she. Then she began, as Alice delayed leaving Newport, to enjoy still more the refined culture of its lingering lovers, and to return with fresh zest to outdoor enjoyments.

"Now," she wrote to Wendell, "there is, as it were, a new spring, — just as if the flowers had come again to say good-by; and there are golden-rods above the

beaches, and little dandelions, smaller than in spring, are here (I don't think they are true dandelions, but I left my Gray's Botany at home); and then there is a purple flower, which an old lady told me was the Michaelmas daisy. I think it is an aster, and so pretty; and what the people call freckled alders, with red berries. And oh, you should see the cliffs, and the sea! I never saw it before, and now it seems like an old friend; and if I only had you and Arty and Edward, I should be just too happy. But why does n't Arty write? We have ceased to hear at all."

Arty had other business on hand, and was in the thick of the savage fighting that resulted in the destruction of the Weldon railroad, and of which news soon reached his anxious friends at the North. Late in September Mrs. Westerley returned to her home, and Hester went back, with no great satisfaction, to her school life.

S. Weir Mitchell.

QUESTION.

WHEN you are old, and I am old,
And Passion's fires are burned to embers,
And Life is as a tale that's told,
And only worth what Love remembers,

If we should meet — two quiet folk —
And change opinions of the weather,
Could word or look again provoke
The heart and eyes to speak together —

The heart benumbed with so much ache,
The eyes bedimmed with so much crying?
Do buds long blighted ever break,
And green the vine already dying?

What hand of skill shall draw the line
'Twixt sordid love and holier passion?
What art shall fix the unfailing sign,
And bring its reading into fashion?

What is the meaning of it all,
 The chastening woe, the vanished sweetness,
 If dark Oblivion's night shall fall
 Forever on its incompleteness?

When you are dead, and I am dead,
 Our faces lost, our names unspoken,
 Shall then the mystery be read?
 Can Heaven bind what Earth has broken?

In clearer light and fairer day,
 With finer sense the impulse proving,
 Unfettered of this hindering clay,
 Oh, what must be the joy of loving!

Eliot C. True.

CHIMES, AND HOW THEY ARE RUNG.

No musical instruments have been more intimately connected with the daily life of the great mass of men than bells. Our factories, schools, ships, houses, churches, all require them. Indeed, they have almost ceased to be regarded as musical instruments at all,—instruments which probably yield to none in the delicacy of skill required to produce them. Except when grouped in a peal or chime, they are now generally thought of as mere mechanical contrivances; necessities, not luxuries. Entirely different, however, is the popular feeling in regard to chimes. These have a deeper hold upon the heart of the people than ever, and their number is rapidly increasing throughout the country. The historical side of bells, and the inscriptions and superstitions connected with them, are well known, or within easy reach of all; but there are very few people who know or are able to find out what a chime really is, or how one is rung, since nothing definite or complete on the subject has as yet been published.

Two things are absolutely necessary for an approximately perfect chime:

first, as may be learned from any dictionary, the bells must be tuned to each other; but secondly,—a matter of far greater importance, and one entirely ignored, if not unknown,—each bell must be tuned to itself. Then, again, the number of bells must be considered. Upon this point there is a wide divergence of opinion. In this country a set of bells not less than eight in number, and arranged in the diatonic scale, is considered a chime. Any number less than eight is usually said to constitute a peal. In England any number of bells when played by one person constitutes a chime; when played by several persons, a man to each bell, or by machinery, the set is generally termed a peal. From an American point of view we may accurately define a chime as a set of bells not less than eight in number, and arranged in the diatonic scale, each bell being approximately true to itself and to the others.

The first requisite for a chime is, then, that each bell shall, in technical terms, be true, or, in other words, be in harmony with itself. This means that a bell must yield a note the exact pitch

of which any ordinary musician can at once determine. This tone has been regarded as a combination of several tones which exist in every bell, and are termed the "octave," "quint," and "tierce." If these three tones harmonize, the bell is supposed to be true, and the note given is the "consonant" or key note. To obtain the octave of any bell it is necessary to tap it on the top, just at the curve. Tap it one quarter's distance from the top, and the quint or fifth of the octave results. Two quarters and a half lower we get the tierce, or the third of the octave. Tapped above the rim, where the clapper strikes, the octave, quint, and tierce sound simultaneously, giving, as stated above, the consonant or key note of the bell. These three tones are the only ones spoken of in any work as belonging to bells, and they are also the only ones mentioned as a test of a bell. But since the most important note of the bell — the "drone," as it is called — is entirely overlooked, this test is at most only interesting, and not at all reliable.

The fact is that every bell gives two prominent notes, — one the key note, and the other the drone or "hum" note, which in foreign bells is usually an octave, and in American bells a major or minor sixth, lower than the key note. This note always vibrates longer than the key note, and hence the same bell at times seems to give a tone entirely distinct from the key note. That is because at one time the key note alone is heard (usually at a considerable distance), while at another only the drone is heard; and since the drone vibrates the longer, it frequently impresses the ear, especially when near, as the fullest or dominant tone of the bell. Hence an E-flat bell often will be heard in the key of G-flat, or an A-flat be heard as an F bell.

The harmony of the bell depends, therefore, almost entirely upon the drone, and the best test of a bell is the impres-

sion it gives the ear; while the fact remains that if the drone does not harmonize with the key note the bell seems harsh and discordant. The only upper notes, or "over tones" as they are called, which a bell gives are the third, octave, twelfth, and fifteenth; but the harmony of the bell does not depend so much upon these as upon the drone. This is the essential thing. Many bells are, however, only slightly sharp when cast, and may be thoroughly tuned and made harmonious by filing on the inside at the tierce till the desired tone results. Bells which need no filing are called "maiden-bells," and in England especially are highly prized. It may thus be seen what a delicate and complex instrument a true bell is. A set of these true bells constitutes, as has been explained, a chime.

It used to be thought that the best bells were made in Belgium. Certainly the art of making them there culminated in the eighteenth century. In the opinion, however, of many persons competent to judge, it has declined somewhat in that country. A verification of this may be found in the fact that the tenor (or lowest) bell of a peal recently made by one of the most celebrated firms of Belgium, and presented by a gentleman of New York, from whom the writer has obtained much valuable information, to one of our oldest and most prominent colleges, has been cast aside as utterly unfit to use; and that, too, in the face of the fact that a professor of the University of Louvain certified, at a charge of one hundred francs for his services, that "each bell was in harmony with itself and the others." There is no reason why just as good bells may not be procured in this country as abroad. We have as excellent copper and tin, and equally skillful workmen; and the art of giving the proper shape and density to the metal is as well known here as there.

Bells may be rung in two ways:

first, by swinging them with rope and wheel; and secondly, by striking them either upon the outside or inside with hammers, the bell itself being stationary. In England the former method of rope and wheel was almost universally adopted, requiring a man for each bell. From this method we get that interesting and peculiarly English kind of chime music known as the "changes," which gave England the name of the Ringing Island. In Belgium, however, the stationary method was used. Chimes played in this manner were rung by one person and were called carillons, because the Italian *quadriglio*, or quadrille, "a dreary kind of dance music," was the first ever played upon them. To play upon carillons the performers used an instrument known as the "clavecin," a kind of rough key-board arranged in semitones. Each key was connected by wire or rope with a hammer, which struck the bell when a sharp blow was given the key with a gloved fist. This machine was necessarily extremely crude at first; and since chimes have never been played half so well as in the days of this invention, it is all the greater wonder that the art ever progressed at all. Recently some great masterpieces in chime music have been found, which were composed and played at Louvain in the latter half of the last century, by the most skillful and wonderful chimer who ever lived, Matthias van den Gheyn. No one in Europe or America can now be found who is able to play this music, which rivals in the depth and subtlety of its composition some of the finest works of Bach, Mozart, or Beethoven. Hence the inference is that the art of playing carillons has sadly declined, with small prospect of ever recovering the lost ground.

Another machine for the automatic ringing of chimes, and used considerably in England at the present day, is known as the tambour, or "barrel." It consists of a large wooden cylinder, upon

which a certain number of pegs are arranged. As this cylinder revolves, the pegs loosen levers which allow the hammers to fall upon the bell. This contrivance, formerly very crude, is arranged on the same principle as the familiar music-box, and operates in nearly the same manner. In recent years it has been greatly improved in various ways, and is now found in all countries, though very seldom used in America. It is specially adapted to large chimes — from twenty to forty bells — where there is need of clock-work to ring them. The art in this kind of chime-ringing consists merely in the skill of arranging the pegs in their proper places and to the proper number, so as to produce the desired effect.

By far the most interesting of all methods of ringing is the English one of ringing the "changes," upon which many books have been written with the view of thoroughly explaining the art and teaching it to beginners. To ring these changes demanded unusual skill, acquired only after long practice. It was considered a high honor to belong to a company of skillful ringers. Indeed, it is mentioned as a matter of great interest how college students — presumably before the days of cricket and boating — used to take trips from town to town, ringing these changes and "amusing the people with their strange antics." Changes are nothing more than the ringing of a set of bells, three or more in number, in every possible order without repetition. Thus three bells may be rung in six different ways without any repeat, four in twenty-four ways, five in one hundred and twenty, and so on; till with ten bells we have 3,628,800 changes, which would require one year and 105 days of constant ringing to complete the peal. Twelve bells would take over thirty-seven years to complete it. In fact, changes are based upon nothing more than that simple branch of higher algebra known as "combinations." The

art of ringing consists, first, in the skill of ringing a swinging bell correctly; and secondly, in knowing when and how to alter the course of the striking. The different ways of ringing, or rather the different changes, are known by such mysterious names as "plain-bobs," "bob-triples," "bob-majors," "bob-minors," "grandsire-triples," "grandsire-bob-cators," etc., while such terms as "hunting," "dodging," "snapping," are only a few of the many terms connected with the art. So far as the writer is aware, this method of ringing has been rarely, if ever, used in this country.

Our chimes are generally rung by a machine somewhat akin to the clavecin used in carillons, consisting of a series of levers or handles arranged in order of the scale in which the chime is cast, which when sharply pushed down draw the clapper, by means of a connecting wire, against the side of the bell. The art of ringing in this manner consists in giving sharp, even blows, and also in so breaking up the long notes that the atmosphere shall be filled with regular and constant vibrations of sound. In this last is the secret of successful chiming, one which few of our chimers have yet found out. Contrary to general be-

lief, to ring bells in this manner requires but little muscle and less brains; it being nothing more than a knack, easy for some and difficult for others to acquire.

Experiments have been made with a view of ringing chimes by electricity, the player having a simple piano keyboard, and playing upon it as if it were a piano. As yet, in the opinion of the best bell-makers, these experiments have not been successful, but there is no reason why they should not be so. Fire and other bells are so rung now, and it ought to be only a question of time when chimes shall be satisfactorily rung by this method. What is known to players as the "hand-feeling" would of course be lacking, but this would be more than counterbalanced by the increased dexterity and steadiness acquired. If this method is successful, the art of ringing will become that of mere piano-drumming, such music alone being played as will not result in discord from the prolongation and mingling of a note with others following; while, strangely enough, the result will be that chimes will be better rung than ever before. And this, in the writer's opinion, sums up what is to be the future of chimes and the art of ringing them.

A. F. Matthews.

BEATEN BY A GIAOUR.

HALF a dozen Zeibeks were sitting at the coffee-shop under the plane-trees beyond the caravan bridge at Smyrna. The coffee-shop itself was only a rough hut, to shelter the kitchen and to screen the mysteries of coffee-making from injudicious eyes. Its accommodations for customers consisted of a number of low, square stools, disposed in the shade of the trees. These stools the Zeibeks occupied, as they smoked their cigarettes and discussed the political prospects of

the Turkish Empire or the state of their flocks on the mountains. The place was encouraging to idleness, and held these men under its spell.

The Meles peacefully pursued its sluggish way among the bowlders of its half-dried bed. Beyond the plane-trees, and separated from them by the roughly paved caravan road that leads to all Asia Minor, was a grove of heavy cypresses, screening the tangled mass of tomb-stones which commemorate many

generations of Moslem rulers. On the other side of the bridge were the gardens and closely packed houses of Smyrna. But like all Turkish cities Smyrna keeps its bustle and its noise to itself, so that not a sound disturbs the placid region adjoining its outer limits. On the caravan road was a train of camels led by a small donkey, that seemed to drag the whole caravan after it by the rope attached to its saddle. Each camel bore two huge bales of Giordes carpets on their way to Smyrna and a market. The ungainly beasts lunged awkwardly along, each uncouth body swinging like a boat among waves, but each long, crooked neck moving steadily forward, as if entirely independent of the swaying body. Even the caravan was no disturbing influence to the quiet of the cypresses and the plane-trees. The solemn tread of the camels was entirely noiseless, and the deep tone of the heavy bell that marked the rhythm of each camel's gait lulled rather than disturbed the mental processes of the idlers at the coffee-house.

The Zeibeks were listlessly watching the last of the camels disappear over the high stone arch of the bridge, when a horseman from the city dashed rapidly across the bridge and drew up at the little coffee-shop. Instantly these serenely disposed loiterers arose to life and action. With the ejaculation "There's Ali Bey!" every man quickly threw away his half-smoked cigarette, and sprang forward to meet the newcomer.

The gentleman styled Ali Bey was an uncommonly sour-looking Zeibek, who was decorated in the highest style of village art. His short jacket was covered with gold lace; the weapons that protruded from his wide, pouch-like belt of red Russia leather were crusted with silver and studded with garnets and turquoises; the tassel of his tall red cap, containing at least two pounds of blue silk thread, dangled

about his shoulders; and the bridle, reins, and martingale of his horse, as well as the housings of his wide red saddle, were bordered with red worsted fringe. But Ali Bey's face was black as a thunder-cloud, much to the disquiet of the men who had hurried to meet him. The truth is that Ali Bey, though commonly polite in his condescending way, was known to be capable of going to great lengths when in a passion, — a fact not at all compensated to any luckless victim by the fact that his hot wrath quickly cooled. The great point of anxiety with the Zeibeks on this occasion was to know whether Ali Bey's discontent was directed toward some member of the tribe, or merely toward some infidel of an outsider. For in the latter case ill-humor does not count as a violation of strictly gentlemanly behavior. No sane man can well avoid anger while dealing with misbelieving dogs.

So these Zeibeks stood, an uneasy semicircle, until Ali Bey was safely seated on one of the low stools under the plane-trees, and had called for coffee. Then relief loosed every tongue, and Hassan, Hussein, Ibrahim, and the others made haste to show their devotion by loudly echoing the Bey's command. These Zeibeks, though rough in looks, knew by heart all the rules of courteous behavior under the Oriental code. They had thrown away their cigarettes when the Bey appeared, not because they were unwilling to be known to use tobacco, but in obedience to the principles of courtesy. In America, where all men are equal, ladies only receive this delicate homage. In Turkey the women only are all equal. The men rise in successive grades, and those of each grade receive from those of a lower rank many subtle flatteries, like the prompt abandonment of cigarettes by the Zeibeks when they saw that Ali Bey, their chief, was not smoking. The one anxiety of the Zeibeks now was to

fail of no opportunity for showing their high consideration for the Bey. Hence their vociferous appeals to the coffee-house keeper to make haste with the coffee.

The coffee-dealer, or *cafeji*, being a Greek, and being, therefore, in social standing immeasurably below the least of the Zeibeks, felt that he too must show how truly he was the humble, obedient servant of Ali Bey. Emerging from his little den, he approached unobtrusively, and bending forward in an insinuating manner he inquired in the blandest of tones, —

“Will my lord have it straight or sugared?”

But Ali Bey was in no mood to be gentlemanly toward a mere Greek. He flashed one glance at the *cafeji* that wilted the poor wretch and sent him scuttling away to his kitchen; while he thundered after the discomfited aspirant to favor, “Ass! Do you ask a Zeibek if he will have sugar?”

Upon this the Bey’s retainers permitted themselves sundry shrugs and grimaces of a solemnly deprecatory order, and Ibrahim even ventured to remark, “What can you expect? These city fellows were created so!”

This outburst was on the whole conducive to the comfort of the company, for it seemed to exercise a mollifying influence on Ali Bey’s feelings. Heaving a deep sigh, that gentleman took out a red broadcloth tobacco-bag and prepared to make a cigarette. Something in the subtle fragrance of the golden threads of tobacco which he rolled in the thin paper softened him still more, and he remarked to the audience in general, —

“Well, he won’t do it.”

“He won’t!” replied his men in chorus. Not being quite sure whether or no Ali Bey expected them to be indignant, these shrewd courtiers employed a tone that might represent either surprise or disgust. But the fact that the

Bey had unbent enough to address them produced a most marked relief.

“No,” continued Ali Bey. “First he said that he would employ three men; afterwards he made impossible conditions. He is a bear, and the son of a bear.”

“That is the way with foreigners,” remarked Hassan, in a tone of conviction.

“They bring their railway here and change the course of trade, and then make light of the ancient rights which they have attacked,” grumbled Ibrahim.

“What did the fellow say to your excellency?” inquired Hassan, with respect.

“The miserable dog said that if our men receive the pay of the railway they must wear the uniform of its servants!”

“There’s a foreigner for you!” growled Ibrahim. “The brass of him can be weighed by the ton!”

Meanwhile Ali Bey had rolled up his cigarette, and held it in his hand, seeming to enjoy the sensation caused by his harrowing tale. The *cafeji* now came briskly forward with the materials necessary for serving a cup of coffee. In one hand he brought the little tray, with a glass of water and a small coffee-cup, and a cup-holder of brass inverted by the side of the cup. In the other hand was a live coal held with tongs, and a long-handled coffee-pot full of the steaming black liquid. The tray he deposited on one of the low stools in front of Ali Bey; the coffee, with all its rich brown foam, he quickly poured into the cup, and then, with a smirk of self-satisfaction, he offered the coal of fire to Ali Bey.

Ali Bey lighted his cigarette from the coal; then he took a preparatory sip of water, and accepted the little cup of coffee which one of the men now handed to him in its metal holder. But he paused, with the cup midway to his lips, in order to continue his story.

"That uniform," said he, "includes the cap of the Christian, made with a straight piece of stiff leather projecting from the front. It is the devil's own invention to prevent men from touching their foreheads to the ground in worship, and" — Here he took a sip of coffee. The effect was tremendous. Ali Bey sprang to his feet, spat out the coffee, flung the cup and its scalding contents at the head of the unsuspecting *cafeji*, and roared out, "The ass-headed idiot has sugared it! May ten thousand plagues light upon him and his father and his mother! And he calls himself a *cafeji*!"

Then the Bey strode to his horse, mounted, and rode away from the scene of so disgusting an adventure.

The other Zeibeks had made a rush with one accord toward the unhappy Greek; but that clumsy bungler was too quick for them, and scurried over the caravan bridge like a hare, having learned at last that Zeibeks take their coffee "straight." The men did not pursue him, but, picking up the shoes which had dropped from the *cafeji*'s feet in his flight, they hurled them after him with a few well-compounded imprecations, and then, mounting their horses, they rode away after their chief.

The next morning Ali Bey and two of his men were riding toward a village perched on the slopes of Mount Tmolus. They had slept three or four hours on the floor of a wayside hut, and now the clear morning air of their own home land had dissipated the traces of whatever discontent they had found in the city. In that fine air Ali Bey was a very different being from the Ali Bey of the streets of "giaour" Smyrna. Even so slight a change of geographical position had brought him into a land where the infidels have no part, and where the very blades of grass seemed more fresh and green for their freedom from the contaminating presence. As his horse jogged along, Ali Bey was

singing a love ditty in a clear voice, his eyes lingering tenderly upon the sheep of the great flocks that were busily cropping the short grass.

The place was by no means devoid of beauty, although hardly a tree could be seen on the ridges that stretched away into the east. In the valleys on either hand were black groves of olive; far below, toward the west, the wide plains were dotted with heavy clumps of walnut-trees; here and there on the nearer slopes were patches of bright vineyard, or more compact stretches of wheat that piled up lazily moving billows in the gentle breeze. Yellow butterflies chased each other across the path, and many a caroling songster rose swiftly from the scrubby oak bushes that grew hedge-like along parts of the road. Not far away, in front, the little village of sun-dried brick lay bowered in fruit trees, with a single white minaret to testify to its devout and orderly character. By the roadside, just outside of the village, was a little stone fountain, shaded by two or three terebinth-trees.

As Ali Bey approached this fountain he stopped singing, for his eye fell upon a girl who was waiting there for her water-jug to fill at the ever flowing-tap. The girl was dressed in a short jacket of sky-blue broadcloth, open in front over a vest of striped cotton. Full trousers of the same red and white striped material, thickly gathered at the waist, fell in copious curves to the ankle, where a tight band, concealed under the overhanging folds, held them up from the bare brown foot. Upon her head she wore a large white kerchief, gayly embroidered on the edges, beneath which, reaching to her waist, was a mass of slender braids of jet-black hair, each separate braid adorned at its extremity with a small gold coin. A string of similar gold coins marked the place where her collar should have been, had the various garments which met at her neck included any such point of definite

termination as is implied by a button or other fastening. The kerchief covered her head and drooped over her forehead; but her black eyes sparkled, and her full, well-colored lips quivered into a smile as Ali Bey's group came up. She quickly drew the kerchief over her mouth and throat, but not so soon as to conceal the glow that suddenly warmed the tint of her round dark cheek.

"Who is in the village, Eminé?" asked Ali Bey, drawing rein by the fountain.

"Hamid is there," replied the girl. "My father has gone hunting, and the rest are out with the sheep. Most of the girls have gone to get wood."

"Are you all well?" asked Ali, with a caress in the glance of his eyes as well as in his voice.

"Praise God," said Eminé, simply, dropping her eyes under the gaze of the Bey.

Ali Bey looked around uneasily at his two companions, who had halted by his side. They understood their chief's moods by intuition, and without a word rode on into the village. Then Ali Bey leaned over toward the girl to whisper the one word "Dearest!"

Eminé looked up quickly, with a bright light in her eyes. Then, turning away, she filled a gourd with water from the fountain and offered it to Ali. But she still held the kerchief closely drawn across her face. Only her eyes smiled up at her lover.

Ali took the gourd, lightly touching, as he did so, the little brown hand. Then he said gently, "Don't hide your face, Eminé. I have n't seen you for so long."

"Yes," answered Eminé, "not for three whole days!"

Her hand relaxed its grasp, so that when she reached up to take the water-gourd again, one corner of the kerchief fell away, entirely revealing her face. For an instant she looked up at Ali Bey with a witching expression of surrender;

and then she caught the kerchief together again, and dropped her eyes to the ground.

"Eminé, my heart is torn in pieces. I am in torture every moment that I am away from you. Your father is too hard on us, to make us wait these months and months!"

The girl's brow flushed, and her veiled head bent lower as she slowly said, "What do you think that I feel, then, if you can feel so much for me?" Then, nervously looking around, she added, "But, Ali, you must not stay here. People will talk."

"What do we care for what the wag-chins say? Are you not promised to me? It can't be long now to our marriage day, although I did not succeed in Smyrna."

"But you know father would be very angry if he knew that I have these little talks with you, Ali. He says that we shall have plenty of time to do our talking by and by; and that then he won't have the whole village coming to him every day to ask him what we talk about."

"Well, I shall make you let me see your eyes enough, for once, when that day comes! Do you know that I have a plan to get the other fifty pounds to put with the fifty I have already? That will be all your father asks."

"Father says that Ahmed Bey from Sarikeny has offered him two hundred pounds for me."

"He has gold," said Ali Bey, fiercely, "and he has three wives besides. But you know very well that it isn't for lack of love that I don't give as much. The sheep-tax eats up all the money, and now this railroad takes everybody right by us into the city, so that there is no chance of finding a traveler with five paras in his pocket."

"Yes, Ali, I know; and father knows very well that I would never marry Ahmed Bey. He is cruel to his wives."

"Well, I am going to ask advice of

your father about a plan. You see, if the giaour merchants invent a railroad to escape paying toll to us, we must invent, too. There they all are, shut up in their boxes. Perhaps we can catch the lot at once, instead of having to lie out night after night on the highway to catch them one at a time. Perhaps we may make this railroad a means to larger profits, after all."

"That is a brave man's plan," said Eminé, earnestly. "God intends all men to have a chance to live. Where he shuts one door he opens a thousand! But you really must go, Ali. Some of the girls will be coming back."

"Dear, if I am blessed in this plan of mine I shall have the gold, and then — Ah, Eminé, I shall make your father promise that it shall be within two weeks. Farewell. But first let me see your face once more."

"No, Ali," said Eminé, looking on the ground. "I always feel ashamed of myself for hours after I have let you see my face in this brazen way. Be patient, for I am promised to you," and she turned her soft black eyes full upon him.

The stern law of the veil makes it dangerous to good repute for a girl to be seen talking alone with a young man. Turkish lovers therefore have to content themselves with mere glimpses, hurried words, and a vivid imagination, which, after all, plays the most important part in weaving the entanglements of youthful hearts. With eyes only might these two exchange their farewell salute. Yet, even as he touched spur to his horse, Ali Bey suddenly put forth his hand and laid it caressingly upon the forehead of Eminé. It was only a touch, but she started back, chiding his boldness, and in the quick movement her kerchief escaped her hand once more, revealing, as in a flash, her radiant face. The next moment Ali Bey's horse was taking him up the village street.

Hafiz Effendi, the father of Eminé,

was the chief man of the village. He was a kindly old gentleman, with the dignified air which ponderous motions and a patriarchal beard may impart even to a mountaineer; and his dress was entirely different from that of the less learned members of the community. He might be seen any day, at the hours of prayer, entering the little mosque, his stout form enveloped in a flowing gown of crimson, worn over a close robe of dark green broadcloth. This inner robe, bound at the waist by a girdle of gay cashmere, hung several inches below the skirt of the gown, and well below the knee. Here, however, the old gentleman seemed to have come to the end of his ingenuity or of his material, since he but illy screened his nether extremities from the public gaze by the protruding and crumpled ends of white cotton under-garments that entirely failed to meet a very disreputable-looking and down-at-the-heel pair of woolen socks. Broad, low red shoes with upturned points completed the equipment of his feet. To his head more attention was given. First he wore a white cotton skull-cap next his shaven poll, then a second skull-cap of felt, and outside of this a thickly wadded and quilted cap of red cotton, which overhung his head at all points, like the eaves of a Chinese pagoda. Outside of all, the badge of learning — the thick, white turban — was wound in such a way as to leave exposed to view only the flat top of the massive red cap. This arrangement certainly endowed Hafiz Effendi with the appearance of possessing a vast intellectual apparatus, — an appearance which might or might not be borne out by the facts, since his philosophy had little to do with any world outside of his own village. Whatever was not of the order of nature familiar to him he was wont to attribute to supernatural causes. All that seemed to him good he used to ascribe to the divine interposition. All that seemed evil, including infidels, foreign-

ers, and their works, devices, and innovations, he attributed to the less wholesome but still supernatural influence of a very active and personal devil. He had no interest in such matters, being content to dwell among the flocks on the mountain, to worship God, and to teach the young people a sound morality. His moral code was high, but like some more favored wise men he held that the moral law had no restraints to lay upon the conduct of his people toward strangers, and particularly toward those of a different religious faith. So his people were well behaved and even gentle at home, but did what was right in their own eyes when outside of their village. The good Effendi owed his chief distinction to the fact of his having studied in a Moslem theological seminary somewhere in the misty past. The respect paid to a village priest in non-Moslem communities fell to this old gentleman in this Zeibek village, by reason of the information on all social and religious problems supposed to lie in the magazines outlined by that vast head-dress. It is true that Ali Bey was chief, because he belonged to a line whose blood had known no plebeian admixture since the Seljuk sultans. But to Hafiz Effendi the Bey looked up, as leader in worship and as keeper of his conscience. As to his retainers, the common herd scarce dared breathe in the presence of the lord of their chief.

That evening, after the fifth and last prayer at the mosque, Ali Bey called to see Hafiz Effendi. He had his plan to propose for extracting revenue from the mercantile community on an entirely new basis. But, feeling somewhat uncertain as to his ground, he also wished the solution of a problem in morals.

Hafiz Effendi felt something like enthusiasm for the young man to whom he had promised Eminé for little more than half what he might have asked as dowry. He had favored Ali Bey because of his high descent and because

of his unusual acuteness and energy. He now felt that his confidence was not misplaced, for the enterprise proposed was one that moved his whole heart. Certain ladies of his acquaintance had more than once hinted to him that his teaching was not worth much if it could not lead the men of the tribe to bestir themselves to provide for their families. Scarcity had set in since the opening of the railway had reduced the whole village to dependence on its flocks for its luxuries.

"Good, my son!" said Hafiz Effendi. "You will have no difficulty in catching them all."

"But one thing troubles me. What will the police say? They are becoming less and less friendly. I should not wish to have our village visited by a band of mounted police sent to punish a Bey."

"The police can be managed, if you return with full hands, although the government has fallen so low as to support these new-fangled notions as to freedom of trade. The people hunger because they are not protected. My wife told me yesterday how the people lack clothing, and how they have nothing to eat but the butter and cheese of our flocks. The story which she told would melt a very heart of stone, and cause it to flow as tears from the eyes. It is all wrong!"

"We used to boast that no Christian or Jew could trade in our district, or even pass through it, without giving tribute," said Ali Bey. "Yet while the government frowns on our enterprises, are we right in acting independently? Can we fearlessly take from the railroad which the government has allowed to be built?"

"Leave the government to ruin itself! It is sold to the aliens, like a camel, with its old halter thrown in. This nonsense about equal rights and interests will one day destroy it. The foundation of all prosperity is the principle

that the government should protect the interests and industries of its own people first. The rest of the world has no right to enjoy in this land what our own people have not. Where is the railroad owned by our people? The good of this freedom goes to infidels and foreigners, until every Jew and every Greek is like a lamb with two dams, while any Moslem you meet is as black in the face as a kid disowned by its mother."

"But if the government calls us to account for attacking the railway, could I maintain this principle in the courts?" asked Ali Bey, with a prudent foresight that his daily associates would not have suspected in the fiery young chief.

"No doctor of the holy law could condemn you for such an act of pure self-defense," replied the wise man earnestly. "All authorities agree that the sheep of the flock must first be fed. It is the object in view that settles the morality of the measures adopted. Were it not for this, the faithful would have no freedom. Where choice lies between a Moslem's suffering want and his feeding in the pastures of more fortunate infidels, the Moslem has a right to take measures to secure a division of good things in accord with the evident design for which Providence has created infidels. This, my son, is in accord with the usage of ages among our brethren of the Arabian deserts. They hold it lawful, in case of necessity, to attack with armed force any individual, or any caravan of another tribe, provided only that the attack be made openly and in daylight, as becomes men, and that the victims are left with enough provision to secure them against starvation during a journey to the next town. No court whose judge is a Moslem could censure you for acting on this principle."

"Well, I shall try this thing. You know that it is for Eminé that I do it. Within three days, by the help of the Prophet, I shall claim her under your

promise," said Ali Bey, as he arose to depart.

"Go in peace," replied the pious old man. "Work by daylight, be not too exacting, shed no blood save in case some miscreant forces you to it in self-defense, and the blessing of blessings go with you!"

Of course the ladies could not be visible to persons of the opposite sex; but at such evening consultations they generally contrived to be somewhere within earshot. So when Ali Bey had gone forth into the night he was not surprised to hear a slight "Hem!" proceed from the side of the house, as though some feminine creature, there walled up, was preparing to exercise her vocal organs. He went quickly to the place, and found a small window closely covered by a board shutter. A light tap on the shutter showed him that some one was within, and a small crack between two boards offered him a channel of communication.

"Eminé!" whispered Ali Bey.

"Yes," came from within.

"I am going to try it for your sake."

"Brave, good Ali! Mother says you are of the real old Turkish stock, born to be a hero."

"You must be ready for the wedding next week, Eminé."

"Nonsense! You are crazy. It will take a week to make ready the feast. But I must go back, or father will be coming to look for me. Good-night!"

"Open the window a little."

"No, I can't. Good-night!"

"But, Eminé"—

"Well?"

"I am going to insist about the wedding"—

"Why, of course we can't have it so soon. Father will tell you all about it. But go, quick; somebody is coming!"

"Listen, dear: wait for me at the fountain, day after to-morrow, a little after noon."

"Yes. God bless you and give you the success you deserve. Good-night!"

At the same moment the heavy step of Hafiz Effendi was plainly heard crossing the floor within. Upon this, a sudden busy clatter of utensils having informed Ali that Eminé was duly prepared to meet the ordeal of the old gentleman's inquisitive eye, he thought it wise to depart. With so much of an interview as encouragement, he might be content to attend to the serious duties now before him.

The next night, Ali Bey with two men rode into a pine grove on the Chamli Yaila, twenty-five miles from Smyrna, and close to the railway line. He dismounted, and established himself on a rug which Hassan spread under one of the trees. Soon another young brave appeared, and then others, until twenty-three men had arrived, equipped for a bivouac.

Once on the ground, Ali Bey began to wish that he had more information as to the mechanism and habits of railway trains. He had come there to search the pockets of the passengers — a simple matter, once the passengers were caught. The one difficult part of the undertaking, namely the stopping of the train, gave rise to a lively interchange of views.

Yahya, a young and promising brother of Ali Bey, proposed that they all go and stand on the track in front of the train and so compel it to stop. He was, however, speedily reduced to silence by Hassan, who, firmly believing that the giaours had imprisoned a genie for their motive and power, said, —

“Stupid! If we stand in front of it, it will see us, and stop so far off that the passengers will run away before we can get there.”

“Besides,” added old Omer, “we might get bruised; it goes so fast.”

“The first thing we have to do,” growled Ibrahim, “is to teach our boys to have short tongues and wide ears.”

Hussein completed the boy's discomfiture by saying to him, “Your tongue

is as long as a baker's shovel already; what will it be when you grow up?”

Upon this Ali Bey interfered with “Well, well, Yahya is n't a camel, that when you want to finish him you must needs cut his throat in seven places. It does n't take a whole tribe to silence a boy.”

“I did n't mean to hurt the boy's feelings,” replied Hussein humbly. “But about the train: the Jew peddler told me that his brother had it from one of the engineers that if the fire goes out the thing stops. Let us send men for buckets, and have them full of water ready to dash on the fire as the train goes by. That will stop it, sure.”

“Or,” reflectively added Ismail, “we might get a big rope, thicker than we would use to tie Ahmed Bey's great bull, and with more men we could hold the rope in front of it and make it stop.”

So these innocents of the mountain discussed the methods of controlling this foreign invention without an idea of that with which they had to do. They had seen the trains pass and repass, but they had merely said, “Mashallah!” never concerning themselves to go to a station for a nearer understanding of the curiosity.

At last Ali Bey, after a feasible plan had occurred to him, stopped their speculations with a lofty air, as he said, —

“Ah, bah, men! One may as well expect the blind to understand color as a peasant wisdom. The train will come with more force than ten bulls. We must have something that will hold such a force. At the same time we must be free to act, ourselves, for what we do we must do quickly.”

Ali Bey's auditors were filled with admiration at his far-seeing judgment, and when he added that he thought a goodly heap of stones on the track would do the business, the admiration of his followers was changed to enthusiasm over the discovery that their little village had produced a man of genius.

The great question settled, there were no burdens upon the minds of the men, and the evening passed away merrily, with story-telling, ballad-singing, and even a little dancing. At last the men, wrapped in sleeveless shepherd's coats of felt, disposed themselves on the ground, and slept the sleep of the pure in conscience. In the morning, also, they rested quietly among the trees until the down train had passed. Then they fell to work. They piled large stones upon the track, and then heaped a second pile to make things doubly sure. Ali Bey was a little doubtful as to the habits of locomotives. He had once seen an engine at the station turn out, in order to pass cars that stood in the way. If it could turn out to pass cars, why not turn out to pass a barricade? So he ordered the barricade to be extended, wing fashion, to the ditch on either side. The men were still at work when the sound of the whistle at Eshekli station brought their hearts into their mouths, and sent the whole band to cover.

"Now, remember," said Ali Bey. "Not a man stirs until I rise up; then every one is to rush in like a whirlwind. Pistols and swords in your hands, but not a drop of blood is to be shed!"

Meanwhile George Farr, the conductor of the morning train, was in the station at Smyrna, answering the multifarious calls for the "guard," as the time for departure arrived. The first bell had rung, and the passengers came hurrying from the waiting-room like a pack of children let out of school. There were government officials, sleek and smiling, and army officers, with servants loaded down with bedding. There were merchants in long robes and red fez caps, going out to buy opium, cotton, figs, carpets, and what not. There were Moslem theologians in white turbans, and Turkish ladies swathed and muffled into the semblance of walking featherbeds. There were trim European clerks, and black-robed priests, and elegantly

dressed European ladies. Once or twice Farr looked uneasily toward the door of the waiting-room; but quickly his face brightened, and he hastened in that direction, as Mr. Thompson, the engineer at the works on "the point," appeared in the doorway, followed by his wife and daughter. There was small time for greetings, but a rosy smile from pretty Miss Thompson satisfied all Farr's immediate cravings in that direction, and produced a slight increase of color on the frank Saxon face of the young man.

The three new-comers were quickly established in a reserved compartment.

"Don't let your engine go to playing any pranks to-day," cried Miss Thompson gayly, as Farr was shutting the door.

"The engine will be on its good behavior while *you* are on board," laughed Farr. "It has the reputation of the road to make, so that you may want to come again."

And then the last bell jangled. Belated ones scrambled into their places. Farr hurried off to his van in the rear of the train. Several individuals ran at a breakneck speed in various directions along the platform. The whistle screeched, and the train moved slowly out of the station amid the plaudits of the populace.

George Farr was in a state of high elation. He had induced the Thompson family to take a trip out and back on his train that day in order to enjoy the novelty of a railway excursion, with a picnic in a certain cool grove at the other end of the line. He had by this means secured the pleasing result of having the fair-faced English girl near him during the whole day, and of feeling that the responsibility for her comfort rested with himself in a peculiar degree. His assiduity in making official rounds of the train on that occasion was something remarkable, and he had had several pleasant chats with the occupants of the particular carriage where his offi-

cial duties seemed inclined to end. The train had just left one of the little way stations when Farr, sitting in his van, began to feel that he could not be easy in his mind until he had made the tour of the train once more, in order to make sure that if any passenger had slipped in unnoticed, at Eshekli, such passenger was provided with his proper ticket. So he set forth again to clamber along the footboards. As he drew near the compartment where his friends were established, he spied Miss Thompson's beaming face at the window, at which she was engaged in eating a peach. She shook her finger threateningly at him, but he did not let that daunt him, and slyly tossed a kiss to her in return. By this time he was quite sure that no one had got on board at Eshekli. Hence he concluded that there was no need of his visiting the other carriages, and decided, on the whole, to stop and chat with the Thompsons a little while. He had his hand upon the key, to open the door, when the engine gave a blast of the whistle so frantic as to make him pause. Then the train stopped. In his wonder Farr actually forgot Miss Thompson.

He dropped to the ground, to see what was the matter. Matter-enough! "Some tomfool has been playing a game," he thought, as he caught sight of a heap of stones piled across the track. But he had not run a dozen paces toward the head of the train, when the air suddenly became thick with furious yells, and a crowd of Zeibeks rushed from the bushes by the roadside. With swords and pistols they charged the train, from which arose a vast hubbub of screams.

Two of the men quickly seized Farr, while a third administered several sounding whacks upon his back with the flat of a sword.

"Open these doors!" roared the Zeibek; for the men were vainly trying to force their way into the locked compartments.

Farr was at first too much taken by surprise to do anything, but a volley of oaths, accompanied by kicks and blows, brought him to his senses, and he began to unlock the doors of the train. Three or four Zeibeks sprang into each compartment as it was opened, hurling their whole vocabulary at the unfortunate occupants as a prophylactic against resistance. Shrieks, prayers, curses, commands, entreaties, resounded on every hand. One would have supposed that the whole body of passengers was being massacred. Hardly less was the turmoil in Farr's own brain, as he found himself in front of a compartment in which he saw Susan Thompson's white, scared face; while Mr. Thompson, at the window, was struggling with a Zeibek who had clutched his watch. Farr paused, but he paused only a moment, for a huge fellow behind him struck him between the shoulders, shouting, —

"Son of a Russian dog, open the doors!"

There was a woman's scream from within the carriage as Farr staggered forward under the force of the blow. But the blow was a deliverance, for it carried him past the door, and so settled, for the moment, the question of his opening it. He unlocked the door to which he was nearest, and the Zeibeks rushed in. They were careless as to the order of procedure, since several compartments yet remained to be entered, while the supply of Zeibeks was nearly exhausted. So the Thompsons were left to themselves.

Then occurred an incident of the class of accidents which sometimes change the fate of surprises. When the Zeibeks had entered the compartment, Farr, from sheer force of habit, closed the door after them. The slamming of that door startled him with an idea. Three more Zeibeks were bawling at some Armenian merchants in the next carriage, who were trying to escape through the opposite window. Farr ad-

mitted the impatient robbers and shut the door. Then he turned, and ran with all his might along the train, slamming the doors as he passed by. The Zeibeks themselves, in their anxiety to keep their prey from escaping, had already closed two of the compartments; never dreaming that they could not open what they could so easily shut. The rest were too busy to heed what was going on outside. In a moment the Zeibeks were all shut in, and Farr had leaped upon the engine. In another moment Ali Bey, who had just transferred a frontlet of gold coins from a Greek girl's head to his own pocket, sprang to the window, shouting, —

“Whose religion have I got to curse now? Who is playing with this thing? Hassan! Ibrahim! Who is moving these cars? Stop them! Mercy! they can go backwards!”

Events move quickly when a band of wild Zeibeks furnish the final motive. It was barely half an hour after the train passed Eshekli station going up when the officials at that place were amazed to hear it coming back. It went by like a flash. But Zeibeks were leaning out of all the windows, and mingled with the roar of the wheels was a great roar of voices, threatening and entreating. Snatches of sound even came in the form of intelligible Turkish cries: “Open the door!” “Stop! stop, I say!” “Let me out!” “I’ll kill you if you don’t stop it!” and then the train and the hubbub following were gone around the curve of the hill. When the people at the station had done craning their necks at this strange sight, they found a lump of coal on the platform. On the coal was a piece of paper bearing a scrawl, which, when deciphered was found to read: —

“The brigands have caught us. Wire line clear, and troops at station.

“G. FARR.”

In consequence of this and sundry similar lumps of coal dropped at other

little stations as the mad train went by, there were soldiers waiting at the Smyrna terminus when the Zeibeks arrived at the end of their unexpected journey. The line of troops closed in upon the train as soon as it stopped. The Zeibeks were cowed and abject. Hassan alone was equal to the emergency. “It was all a mistake,” he explained from a window. “We only wanted to be taken on board the train, and the foolish fellow who opened the doors got frightened, and came back instead of going on. We haven’t done anything!”

But the fat colonel in command of the troops mildly advised him “not to tire his jaw,” and ordered his men to keep the Zeibeks from leaving the carriages until the passengers had alighted.

The passengers streamed forth with great alacrity; and Farr, hatless and with torn and muddy clothes, became the centre of an admiring group. The native passengers, in true Oriental fashion, were grumbling at the man who had saved them. The merchants whose escape through the windows had been cut short when Farr opened the door of their compartment even went so far as to propose to have “that guard” arrested for having admitted the Zeibeks to the train. But the Europeans pressed about the young man to shake hands and praise his pluck. Among these appreciative remarks, however, none quite equaled in force, to Farr at least, that of Susan Thompson, as she, coming through the crowd with her father, put out her hand in a timid way and said, —

“You are a very brave man, George!” and she gave him one of the most ravishing smiles that he had ever beheld on the face of beauty.

For all answer, Farr, forgetful of his torn and hatless condition, took her proffered hand and tucking it under his arm marched off to the waiting-room.

Meanwhile the Zeibeks were brought out from the cars, and, after being

searched, were tied together, two and two. Poor Ali Bey had staked his luck against that of the Giaour. As usual, the bitterness of failure had overwhelmed the unhappy Oriental, while the sweets of success had fallen to the pushing, energetic foreigner. To the last the Zeibeks protested that they had done nothing. Ibrahim said pleadingly,

"We are not such boors as to rob the illustrious people who go on this railroad. We took nothing from them."

In fact, the most rigorous search revealed no stolen goods, for the Zeibeks had been wise enough, after realizing their position, to disgorge the various articles which they had appropriated in the first flush of victory.

Nevertheless, the fat Turkish colonel remorselessly marched them off to the police station. As they were passing down the street, one of them, who had an unusual amount of gold lace on his

jacket, was heard to say in a fierce undertone,—

"May owls roost on the tomb of the father of the man who invented railroads! How could I know that the thing could go backwards!"

"Yes, my lord," feebly responded the man to whom he was bound with cords; "the mistake was that we did n't put the second pile of stones at the other end!"

About the same time, at the village on Mount Tmolus, a girl, singing like a bird from exuberance of happiness, came lightly down the path toward the fountain under the terebinths. There she set down her water-jug, and shading her eyes with her hand she gazed steadfastly across the valley to southward, saying to herself, "Why is he so long in his coming?"

Poor Eminé! Her vigil at the trysting-place was destined to be a long one!

O. H. Durward.

THE HAUNTS OF GALILEO.

THERE are few men of science whose lives offer so much of picturesqueness and interest to the popular mind as that of Galileo. Marvelous genius though he was, he lived and did his great works among the people, sharing with them in all the vicissitudes of public and private life: not so absorbed in his mighty problems that he could not bring plain common sense to bear upon the most trivial daily matters; not shut away from contact and sympathy, as is often the scientist of modern times in consequence of the barriers which have grown up between the trades and the liberal arts. In Galileo's time trades were arts; the merchant and the dyer felt as great a pride and nearly as much ownership in the discoveries of a scientific fellow-citizen as did the discoverer himself.

Artistic expenditure was a necessity to the beauty-loving Latin race, and whoever enlarged the bounds of knowledge or of pleasure was a benefactor to his humblest neighbor. The spirit of Cimabue's day had not yet died out. There is a street in Florence called Borgo Allegro, the Joyful Street, because of the delight with which the populace hastened to view a Madonna of surpassing beauty which Cimabue had just completed at his studio in that street. Il Perugino was not ashamed to paint a banner, or Cellini to turn from the moulding of a Perseus to the fashioning of an inkstand or a key.

Memories of Galileo, not only as a man of science, but as a householder, a son, a father, a friend, cluster about Florence and its neighborhood,—about Pisa,

Padua, and Siena. I wish to recall them in connection with these places. Born in Pisa, the son of an impoverished Florentine noble, the youth was destined by his father to be a tradesman; but his inclinations were entirely averse to this, and doubtless his father, himself a man of considerable scientific culture, secretly sympathized with the longings which he had not the means to encourage. However, Galileo had his way at last, and was allowed to enroll himself as a student of medicine at the University of Pisa; the father insisting that since he would not learn a trade he should at least adopt a lucrative profession. He was not a favorite with his conservative teachers; his independence of thought was already beginning to be a marked characteristic; nor was he ignorant of his unpopularity. Probably the happiest hours of his student life were spent in the cathedral, now forever associated with his name. Perhaps he had already in childhood learned to seek this refuge from the sharp tongue of his mother, who made his home anything but a peaceful place.

There is no more lovely, softly melancholy picture in all Italian scenery than this group of buildings,—the cathedral, the baptistery, and the Leaning Tower,—on a sunny afternoon. They stand apart from all other buildings,—a thing unusual in Italy. The short pale grass grows all about them, quite to the cathedral door; their delicate forms do not seem to cut the sky, but rather to repose against it; and their marbles, already mellowed by age in Galileo's time, harmonize with that peculiar blue, which here is never hard, as in northern countries, however deep its tone. They seem enveloped in an atmosphere of silence and rest. The interior of the cathedral is not less harmonious. The great lamp swinging before the altar attracts our attention, as it probably did Galileo's, by its marvelous beauty. How many problems besides

that of the pendulum may the repose and solitude of this temple have aided him to solve! His treatise on hydrostatics, which brought him the friendship of many learned men, was written while he was at Pisa, and at the age of twenty-six he was appointed to the chair of mathematics in the university. Before his father's death, in 1591, Galileo had become known beyond the Alps, as well as throughout Italy. But, with one exception, the whole body of professors in the university were hostile to him. What did they want, in their calm Aristotelian assurance, of a youngster who not only questioned their judgments, but dared to carp at Aristotle himself; who was not content with doubting in his own mind, but must put upsetting notions into other people's heads? In these days, too, the old cathedral was probably the most peaceful refuge for him. But he had to leave it and Pisa on account of this same tormenting spirit of inquiry, that would not keep silence even before princes. He expressed his opinion too freely as to the demerits of a hydraulic machine with which Giovanni de' Medici proposed to empty the wet dock at Leghorn, and which justified the young professor's criticism by complete failure to do its work. This was too much to be endured, and Galileo, in fear of dismissal from his post, resigned it and quitted Tuscany.

Padua was his next abiding-place. He was appointed, thanks to the influence of his unfailing friend the Marquis Guidubaldo of Pesaro, to be mathematical lecturer to the university. Here, although in exile, he lived at least in peace and honor, and with a salary more than double that which he had received at Pisa. He had need of an increased income, for after his father's death he became the head of the family, and was looked to not only for counsel, but for pecuniary help in all emergencies. His mother's temper had not been improved by time. Galileo's brother writes to

him in 1619, "I am not a little astonished that our mother is so terrible; but she is so old that she cannot live a great while, and then there will be an end of quarrels." There was an unmarried sister, Livia, who had been destined to a convent; but such was her aversion to monastic life that at the close of her novitiate her tender-hearted brother was fain to provide her with a dowry and a husband. An elder sister, married in her father's lifetime, had also looked to Galileo for her dowry; and this being in arrears, the husband was loudly complaining. As if his sisters were not a sufficient tax upon his purse and patience, there was a younger brother, Michelangelo, who was the ne'er-do-weel of the family. He had promised to do something towards Livia's dowry, but instead of that he got married himself, and his increasing wants led him to repudiate all family obligations. "I seem fated to bear every burden alone," complains Galileo; and Michelangelo retorts, "I know that you will say I should have waited and thought of our sisters before taking a wife. But, good heavens, the idea of toiling all one's life just to put by a few farthings to give one's sisters!"

Notwithstanding these vexations, the eleven years that Galileo spent at Padua were without doubt the most peaceful and happy of his life. During them he invented the thermometer, constructed many telescopes, and discovered the satellites of Jupiter, the ring of Saturn, the phases of Venus, and the moon's libration. He made frequent journeys to Venice to exhibit his telescopes, about which not only scientific men, but courtiers and princes, were enthusiastic. His fame spread throughout Europe; every monarch wished to play the astronomer, and Marie de Medicis is said to have gone down on her knees to look through the telescope which Galileo had sent to his majesty of France, rather than wait for it to be adjusted. Such were the

cares and the satisfactions, both as great as are granted to mortal lot, that walked with Galileo through the streets of ancient Padua. Unhappily, no external trace of him remains there; his dwelling is unknown, and great changes have taken place in the city. Where his bust now stands in the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele he probably many a time wandered under the trees in what was then called the Prato della Valle. In the church of St. Antonio he may have sought compensation for the loss of his retreat in the Pisan Duomo.

But his thoughts continually turned back to Tuscany, and he always considered himself an exile. He was glad to be recalled thither in 1611 by the Grand Duke Cosmo II. He was offered a residence at Florence in one of the grand ducal villas, but after a short residence near Segni he fixed his habitation upon the hill of Bellosguardo, in what was then the Villa Segni, now Villa Albizzi. It was at that time a country retreat indeed: the city lay at his feet, the centre of that wonderful panorama which is the dearest remembrance of every visitor to Florence. Galileo, exquisitely sensitive to natural scenery, here saw the sunsets and the moonrises which are nowhere else so fair; here he was free to indulge his love of country pleasures, and hoped to carry on in tranquillity his researches and observations. He did not love the city, and never felt well in it; probably he visited it seldom in those days, too content with star-gazing to long for inferior companionship.

At this time Galileo had three children, a son and two daughters, born during his stay in Padua. Their mother, a Venetian peasant, afterwards married a respectable man of her own class. What would now be considered only a plain duty — the care of these children by their father — was in Galileo's times a proof of his extraordinary kindness of heart. He did for his daughters what, according to Italian ideas of that period,

was the best possible thing to be done for illegitimate daughters: he put them at an early age into a convent. It is from the letters of the elder daughter, Polissena, whose spiritual name was Maria Celeste, that we get the most interesting details of Galileo's private life. Over one hundred letters from her to her father are extant, which reflect as in a glass the circumstances of his home and the traits of his character. Maria Celeste became a highly accomplished and intellectual woman, who might have been the comfort of his home; and in her devotion to her father she exclaims, "Only in one respect does convent life weigh heavily on me: that is, it prevents my attending on you personally, which would be my desire were it permitted. My thoughts are always with you, and I long to have news of you daily." She is always contriving to send the convent steward with some preserved citron or a baked pear, "as an excuse," so that she may have news of her beloved father. She embroiders napkins for him, and begs him to let her get up his fine linen; and when at last he betinks himself of employing her to copy his letters her joy is at its height. Galileo tenderly loved her, and was a kind friend to the convent for her sake. He is asked to mend the convent clock, to procure delicacies for the infirmary, to help in its pecuniary difficulties; and he seems to have responded to all these demands, heavy or trivial, with the same gentleness and generosity. The other daughter, Sister Arcangela, was a nervous, irritable invalid, of whom we see only the melancholy shadow in Maria Celeste's letters. The son, Vincenzo, was a careless spendthrift, much resembling his uncle Michelangelo.

The convent of St. Matthew, in Arcetri, was the residence of the daughters. The little village of Arcetri is situated upon a hill about a mile distant, in a straight line, from the centre of Florence, on the southern side of the

Arno. It overlooks a wide prospect of the Val d'Arno and the Apennines on one side, and the less magnificent but peaceful valley of the Ems on the other. I once lived close by the convent for a month or two, and always fancied that Sister Maria Celeste was looking at me out of its narrow windows. It is a long, low, ugly building, probably little changed outwardly since she lived in it, and its tinkling bell still calls the neighborhood to prayer. A cheerless abode it was, even according to the patient and self-denying Maria Celeste. The cells were damp and ill-lighted; the convent was exceedingly poor, and the food was often bad, and scarce at that. The good nun does not complain for herself, but she thinks it hard for her ailing sister. She is much concerned for her father's health, and sends him all manner of convent syrups and simple remedies, with the minutest directions for their use. Especially when the plague visits Florence, in 1631, she is full of anxiety, and eagerly begs that Galileo will not go into the city, or expose himself in any way to the infection. The plague, however, came to him. One of his workmen, a glass-blower, died, and his son Vincenzo fled with his wife to Prato, leaving Galileo alone. What was poor Maria Celeste's anxiety on hearing this news we learn from the following letter. Immured and forbidden to care personally for the safety of her only earthly friend, she pours out her heart in this way: "I am troubled beyond measure at the thought of your distress and consternation at the sudden death of your poor glass-worker. I entreat you to omit no possible precaution against present danger. I believe you have by you all the remedies and preventives which are required, so I will not repeat. Yet I would entreat you, with all due reverence and filial confidence, to procure one more remedy, the best of all, to wit, the grace of God, by means of true contrition and penitence.

This is without doubt the most efficacious medicine for both soul and body. For if, in order to avoid this sickness, it is necessary to be always of good cheer, what greater joy can we have in this world than the possession of a good and serene conscience? . . . I pray your lordship to accept these few words, prompted by the deepest affection. I wish also to acquaint you of the frame of mind in which I find myself at present. I am desirous of passing away to the next life, for every day I see more and more clearly the vanity and misery of this present one. And besides that, I should then no longer offend our blessed Lord; I should hope that my prayers for your lordship would have a greater efficacy. I do not know whether my desire be a selfish one; may the Lord, who sees all, in his mercy supply me where I am wanting through ignorance, and may he give you true consolation."

Galileo was getting on in years, and his health, never firm, was beginning to break down more seriously. Perhaps he longed as much as his daughter for more frequent interviews with her than the distance from Bellosguardo to Arcetri permitted; at any rate, he seems to have been the first to propose seeking a home at Arcetri, to which idea Maria Celeste joyfully responded, and with her usual energy set about making inquiries as to purchasable property in the neighborhood. She at length found a villa close to the convent boundaries which proved to be what her father desired. It was called *Il Gioiello*, and belonged to the Martelleni family. There he would be able to see or hear from his daughter daily; the broad *loggia*, or covered balcony of the house, looked over towards the convent on the hill above, and he could almost feel that she was with him as he sat or walked there. Here, then, he came, and two years of peace and comfort, before the later troubles of his life thickened about

him, were yet in store for him. His biographer, Viviani, tells us that at this time Galileo was "of cheerful and jovial appearance; he was of a square build, of medium height, and naturally of a strong constitution, but by toil and distress of mind and body he was now greatly debilitated." Although he loved the quiet and solitude of his villa, he was also very fond of gathering round him learned men and friends. Towards these he exercised an abundant though simple hospitality, his only fastidiousness being in regard to the quality of his wine. His vineyard was one of his chief delights; he spent his leisure in working with his own hands at pruning and tying up the vines, and cultivating plants in his garden. Close by, too, was a villa with a high tower, called the *Torre del Gallo*, which belonged to Galileo's dear friend and admirer, the Canon Girolamo Lanfredini, who was proud to place at the astronomer's disposal a room in the tower, and indeed as much of the house as he would honor with his use. Thither Galileo often resorted with his pupils, and in the chamber used as his study are now shown his telescope and various other souvenirs of him. From this chamber a narrow stair leads to the top of the tower, whence the view by day or by night must have charmed such a lover of nature as Galileo was. In this peaceful retreat he might have passed his declining years in tranquillity but for that same old spirit of inquiry which had begun to torment him at Pisa. In 1632 his *Dialogue on the Ptolemaic and Copernican Systems*, which he had been trying to get printed for two years, finally obtained the Papal *imprimatur*; on condition of certain additions being made to it by way of preface and appendix, written by Papal secretaries, and supposed to be an antidote to any heresies contained in the book itself. Its publication, however, caused an outcry of rage from the Jesuits. Galileo was denounced, and ordered to appear

before the tribunal of the Holy Office. He set out for Rome on the 26th of January, 1633. It was a weary winter journey for the infirm old man, already threatened with blindness; and the prospect of torture, imprisonment, and perhaps death, if things went against him, must have been ever present to his mind. Thus he reached Rome, and was conducted to the house of the Tuscan ambassador, Francesco Niccolini, who proved a devoted friend to him through the trials that were approaching.

It appears probable, from manuscripts discovered during the last twenty years, that at no time was Galileo's imprisonment severe, nor was torture ever actually employed, however much it may have been threatened. The favorite story of his exclaiming, as he rose from his knees after abjuring his heresies, "Eppure si muove!" was long ago shown to be a fable, like many other "historic sayings" of great men. Had it been true, Galileo would never have quitted the Palace of the Inquisition, and his enemies would have been only too thankful. Nor is it necessary, I believe, to go to the other extreme, and to imagine that the threats of torture reduced Galileo to such a moral wreck that he was now ready to submit abjectly to any humiliation. His own account of the matter in a letter to Vincenzo Renieri, soon after his return to Florence, is simple enough: "Finally, I was obliged to retract my opinions, *as a good Catholic*, and as a penalty my Dialogue was condemned." There is not one word to show that he considered himself either a martyr or a reprobate for having done this. It is impossible for one trained in the freedom of Protestantism to appreciate the moral weight which the authority of the church carries with it to "a good Catholic," even at the present day; much less can we understand that state of mind which can separate belief entirely from the evidence of the senses and of the reason.

What seems to us dishonesty and cowardice is to a devoted child of the church only duty and submission. Witness the recent abjurations by Father Curci in regard to his books, though there is no Inquisition in these days, nor was even the weight of public opinion against him. Such abjurations are simply ceremonial, in order that the subject may not be shut out from the ordinances of the church in life and death; and to be fairly judged, they must be looked at from the standpoint of those who make them. Galileo was in better health and spirits when he returned from the Palace of the Inquisition than when he entered it; and when he left Rome for Siena, where he was ordered to remain for the present, he went on foot for miles of the way, for his own pleasure.

Poor Maria Celeste, whose own health was failing, suffered terribly while her father's fate was undecided. When he was finally out of prison, she wrote to him thus: "The joy that your last dear letter brought me, and the having to read it over and over again to the nuns, who made quite a jubilee on hearing its contents, put me into such an excited state that at last I got a severe headache. I give hearty thanks to God for the mercies you have hitherto received. You justly say that all our mercies come from him. And though you consider all these now received as an answer to my prayers, yet truly they count for little or nothing; but God knows how dearly I love you, and so he hears me." One of the penalties attached to Galileo's sentence was that he should recite the Penitential Psalms once a week for three years. This his daughter took upon herself to do for him, "in order to be of some slight use" to him. "I wish," she wrote on the 13th of July, 1633, "that I could describe the rejoicing of all the mothers and sisters on hearing of your arrival at Siena. On learning the news, Mother Abbess and many of the nuns ran to me, embracing

me with joy and tenderness." But although she knew her father to be in safety, and treated with every consideration by the good Archbishop of Siena, she felt that she could not be resigned to end her days without once more looking upon his face. Cold, austerities, and privations had done their fatal work upon her delicate frame, and she felt death approaching. Galileo, although an honored guest rather than a prisoner in the archiepiscopal palace at Siena, longed to be near his beloved daughter. The magnificence of the old city, the beauty of the Duomo, ever before his eyes, the congratulations of friends, were in vain to divert him from his impatient longing to be at home again. One sees to-day almost the same picture in the quiet old cathedral square upon which his weary eyes fell in those days of waiting: the stately church with its overwhelmingly rich façade, the black-robed priests and brethren of the Misericordia flitting to and fro, the hospital at one side receiving its sad guests; or, on a fête day, a gayer scene, — all Siena trooping up to the cathedral, whence floated out through the open door the strains of music from the great organ.

Happily, the intercessions of friends prevailed to obtain for Galileo permission to return to his villa at Arcetri, on condition that he should not go into the city, nor receive more than two or three visitors at a time. "Here," he says, "I lived on very quietly, frequently paying visits to the neighboring convent, where I had two daughters who were nuns, and whom I loved dearly; but the eldest in particular, who was a woman of exquisite mind, singular goodness, and most tenderly attached to me. She had suffered much from ill-health during my absence, but had not paid much attention to herself. At length dysentery came on, and she died after six days' illness, leaving me in deep affliction." She was only thirty-three.

The translations of Sister Maria Celeste's and other letters which I have quoted are taken from that admirably prepared book *The Private Life of Galileo*, to which I am indebted for many a pleasant hour in connection with the places made sacred by Galileo's habitation. Any improvement upon these translations would be impossible, and the whole book shows a careful and painstaking study which is too often wanting in works of this kind.

Galileo's health declined so greatly under the affliction of his daughter's death that he seemed about to follow her. But he revived, and went on with his studies; perhaps they kept him alive. The fire of investigation was not quenched by all the terrors of the Inquisition. His sister-in-law and three children came to live with him, and the old villa resounded with merry voices; but it was only for a short time. The plague carried them all off, and the old man was again left alone.

There is one more site in Florence which is associated with his life. In 1638, he was allowed to leave the villa for a short time, and occupy a house which he owned on the Costa San Giorgio, in order to be under closer medical attendance than was possible at Arcetri; but he was keenly watched, and was not even allowed to attend mass in the little church near by without special permission. This was the last church he ever entered. He soon returned to Arcetri, which he never left again.

It was in this year that Milton visited him. All that we know of the interview — for Galileo's biographers do not mention it — is from a passage of the *Areopagitica*, where Milton says, "I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries where this kind of inquisition tyrannizes; where I have sat among these learned men, for that honor I had, and bin counted happy to be born in such a place of Philosophie freedom as they suppos'd England was,

while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought; that this it was which had damped the glory of Italian wits, that nothing had bin there writt'n now these many years but flattery and fustian. There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in Astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensors thought."

Galileo's son Vincenzo and his wife Sestilia Bocchineri lived with and took care of him in his last days; but the son retained the selfish and mercenary habits of his youth. Father Fanano, of Florence, who was charged with reporting Galileo's condition and doings to the Inquisition, writes that Vincenzo may be trusted, as "he is under great obligations for his father being allowed to be in Florence for medical treatment, and fears that the least transgression might cause the loss of this favor; for it is quite for his interest that his father should conduct himself well and live as long as possible, as with his death will cease the pension of one thousand *scudi* which the Grand Duke allows him." Probably Galileo derived far more comfort from the society and assistance of his pupil Viviani, then a youth of eighteen, who was allowed by the Inquisition to spend the last two and a half years of the old man's life in his house, and who acted as his amanuensis. To him Galileo dictated, after he became totally blind, his last work, a treatise on the Secondary Light of the Moon; and in this manner he also corrected and enlarged his Dialogues on the New Sciences.

In September, 1641, foreseeing that the revered master could not be much longer with them, Castelli and Torricelli,

two former pupils and friends of Galileo, came to Il Gioiello, and did not leave it till he died, on the 8th of January, 1642. Their conversation soothed the long weeks of pain, and Galileo had also the consolation of receiving the last sacraments and the benediction of Urban VIII.

But the enmity of the Holy Office did not cease with the death of its victim. It was disputed whether a man under condemnation by the Inquisition had a right to burial in consecrated ground. As to Galileo's testamentary desire to be laid in his ancestral vault in Santa Croce, and the wish of his friends to erect a monument to him, yielding to these was out of the question. There must be care taken also about the funeral sermon. With these restrictions he was finally allowed a place in a side chapel of Santa Croce, with no inscription to denote whose remains were there entombed. But Viviani remembered him, and as soon as the times would permit placed over the door of his own house, in the street of San Antonio, a bronze bust of his master, with a eulogistic inscription. He also bequeathed four thousand *scudi* for the purpose of erecting a monument to Galileo's memory. It was not, however, till 1737 that his wishes were carried out. At that time Galileo's remains were removed with all possible honors to the place where they now rest in the Florentine Pantheon.

"In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality,
Though there were nothing save the past, and
this,
The particle of those sublimities
Which have relapsed to chaos: — here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
The starry Galileo, with his woes;
Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it
rose."

E. D. R. Bianciardi.

THE UNDERWORLD IN HOMER, VIRGIL, AND DANTE.

I.

THE association of these three names is not a fortuitous one. The closeness with which they themselves have interlinked their works is one proof of their greatness. They rise so high above ephemeral men, above all petty jealousies and rivalries, that they recognize and hail one another across the centuries as brethren.

Dante's relation to Virgil is well known. The plan of the greater part of the *Commedia* is a constant tribute to the master, and in each successive canto Dante acknowledges his indebtedness with ever fresh variety of poetic forms. Indeed, most lovers of the younger poet will feel that his debt to Virgil is not quite so great as he himself would have us believe. What he does borrow usually becomes his own by royal right; for it is better where he sets it than where he found it. This is well illustrated by the incident of Polydorus (*Æneid* III. 19–48) compared with the magnificent canto, *Inferno* XIII. The striking fancy of Virgil has here been developed into a complete poem. It is Dante's now as truly as an incident from an Italian story-teller, or from some dry chronicle of forgotten kings, becomes Shakespeare's when it has grown under his hand to Hamlet or *The Merchant of Venice*.

When Virgil and Dante enter the Elysian home of the poets (*Inferno* IV.) the former hails the mightier master's shade:—

“Questo è Omero, poeta sovrano.”

Homer leads the way and bears the sword, while Dante in proud humility follows sixth in the illustrious line. It is certainly remarkable that Dante's fine

¹ The translations in this paper are quoted chiefly from Cranch, Longfellow, Butcher, and Lang. Any variations from them which may be

instinct should have recognized the supremacy of the Greek, since Homer was the dimmest of ghosts to him, not even a voice,—*umbra et præterea nihil*; for Dante never learned Greek, and the Homeric poems were not translated in the fourteenth century.

In his own works Virgil does not so expressly acknowledge his indebtedness. The epic form hardly permitted it. The numerous passages in which he imitates or translates Homer can, however, by no means be regarded as plagiarisms. The audience for which an Augustan poet wrote were as familiar with Greek literature as with Latin. The Italian youth repaired to Athens to complete their education as they do now to Berlin and Paris. Rome was full of Greek books and teachers. “Every school-boy” will remember how Cicero's circle of younger friends at the Tusculan villa followed his Socratic lectures as easily in Greek as in Latin. The striking passage in the *Pro Archia* will recur to our minds: “For if any one supposes less fame is acquired from Greek poetry than from Latin, he is greatly mistaken; for Greek is read among nearly all nations, whereas Latin is confined within our own rather narrow boundaries.”

A comparison in the *Æneid* itself, perhaps, appeals to the familiarity of the poet's hearers with the masterpieces of Greek drama:—

“As the crazed Pentheus sees the Eumenides,
And two twin solar orbs display themselves,
And double images of Thebes; or as when
Orestes, son of Agamemnon, runs
Excited on the stage, and, maddened, flies
His mother, armed with torches and with snakes;
And at the door the avenging Furies sit.”¹
(*Æn.* IV. 469–473.)

When Virgil, then, in his general plot, his incidents, and his similes, con-

noticed are intended merely to render the original more precisely.

stantly and openly follows Homer's footsteps, it is most fairly to be taken as a loyal acknowledgment of his supremacy. Incidents like the passing of Circe's island, at the beginning of *Æneid* VII., and the scene on the shore by *Ætna* (III. 588-681) are expressly intended to remind us that we are in the track of Odysseus' ships. Many a noble line requires its pendant from Homer to bring out its full beauty: as, for example,

"Our last day comes, the inevitable hour
Of Troy!"

recalls unmistakably Hector's foreboding,
"The day shall come when sacred Troy shall perish;"

and Andromache's words of farewell to the child Ascanius,

"O sole surviving image of my boy
Astyanax! Such eyes, such hands, had he,
Such features; and his budding youth would
just
Have equaled thine in years,"
(*Æn.* III. 489-491)

rely for their force on our remembrance of the famous parting scene in *Iliad* VI. Precisely because the tale of Troy divine was the most illustrious of Hellenic legends, the Roman poets were most anxious to work out a plausible connection between their ancestors and the Ilians, that they might cast upon their own origin at least a far-reflected ray of that primeval glory. Virgil is far from being a servile imitator. Sometimes he meets the Greek in bold rivalry on his own ground. This is splendidly exemplified in the passage (*Æneid* IV. 612-629) where Dido curses her recreant lover, and predicts the future appearance of one who will avenge her wrongs upon *Æneas'* descendants. The form is avowedly that of the Cyclops' imprecation upon Odysseus (*Odyssey* IX. 528-535), but the introduction of Hannibal raises the passage to a wholly superior plane. There could hardly be a more instructive study of literary methods than an exhaustive comparison of Virgilian passages with their Homeric models, to show us just where the polished

bookish Roman courtier shines or pales beside the unconventional minstrel of a ruder age.

We cannot but fancy that the world has lost something it could ill spare, because the sad-eyed Tuscan never really knew blind Melesigenes. On evil days though fallen, embittered, even if unbroke, by lifelong exile undeserved, fiercely disdainful of his contemporaries, Dante yet retained to the last a sweet, tender poet's heart. The poet of the *Odyssey*, with his exuberant delight in life and sunshine, would have been a fitter comrade for him than the melancholy and world-weary Mantuan. Remembering how many fine lines we owe to Virgil's companionship, we cannot but think reregretfully how many more lovely flowers would have blossomed along the pathway

"Upon the mountain that the souls doth heal,
And when descending into the dead world,"
(*Par.* XVII.)

with such a comrade.

The voices of great poets are the cries of warders high above us on the watch-towers of time. In the dust and turmoil of the struggle for existence, we hardly catch a glimpse of our true relations, nor of the goal toward which our efforts tend. Every true poet answers humanity's cry:—

"To tell the purport of our pain,
And what our silly joys contain,
Come, poet, come!"

It is a lingering fancy, which men would be sorry wholly to relinquish, that these same lofty watchers may perhaps catch a glimpse even of what is within the veil. We are tempted to cry to them,—

"Where are now those silent hosts,
Where the camping-ground of ghosts?"

But it is not the purpose of these pages to discuss the general subject of the conceptions which have been formed of the future life. Our object is the humbler one of gathering up whatever hints these great poets have let fall

upon a question we have all asked ourselves: "Do our dead know what is occurring in this world?"

II.

In the crowded battle scenes of the *Iliad* there is rarely a moment to think of the dead. The warrior falls with clanging armor; the soul, issuing from the wound (*Iliad* XIV. 518, 519), flees at once to Hades, grieving to leave so soon the joys of life and youth (XVI. 856, 857). But the foe press close; their war-shout rings in the ears of the survivors; it is time to fight or to fly, not to weep. The shadow of death lies upon the path of the young hero as he rides forth to battle, but he silences the prophetic voice, and only plunges the more fiercely into the fray.

"Xanthos, why prophesieth thou my death? Nowise behoveth it thee. Well know I of myself that it is appointed me to perish here, far from my father dear and mother; howbeit anyway I will not refrain till I give the Trojans surfeit of war."

"He said, and with a shout among the foremost guided his whole-hooved steeds." (XIX. 420-424.)

When we do get glimpses of the future existence, they are but the crude fancies of a rude, life-loving race. The dead exult in the vengeance inflicted on their foes:—

"Ah, verily, not unavenged lies Asios; nay, methinks that even on his road to Hades, strong warden of the gate, he will rejoice at heart, since, lo, I have sent him escort for the way." (XIII. 414-416.)

The living sacrifice food and animals to the departed, as if their needs were still the same:—

"And he set therein two-handled jars of honey and oil, leaning them against the bier; and four strong-necked horses he threw swiftly on the pyre, and groaned aloud. Nine house-dogs had the dead chief: of them did Achilleus slay twain, and throw them on the pyre." (XXIII. 170-174.)

The body, not the fleeing soul, is usually spoken of as the man himself, though there are exceptions to the rule. Hades is, naturally enough, the pitiless, inexorable tyrant, most detested of all gods.

"Hades, I ween, is not to be softened, neither overcome, and therefore is he hatefulest of all gods to mortals." (IX. 158, 159.)

In the pause of the action around Patroklos slain, there is for the first time space upon the scene for the soul of the departed. If the thought were not too modern, we should say that Achilleus, educated by suffering, learns in his bereavement and grief to think more deeply and earnestly of the future.

It is actually the soul of Patroklos, no mere dream, that revisits his friend, and bids him hasten the funeral rites.

The spirit has the shape and voice of the living Patroklos, and even wears his costume:—

"In all things like his living self, in stature and fair eyes and voice, and the raiment of his body was the same." (XXIII. 66, 67.)

He retains his affection for his comrade, and memory of their earthly life together. He foresees his friend's death, as he did not when alive:—

"Yea, and thou too thyself, Achilleus, peer of gods, beneath the wall of the noble Trojans art doomed to die."

A most striking touch is that he does not yet realize that he cannot clasp his friend's hand.

This visit, however, is possible only because the funeral rites are incomplete. When once the body is burned, the soul will cross the river (of Charon there is as yet no mention), enter the gates, and revisit the living no more. Whether in the spirit land he will still see what is passing on earth Achilleus does not know. Neither, perhaps, did Homer.

"Patroklos, be not vexed with me if thou hear even in the house of Hades that I have given back noble Hector unto his dear father." (XXIV. 592-594.)

The arrival of Hector's shade might alone suffice to show Patroklos that Achilleus had given up the body for burial. At any rate, Patroklos makes no response, and the pages of the *Iliad* close without a full answer to our question.

III.

In reading the story of Odysseus' visit to Hades, we must remember that it is part of the marvelous tale of his own adventures with which he entertained the Phaiakians. On other occasions, the truth rarely falls from Odysseus' lips unmixed with cunning falsehoods. The poet does not distinctly vouch for his veracity on this occasion. The portions of the story related by the poet in his own person, and those put into the mouth of Nestor and Menelaos, show an acquaintance with the actual conformation of the Mediterranean not easily reconcilable with Odysseus' self-told trackless wanderings.

Moreover, in the opening scene of the Thirteenth Book, the poet has doubtless given us a covert warning not to take too seriously the episode of the Phaiakians and the stories told at their court. Homer himself seems to have felt that the fabric of his airy fancies must not come too closely in contact with the realistic pictures of Greek home-life which follow. The voyage from Phaiakia to Ithaka is the journey from Dreamland into Reality. All night long the weary wanderer lies in an untroubled sleep. All night the wondrous bark glides on her way swifter than the falcon flies, — the bark "that had no rudder, like other ships, but knew the thoughts and will of the mariners, and knew the cities and fertile lands of all men, and passed swiftly over the billows, shrouded in mist and cloud." When Odysseus wakes, he is alone upon his own shore. The bark and her crew have vanished forever. We are listening, then, to an old sailor's story.

This ancient mariner taxes our credulity at the outset. We are tempted to repeat his own words : —

"No man ever yet sailed to Hades in a black ship."
(Od. X. 502.)

We did not expect to find the spirit world across the sea. The conception of a Hades beneath our own feet had

been made familiar to us by the famous passage of the *Iliad* : —

"And the lord of those in the underworld, Aidoneus, was affrighted below, and in his terror leaped from his throne and cried aloud, lest the earth be cloven above by Poseidon, shaker of earth, and his dwelling-place be laid bare to mortals and immortals, — grim halls, and vast, and lothly to the gods." (Il. XX. 62-66.)

The solemn form in the oath

"And ye rivers and thou earth, and ye that underneath punish men outworn, whosoever swear-eth falsely" (Il. III. 278, 279),

sounds as if older than the poet of the *Iliad*. Expressions like

"In the house of Hades, beneath the secret places of the earth,"

are found in the *Odyssey* itself.

In obedience to Circe's directions, Odysseus sails to the sunless land of the Kimmerians, shrouded in mist and gloom. Here, on the bounds of ocean, he digs a trench, into which he pours honey, wine, water, barley, and the blood of sacrifices. The forceless ghosts of the dead come thronging about the trench. Odysseus' comrade, Elpenor, knows and addresses him, but this he can do because his body is still unburied. The blind seer Teiresias, also, by especial kindness of the gods, retains the powers he had in life; yet even he fears Odysseus' sword, and begs to drink of the sacrificial blood, which gives him strength to foretell to the hero the trials still awaiting him in life. As for the rest of the ghosts, their existence is a most pitiful one. Odysseus' own mother had been hovering near the trench, in a form which he had recognized at once; but she did not know her own son, nor had she, apparently, even the power of speech, until by Teiresias' direction she also is permitted to drink of the blood. Then indeed she knows Odysseus, and perceives that he is alive; yet her first words show she knows nothing of him since he left Ithaka : —

"Dear child, how didst thou come beneath the darkness and the shadow, who art a living man?"

... Art thou but now come hither with thy ship and thy company, in thy long wanderings from Troy? And hast thou not yet reached Ithaka, nor seen thy wife in thy halls?" (Od. XI. 155, 156, 160-162.)

The other ghosts are equally feeble. The mighty Agamemnon appears:—

"And he knew me straightway, when he had drunk the dark blood."

He, too, knows nothing of his own family, except that Orestes cannot be dead, because he would have joined his father in Hades:—

"But come, declare me this and plainly tell it all, If haply ye hear of my son as yet living. . . . For goodly Orestes hath not yet perished on the earth." (Od. XI. 457, 458, 461.)

Achilleus also asks with the utmost solicitude after his son and aged father; and when he hears how worthily Neoptolemos has borne himself upon the Trojan battle-fields,

"The spirit of the son of Aiakos, fleet of foot, passed with great strides along the mead of asphodel, rejoicing in that I had told him of his son's renown." (Od. XI. 538-540.)

The latter portion of the Eleventh Book, describing the punishment of Tantalos, Sisypheos, and other mythical heroes, is generally believed to be a later interpolation, and is certainly difficult to reconcile with the previous picture of Odysseus sitting beside the trench, communing with the throng of helpless, flitting ghosts. However, the passage does not affect our general sketch, and we mention it only for the sake of Herakles, whose *eidolon* appears here, though he himself sits with his fair wife Hebe at banquets with the gods who live forever. The passage reminds us of Achilleus' exclamation after the vision of Patroklos:—

"Ay me, there remaineth even in the house of Hades a spirit and phantom of the dead!" (Il. XXIII. 103, 104.)

It would appear that the invisible

¹ That Achilleus had never before heard the account of his own funeral rites is merely one of those dramatic fictions which we must constantly grant to poetry. So, when we hear Priam, in the tenth year of the war, inquiring the names of the Greek chieftains, the incongruity does not offend

soul (*psyche*), passing from the dead body to the land of shades, was invested with an *eidolon*, a likeness of its former body, which could be seen and recognized even by living men. It is, however, plain that this existence was a most limited and aimless one; and, in spite of Plato's stern reproof, we can hardly condemn, under such circumstances, Achilleus' exclamation:—

"Nay, speak not comfortingly to me of death, O great Odysseus! I would rather live on earth and labor for another, for a landless man with little means of livelihood, than rule over all the departed dead that have perished." (Od. XI. 488-491.)

The prehistoric Greeks were too happy in life, too closely attached to outward nature, too fully in possession of a harmonious development of body and mind, to form any very vivid conception of the continued existence of the soul after its separation from the body.

The beginning of the last book of the Odyssey has been regarded by the critics, from Aristarchos down, as one of the latest additions to the poem. The appearance of Hermes conducting the souls of the suitors, the absence of sacrifices at Achilleus' funeral contrasted with the slaughter of animals and human captives at Patroklos' tomb, may be pointed out among the indications of more recent origin.

With the exception, however, of an impression of greater dignity here imparted to Achilleus and Agamemnon, the scene does not contradict the conception formed from reading the Eleventh Book.¹

It is noteworthy that the difficulty about the location of the spirit world remains to the last. In the opening account of the passage of the souls there is no hint of a descent:—

until the analytical critic insists on calling our attention to it.

No use has been made here of the famous passage Od. IV. 563-569, because it is not clear that in Homer, at any rate, the *Ἥλυστον πεδίον* is the "dead man's plain." It seems rather a far-off Western El Dorado in the world of the living.

"Hermes, the helper, led them along the dank ways. Past the streams of Oceanus and the White Rock, past the gates of the sun, they sped, and the land of dreams, and soon they came to the mead of asphodel, where dwell the souls, the eidola of men outworn" (Od. XXIV. 9-14);

while the closing words of the scene are,

"Even so they spake one to another, standing in the house of Hades, beneath the secret places of the earth." (Od. XXIV.)

In Virgil's time the commoner conception of an "underworld" was too fully fixed, or the actual geography too well known, to venture upon sending his hero on such a voyage, and accordingly Æneas lands and enters a cavern. Dante found it necessary to avoid altogether the question of the actual point where the underworld is entered.

IV.

The passages in the Æneid bearing upon our subject may be disposed of in a few words. Æneas' old companions-in-arms whom he meets in Hades (VI. 482-485) had known nothing of him since their own death. This may be gathered from the words

"They delight to linger,
And onward pace with him, and learn what cause
Has brought him hither," (Æn. VI. 487, 488)
and still more clearly when Deiphobus asks, —

"But thou, —
Tell me what fortune brings thee here, alive.
Comest thou driven by wanderings o'er the seas,
Or by the mandate of the gods? What chance
Pursues thee, that to these sad sunless realms
Of turbid gloom thou com'st?"

(Æn. VI. 531-534.)

Palinurus, indeed, knows the fate of his own body in the upperworld, but that was sufficiently evident from Charon's refusal to row him across the Styx. On the other hand, Anchises had watched with anxiety his son's varying fortunes since his own death,

¹ It may, however, be mentioned that dreams in the modern sense, that is, as phenomena caused by mere subjective conditions, are clearly recognized by Virgil, though it would probably be difficult to point out an example in the Homeric poems. (See, for example, Æn. IV. 465-468.)

"The cruel Æneas himself pursues
Her footsteps in her dreams;

"What lands, what seas, thou hast traversed, O my son!

Amid what dangers thou wert tost about!

What harm from Libyan realms I feared for thee!"

(Æn. VI. 692, 694)

had foreseen his descent to the lower world,

"Thus in my mind I reckoned,
And numbered o'er the intervening times.
Nor have my anxious wishes been deceived,"

(Æn. VI. 690, 691)

and foretells his destiny: —

"He tells him of the wars that shall be waged,
The city of Latinus, and the lands
Of the Laurentian tribes, and how to bear,
How shun, the hardships of his future lot."

(Æn. VI. 890-892.)

But it is clear that Anchises' powers are exceptional, and necessary to his part in the machinery of the poem. The whole episode of Æneas' descent into Hades is apparently introduced chiefly in order that Anchises may show him their Roman posterity. It would seem probable that Anchises had actually returned to the living world previously (V. 722-742). At least, his appearance is not called a dream, nor is he sent by a god. It is not said that Æneas was asleep. Moreover, the information he had given his son on that occasion was quite true, and was one ground for the expectation of Æneas' coming shown by him in the passage quoted above: Hector also seems to have really returned to earth (II. 270-297) to warn Æneas of the imminent fall of Ilios.¹

V.

The visit to Hades is but a single incident in Odysseus' account of his marvelous adventures. Æneas' descent into the world of the dead is also one episode, merely, in Virgil's poem, and

And even unattended and alone

She seems, traveling along a lengthening road,
Seeking her Tyrians in a desert land."

In Homer, a dream may be vain and meaningless (*ὄνειροι ἀμήχανοι ἀκρίτουθιοι*, Od. XIX. 560), but still "a god hath sent the dreams," or at least they have come forth through the ivory gate to delude mortals.

raised to vital importance only by the vision of the future glories of Rome. In the *Commedia*, on the other hand, the avowed subject is the pilgrimage through the abode of souls. So real is this world to the poet, so clearly does he make us see it with his eyes, that whoever has made the journey step by step with him must ever after find many of these ghosts more real than any other characters of fiction or history. They have become part of our own life.

And yet we are haunted throughout by one perplexing doubt, namely, Just how far is the poem allegorical? We never wholly forget that the true subject is Man, "*Subjectum est homo*;"¹ that the most real *Inferno* is sin and remorse, the truest *Purgatorio* repentance. From canto to canto of the *Inferno* the outlines of the fearful picture are more and more firmly drawn, and Hebrew prophecy, Hellenic mythology, history, tradition, the miseries of contemporary Italy, are fused in the fire of poetic genius into a harmonious whole; but it is impossible that Dante believed this to be a true picture of the actual torments of the damned. No one knew so well as he that here was a creation of his own imagination. Yet it is equally clear that he was terribly in earnest, and believed himself the inspired voice of warning, raised in the midst of a blinded and misguided world. Over the rift between these two truths is spread the mantle of allegoric significance. Every grotesquely fit form of torture which he devised symbolized the effect on man of his own sin. Even the most monstrous shapes of the Greek myths find their fitting place, because they assume in the poet's eyes a deeper figurative meaning.

For example, Virgil is Dante's guide through the *Inferno*, his companion on the *Purgatorial* mountain. The real Virgil could hardly have left his eternal

abode to wander with a living man through all the mysteries of the underworld. Still less could he have previously descended into deepest hell merely in obedience to a witch's incantations. (*Inf. IX. 22-24.*) But Virgil personifies Human Philosophy: Human, that is, as contrasted with Revealed Theology. We cannot, then, draw any conclusions from the fact that this companion always reads the heart of Dante, and answers the unuttered doubt. We must turn to spirits more thoroughly human to seek reply to our question.

On opening the *Inferno*

"Thou wilt find, after not many pages,"

the most realistic and unheroic figure of Ciaccio the glutton, a Florentine, and an elder contemporary of the poet. He had died in 1285, fifteen years before the time when Dante's journey is supposed to occur. The poet asks him, —

"But tell me, if thou knowest, to what shall come
The citizens of the divided city;
If any there be just; and the occasion
Tell me why so much discord has assailed it."
(*Inf. VI. 60-63.*)

Ciaccio's answer is so important that we cite it in full: —

"They, after long contention,
Will come to bloodshed; and the rustic party
Will drive the other out with much offense.
Then afterwards behaves it this one fall
Within three suns, and rise again the other
By force of him who now is on the coast.
High will it hold its forehead a long while,
Keeping the other under heavy burdens,
Howe'er it weeps thereat and is indignant.
The just are two, and are not understood there;
Envy and arrogance and avarice
Are the three sparks that have all hearts en-
kindled."
(*Inf. VI. 64-75.*)

Ciaccio, then, knows of the troubles in Florence since his own death; sees the treacherous policy of Pope Bonifazio at the very moment he is speaking; looks into the inmost hearts of the living Florentines; foresees the events of the next year, the year following, and the more remote future. Moreover, a moment later Dante inquires about some of the great Florentines of his time, and

¹ Quotation from Dante's letter to Can Grande, in which he explains the purport of his poem.

Ciacco, by his answer, shows that he knows the various divisions of the Inferno, and who are tortured in each : —

"They are among the blacker souls;
A different sin downweighs them to the bottom;
If thou so far descendest, thou canst see them."
(Inf. VI. 85-87.)

There is evidently no bound set to the superhuman vision of this disembodied soul. We hope not to lack in reverence for Dante if we say it is perfectly clear that when he wrote these lines he had no thought of any such limitation. In composing this canto it suited his purpose to put into Ciacco's mouth a prophecy of his, the poet's, exile. Afterward, while the famous dramatic scene with Farinata and Cavalcanti was shaping itself in his imagination, he found it necessary to limit the knowledge of the latter; and he then put into Farinata's mouth a passage evidently intended as a complete exposition of the subject. Neither the speech of Ciacco nor that of Farinata is an essential part of the elaborate general framework of the poem. They seem to have sprung from Dante's desire to touch upon events just occurring and men still living at the time he wrote. Dante is always the scholar, the lover of truth and light; the highest bliss of his Paradise is to contemplate, in the mirror of the God-head, absolute truth, freed from all limitations of time and space. If, then, his purpose here had been merely the artistic one of portraying the misery of these souls forever cut off from God, it seems likely that their one greatest torture would have been mental darkness. We quote here the words of Farinata (Inf. X. 100-108) : —

"We see, like those that have imperfect sight,
The things . . . that distant are from us;
So much still shines on us the Sovereign Ruler.
When they draw near, or are, is wholly vain
Our intellect, and if none brings it to us
Not anything know we of your human state.
Hence thou canst understand that wholly dead
Will be our knowledge from the moment when
The portal of the future shall be closed."

(That is, after the Last Judgment, be-

yond which there will be no divisions of time, no Past or Future.)

This answer removes the perplexity of Dante, who had wondered that Cavalcanti asked anxiously if his Guido was still living, while Farinata saw clearly the future of Florence and of Dante himself.

In the remainder of the Inferno the limitations here established are usually remembered. Farinata's own knowledge of the cruelty shown his descendants by their fellow-citizens —

"Say why that people is so pitiless
Against my race in each one of its laws" —
(Inf. X. 83, 84)

might have been acquired from some Florentine recently dead, as indicated by his own phrase, "*s'altri non ci apporta*." Pier delle Vigne, who is transformed into a tree, knows the fate awaiting him and the other suicides at the Judgment Day : —

"Like others for our spoils shall we return,
But not that any one may them revest."
(Inf. XIII. 103, 104.)

Brunetto Latini gives his old pupil further information about the reverses of fortune to come (XV. 61-72), but the words

"If well I judged in the life beautiful"
(Inf. XV. 57)

remind us that he has no knowledge of what Dante has done since death parted them.

In Canto XVI. three citizens of Florence inquire as to the present state of the city, saying distinctly that their information is obtained from a companion lately descended from earth.

"For Guglielmo Borsier, who is in torment
With us of late, and goes there with his comrades,
Doth greatly mortify us with his words."
(Inf. XVI. 70-72.)

The whole conversation is in striking contrast with that of Dante and Ciacco.

In Canto XIX. the two poets come upon Pope Niccolò, planted head downward in a crevice of the rock. He has

been able to read in the scroll of the future that Bonifazio is to come three years later to take his place, but hearing Dante's footsteps, and being unable to see him, he supposes that it must be Bonifazio, and cries out, —

"Dost thou stand there already, Boniface?
By several years the record lied to me;"
(Inf. XIX. 53, 54)

and he is not undeceived until Dante, prompted by Virgil, exclaims, —

"I am not he, I am not he thou thinkest!"
(XIX. 62.)

So, again, Guido da Montefeltro asks, with the utmost eagerness, after the fate of his beloved Romagna: —

"Say, have the Romagnuoli peace or war?"
(XXVII. 28)

and Mosca does not know that his own family had become extinct during the convulsions of recent years; while the detestable Pistoian Vanno Fucci can prophesy of Dante's future misfortunes merely out of malicious delight in the poet's unhappiness.

An incident of Canto XXX. is directly opposed to Ciacco's exact knowledge of the fate of his contemporaries. Maestro Adamo is tortured by dropsy so that he can never move from his seat. The consolation for which he is eager is to see the punishment of his enemies, the Counts of Romena. One of them is actually in the same circle, but Adamo only knows it by report.

Our closing citations from the Inferno require a mention of the most terrible fancy in Dante. When a treacherous murder has been committed, the assassin's soul is *instantly* hurled to the bottom of the Inferno, where it remains frozen into a sheet of ice. The man may apparently live on in the upper-world, but his body is occupied by a demon, who controls it in the soul's stead. With such a lost spirit, Fra Alberigo, Dante conversed. The wretch had no idea of the whereabouts of his own living body!

We said that from Canto X. on, the knowledge displayed by Dante's spirits was *usually* consistent with the limits there established. In the case here alluded to, there seems to be a striking discrepancy. Cavalcanti did not know if Guido were dead or living, and none of the shades we have since met had any information as to past or present not obtainable through the senses. Fra Alberigo, however, goes on to say of his next neighbor in the frozen lake, —

"Within the moat above, of Malebranche,
There where is boiling the tenacious pitch,
As yet had Michel Zanche not arrived,
When this one left a devil in his stead
In his own body," etc.
(Inf. XVIII. 142-146.)

Here it appears that Alberigo is familiar with the exact form of punishment in a wholly different part of the Inferno, and knows that a certain man was consigned to it. This is doubly unaccountable, because the murder of Michel Zanche occurred in 1275, or twenty years *before* the deed from which Alberigo's own punishment dated: so that it is impossible that his knowledge was gained by superhuman *foresight* since he was in the lower world.

VI.

After leaving the Inferno, we are no longer on classic ground. There is, indeed, toward the close of Virgil's account of Æneas' visit to Hades, a description of a sort of purgatorial process undergone by the souls of the dead. It is, however, intended to remove all traces of their earthly life, and thus fit them for reincarnation; for Virgil clearly teaches the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. In this passage (Æneid VI. 735-751) he is following Greek, but not Homeric, models. It offers an interesting comparison with the Dantesque Purgatory, and especially the connection in which Lethe is mentioned might well have caused Matilda to say, —

"They who sang in ancient times . . .
Dreamed of this place perchance upon Parnassos."

If the expression "*et pauci læta arva tenemus*" means that the worthiest souls are eventually released altogether from the perpetual round of birth and death, and relegated to a permanent happier state, the comparison becomes much more complete. Nevertheless, the Purgatorio is a distinctively Christian conception. This is plainly shown by the changed nature of Virgil's companionship. His feet are upon new ground. He is reproved by Cato at the very portal for language unsuited to the place. He repeatedly inquires his way, or bids Dante do so. He appeals to Statius for an explanation of phenomena he does not comprehend, and in reply to the exposition of the latter frankly acknowledges that he now for the first time understands the nature of the mountain.

"Now I see the net

That snares you here, and how ye are set free,
Why the earth quakes, and wherefore ye rejoice."
(Purg. XXI. 76-78.)

In fact, Virgil tells Dante most plainly (XVIII. 46-48), —

"What reason seeth here

Myself can tell thee; beyond that await
For Beatrice, since 'tis a work of faith."

What we have seen to be true of the doomed spirits is not, then, necessarily true of those in Purgatory. They are indeed both tortured, and they are provided for the purpose with similar bodies; but the Inferno is sunk deep in earth and gloom, the Purgatorio rises high into eternal sunshine. The air of the one is heavy with curses, that of the other with prayers. The agony of the condemned souls is embittered by despair; the pains of Purgatorio are lightened by the prospect of that bliss for which they are the needed preparation.

Nevertheless, in the Purgatorio, as in the Inferno, Dante appears to have given his spirits a varying degree of

¹ In the latter passage is a hint that they were not free to reveal to Dante all they could themselves see: —

... "Shall be clear to thee
That which my speech no farther can declare."
(Purg. XXIV. 89, 90.)

knowledge, according to the dramatic exigencies of each scene. Statius shows acquaintance with the penalties suffered in the Inferno, —

"Revolving I should feel the dismal joustings,"
(Purg. XXII. 42)

that is, the punishment of misers and prodigals. There are several examples of prophetic vision, as where Corrado Malaspina foretells the kindly reception his kinsmen will give the poet six years later (Purg. VIII. 136-139), and Forese Donati foresees his brother's tragic death (XXIV. 82-87).¹

That all did not possess this foresight seems clear from Canto XIV. Here the friends Guido and Riniero sit side by side, sharing their suffering. Riniero hears the story of the future crimes of his own nephew from the lips of Guido, (Purg. XIV. 58-66) with evident surprise and regret: —

"So I beheld that other soul, that stood
Turned round to listen, grow disturbed and sad,
When it had gathered to itself the word."
(Purg. XIV. 70-72.)

Passages like

"And he has one foot in the grave already"
(Purg. XVIII. 121)

point to an ability to see what is occurring at the moment in the living world; and in the sweeping denunciation of his own descendants put into the mouth of Hugh Capet, the poet has quite forgotten to set any limit to his knowledge.

It is plain that Corrado Malaspina has no news from home. His inquiry,

"If some true intelligence
Of Valdimagra or its neighborhood
Thou knowest, tell it me, who once was great
there,"
(Purg. VIII. 115-117)

is very like that of Guido, quoted above (Inf. XXVII. 28). The latest and most thorough commentator, Scartazzini, who considers that the vision of spirits in the Purgatorio is not limited, as in the In-

"For other things
The Destinies forbid that thou shouldst know,
Or Juno wills not that I utter them."
(Æn. III. 379, 380.)

ferno, suggests that this ignorance of Corrado is peculiar to the Vale of Kings, where the poets are at this time. The theory is hardly defensible, because in this very valley Sordello, while pointing out the shades of famous monarchs recently deceased, shows equal familiarity with their living successors (Purg. VII. 91-136), and Visconti knows that his widow has put off her mourning and is about to remarry, —

"I do not think her mother loves me more,
Since she has laid aside her wimple white;"
(Purg. VIII. 73-74)

while on the other hand, in a wholly different portion of the Purgatorio, Forese knew nothing of the fortunes of his kinsman Dante, though he does foresee Corso's fate, and so far discerns the ways of Providence as to know that his good wife's prayers have shortened his penance. Scartazzini is unwilling to admit the possibility of an oversight on Dante's part. "As I cannot concede that Dante wrote thus through inadvertence." (Note on Purg. VIII. 115.)

VII.

In the Paradiso, the eyes and thoughts of the blest spirits are never diverted to the earth that lies so far beneath them. They are absorbed in eternal contemplation of God. But God is the source of all love and of all truth. Hence in the light radiating from Him each worthy earthly affection is clarified and strengthened, not lost. Dante's own love for Beatrice in Paradise is no allegory; it is still the real passion which had been the guide and guardian of his youth. And knowledge is limited, in Paradise, only by the capacity for receiving it. Not even the archangels fathom all the depths of His purposes. The humblest soul dwells contented in the light of His presence.

VIII.

It is the aim of the preceding pages to bring together all the important passages bearing upon the question pro-

posed, namely, "How far do the dead know what happens here?" We have passed as lightly as possible over everything which does not directly illustrate this subject. The results may be summed up very briefly. In the Homeric poems, the dead, after they have reached their permanent abode, have no knowledge of earthly events. The same statement is true of the *Æneid*, with the important exception of Anchises, who can perhaps hardly be regarded as primarily an illustration of the poet's religious belief. In the *Commedia*, all the spirits, even the damned, have a more or less perfect knowledge of what occurs on earth.

In both the classic poets, the future life is a pale reflection of the present one. In Dante, on the other hand, the disembodied soul, wherever it may be, has much greater intellectual powers than when incarnate. In other words, the Hellenic delight in physical life, the sense of the inseparable harmony of body and mind, is lost, and in its stead we have the Hebrew belief that the flesh is the prison-house of the soul. Of course such a belief is not unknown to the Hellenes; perhaps no one has given it so striking and imaginative expression as Plato; but it is quite opposed to the spirit of the Hellenic prime.

The problem of the origin of the Homeric poems does not concern us here. We may at least use the term "Homer" or "the poet," as the Hellenes themselves often did, to designate the mass of verse which was transmitted to the age of Perikles under the rubrics *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, without implying that it was all the work of one man or one generation. It is so informed throughout by the spirit of the age which gave it birth, and that age is so largely foreign to the life, the institutions, the thoughts, of the historic Hellenes, that for our purposes, at least, it is a unit.

That Virgil's greatness has been somewhat exaggerated is perhaps generally agreed. One of his strongest claims upon our gratitude and regard is the peculiar manner in which he forms a link between the two loftiest poets of all time. In this he is typical of Latin literature as a whole. How often have we reason to rejoice that the Romans hold a mirror, dim and uncertain though it be, wherein we discern some outlines of their Hellenic models now lost! Perhaps we might apply more truly in this connection the beautiful figure put into the mouth of Statius :

"Thou didst as he who walketh in the night,
Who bears his light behind, which helps him not,
But maketh wise the persons after him."

We have expressed the wish that

Dante might have known the *Odyssey*. Not, indeed, that he could have been greatly different from what he was. The gentler side of his nature might have been brought out more fully, but for such a man in such an age life could be nothing but war. The church militant is no mere figure for him. He must drop the lyre for the trumpet; must be, not the sweet-voiced minstrel, but the grim prophet of wrath. The uproar of battle, the tumult of life, are in his verse.

In history and literature Dante's position is unique. In him we find the crystallized expression of all the vague strivings and conflicting currents of the ages we call dark, yet he is also the clear-voiced, eagle-eyed herald of the dawn.

William O. Lawton.

THE GROWING POWER OF THE REPUBLIC OF CHILE.

THE American Geographical Society has just printed in a neat pamphlet¹ of eighty-eight pages an address delivered before the society in New York, on the eighteenth day of February last, by Mr. Albert G. Browne, Jr., formerly a distinguished member of the Suffolk bar. The title of the address is that which heads this article. A few months ago Mr. Browne visited the republics of South America, and made a special and careful study of Chile under circumstances exceptionally favorable for observation and judgment. Some of the ripest fruit of this study is garnered in this brief *brochure*. Mr. Browne's style is admirable in its vividness, succinctness, and lucidity, and his treatise, though packed as full of learning and information as an egg is full of meat, is highly entertaining. The keen interest which

its perusal will command in all intelligent readers cannot fail to be mixed in Americans with a lively sense of shame and irritation. Altogether the publication is noteworthy, and the reading thereof will make an era in the experience of a great many cultivated persons.

Chile is a wonderful country, and its brief life has abounded in extraordinary and romantic incidents. Leaving out of account the nitrate-bearing districts of Peru and Bolivia, which were the cause of the recent five years' war and which have become the spoil of the victor, Chile is substantially a long, narrow strip of land, lying wholly within the temperate zone, between the Andes and the Pacific Ocean. Its most southern point is in latitude corresponding to that of New York; and "then the coast breaks up into a labyrinth of islands which reach as far as the Straits of Magellan." All of these islands, Cape

¹ *Bulletin (No. 1) of the American Geographical Society.* No. 11 West 29th St., New York. Printed for the Society.

Horn being a part of one of them, belong to Chile. In territory Chile is the smallest but two, and in population probably the smallest but three, of the South American states. It covers upon the map about the same space as Dakota, and its population, by the census of 1875, was very nearly that of Missouri, being but a little in excess of two millions. This is the state which has recently defeated, in a long and almost uninterruptedly successful war, the allied powers of two South American nations, either of which was its apparent equal in resources; which has torn away from the conquered states the richest part of their possessions, without compensation or the promise of compensation, and has thus made itself the wealthiest government of its size in the world; which has now become "the first American power in the Pacific," and in its progress to this position has administered to the United States a snub as complete and successful as was ever given by one nation to another.

Mr. Browne's essay deals rapidly, but clearly and convincingly, with the causes, both near and remote, of this remarkable growth. During all the period of the Spanish supremacy in America, Chile was regarded as a barren and unrewarding region, and was "a poor and humble, almost a despised, dependency to the vice-royalty of Peru." Mexico and Peru, with their comparatively advanced civilization and developed mineral wealth, drew to themselves most of those European noblemen and adventurers who sought the Spanish possessions in the New World, while Chile was colonized by hardy immigrants, mostly from the northern provinces of Spain. Court favorites sought appointments where the spoils were richest. Upon the west coast "Lima was the point where greed and ambition centred," while Santiago di Chile "was esteemed as undesirable a post as a British governor might deem St. John's in Newfoundland in compari-

son with Ottawa." Chile, "thus escaping foreign rapacity, was abandoned more to self-government than were the other Spanish dependencies." It also suffered peculiar hardships; its chief coast town, Valparaiso, being sacked by buccaneers in the seventeenth century, and thrice in the two succeeding centuries nearly destroyed by earthquake. The consequence of these disasters was that "the colonists smelted with the vigorous Indians, and a new race was developed." The Araucanian Indians, who were indigenous to the Chilean soil, were an exceedingly powerful people, and had been the last of the native South American tribes to yield to the prowess of Spanish arms. An almost perfect union of these two absolutely unrelated races took place. The population of Chile, quite unlike that of Peru, which includes thirteen half-castes, is now made up simply of the pure-blooded descendants of the Spanish, who number one fifth of the whole, and a single half-caste of Spanish and Indians, who are the remaining four fifths. "Indian blood pervades not only the middle and lower classes of the people, but many of the most powerful and wealthy families also, and no such contempt attaches to the mixture as does in most other Spanish-speaking countries." Nothing like this, or of ethnological significance comparable with this, has happened anywhere else in modern times. The general result of the operation of these and other causes is succinctly indicated in one of Mr. Browne's neatest sentences: "Lima was the Athens of Spanish America; Santiago became its Sparta." In the wars for independence which were waged with Spain at the beginning of this century the fighting capacity of the Chilean race was displayed; and after Chile, with the help of its Argentine allies, had achieved its liberty, it at once joined its forces with those of Bolivar and Sucre for the liberation of Peru, which was proclaimed at Lima in 1821.

After the final expulsion of Spain from the continent in 1824, the republic of Bolivia was organized, and the creation of this state, Mr. Browne says, "was an event which lies at the foundation of almost all the modern political and military history of the west coast of South America. From that time Chile has steadily aimed to restrain Bolivia and Peru from a union, and twice has gone successfully to war to prevent it."

After the perfection of its national independence, the Chilean government soon passed into the permanent control of civilians, "while the other governments of the west coast remained prizes for military chieftains." Its present constitution was framed in 1833, and though it is only half a century old "*it is the oldest written national constitution in force in all the world except our own*, unless the Magna Charta of England be included in the category." The political history of Chile during the fifty years of its life has been that of a well-ordered commonwealth, but one of a most unusual and interesting sort. Its government has never been forcibly overthrown, and only one serious attempt at revolution has been made. Chile is in name and in an important sense a republic, and yet its government is an oligarchy. Suffrage is restricted to those male citizens who are registered, who are twenty-five years old if unmarried and twenty-one if married, and who can read and write; and there is also a stringent property qualification. The consequence is that the privilege of voting is confined to an aristocracy: in 1876, the total number of ballots thrown for president was only 46,114 in a population of about two and a quarter millions. The president of Chile has immense powers of nomination and appointment, and when he is a man of vigorous will he tyrannically sways public policy, and can almost always dictate the name of his successor. The government has thus become practically

vested in a comparatively small number of leading Chilean families. There is no such thing as "public opinion" in the sense in which we use the phrase, and the newspapers, though ably conducted, do not attempt, as they do not desire, to change the existing order of things. "History," says Mr. Browne, "does not furnish an example of a more powerful political 'machine' under the title of republic; nor, I am bound to say, one which has been more ably directed so far as concerns the aggrandizement of the country, or more honestly administered so far as concerns pecuniary corruption." The population of Chile doubled between 1843 and 1875; the quantity of land brought under tillage was quadrupled; copper mines were discovered, and so worked that Chile became the chief copper-producing country in the world; some of the silver mines rivaled the Comstock lode; more than one thousand miles of railroad were built; a foreign export trade of \$31,695,039 was reported in 1878; and two powerful iron-clads, which were destined to play a most important part in Chilean affairs, were built in England. Meanwhile, the constitution was officially interpreted so as to guarantee religious toleration, and the political power of the Roman Catholic priesthood diminished. Almost everything good, except home manufactures and popular education, flourished. The development of the nation in these years was on a wonderful scale for a South American state, and the contrast between Chile and Peru was peculiarly striking. Comparative purity and strength of race, born out of hardship and producing political stability and honesty and personal courage, seemed to be the prime factors in the Chilean distinction. And yet the two peoples were the descendants of the same European race and of kindred Indian races. Doubtless the difference in climate was entirely favorable to Chile. Apropos, one recalls Mr.

Edward Everett Hale's rule for determining in advance the length of a South American outbreak: "Multiply the age of the president by the number of statute miles from the equator; divide by the number of pages in the given constitution: the result will be the length of the outbreak in days. This formula includes an allowance for the heat of the climate, the zeal of the leader, and the verbosity of the theorists."

Early in 1879 began the great series of events which were to make the fortune of Chile. We use the word "great" in its low, superficial sense, and without the attribution of any moral significance to the adjective. The aggressor in the war between Chile and Peru was inspired by the most purely selfish motives, and it remains to be seen whether the just gods will not win in the long run, even though the game of their antagonists be played with heavily plated iron-clads. There is, however, something quite refreshing in the frankness of Chilean belligerency as compared with the reserve and duplicity of modern European war-making. South American character is by no means distinguished by candor, it is true, but the conditions and needs of the southern portions of the New World are incomparably simpler than those of the Old; and the European diplomatist may here behold with an admiring shudder a contest unblushingly prosecuted in that spirit of greed and hatred which he has long and well known at home, but always under some disguise of face or name. At the date last mentioned Chile was suffering, like many other nations, from a general depression in business pursuits. Its people were in no serious trouble, but as a government it was in a bad way. Its treasury accounts had for several years shown a deficit, which was increasing. The public income in 1878 was about \$14,000,000; the outgo \$21,000,000. There was a domestic debt of \$16,916,022, and a for-

eign debt of \$46,481,000. The means to keep up a sinking fund for the foreign debt had failed, and the Chilean five per cents were quoted in London at sixty-four. "A political cloud also was darkening again in the north in the renewal of something like a confederation between Peru and Bolivia." In this state of things the governing oligarchy of Chile decided, rather suddenly Mr. Browne thinks, upon a scheme which was sure to result either in splendid prosperity or absolute ruin, and which contemplated nothing less than a war of conquest against Peru and Bolivia, with a view to seizing the most valuable territory of the former country. There is a certain strip of land bordering upon the Pacific and about four hundred miles long, of which the northern three quarters belonged to Peru and Bolivia, the remaining one quarter to Chile. Upon this land a heavy rain never falls, and often years pass in which the soil does not feel a shower. It is of course void of vegetation, and the fresh water used by its people is either distilled from the sea, or brought up or down the coast on shipboard. Yet this hideous region blooms and blossoms like a rose in the eye of the capitalist and economist. Its money value is immense. "From this region the world derives almost its whole supply of nitrates — chiefly saltpetre — and of iodine;" its mountains, also, are rich in metals, and great deposits of guano are found in the highlands bordering the sea. The nitrate-bearing country is a plain, from fifty to eighty miles wide, the nitrate lying in layers just below a thin sheet of impacted stones, gravel, and sand. The export of saltpetre from this region was valued in 1882 at nearly \$30,000,000, and the worth of the Peruvian section, which is much the largest and most productive, is estimated, for government purposes, at a capital of \$600,000,000. Chile was, naturally, well aware of the wealth which lay so close to her own doors, and

to possess herself thereof, and thus to rehabilitate her national fortunes, she addressed herself to war. The occasion for war was easily found. Bolivia was first attacked, a difficulty which arose at her port of Antofagasta, with respect to her enforcement of a tax upon some nitrate works carried on by a Chilean company, affording a good pretext; and when Peru attempted intervention her envoy was confronted with Chile's knowledge of a secret treaty between Peru and Bolivia, and war was formally declared by Chile upon Peru, April 5, 1879.

This war lasted, with some breathing spaces, for almost exactly five years. At the outset the two belligerent powers — Bolivia being soon practically out of the contest — seemed to be about equal in ships, soldiers, and resources; but the supremacy which Chile soon gained upon the seas substantially determined the war in her favor. Each nation owned two powerful iron-clads, and six months were employed in settling the question of naval superiority. "This process," to quote Mr. Browne's graphic paragraph verbatim, "was like a game of chess when the board has been cleared of all the pieces except two bishops and a few pawns on one side, and two knights and a few pawns on the other. The wooden ships of Peru and Chile corresponded with the pawns, and the two iron-clads on each side with the knights and bishops." On the 21st of May, 1879, the Peruvian fleet attacked and almost destroyed the Chilean wooden frigates which were blockading Iquique; but in chasing a Chilean corvette the larger Peruvian iron-clad — the *Independencia* — ran too near the shore, and was fatally wrecked. "So Peru lost one of her knights. The game she played with the other — the *Huascar* — was admirable, but a losing

¹ Most of these battles were sanguinary, and all of them were horribly brutal. In the figures of loss it is common to find the *number of the killed* equalling the number of the wounded, a fact which

one;" and on the 8th of October of the same year the *Huascar* was attacked by the Chilean fleet, which included two iron-clads, and was finally captured "after a desperate resistance, in which the one martial hero of Peru, Admiral Don Miguel Grau, was blown to pieces by a shell; and of the four officers next in rank two were killed and two wounded." From this moment the Peruvian coast was at Chile's mercy: the Chilean arms prevailed in every pitched battle, at San Francisco, at Tacna, at Arica; and finally, on the 17th of January, 1881, after a series of actions which resembled in some of their details the engagements that preceded our capture of the City of Mexico, the victorious army of Chile took possession of Lima, the capital of Peru.¹

A few months before the Chilean occupation of Lima, the government of the United States of America entered upon the abortive series of attempts at mediation or intervention which constitute as a whole one of the most ludicrous — or melancholy — failures in diplomacy that have been seen in modern times. To appreciate the fullness of the Chilean triumph in these transactions, it is necessary to know something of the financial situation of Peru. This was very bad indeed. Peru had long suffered from intestinal feuds and factions, and had scarcely known the meaning of the word "stability" since the inauguration of its first president. The rapacity and corruption of its officials had been intensified by their sense of insecurity. But the pecuniary resources of the country were seen to be so vast after the discovery of the guano and nitrate districts that the state had been able to be a large borrower in Europe. In 1872 Peru had a foreign debt of about two hundred million dollars, the greater part of which was due to citizens proves that cold-blooded butchery was practiced upon the wounded on the battle-field. The proportion of killed to wounded in our battle of Gettysburg was less than one to five.

of England and France; and one hundred and eighty million dollars of this amount had been raised upon *bonds which expressly hypothecated to the holders all its guano and nitrate fields discovered and to be discovered, and the income derived therefrom.* And so badly were the Peruvian finances managed that, in spite of the enormous wealth of the country, interest upon its public debt ceased to be paid in 1876, and has never been resumed. This was the condition of things when, by the fall of Arica, the complete military success of Chile seemed practically assured. And it was at this point of time, in October, 1880, that there occurred the fruitless conference between envoys of the belligerents on board a United States corvette in the harbor of Arica, under the mediation of Messrs. Christiancy, Adams, and Osborn, President Hayes's ministers to Chile, Peru, and Bolivia respectively. At this conference Chile's prime demands as conditions of peace were a money indemnity of twenty million dollars and the absolute cession to itself of the entire Bolivian littoral and the great Peruvian nitrate-producing province of Tarapacá. Peru and Bolivia rejected the demand for territorial cession, and offered instead a money indemnity. They also offered to submit the question of terms of peace to the arbitration of the United States,—a proposal which was promptly and peremptorily declined by Chile. It will be seen at a glance that the parties deeply interested in the settlement were not only the three belligerent powers, but also the unsatisfied European holders of Peruvian bonds. And it was the hope of Peru, as well as the apprehension of Chile, that "Great Britain or France, one or both, might intervene for the assertion of the financial rights of their subjects," especially as Chile had now seized and proposed to hold the nitrate region which had been mortgaged to the European holders of Peruvian securities.

The government at Lima was in a desperate state, but after some vacillation fixed its hopes upon the projects of the *Crédit Industriel*, a French corporation representing nearly all the foreign debt not raised in England, which proposed to help Peru to a treaty of peace without a cession of its territory, by persuading Chile to accept a large money indemnity simply. The sum needed for this purpose was to be advanced by the *Crédit Industriel*, which in turn was to receive, as trustee first for itself and its own great advantage, and then for Peru, an assignment of the entire guano and nitrate district. And to this project, or something like it, with a contemplated "guaranty or protectorate by the United States of the *Crédit Industriel*'s possession of the guano and nitrates, to insure the stability of the project," Mr. Hayes's administration through Mr. Evarts substantially committed itself.

But Chile, as capable in diplomacy as in war, was more than equal to the situation, and managed matters with an admirable combination of cunning and audacity. In the first place, she played on the disgust of the outraged creditors of Peru in Europe, and made a large number of the English and other bondholders believe that they would fare better at the hands of Chile than of Peru, even if the latter nation were stripped of all its wealth by the former. But Chile's master stroke was made in her use of the United States. There was nothing she so much dreaded as active European intervention, and this she defeated by encouraging our government to mediate, and stimulating us to such a vigorous assertion of the Monroe doctrine that neither England nor France thought it best to interfere; and having accomplished this she turned upon our government, snapped her fingers in our face, and went forward to the complete despoiling of Peru according to the plan she had originally proposed to herself. The issue with us was not sharply made

until after the close of the Hayes administration. Mr. Garfield had then become President, and Mr. Blaine had succeeded Mr. Evarts. Mr. Christiancy was promptly superseded in our mission to Peru by General Hurlbut, an intimate friend of Mr. Blaine; and our Secretary of State — acting from motives which we, following Mr. Browne, “will not debate” — entered upon a highly vigorous and aggressive policy, the apparent aim of which was to carry through, in favor of Peru, the *Crédit Industriel* scheme already described. General Hurlbut, on his arrival in Lima, had found the Peruvians almost ready to purchase peace by any sacrifice; but recognizing as the government the faction which was least disposed to make territorial cession, he succeeded in filling its leaders with confidence, and publicly proclaimed to Admiral Lynch, the Chilean commander then in possession of Lima, that “the United States would support Peru in refusing to cede a foot of her territory to Chile until proof should be afforded of the inability of Peru to furnish a war indemnity in some other form.” Admiral Lynch’s response to this proclamation was soon made in the suspension of the Peruvian government which Mr. Hurlbut had inspired, and by the transportation of Señor Calderon, its *soi-disant* president, to Chile, where, until a few weeks ago, he was closely imprisoned. At this juncture of affairs President Garfield died. Mr. Blaine began to “wind up” the business of his office; telegraphed to General Hurlbut, “The influence of your position must not be used in aid of the *Crédit Industriel*, or any other financial or speculative association,” but sent Mr. Trescot, one of our most experienced diplomatists, as a special envoy to the three belligerents, with instructions which might have resulted in yet deeper entanglements. At Santiago Mr. Trescot met the president of Chile, and was informed that his country would accept

war with the United States rather than submit to our dictation of the terms of peace. Whether Chile was sincere, and whether she would have been firm in this position, no one knows or will ever know. Mr. Frelinghuysen came into office under President Arthur, and at once revoked “any and all discretion given to Mr. Trescot to press Chile to a peace without territorial cession of Peruvian territory.” And this revocation was first communicated to Mr. Trescot by the Chilean minister of foreign relations at Viña del Mar, — “a personal humiliation as great,” in Mr. Browne’s opinion, “as any to which one of our envoys ever was subjected.”

The results of the war have thus far exceeded the wildest hopes of Chile. She has taken absolute possession of the whole nitrate region, has cut Bolivia off from the sea, and achieved the permanent dissolution of the Peru-Bolivian confederation. As a consequence, her foreign trade has doubled, the revenue of her government has been trebled, and the public debt greatly reduced. The Chilean bonds, which were sold at sixty-four in London in January, 1879, and fell to sixty in March of that year, at the announcement of the war, were quoted at ninety-five in January, 1884. She now owns three iron-clads of the first force, any one of which would sink every wooden vessel in our navy, and she is preparing to buy others. The behavior of our government towards the late belligerents has entirely ruined our prestige in South America; and if we were to go to war with Chile to-morrow our Pacific coast would be entirely at her mercy. A single but important point connected with the territorial cessions of Peru is not finally settled. It is probable that at the outset Chile did not dream of appropriating the nitrate fields without a recognition of the foreign debt for which they had been mortgaged by Peru, the equity of redemption being ample to satisfy her early

greed. But now for a long time Chile has refused to admit any claim on the part of the European mortgagees, holders of Peruvian securities, citing as a precedent for her course the behavior of Germany in annexing Alsace and Lorraine without assuming any part of the French national debt. But since the delivery of Mr. Browne's address, the English and French governments have entered a formal remonstrance and protest against the course of Chile in this regard; and perhaps Chile may yet be

obliged to recede from her extremely selfish construction of her rights and duties.

It hardly need be said that such a brief summary as that which has been presented of Mr. Browne's essay does the author and his treatise great injustice. Our attempt and hope have been simply to inspire the readers of *The Atlantic* with an interest in the subject, and to convince them of the brilliant and masterly character of Mr. Browne's presentation of the same.

RECENT POETRY.

OF the minor works for the stage which Lord Tennyson has at last put forth in book form,¹ the first is called a tragedy, and the second is offered without any sub-title to indicate what manner of piece the author considers it to be. *The Cup*, although moulded in two acts, would perhaps be better described as a sketch for a tragedy than as a full-grown play. There are, of course, two ways in which it may be considered: as a composition expressly intended for acting, or simply as a poem in dramatic form. But, taken under either category, it falls short of success, and remains unimpressive. Structure it certainly possesses, and some merit of scattered phrase,—one would hardly expect less from Tennyson, even in these days; but strong characterization, true and moving passion, dramatic action, are all absent from its pages. There is a single dramatic point, at the end, but what precedes does not go towards that point with force; and the climax itself is weakened by an excess of vague and broken utterance.

Synorix, an ex-tetrarch of Galatia, who had been driven away by his people, returns with the Roman forces as their traitorous ally. He is in love with Camma, wife of his successor in the tetrarchy, whom he had seen three years before,

"A maiden slowly moving on to music,
Among her maidens to this Temple;"

and now he sends her as a gift a cup of the kind used in Galatian marriage services. He makes acquaintance with her husband, Sinnatus, and prepares to win her away from him. His plot results in the death of Sinnatus and Camma's retirement as a priestess in the temple of Artemis. Synorix woos her, however, and on the very day when he is crowned King of Galatia she accepts him, only to poison him, at the wedding ceremony, with wine from the cup he had given her. This, certainly, is a situation proper to the theatre; but the plot is worked out with a scantiness of invention that makes it seem bare and inadequate. So far as Synorix is a personality at all he is a very unpleasant one; he unmasks the villainy, also, of his brutal and treacherous passion with a cool frankness that robs him of inter-

¹ *The Cup, and The Falcon*. By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, Poet Laureate. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

est; while the husband, Sinnatus, who should be opposed to this dull villain as an object of strong sympathy or admiration, is too lightly sketched as a "rough, bluff, simple-looking fellow" to excite a spark of concern in the reader, or, if we may judge, in the imagined audience. Camma alone stands out with a degree of distinctness as an actual being, a woman of pure, strong character, having the charm which is lacking in the others; and charm, or its substitute fascination, is indispensable in the personages of a drama. Camma, by the way, is given a brief song —

"Moon on the field and the foam,
Moon on the waste and the wold" —

which recalls in a measure the tender and rolling melody of the earlier Tennyson. Elsewhere the language is sometimes commonplace, as in the aside of Synorix when watching Camma: —

"The bust of Juno, and the brows and eyes
Of Venus; face and form unmatchable!"

In this, as in *Queen Mary* and *Harold*, the lines seldom strike those rich concords that formerly gave the author his supremacy in blank verse over all poets since Milton. Camma's eloquence makes an exception, when, speaking to Sinnatus, she recalls, —

"That there, three years ago, the vast vine-bowers
Ran to the summit of the trees, and dropt
Their streamers earthward, which a breeze of
May

Took ever and anon, and open'd out
The purple zone of hill and heaven: there
You told your love; and like the swaying
vines —

Yea — with our eyes — our hearts, our prophet
hopes

Let in the happy distance, and that all
But cloudless heaven which we have found to-
gether."

But what could be weaker than the ending of the chopped verse with which Sinnatus answers? —

"First kiss. There then. You talk almost as if it
Might be the last."

Technical carelessnesses which would be natural enough in Byron seem to have been introduced from choice in this latter-day work of Tennyson's; and

throughout *The Cup*, when the Laureate writes well, the play lags; while as soon as an attempt is made at action, the diction declines.

The Falcon is so slight a performance that it requires little consideration. Founded on the same story, from the *Decameron*, which supplied Longfellow with his Falcon of Ser Federigo, in the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, it develops the one incident of that pleasing little fiction not ungracefully so far as the hero and heroine are concerned, and with a mixture of the poet's own invention. But the effort at humor in the parts of the two servants is so spiritless as to mar the effect, instead of furnishing the advantageous contrast they were meant to give to the sentiment of the lovers. A mannerism of repeating the same words in close conjunction is so diligently practiced that even in the short space of one act it becomes excessively wearisome; and, on the whole, we cannot see that anything has been gained by putting the tale into dramatic form, when it could easily have been wrought into a captivating idyl. To the stage it is perhaps as well adapted as, for example, Coppée's *Le Passant*, but it denies itself the half-lyrical quality which the French writer's little episode in verse shares in common with genuine acting poems like Milton's *Comus*. We can conceive that *The Cup*, with scenic aid, might be rendered with an effect akin to that of a series of tableaux accompanied by metrical explanation, and that *The Falcon* might serve agreeably in private theatricals; but, regarded as serious dramatic productions, they must be criticised for the constraint and timidity that have befallen a master poet who has chosen of late years to appear as an amateur.

In Mr. Bunner New York has a poet whose first book of verse¹ may suggest,

¹ *Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere*. By H. C. BUNNER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

to some minds fond of looking at divergent lines as parallel, that another Halleck has come to light. Such a suggestion might be inspired by the twofold strain of serious song and lightly playful rhyme contained in the volume; but Mr. Bunner's pen is more agile and his art more fastidious than Halleck's, and the writer whose influence has been paramount with him would seem to be Austin Dobson. Mr. Dobson has tilled his chosen field with such perfection of skill as makes it difficult for a fresh hand to cultivate any flower of poesy, on the same soil and under similar conditions, which shall not be named of the Dobson variety. Mr. Bunner, however, enters upon the competition with very sufficient resources of his own. His poetic faculty is evidently inborn, but his manner has been acquired and applied more than it has grown out of that faculty.

Arcady, which was first given to readers of *The Atlantic* a few months ago, is also the first of these poems, and is likely to be thought by many readers the best; for it is quaintly graceful, it sings itself, and rises well to a climax that is at once a lesson and a tender sentiment. But *The Appeal to Harold* has more of intensity and fire in its embodiment of a distinctly original conception, by which a man is made to appeal to the king for redress against a woman who has wasted his life. There are boldness and the strength of despair in these lines:—

'Haro ! Haro !
Tell thou me not of a greater judge,
Haro !
It is He who hath my sin in grudge.
Yea, from God I appeal to thee ;
God hath no part or place for me.
Thou who hast sinned, judge thou my sin-
ning."

The execution of this poem, however, is hardly so good as that shown in handling less ambitious motives. *Holiday Home* is unmistakably a song, and where Mr. Bunner approaches the song-form

his aptitude gives him success. This is exemplified again in *Robin's Song*, —

"Up, up, my heart ! up, up, my heart,
This day was made for thee ! " —

which is delightfully buoyant and breezy; and it should be borne in mind that the purely lyrical note thus sounded is a very rare one. Among the pieces included in the division called *Philistia*, *Candor* is excellent for its crispness and its "cunning" purport, though coming under the head of rhyme, not of poetry. The group entitled *Bohemia* will perhaps commend itself less to the author as time goes on; but his *Betrothed* deals skillfully with an unpleasing theme and a deliberately morbid mood. A writer chiefly engaged, as Mr. Bunner is, in comic journalism, naturally incorporates some of his humorous pieces with the rest; and his travesties of Swinburne, Bret Harte, Pope, and Walt Whitman, illustrating how these might have written *Home, Sweet Home*, are worth preserving. But in the nondescript story of a school-girl who cuts her throat because her boy-love is offended with her, the author seems not to have been sure as to his aim or method. It is difficult to understand such an error of choice in a writer of so much discrimination, — one who could give us the fine stanzas of *Triumph*, with its conclusion:—

"For the space of a heart-beat fluttered her
breath,
As a bird's wing spread to flee ;
She turned her weary arms to Death,
And the light of her eyes to me."

A defect of judgment is also apparent in *Strong as Death*, perhaps the noblest of the serious poems. As originally printed in this magazine,¹ the third and fourth lines of the second stanza read, —

"Let no faint perfume cling to thee
Of withered roses on thy brow."

This has now been changed to —

"Come not with graveyard smell on thee,
Or withered roses," etc., —

an alteration which not only sacrifices the gentle flow of syllables in the first

¹ See *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1882.

version, but also brings up a very disagreeable suggestion. The mistake made is that of supposing that ugliness is synonymous with strength. But Mr. Bunner at least shows a greater range of voice than any of our younger poets; and if he continues to give only the best of his quality he may fulfill the expectations which the *Airs from Arcady* lead us to form.

The careers of Theodore Winthrop and Fitz-James O'Brien were alike in that both were men of uncommon promise, with a dash of the gayly heroic in their characters; both, by a destiny resembling that of the German poet Körner, whose fate was also theirs, became soldiers; and both fell early sacrifices in the war for the Union. They were born in the same year, 1828, and O'Brien received his death-wound less than a twelvemonth after the author of *John Brent* was laid low at Big Bethel, when only thirty-three years of age. The brilliant Irish-American had made his reputation as a story-writer before he volunteered, while Winthrop's reputation had to wait for the posthumous appearance of the novels he had left in manuscript. Yet O'Brien's *Poems and Tales* were not collected until 1881, and it is only in the present year that the fragmentary poems of Winthrop have been published, with a memoir by his sister.¹ Winthrop, though he had not attained to the fluency and finish that mark the style of O'Brien, was much the more powerful man of the two: indeed, we can hardly accord to the latter anything more than an exceptional talent, but Winthrop had the gift of genius. It was not genius if measured by the absurd gauge proposed by Anthony Trollope, — a man's power of "sitting," — for Winthrop was restless, active, a sufferer from ill-health, and, during some years of his short life, a

wanderer; but it was genius of a more nervous and penetrating, a higher, kind.

His parentage and ancestry were of the purest American stock, for he was descended from John Winthrop and the Long Island Woolseys. With such blood in his veins, and an intermixture from the Huguenot Lispenards, it was natural that he should have been of a religious nature, and have developed a literary faculty, a taste for adventure, strong patriotism, and an inclination towards soldierly achievement. It is a curious reflection that his gallantry and his large mental grasp might, had his life been spared, have opened to him on the field a way to some wholly different renown from that which now attaches to his memory, and one that possibly would have caused the suppression of the works that survive him. But he seems to have been often haunted by a feeling akin to a premonition that his life would be frustrated; and, by an odd coincidence which his sister mentions, while he was almost the first Union officer who died in battle, the last officer lost on the same side was his cousin, General Frederic Winthrop, killed at Seven Pines. This record of Theodore Winthrop's life is principally made up from his letters and journals. At twenty-one he went to Europe, and some of his scattered observations made there are trenchant and disclose an early maturity. He also went twice to the Isthmus of Panama, visited California and Oregon, and rode East across the plains; absorbing on the way material which he afterwards used with power in his prose. The extracts from his journal are meagre, and of interest only as illustrating his clear and manly spirit.

The editor, we think, makes a mistake in hinting a kinship of genius, on his part, with Hawthorne, notwithstanding the support of Professor Nicoll's opinion. His line of imagination was different; his whole mode of evolving problems was different. But it is on his

¹ *The Life and Poems of Theodore Winthrop*. Edited by his Sister. With Portrait. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1884.

wild and original fictions and on his fresh, vigorous, though harsh and broken style, that whatever fame accrues to him must rest. The poems, which are introduced at various stages of the *Life*, were never revised; many are incomplete; and only two have appeared in print before. They can add nothing to his reputation. In prose he had the ambition "to form a truly American style, good and original, not imitated;" but in these hasty passages of verse there is almost nothing original, excepting the blank-verse story, *Two Worlds*. Twice we encounter this fragment:—

"'T is the wild battle, 't is the crashing charge,
The shout of victory, the maddened shout,
The ecstatic agony of victor death."

Two Worlds is also full of warlike imagery. Its narrative is vague and interrupted, and the verse is monotonous, spasmodic; but here and there occur strong and felicitous touches of description, like the following:—

"At last in moonlit glory overhead
Suddenly shone the mount like God's calm face."

"Then silence felt the rustling of a tone
Soft as the shiver of moonlighted leaves;"

or of statement, like this one:—

"A thought had quivered like a dagger drawn;
A thought and word had stolen from man to man,
And whispers grew to shouts."

The sister of the novelist has preferred to make the aim of her biography a lesson in the worth to others of an aspiring life and an unselfish patriotism. She has accomplished it well, in a modest and loving spirit, so that it is impossible to read it without being touched, or without recognizing in it a gain to the simple annals of American literature. One recalls Matthew Arnold's lines on *Early Death and Fame*:—

"But when immature death
Beckons too early the guest
From the half tried banquet of life,

Fuller for him be the hours!
Give him emotion, though pain!
Let him live, let him feel: *I have lived.*"

Winthrop did not taste the fame which this wish, if fulfilled, would have given him, but he had the life of full emotion: he knew that he had striven well, and his guerdon is remembrance.

What we have said touching the error of mistaking ugliness for strength may find exemplification on almost every page of Miss Robinson's new volume,¹ and might, in fact, with such a text, be expanded into a long critical essay. But we shall content ourselves with briefly pointing out the manner in which this English poetess has gone astray. The main part of her volume consists of stories of country life; but they are very far from being idyllic. On the contrary, they are chosen expressly as illustrations of the evil and the misery which exist amid rural scenes. The authoress says with truth, and not without force in her way of saying it,—

"Alas, not all the greenness of the leaves,
Not all their delicate tremble in the air,
Can pluck one stab from a fierce heart that grieves.

The harvest-moon slants on as sordid care
As wears its heart out under attic eaves,
And though all round these folded mountains sleep,

Think you that sin and heart-break are less deep?"

In passing it may be questioned whether any power could ever *pluck* "a stab;" but the gist of Miss Robinson's idea is plain, and the metrical pieces forming *The New Arcadia* are all designed to enforce that idea. In our judgment it is a wholly unpoetical one; not because poetry need be what Carlyle once vehemently declared that all poetry in this age must be,—namely, "lies,"—but because there is a great deal of beauty in nature, which has a refreshing and ennobling influence upon most minds, and accordingly aids the true function of the poetic art, which is to lift up, refine, and inspire us. Moreover, those whose homes are placed in surroundings of

¹ *The New Arcadia and Other Poems.* By A. MARY D. F. ROBINSON. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1884.

natural beauty often show in their lives much of worth and virtue; and to select only detestable or painful traits of human nature in such scenes, for the theme of verse, is unfair as well as unpoetic. But Miss Robinson seems to have gone into the country with a very artificial notion that existence among the fields and hills must be quite devoid of sin or wretchedness. She was greatly shocked at discovering the reverse, and so decided to wreak her disappointment upon the public:—

“For I do not sing to enchant you or beguile:
I sing to make you think enchantment vile;
I sing to wring your hearts, and make you know
What shame there is in the world, what wrongs,
what woe.”

This is the announcement made in her Prologue. But it may as well be said at once that she succeeds in wringing, not our hearts, but only our patience. In the first piece, *The Hand-Bell Ringers*, the authoress gives a very good picture of some peasants who come to celebrate Christmas by ringing bells. She sees them through the window, and wonders what their lives may be. It is a picture colored by her own mood, nothing more; and in so far the result is good. But when she comes to deal with particular stories, as in the poems that follow, she fails entirely of artistic effect. In one instance she treats the misery of an old woman who has decided to go to the poorhouse with her blind husband, rather than be dependent on their married son; in another she relates how a young woman, deserted by her father and brothers, betakes herself to a life of shame, merely for the sake of companionship. But in both cases we are repelled by the subject and by the treatment, instead of finding our sympathies enlisted. Janet Fisher is a narrative showing how an imbecile girl carried a deserting soldier, who had sought her aid in making his escape, out to sea in a boat, drowning both the soldier and herself. It may well be asked what there is in this haphazard incident to

sustain Miss Robinson's versified indictment against life in the country; but, further, there is nothing in such an occurrence to furnish the basis of a poem, be the aim what it may. Of the next piece, *The Rothers*, the theme is as abhorrent as possible, and is developed with a minuteness of loathsome detail which finds no justification in any canon of true poetry. *Cottar's Girl* is equally disgusting; being simply a recital of the murder of a young woman by her mother, who administers a dose of shot to save the girl from disgrace. Now, all these things may be realities, but if they are subjects for poetry at all—which we very much doubt—Miss Robinson certainly proves her inability to render them poetic by her mode of presentation. One cannot positively conclude that this is due to incapacity, because here and there, in the landscape portions above all, the writer manifests a graphic quality which could come only with observation and some skill in the handling of words. Take, for example, this sunset scene from *The Rothers*:—

“The country caught the strange bright light;
The tufts of trees were yellow, not green;
Gray shadows hung like nets between.

“Such yellow colors on bush and tree!
Such sharp-cut shade and light I saw!
The white gates white as a star may be;
But every scarlet hip and haw,
Border of poppies, roof of red,
Had lost its color, wan and dead!

“So strange the east, that soon I turned
To watch the shining west appear.
Under a billow of smoke there burned
A belt of blinding silver, sheer
White length of light, wherefrom there shone
A round, white, dazzling, rayless sun.”

Miss Robinson's error consists in an ill-advised selection, and in her obvious but feeble imitation of Browning's manner. The same faults obtrude themselves in the miscellaneous poems which compose the second section of this volume; and for confirmation of our opinion we need only refer readers to the tedious monologue, *Jützi Schultheiss*, which both by its title and execution

justifies the belief that Miss Robinson, whether consciously or not, has succumbed to the enticement which Browning's dullest mood apparently has for certain minds.

The technique of this feminine versifier is so bad that it is impossible to criticise it in detail. Her rhythm halts and hobbles; her verses are redundant where she evidently intends them to be strictly within rule; and her rhymes are deliberately and copiously atrocious. For example, she forces "incommunicable" to chime with "well;" she attempts to bring into companionship, at the ends of lines, "gone," "on," "moan," and in another place "rough," "enough," and "of." Altogether, in stumbling over these strange verses, one is made to think of the remark of Schannard, in Mürger's *Vie de Bohème*: "Truly, my rhymes are not millionaires, but I did not have time to make them richer." It is possible that Miss Robinson, if she takes more time, may not only improve her verses, but may also, by eliminating that which appertains only to prose, establish her claim to the title of poetess.

There are men and women who, from time to time, are singled out and greeted by the discerning critic because of some spark of promise emitted from their first book of verse. Most frequently the promise thus recognized remains unfulfilled; but although we may not be led to found vast expectation on Miss Guiney's tentative volume,¹ it certainly deserves more than passing consideration. These firstlings of the Muse bring with them not a little of genuine merit and charm. So far as the tone and the execution are concerned, their inspiration comes largely, we incline to think, from Longfellow and Lowell, with a slight

side-influence from the latest English school in sundry details of versification and expression. But the poem which begins the collection, Gloucester Harbor, is none the less a successful and semi-pathetic exposition of the spell which broods over a New England seaside community, prompting the children always to follow the path of the waves, notwithstanding the disaster that has overtaken the fathers. The Cross-Roads is a more ambitious effort, describing the escape of a prisoner, who is driven by desperation to suicide in the sea. One of the most noticeable things about Miss Guiney's verse, because it is unusual in beginners is the careful completeness of her ventures in the sonnet form; but the critical reader will be quite as much struck by the neatness, the finish, the well-nigh epigrammatic turn of certain bits of rhyme contained in these Songs at the Start. Among them we may mention the three stanzas On Not Reading a Posthumous Work (*à propos* of Hawthorne's Doctor Grimshawe), the title of which is in itself so unexpected that it has the value of a witticism, and the six lines which appear under the heading of Vitality:—

"When I was born and wheeled upon my way,
As fire in stars my ready life did glow,
And thrill me through, and mount to lips and
lids:

I was as dead when I died yesterday
As those mild shapes Egyptian, that we know,
Since Memnon sang, are housed in pyramids."

Miss Guiney's motive is generally sufficient, and her lines are for the most part carefully polished. That she should sometimes betray crudity is not surprising. Within its limits, Miss Guiney's work is good; and if one judges by the standard of pure poetry, these pages are much more deserving of praise than Miss Robinson's.

¹ *Songs at the Start*. By LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. 1884.

PETER THE GREAT.

MR. SCHUYLER'S *Peter the Great*,¹ which has finally appeared, is equally creditable to American typographical art and to American historical scholarship. A strict criticism might indeed complain that the illustrations detract somewhat from the dignity of the work, while also unnecessarily increasing its cost. But this is a question of taste. The illustrations are generally good and, with some marked exceptions, pertinent; and the author makes, perhaps, a modest concession to the nature of his subject when he consents to encourage the interest of the reader by pictorial stimulants.

We can meet Mr. Schuyler's frankness by conceding in return that, if the subject is obscure, he is probably the only writer outside of Russia who is competent to take it up successfully. We say this, too, in full knowledge of the great impetus which has been given in recent years to the study of Russian history, Russian institutions, and even Russian antiquities; in full recognition of the merits of Frenchmen like Rambaud, Leroy-Beaulieu, and Molinari, of Englishmen like Ralston and Wallace. Some of these also show in special lines of investigation gifts which are perhaps wanting in Mr. Schuyler. M. Rambaud, whose two volumes cover the whole period of Russian history, has a dispassionate judgment, and great skill in condensation, combined with no little power of graphic narration. Mr. Wallace has unrivaled powers of observation and analysis. Mr. Ralston has thrown much light upon the early folk-lore of Russia, and M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu's great work is the most complete account of Russian governmental forms and methods which the literature of any country

has produced. But Mr. Schuyler needed for the accomplishment of his task not so much the attainments of the specialist as those of the general historian, — patience in investigation, knowledge of trustworthy sources, familiarity with languages, an exact eye for the springs of political and diplomatic action; and the possession of these qualifications is abundantly revealed in his *Peter the Great*. It might even be said that in one respect no Russian is fully qualified to furnish just the life of Peter which the present age requires. The art, or at least the science, of history has doubtless made great advances in Russia; the Imperial Historical Society is a worthy sister of similar institutions in other countries. But when we find even in Prussia writers like Droysen, Treitschke, and Ranke studiously and systematically defending, or at least excusing, every act of Frederic the Great, it is folly to expect Russians to rise triumphantly above all national prejudices, all impulses of patriotism, in the treatment of their own historical hero. The least trustworthy of all of Peter's biographers are still, however, foreigners, like Voltaire and Ségur.

There are few great characters as recent as Peter who have so long remained enshrouded in myths, and have so long resisted the process of modern historical criticism; there are few who have been painted in such different colors. He has been described as a Caliban and as a Bluebeard; as an enlightened statesman, far ahead of his age; as a blunt, rough, honest man, somewhat narrow-minded and subject to outbursts of passion; as a gifted, poetical nature, though cast, like his people, in a rough mould. Mr. Schuyler knows that none

¹ *Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia. A Study of Historical Biography.* By EUGENE SCHUYLER,

Ph. D., LL. D. Two vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

of these portraits are true; some are overdrawn, some are inadequate. But he provokes no quarrel with rival artists, however gross their errors. "I have told the story of Peter's life and reign as I understand it," he observes modestly in the preface.

Yet it must be said that while Mr. Schuyler tells this story fully, and as we believe accurately, his two elaborate volumes furnish not so much a portrait as the material for a portrait. The events in Peter's life which are historically established are related with justifiable confidence. Familiar statements which are true are carefully distinguished from others which are unsupported by evidence, which are improbable, or which are false. Thus the story of Peter's visit to Holland, to learn the art of ship-building, is reduced to its true proportions. The account given by the vivacious Princess Wilhelmina of Bayreuth of the Tsar's visit to Berlin is pronounced, on the authority of the best German criticism, to be greatly overdrawn. The ancient fable that Catherine sold her jewels in the campaign of the Pruth, in order to bribe the grand vizier to accept a peace, is calmly dismissed. And where there is doubt, as in regard to the fate of Peter's son Alexis, between the common story, which puts him to death by order of the Tsar, and the later more charitable version, which attributes his death to the hardships and cruelties of his prison life, Mr. Schuyler simply gives the authorities on one side and the other, without advancing any opinion of his own. The firm grasp of facts, wherever facts are accessible, is everywhere apparent. Something may be said, too, in defense of that school of historical writing which, deliberately discarding art and pathos, human sympathy and human indignation, aims only at the discovery and presentation of unimpassioned facts. The influence of Germany is apparent in Mr. Schuyler's choice of a method. Yet we

are not sure that the Germany of the last century would not have put him on his guard against a too great distrust of pictorial effect, of color and warmth, in historical writing. The so-called pragmatic histories, which were the terror of Carlyle's life, were the highest triumphs of the purely documentary style of recording events. From the materials which these furnished could be worked up graphic narratives, full of feeling, of discrimination, when necessary even of passion, and yet without any sacrifice of truth or judgment. Mr. Schuyler has not fully adopted either of these methods. The systematic avoidance of interpretation, of anything like complete portraiture, suggests the pragmatic order of treatment; while, on the other hand, the orderly division of the topics and the continuous narrative indicate the writer, and not the mere compiler. In a work designed for popular readers, the picturesque, sympathetic, interpretative style would unmistakably have been the better; and we are the more free to express this opinion because there is internal evidence that Mr. Schuyler's method was not forced upon him by any limitations of his own powers, but was deliberately adopted as an act of choice.

One of the results of a careful comparison of Mr. Schuyler's hero with some of the contemporary rulers will probably be the discovery that the Russian was a less abnormal product than has commonly been supposed. He was emphatically the child of his time. It is chiefly when contrasted with his own people that Peter's peculiarities become so conspicuous. He seemed eccentric to Russians because he was himself so little of a Russian, because he was almost a foreigner in his own country. For outside of Russia many of his characteristics can be found reproduced. His fondness for practical jokes was almost an universal passion at the Northern courts. If Peter had his court fool crowned king of Sweden, Frederic William I. of Prus-

sia made a court fool rector of a university, and Charles XII. of Sweden found amusement as a youth in knocking down innocent pedestrians on the street. Augustus the Strong of Saxony had more illegitimate children and was a greater drinker than the Tsar. The wisest measure connected with Peter's reign, although by no means the most popular, was the introduction of foreigners into the different branches of the Russian service; yet even for this policy he had the example of other rulers. It was the policy of the house of Prussia at a very early day, and was continued under several generations, to attract useful foreigners — artisans, capitalists, scholars, soldiers — to that country, and when necessary the most liberal inducements were offered them. Prussia welcomed the French Huguenots; Peter took the Germans, whom they displaced, together with Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Englishmen, and others, and thus gave a certain European varnish to the surface of Russian society.

Yet the Tsar was, on the other hand, enough of a barbarian to arouse the most piquant interest whenever he traveled in the west. His curiosity, his application, his simplicity, his tastes, his appetite, his arrogance, were as noticeable outside of Russia as were the liberality and the rationalism which in Russia cut off beards and long sleeves, adopted European dress, and smote the prejudices of his people with so firm and heavy a hand. Hence while the coffee-houses of Holland and England gossiped about the caprices of a Muscovite savage, the boyars and monks and priests of Moscow had only stories of a Tsar who had forsaken the path of his fathers, and fallen into the traps of the infidels. In his own land and in foreign countries Peter had, however, schools of admirers as well as schools of detractors. Both alike went to ridiculous lengths of exaggeration, and the material left by both needs to be sifted with great care.

Peter's activity was apparent in every sphere of public affairs, and nearly always as a constructive reformer. We may briefly call attention to some of his reforms.

The earliest manifestation of his individuality was his love of the sea and of ships. From the mere boyish pastime of building sail-boats on the Russian lakes he gradually rose to the conception of a great naval policy, and pursued it with singular ardor to the last moment. Even his wars had this end largely in view; for the possession of the Crimea was essential to the maintenance of a fleet on the Black Sea, and the conquest of the Swedish provinces on the southern coast of the Baltic gave him the secure ports of Riga and Kronstadt, with the opportunity to found the present capital of the empire. But he did not succeed in making Russia a great maritime power; the natural and other obstacles were too formidable even for his strong will. In the work of stimulating commerce and domestic industry, — by bounties, by franchises, by monopolies, and by crude though improved fiscal regulations, — he was indeed more successful, though even this success had the insecure support of the false economical principles then universally adopted in Europe.

First in the order of importance and of success we should place Peter's administrative reforms. Mr. Schuyler has some admirable chapters on this subject the one in which his style appears to the best advantage. Some of these measures were extremely hazardous, like the disbandment of the *streltsi*, or national guard, — the pretorians, — by a young prince who was hardly yet assured of his throne. Another class struck at the privileges of the boyars and the great nobles, and provoked opposition from them. Still a third group of reforms, those aimed at the monks and priests, created another class of enemies, who were indeed non-combatants, but had

many means of annoyance, and were supported by all the ignorance and superstition of Russia. Peter committed, in the course of this policy, some errors of judgment, was often harsh and cruel, and needlessly shocked the national feelings. But he had on the whole a quick eye for the evils of old systems, and generally a just perception of the remedies which ought to be applied.

Peter's wars, though not uniformly successful, yielded in the end good results, both in territory and in prestige. As a conqueror, his career reached its culmination in the final overthrow of Charles XII. at Stralsund; for although the capture of the city was actually effected without the aid of Russian troops, and although the diplomacy of Ilgen, the Prussian minister, was rather finer than that of Dolgoruky, the military preponderance of the Tsar was not the less indispensable to the allies. For a time Peter was nearly a dictator in Northern Europe. A few years later he openly interfered in behalf of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, whose assault upon the liberties of the estates had been condemned by the emperor and nearly all the princes of the empire; and on other occasions he spoke in tones of authority strangely prophetic of those of Nicholas, a century later.

Peter's military triumphs, and the introduction of occidental culture among his people fairly ushered Russia into the family of European states. It is the opinion of Mr. Schuyler that this was an error. "One blame may, we think, be rightly attached to Peter," he says, in one of the few places where he pronounces a judgment on his hero: "that he brought Russia prematurely into the circle of European politics. As to the effect upon Europe, contemporary national rivalries hinder a fair conclusion. As to that upon Russia, there can be but one opinion. The result has been to turn the rulers of Russia away from home affairs and the regular develop-

ment of home institutions to foreign politics and the creation of a great military power. In this sense it cannot be deemed beneficial to Russia."

This judgment is probably in the main correct. The evil was felt during Peter's own life; his constant preoccupation in foreign wars and foreign diplomacy lamed the energy of home reforms. Even the reforms themselves were not rendered more popular by being introduced under foreign auspices, or, at least, under the influence of impressions which Peter had received abroad. Twenty years after his death his own daughter, Elisabeth, on her accession, swept away the hated foreign element, and won the hearts of her subjects by returning to the old national Russian methods. Yet there is one obvious qualification to this view. If it be granted that reform was necessary, could it proceed otherwise than along the general course already traversed by more advanced nations? Or, again, would Peter have received the impulse to reform and the secret of its method, if he had not sought and utilized that very contact with western civilization which proved in so many ways to be an evil? The case is in effect one of those, so frequent in politics, where it is difficult to say what is cause and what effect. The aggressions of James II. of England were undoubtedly an evil. Yet without those aggressions England might not have had the Bill of Rights.

Our own estimate of Peter as a statesman is rather enhanced than lessened by Mr. Schuyler's work. The man remains much as the world had regarded him before; the change, if any, is only quantitative, not qualitative. He may drink and eat somewhat less, may have less numerous *liaisons*, may send fewer men to the block, than in earlier biographies; but even in the book before us, where nothing is extenuated, nor aught set down in malice, the Tsar is still a glutton and a drunkard, a lover of low com-

pany, male and female, a cruel and bloody tyrant. It is only as a statesman that he rises enlarged and ennobled from Mr. Schuyler's pages. And this is not so much by reason of what he actually achieved, though his achievements were striking and valuable, as by reason of the formidable obstacles that he had to

surmount, and the almost heroic labors by which he surmounted them. It is not necessary to enumerate these. They are given by Mr. Schuyler with a fullness and clearness not to be found elsewhere except perhaps in Russian works, and which leave little to be desired by the inquiring reader.

SCHLIEMANN'S TROJA.

IN *Troja*¹ Dr. Schliemann has published the results of his later excavations at Hissarlik and its neighborhood in 1882, and they prove an important correction and amplification of his previous work, *Ilios*; in a new edition of the latter the substance of the present volume must finally be embodied. Without restating the theories that have been superseded, it is enough to say that the Homeric Troy, which was formerly supposed to be the third of the prehistoric settlements whose *débris* have been cut through and partially uncovered in the great mound, is now identified with the second, and that the description of this last has been modified in essential particulars. Unlike the others, it may be styled a city, without suggesting any misconception of its extent and consequence. It consisted of the small acropolis, or upper city, strongly guarded by massive towered walls, with gates opening into the lower city and of difficult approach, within which were inclosed a few temples and other buildings, apparently palaces. Close under the shelter of this fortification, on the plain to the east, south, and southwest, stretched the broad streets of the town; and that, too, was defended by a wall, which sprang from

and returned to the acropolis. In the citadel itself, which alone has been thoroughly explored, the ruins show two stages in the building activity of the inhabitants of this period: in the first, the irregular plateau of the summit was artificially leveled by filling up, and temples, houses, and gateways were erected; in the second, these structures were rebuilt, with a different axis and general arrangement, and the approaches were somewhat changed and greatly strengthened and improved. The material used, except for the foundations, which were of stone, was bricks, fired after the walls were up, according to a custom practiced by primitive peoples from Babylon to Wisconsin. Of especial architectural interest is the fact that the front ends of lateral walls were faced with wooden beams, which, starting from a secure stone foundation, helped to protect and consolidate them, and to support the roof of beams, rushes, and clay. Here is seen, for the first time, the original constructive use of the ornamental *antæ* of the Greek temple. That all these buildings were destroyed at once by a great fire there is ample and overwhelming evidence, — such, indeed, that this fact cannot be regarded as materially

¹ *Troja*. Results of the Latest Researches and Discoveries on the Site of Homer's Troy, and in the Heroic Tumuli and Other Sites, made in the year 1882, and a Narrative of a Journey in the Troad in 1881. By Dr. HENRY SCHLIEMANN,

Hon. D. C. L. Oxon., etc. Preface by Professor A. H. SAYCE. With one hundred and fifty woodcuts and four maps and plans. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1884.

strengthened even by the speaking testimony of the multitude of new objects found with marks of the fierce conflagration they survived. For the most part, these articles, although interesting in detail, do not differ sufficiently from those illustrated in Ilios to affect a general view; but it should perhaps be observed that no relic was discovered that is incompatible with the generally received conclusion of archaeologists that the civilization of this city was prehistoric, and unaffected by either Hellenic or Phœnician influence. The comparatively slight excavation of the lower city disclosed little more than the smooth bed on which the defensive wall ran, and masses of the lustrous black pottery, which, by its peculiar character, proves this settlement on the plain to have been contemporaneous with the existence of the second city on the hill. In this outer wall Dr. Schliemann supposes that there was but one gate, the Scæan, through which the old road descended by the fig-tree and the springs in the rock, now entirely excavated, out toward the sea.

Such, in the barest outline, is the plan of the city of Priam as it is now inferred from a few foundation walls covered with heaps of burnt ruins; and certainly it is far more credible than the idea of Troy which Dr. Schliemann formerly asked us to accept, when he confined its limits to the narrow platform of the acropolis. Indeed, this second city on Hissarlik corresponds too remarkably with Homer's description to allow of much doubt that it is the site he had in mind, and few will hesitate longer to believe that its utter and violent destruction by fire was the calamity that tradition so wonderfully preserved and exalted. One has but to remember how small the walled towns in the East usually are in proportion to their importance, to recognize in a city of the size indicated by these remains a seat of power and wealth, whose possessors not

only must have dominated the Troad, but were of consequence enough to be named among the associated invaders of Egypt in the reign of Ramses III., and in their turn, a century later, to call to their aid numerous allies to resist their own enemies from Europe. At any ancient time this was the only city in the Troad which could have been the object of a long and doubtful national war. In addition to this fact, the topography of the citadel, its temples, palaces, towers, and walls, as well as the lay of the ground in its neighborhood, answer as closely as could be expected to the traditional description of Homer. In this rediscovery of the actual ground which a noble legend has consecrated there is a certain satisfaction to the literary mind, not merely because of an increase of emotion due to a sympathetic local attachment to the soil on which great deeds have been done, but because an element of reality is added to the poems themselves. They will seem more truthful to ordinary men; they will make their way better in this age, if Achilles and Patroclus are regarded not as purely ideal, but as the Roland and Oliver of antiquity.

To the scientific mind, however, Dr. Schliemann's work means a great deal more. In the first place, he has justified the tradition of the Greek world, and accredited it as the guide of investigation; in other words, he has dealt a death-blow to the scholarship that would resolve the history of the world before Herodotus into a sun-myth. As Professor Sayce well remarks in his fine preface, science is now adding to our conception of the antiquity of the globe and of man that of the antiquity of civilization. In this field the contents of the mound of Hissarlik have a different and wider interest, entirely independent of the Iliad or the Odyssey. In the city immediately below Troy, and belonging to the late Stone Age, objects were found that go to indicate that its inhabitants

were of the same race as the people of the same period in Southern Europe. Of more certain meaning is the discovery, in the tumulus of Protesilaos, on the shore of the Thracian Chersonese, of pottery and other objects contemporaneous with those found at Troy, such as have been unearthed nowhere else. Professor Sayce regards this fact as an important and well-nigh conclusive addition to the evidence that the Trojans were originally from Thrace, and of Aryan blood. On the other hand, their civilization was derived from their Asian neighbors on the east. This is determined, of course, by the character of the art shown on the objects of ivory, gold, bronze, porcelain, or stone found in the ruins. To sum up the matter, nothing of the Greek age, either in coins, inscriptions, or pottery, is to be discerned in the relics. Porcelain and ivory, it is true, might have been brought from Egypt by the Phœnicians, but as there is no trace either of Phœnician or Assyrian workmanship a still earlier source must be sought. There remains only the great nation of the Hittites (our knowledge of which may be said to be a thing of yesterday), and to this people Professor Sayce attributes the tutelage of the Trojans in their early culture mainly on the ground (1) that the idols of the Trojan goddess Atê (identified by the Greeks with Athêna) have the well-known characteristics of the Hittite 'Athi, a modified form of the Babylonish deity; (2) that the stone cylinders indicative of primitive Chaldaic influence occur to the exclusion of the lentoid seal of the Assyrian age; and (3) that the ornamentation of some of the vases and gold-work points to the same art origin. The Trojans, then, if these inferences be accepted, were an Aryan tribe from Europe, civilized by influences coming from primitive Chaldee by way of the Hittites, whose rule extended from Cappadocia to the Euxine, and from the Euphrates to the Hellespont. This conclusion,—

which harmonizes with the little that is known of the art, language, race, time, and locality involved,— would fix the date of Troy in the twelfth century B. C.

No particular interest attaches at present to the four upper layers of prehistoric ruins on Hissarlik, or to the wreck of the Æolic Ilium that lies above these. The ancient Troy was never rebuilt; for the little settlements on the rock, although they continued the religious and art tradition, can be regarded only as the merest villages. The stones of the wall of the lower city were probably carried off by Arkhaianax to build Sigeion, as Dr. Schliemann observes on the authority of Strabo. No mark of Greek occupancy is met with, except after the period of the peculiar pottery ascribed wholly hypothetically to the Lydians; and after the Æolic settlers arrived they did not build on the plain until a long time had elapsed. These various facts reconcile the conflicting testimony in classical authors that the site of Troy was a waste, and that it was inhabited by a remnant of men. All this is accepted by scholars of note, except Professor Jebb, of Glasgow, to whose criticism Professor Sayce plainly refers (though not by name) when he ends his protest against the ignorance and presumption of English scholars, who suppose they understand archæology because they can write Greek verses, by saying that "to look for a Macedonian city in the fifth prehistoric village of Hissarlik is like looking for an Elizabethan cemetery in the tumuli of Salisbury plain."

Dr. Schliemann also publishes in this volume the results of several excavations in the neighboring tumuli of the Trojan plain, but these were for the most part fruitless. In an appendix he adds a narrative of a journey through the Troad, which is of much interest; but to keep up the distinction hitherto observed, it stirs the literary rather than

the scientific spirit. On the summit of Gargarus, from which Zeus looked on the great battle and launched his lightnings to plow the ground before the chariot of Diomed, there is still the ancient throne-like rock, and in its crevices hyacinths and violets still blossom, as when they sprang to strew the couch of Zeus and Hera. Near Sarikis, the other peak of Mt. Ida, at the foot of its northward wall, just below the topmost crag, still lies the marble slab of an altar; and what is more likely than that it is the last fragment of

“the altar to ancestral Zeus,
Upon the hill of Ida, in the sky,”

of which Æschylus sang? On the slope the crocus and the lotus-leaf flourish, as when Ænone fed her flocks among the pines. To the scientific mind, looking off hence to the famous mound lying like a button in the far distance, there may rise a vision of new knowledge to be conquered from the past; but to the imagination there is a finer possession in the reflection that the most enduring of human works on yonder plain were the poet's song and heaps of broken shards.

AN AMERICAN STORY WRITER.

How much American literature would gain in freshness, variety, and local color, were it not systematically discouraged by an unjust, unpatriotic, and myopic policy on the part of the government, is occasionally hinted by the appearance of some new writer, who persists under adversity, and finally succeeds in producing delightful results from phases of our life which otherwise would remain unchronicled and unknown. Of such writers the most noticeable are Bret Harte and George Cable; but we must name, as instancing similar native and independent tendencies, Miss Jewett and Charles Egbert Craddock, the latter of whom has recently issued his stories in collected form.¹

To most readers the title chosen for this charming and unusual volume will convey no very clear idea of the contents; but Atlantic readers will know that, instead of being a book of travels or an essay on geology, *In the Tennessee Mountains* is a series of tales, the

subjects and the artistic worth of which are uncommon.

Within these covers there are eight short stories, every one of which has an idea, a motive, amply qualified to sustain its interest. They are told with a sincerity, a simplicity of manner, and a closeness of observation that recall at moments the rare gift of Thomas Hardy; they are as unpretentious, as mellow and quiet in tone, as Miss Jewett's narratives; and they describe an existence as curious and unusual as that of the Creole society which Mr. Cable has taken for his province. Yet the author's atmosphere is completely his own: we do not detect any trace of imitation in his conception or his manner. If his effects are less pointed and his pathos is less deep than Mr. Cable's, he has the advantage of being less artificial in his method than the Louisiana novelist. On the other hand, the situations that he chooses are more intense than those which we have grown used to expect from Miss Jewett. Possibly Mr. Harte's success with Californian themes may have inspired the writer who veils his identity under the name of Craddock; but

¹ *In the Tennessee Mountains.* By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1884.

if that be so, there is nothing servile in the inspiration, and we are inclined to think that Mr. Craddock is a great deal truer to the dialect and the general probabilities of the region in which he is an explorer than Mr. Harte is in his studies of humanity on the Pacific slope. *Drifting Down Lost Creek* is presumably the author's favorite production, since it is placed first in order, though this may be due simply to its primacy in length. Certainly it is a very thorough piece of work, and embodies a situation abounding in elements of interest which are all thoroughly brought out; and it is no more than fair to remark that, while the scene and the study of dialect are somewhat like those of Joel Chandler Harris's story *At Teague Poteet's*, Mr. Craddock preëmpted the field some time before Mr. Harris was heard of at all. The motive in this delicate and affecting miniature romance is quite Mr. Craddock's own; and all the accessories are touched in with so perfect a regard for the total impression that the every-day feminine tragedy of *Cynthia Ware's* history, gilded by the light of her trustful heroism, will be apt to live long in the mind of the reader. *Electioneerin' on Big Injun Mounting* is an episode of a sturdier kind, which contains more of the dramatic, both in matter and manner, than any of the other sketches. It strikes at the close a chord of feeling so true to the better part of human nature that one is thrilled by a certain elation, at the same time that the sudden tenderness of the rude mountaineers towards the man whom they had misunderstood touches the springs of pathos. The study, also, which the author has here made of an aspiring young politician, whose stern sense of justice makes him unpopular with the lawless constituency from which he sprang, strikes us as being a careful, original, and very suggestive one.

In *Old Sledge at the Settlemint*, again, a group of card-players is presented, one

of whom is gambling away everything that he owns — even to his corn and hogs, and his house and land — in play with the man whom his wife had jilted. The way in which this picture of the gamblers throwing their cards on the inverted splint basket, by the light of a tallow dip and a pitch-pine fire, while the moon shines without and the uncanny echoes ring back from the rocks and woods, is highly imaginative, yet as realistically graphic as one of Spagnoletto's paintings. Indeed, we are constantly reminded of the pictorial art by the effects which Mr. Craddock evolves from the use of words, from his sense of color and his keen vision of the significant traits in the physical surroundings.

These are especially to be remarked in the descriptions of mountain scenery, with all the shifting phases of spring and autumn, of sunset, mist, and forest fires, which he introduces so aptly. Accessories of this kind are lavished with a free hand that discloses the range and minuteness of the author's observation; and although in each story we find three or four carefully wrought landscapes in little, no one in the whole gallery of the volume repeats any other. Here, for example, is a night-piece: "The foliage was all embossed with exquisite silver designs that seemed to stand out some little distance from the dark masses of leaves; now and then there came to his eyes that emerald gleam never seen upon verdure in the daytime, and only shown by some artificial light, or the moon's sweet uncertainty." Here is another, nearly the same, yet different: "The moon's idealizing glamour had left no trace of the uncouthness of the place which the daylight revealed; the little log house, the great overhanging chestnut-oaks, the jagged precipice before the door, all suffused with a magic sheen, might have seemed a stupendous alto-relievo in silver repoussé." We are incessantly yet

unobtrusively reminded of the large and solemn presence of nature. The moment any lull occurs in the action of the personages, the mountain solitudes come in to play their part: the sylvan glades, the foaming cataracts, the springing flowers at their due season, and the wild birds and animals all assume the function of *dramatis personæ*, that say nothing, but carry on a strange, inarticulate chorus, which seems to interpret the melancholy or the emotion of the human actors. In this utilization of forces not human Mr. Craddock, we incline to think, is not surpassed by any writer of the time.

But, more than this; each particular story holds some idea of striking value in its bearing on sentiment or conduct, yet arising spontaneously out of the conditions of the peculiar community depicted by the writer. We have the mountain girl, who, by the most terrible exertions and by long journeys on foot, secures the pardon of the unjustly imprisoned man whom she loves, only to find that he does not even know who rescued him, and to pine away in lonely maidenhood while he marries some one else. We have, again, the weak and slender Celia Shaw, who painfully toils through the wintry woods for many miles, at night, to warn and save the men whom her father and his friends had decided to "wipe out;" and the case of the brave ex-chaplain, who by his coolness, though unarmed, prevents a murderous affray at a rough up-country "dancin' party." This last story ends with a touch of grim humor. The young man who has been restrained from killing the outlaw, Rick Pearson, who had stolen a bay filly, expresses gratitude at being saved from the crime; for, he says, "the bay filly ain't sech

a killin' matter, nohow; ef it war the roan three-year-old, now, 't would be different." But in every instance there is a strong idea; a good lesson is modestly taught; the heart is stirred with refining pity and admiration. Not less excellent is the artist's exposition of the lonely, self-reliant, and half-mournful life of the mountain folk; and particularly of the sweet, pure, naive young women, and the faded older women "holding out wasted hands to the years as they pass, — holding them out always, and always empty." The dialect is employed well and without effort, although at times the speeches assigned to the characters are a trifle prolix. One or two other limitations upon the author's ability in carrying out his plans suggest themselves: such as that in the delineation of his heroines he leaves us with a somewhat slight and unsatisfactory account of them; and that, while he chooses situations full of dramatic possibilities, he too often obscures the climax by his own quiet reflections, instead of leaving it to affect us by its inherent strength. These defects, however, may be pardoned to one who writes with so much sincerity, so much poetic feeling, and such exquisite art of detail as are manifested in this volume. It is odd that the American people as a whole have little genuine appreciation for the most delicate and deserving productions of native literary artists, notwithstanding that American imaginative writers are to-day distinguished above their English fellows for refinement of idea, phrase, and effect; but we cannot do otherwise than hope that Mr. Craddock will take his place among the exceptions which prove that genius in this country, even when unassuming, need not always be debarred from popularity.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

FRESH from reading Professor Wood's ingenious paper on The Trail of the Sea-Serpent in the last Atlantic, I lighted on the following passage in Thoreau's new volume, Summer, — a volume wholly made up from the author's unpublished manuscripts, and filling one with a desire instantly to have further draughts from those seemingly inexhaustible fountains. The passage in question, which would admirably have served Professor Wood's purpose, had he chanced upon these pages, is dated at Plymouth, Massachusetts, June 14, 1857: "B. M. W—— tells me that he learns from pretty good authority that Webster once saw the sea-serpent. It seems it was first seen in the bay between Manomet and Plymouth Beach by a perfectly reliable witness (many years ago), who was accustomed to look out on the sea with his glass every morning the first thing, as regularly as he ate his breakfast. One morning he saw this monster, with a head somewhat like a horse's, raised some six feet above the water, and his body, the size of a cask, trailing behind. He was careering over the bay, chasing the mackerel, which ran ashore in their fright, and were washed up and died in great numbers. The story is that Webster had appointed to meet some Plymouth gentlemen at Manomet and spend the day fishing with them. After the fishing was over he set out to return to Duxbury in his sail-boat with Peterson, as he had come, and on the way they saw the sea-serpent, which answered to the common account of this creature. It passed directly across the bows only six or seven rods off, and then disappeared. On the sail homeward, Webster, having had time to reflect on what had occurred, at length said to Peterson, 'For God's sake, never say a word about this to any one; for

if it should be known that I have seen the sea-serpent, I should never hear the last of it, but wherever I went should have to tell the story to every one I met.' So it has not leaked out till now."

— I lost myself for an hour or two the other day — and very pleasantly — over the thirty-fifth volume of the No Name series. My studies in that quiet walk of literature had been suspended for a good while. I had, in fact, almost forgotten that the procession of the "great unknown" was still defiling away over the sands of time, when there arrived this new anonyma, clasped with the horseshoe and wreathed with the clover as of old, and having a tale to tell full of freshness and charm. Though new to the American public, the author of Diane Coryval is evidently not new to her work. To great natural vivacity she adds the ease of a thoroughly practiced writer, and her pictures of French rural life, especially of purely provincial types of character, like Madame Brae and the Brothers Byarson, are delightful. The heroine of the little story is a dear creature, too; the hero (why is this so often the case, in the novels of women?) a rather poor one. There is a terrible mortality among the secondary characters, but that, happily or unhappily, is not unnatural. What is so is the hero's resuscitation after he had been a year or two drowned. I am sure that the skilled author of Diane Coryval never intended this. I recognized the miracle, on the instant, for a *publisher's dénouement*; and it is this rattling, clanking descent of the *deus ex machina* against which I here take occasion seriously to protest, both on the writer's behalf and the reader's. Publishers are a great deal too tender-hearted, as a class; and they credit the

reading public with a similar weakness. They think that the average "consumer" of novels would rather see two young people preposterously made happy than have his own artistic instincts gratified; but I venture to think that they are entirely wrong. The world — that is to say, the reading world — is so very much more artistic nowadays than it is romantic! The veracious author of John Bull et son Ile, in his brief but brilliant review of the æsthetic movement, informs us that *en 1881 on s'est mis à adorer le beau*, and ever since then *art for art's sake* has been as common as dandelions in May. The comparison is exact. It is like Lord Tennyson's weed:—

"Most can grow the flowers now,
For all have got the seed."

When, therefore, the exigencies of high art plainly require it, let the novelist slay his creatures without mercy, and sternly resist their galvanization. "Three hulking brothers more or less don't matter;" but "form" does matter, and "symmetry," and "unity," and "tone," and "chiar-oscuro," — especially *oscuro*!

— At a recent meeting of the Club a contributor became truly pathetic over the fate of the letters *h* and *r* in the "American" language, and referred very neatly to a kind of color-deafness as the cause of the evils he laments. This color-deafness, I take it, is the source of all that differentiation of sound which finally results in clearly marked dialects. I have heard some very amusing experiments with persons from a certain capital, who can no more see why Bostonians laugh at them for calling *bird* "byud" and *first* "fyust" than the Bostonian can see why the Westerner is scandalized at hearing "bu-u-hd" instead of "bir-r-rd." My especial grief is for the danger which threatens our short *ö*. A very careful teacher in the grammar school taught me that *o* has two sounds, — *ō* as in "no," and *ö* as in "not;" and until lately it seemed quite clear how "not" was to

be pronounced. If here and there one heard the sound "näht" one wrinkled one's nose, said scornfully "New York!" and dismissed the barbarism. Now, however, it is really getting dangerous. I heard a lady say that a certain gentleman must surely be named "Martin," for she had heard members of his family call him "Mart." The name proved to be "Mott." A professor of German in Harvard College tells his students that the German word "hat" is pronounced like the English word "hot." The family referred to was from Philadelphia, the professor was from New York. These are cases of oral transmission of an error. But now comes Life, with its keen eyes and ears, to add the force of the printed word to the destructive power of color-deaf conversation. In its gentle satire on Boston pronunciation, it can find no better expression for the local "pápa" than "popper," and enforces the point by an illustrated "joke," as follows: Small boy to sister popping corn: "You've got two papas, — your real papa and your corn-popper." Now why not "cahrn-pähp-per," and done with it? Let any one carefully pronounce "corn" and then "pop" as it should be pronounced, and he will find that the vocal organs are in precisely the same position in the two cases. In other words, the *o* in "pop" pronounced like the *ö* in corn, but held during a shorter interval, gives the true short *ö*. Let us have, therefore, either "corn-popper" or "cahrn-pähp-per." In the former case, the lips, in pronouncing both words, are carried forward, and slightly approach; in the latter, they are drawn backward and slightly apart. All that is needed is a little training of the ear in early life, so that the true value of sounds shall become fixed. A learned gentleman, who has always lived in Eastern New England, assured me that both the Life jokes were wholly unintelligible to him, while a young man, belonging west of the Connecticut in

Massachusetts, being asked how he would express the sound of "pápa," promptly answered "popper," in complete agreement with the New York journal.

But the worst remains. My own household is invaded! My daughter, the descendant of an almost unbroken line of New England sailors on the one side, and of New England farmers on the other, now in the second year of her life, is devoted to her "dähllies" and her "dähggy."

Is there no remedy? Must this really valuable sound be lost to our language, because a fraction of our people are too indolent to throw their lips forward when they come to it? Where is the missionary who will march through the land and teach the color-deaf how they may be healed?

— In the *Revue Politique et Littéraire* of April 5th, M. Abraham Dreyfus, one of the most promising of the younger Parisian playwrights, prints a lecture recently delivered by him in Brussels, on the Art and Mystery of Writing Plays. The lecture owes its chief interest to the letters it contains from the leading dramatists of France, in answer to M. Dreyfus's request that they should set down for him in writing the secret of their success. Oddly enough, the letters all agree in declaring that a play makes itself somehow, and that no rules can be laid down for its making. The younger Dumas writes that he once asked his father how to write a play, and that the elder Dumas answered, "It is very simple: the first act clear, the last act short, and interest everywhere." M. Émile Augier declares that he knows no more about the methods of play-making than M. Dumas, and he, too, quotes from another, who prescribed "the steeping of the last act in gentle tears, and the sprinkling of the preceding acts with wit." M. Labiche says that his method is simple; strangely enough, the frank humorist is almost the only one of M. Dreyfus's correspondents who

seems to know how he works. M. Labiche, when he has no idea, bites his nails and invokes Providence; when he has an idea, he still invokes Providence, but with less fervor, for he thinks he can get along without its aid. Having an idea, he writes out a detailed plan of the play, scene by scene, from the rising of the curtain until the final falling thereof. Finally, declares M. Labiche, to make a gay play you must have a good digestion. M. Legouvé's advice is like unto M. Labiche's: In a play you begin at the end; or in other words, while a novel may ramble about whithersoever it will, a play should be a straight line, the shortest distance between two points. The nearest approach to a formula was furnished by M. Denney: "Take an interesting starting-point, a subject neither too old nor too new, neither too commonplace nor too original, so that you may not shock either the stupid or the clever." The perusal of M. Dreyfus's clever pages may be recommended to the new school of American dramatists.

— The recent discussion as to the origin and adventures of Mr. Charles Reade's story *The Picture* has prompted the *Saturday Review* to a declaration of the Ethics of Plagiarism. The writer begins by girding at the American literary detectives who are always on the alert to catch the tripping Briton; and then, a little later, justifies the existence of this detective force by speaking of "the cultured city of Michigan." Nor is he quite frank in referring to the English novelist accused of plagiarism because he borrowed a bit of local color from an obscure description of the Southern States. The allusion, we take it, is to Mr. Thomas Hardy's unavowed appropriation for use in an English novel of a comic sketch of a militia muster, from Judge Longstreet's *Georgia Scenes*. But these slips on the part of the English journalist do not impugn the soundness of the three principles which he

lays down: (1.) "In the first place, we would permit any great modern artist to recut and to set anew the literary gems of classic times and of the Middle Ages." (2.) "Our second rule would be that all authors have an equal right to the stock situations which are the common store of humanity." (3.) "Finally, we presume that an author has a right to borrow or buy an idea, if he frankly acknowledges the transaction." Under the first head come the borrowings of Virgil from Homer, of Plautus from Menander, of Shakespeare from Plutarch, of Molière from Plautus; and in more recent times, of Gray, Tennyson, and Longfellow from the poets of the past. Gray's great poem, for instance, may be shown to be but little more than a cento, but it is not the less Gray's own. Of course the difficulty lies in the application of the law. Who is to declare whether a writer is great enough to be allowed to annex the outlying property of his predecessor? And who is to declare the date-line which divides conquering from theft? Poe was severe on Mr. Longfellow and Other Plagiarists, but he borrowed for his *Marginalia* Sheridan's joke about the phoenix, and Whitbread's poulterer's description of it; yet we should not hesitate to excuse Poe's use of Mudford's Iron Shroud as an incident in his own *The Pit and the Pendulum*, the fundamental idea of which may be Mudford's, while the appalling effect is Poe's. A very important question is the relative value to the borrower of the thing borrowed. The man of genius touches nothing that he does not adorn, and he may be allowed the dangerous privilege of "resetting gems." The plagiarist is he who steals his brooms ready made. M. Sardou had read Poe to advantage when he wrote his *Pattes de Mouche*, but it is absurd to call that delightful comedy a plagiarism from *The Purloined Letter*.

The second rule is indisputable. No

man has a monopoly of the Lost Will, of the Missing Heir, or of the Infants Changed at Nurse. Whoso will may get what effect he can out of these well-worn properties of the story-teller. The law is clear, but it is a question of fact for the jury whether or not any given situation is common property. It is to be remembered also that when a writer makes a new combination of the stock situations, it is plainly enough plagiarism to repeat this combination, however old may be the single situations of which it is composed. The third rule is even more difficult to apply exactly. All depends on the frankness and fullness of the acknowledgment of obligation. M. Sardou once brought out a farcical comedy which was at once seen to be an adaptation of one of Charles de Bernard's stories. M. Sardou met this exposure by proof that he had the permission of the owner of the Bernard copyright, for which he was paying a share of his royalties from the play. This was an inadequate defense, as the transaction had been secret, and would have remained secret but for the exposure, and M. Sardou would have received credit for a humorous invention not his. In like manner, Charles Reade sought to meet the charge that he had taken the plot of *Hard Cash* from the *Pauvres de Paris* of MM. Nus and Brisebarre by the assertion that he had bought the right to adapt the play from the French authors. This, of course, is not an adequate defense, even if Mr. Reade had paid MM. Nus and Brisebarre, which, in fact, he never did, — so M. Nus informed the present writer ten years ago. We are not altogether sure that the three rules of the Saturday Review may not be contained in two, or rather in one with a double clause, namely: A writer is at liberty to use preëxisting material as he will, provided always, (1) that he does not take credit (even by implication) for what he did not invent, and (2) that he does not interfere with the

pecuniary rights of the original owner. It was this second clause that M. Sardou obeyed in arranging with the holders of the Bernard copyright, and that Charles Reade respected in agreeing to pay for the use of the plot of the *Pauvres de Paris*. But when Reade made his play *Shilly-Shally* out of a novel of Trollope's, and his play *Joan* out of a novel of Mrs. Burnett's, in each case against the will of the original novelist, he violated this second clause. The charge of plagiarism is very easy to bring and very hard to refute; it ought therefore to be brought with the greatest circumspection, and when unsubstantiated it ought to recoil heavily to the lasting discredit of the bringer.

— If I owned Pegasus and a few acres of good upland, not too cold and dry, I would go plowing; and as I shaped the course and depth of the furrow, grasping the stilts with firm hands, I would sing a pæan for the plow. Every great plowman, from the founder of Rome to the finder of the mountain daisy crushed by the share, should be celebrated in my song; and I would teach that there is still something sacred about the furrow, as there was when Romulus marked out the walls of his city and lifted the share over the places designed for gateways.

The heroic-romantic interest which some attach to an old, dismantled, peace-enduring cannon I find in the plow during its winter vacation. All its features, if I may so speak, express the idea of enforced idleness: the out-thrust handles assert its impatience to be taken afield; the share and the mould-board, though they have gathered rust, signify their readiness and avidity.

I would like to see again certain plowed fields of my childhood's haunting, — fields next the woods, slowly, by repeated grubbing and burning, won over from wild nature. Here and there are beds of ashes; also, charred stumps, out of whose hollow centres dart occa-

sional slender flames, pale in the sunshine: one might fancy that these are some species of harmless small snake native in such places. The plow works its way among the stumps, and leaves untouched many a defiant oasis of weeds and wild grass. Would it not be well to remodel the verse which represents the soil as "patient of the bending plow"? Here, the bending plow, or rather the plowman, must be patient of the soil. But the scent of the fresh-turned earth, of baked clods and charred wood, with now and again whiffs of smoke brought along by the moist wind, is, memory declares, incense most grateful to the rural deities.

To some extent, new-uncovered land satisfies my desire to visit new-discovered land. The plowed field which I visit to-day was a meadow last year. Such turning and reshaping of the old garment of the soil should give this spot of earth span-new attractiveness in my eyes. As I listen to the snapping of grass roots (stout stitches in the old garment!), as small stones tinkle against the plowshare, and as I see the turf quickly and cleanly turned by the invisible iron or steel toothed rodent, I am ready to applaud: "Well said, old mole! Canst work i' the earth so fast? A worthy pioneer!"

The furrow-slice, — does it not look appetizing to a hungry eye? And the field, when it is plowed, — does it not somehow suggest a giant brown-loaf, or gingerbread, methodically cut in impartial pieces? How cordially the earth invites the husbandman! It is either, "Ho! here is your racy soil for corn;" or, "Here is your choice land for wheat;" else, "Why seek you further for a vegetable garden plot?"

As this dry-land keel pursues its course, lifting the brown waves around it and leaving a permanent wake, scores of adventurers flock hither. What bird of the air spread the news among his kind that this field was to be plowed to-

day? Before one furrow's length is completed the farmer has a following of blackbirds and robins ready to share the toils and profits of tillage. Say what you will, this is coöperation: the birds have man to thank for to-day's entertainment, and man has the birds to thank for their services in behalf of future harvests. Down these feathered throats, almost too much engrossed with the pleasures of the palate to exchange the civilities of the day, goes the angleworm, with all its knots and kinks; *item*, cutworm, slug, beetle, and mischievous larvæ unnumbered. Some one with a turn for numerical statistics has by calculation ascertained that "a redbreast requires daily an amount of food equal to an earthworm fourteen feet long." Consider, O man of toil, how greatly thy own welfare depends upon this surprising appetite: if the redbreast should be out of health but for a single season, what ill fortune might befall thee and thine!

The ground that was broken this morning is, long before sunset, disputed over by wandering clans of gnats. These fretful children of the earth have not yet learned that their air privilege extends beyond the limits of the furrow whence they come. Flies lazily sail hither and thither, their wings glimmering in the sunshine; fireflies of the day-time, I see, carrying sparks of argent light and leading fancy along the sylph trail. In a few hours after the plowing the ground is often covered with fine webs; delicate springes, perhaps, with which to catch the swarming gnats and flies.

Cannot you read yonder furrowed field? If the early Greeks wrote their language from right to left and from left to right, alternately, the system resembling, as they thought, the turnings made by the oxen in plowing (*Boustrophedon*), why should not the plowshare be likened to an immense pen or style, and the field which it traverses to a written

page, — or at least to a ruled page, in which sundry themes of great antiquity are copied in endless repetition? A plowed field is a writing of the palimpsest sort, in which year after year one theme is erased to give place to another, not a trace of the earlier hieroglyphic remaining. In the "rotation of crops," the order is, commonly, corn, oats, wheat, grass or clover, to which procession the plow fixes the period. To me, there is something of poetic justice in the precedence given, in this agricultural series, to the red man's plant: it is as though the virgin soil refused to be propitiated, or tamed to other use, until Indian Mondamin had been commemorated in the plumed and pennoned ranks of the maize. At any rate, it is recognized as good farming strategy to set the native plant to subdue the soil for the adoptive cereals.

Not all the fields which I have seen plowed this season are to be sown or planted. Some must run a course of discipline under the harrow, to rid them of the weeds they have gathered. Some worn fields, for good service done, are granted a time for rest, to lie in the sunshine and mellow during the longest days of the year; though no harvests be ripened here, this season, the soil itself is ripening. With these seemingly idle fields I have great sympathy. Pegusus plows for summer fallow.

—"All signs fail," we say in seasons of particularly bad weather, and the proverb applies equally well to times of disturbance in the world's moral atmosphere: we recognize the impossibility of predicting accurately what changes may occur in periods of political strife and social disorder, when old laws and precedents have lost authority and prestige, while no new ones are yet formed to serve in their place. The French war of the Fronde in the seventeenth century, though not without significance, was one of party rather than of principle: neither side was urged to the struggle

by any deep moral convictions; each strove for place and power, indifferent as to the means by which these were to be gained. So when La Rochefoucauld took his seat in M. Mazarin's carriage, beside his late-reconciled enemy, with the remark, "Everything happens in France," he described in a word the nature of the contest just come to a close, and in so doing characterized himself and other participants in it. We do not imagine that his remark was made to cover the least embarrassment with the situation; his own easy change of attitude seemed to him the most fit and natural thing possible. The pliant duke appears to me a type of a good many people less famous than he, of whom the world will never be without a fair proportion, and La Rochefoucauld's saying applies to individuals as well as to nations and political crises.

Everything happens with certain persons; they may do or say almost any conceivable thing, and the explanation of their aberrations is to be found without much searching. It is simply that such persons are without character, in the true sense of the term. Their words and acts cannot be taken to mean what they would in the mouths of others, as indications of permanent convictions and settled habits of feeling, but only as the expression of temporary, fluctuating opinions and impulses. Character is good or bad; but of whatever sort it may be, character is always force, and whenever we find it we recognize it as the index of conduct. What may not the man do who has no sense of honor, no loyalty to principle, no steadfastness in friendship? And what may the woman not do who is without dig-

nity and the self-respect that implies respect for others?

Half the people who are called eccentric deserve to have a much worse epithet applied to them. Here and there a man or woman is found whose oddities of opinion and erratic conduct are genuine, and the outcome of some real inborn twist in their mental and moral disposition. Such persons are generally tolerable, and sometimes very likable, their idiosyncrasies serving as a gentle entertainment rather than as an annoyance to us. We feel that they are quite unaware of their own queerness, which is the result of a native incapacity to comprehend the ordinary conventions of society. But there are other people whose eccentricities are not, or ought not, to be endured. They are not innocently ignorant, but willfully disregarding of a reign of law in the social world. The world's judgments are no doubt superficial, and therefore very commonly defective or false; but the world's conventions—that is, its rules tacitly agreed on for the preservation of the order and decency of social intercourse—are on the whole respectable and to be observed. But the unendurable "eccentric" prides himself upon being a law to himself in these matters. He likes to know that his acquaintance are saying of him, "Oh, that is Mr. B.'s way, you know. He is not like other people; he always does and says just what he pleases." And the notable fact is that so many persons are imposed on by this absurd affectation that they will let certain behavior pass for independence and originality which is nothing but simple rudeness, the expression of egotism and ill-breeding.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History. Mr. H. H. Bancroft's thirteenth volume of *History of the Pacific States of North America* is the first volume in the subdivision California. (A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.) The history is brought down to 1860 in this volume, and the minuteness of detail makes one somewhat apprehensive of the number of volumes which will be required to complete the set. Whatever may be said of Mr. Bancroft's plan of work, there can be no doubt that he is putting an immense amount of material into a shape accessible to historical students. — Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, by Paul Barron Watson (Harpers), is a careful study of all the printed material relating to the Emperor, with ample foot-notes, fortifying the author's position and making the book an admirable thesaurus for the student. The book necessarily involves a study of Christianity in the second century, and Mr. Watson has treated his theme with a reserve and a patient search for the true facts which impress one with a sense of his honesty and candor. He does not often allow himself to comment upon his subject, and the conclusions which he draws have therefore a higher value. He has, for example, a suggestive passage upon the relation of the Thoughts to the time in which they appeared, in comparison with modern religious speculation. The work is not a brilliant one, but it is every way creditable to the industry of the author. — Our Chancellor, sketches for a historical picture, by Moritz Busch (Scribners), is a Boswellian report of Bismarck and an entertaining and personal reading of modern European history. To Mr. Busch history is a capital story, with Bismarck for the central hero. — James and Lucretia Mott, Life and Letters, edited by their granddaughter, Anna Davis Hallowell (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.): a family memorial of two people whose life was a public life in the best sense. The Motts were as devoted to humanity as two *religieuses* might be to the Church. Their work was done within the pale of the Society of Friends, and as they enjoyed a reputation for heresy one may read of conflicts with that most peaceful sect which appear to differ chiefly in name from similar religious controversies among the people whom the Quakers protested against. The personality of Lucretia Mott is very vividly shown, and if the circumstance of life, as reproduced in this book, seems somewhat limited, all the more significant is the power of the woman who rose above it. Nowhere else, perhaps, can one find so clear a picture of Quaker life as developed upon its most protestant and aggressive side. — In the American Men of Letters series (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) the latest volume is Margaret Fuller Ossoli, by T. W. Higginson. Mr. Higginson has the advantage of coming after other writers, of having much interesting material not heretofore made public, and of being permitted by the scope of the series in which it appears to treat the theme in other than a strictly biographical manner. The free-

dom of handling is one of the agreeable characteristics of the book. Mr. Higginson has sketched a fine portrait of a notable woman; he has added a great many touches which increase one's perception of the character, and he has filled in the background with details which do not distract the attention from the portrait, but give it greater value. Of course it is Margaret Fuller as Mr. Higginson sees her, but that is just what gives value to a portrait and makes it superior to a photograph. — In the series of Biographies of Musicians which Jansen, McClurg & Co. are publishing, the latest number is Nohl's *Life of Liszt*, translated by George P. Upton. The book is more anecdotal and chatty than the previous books in this series have been. The author has wisely forbore to make a formal biography of a living man, and has contented himself with sketching his characteristics as they strike those who come into contact with him. — Wendell Phillips is a commemorative discourse by H. W. Beecher (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), and has a value for its personal reminiscences, not so much of Mr. Phillips as of the anti-slavery movement. — The lover of Americana will be certain to add to his collection *A Journal Kept in Canada and upon Burgoyne's Campaign in 1776-77*, by Lieutenant James M. Hadden. (Joel Munsell's Sons, Albany, N. Y.) General Rogers's explanatory chapter and notes are very valuable, though their value lies chiefly in the material rather than in the style, which lacks clearness and precision.

Science. Dr. Elliott Coues's *Key to North American Birds* (Estes & Lauriat) appears in a second edition, revised to date, and entirely rewritten. The first edition was published twelve years ago, and the present represents the author's studies as enlarged and ripened. The work has grown in dimensions, and includes his General Ornithology, an outline of the structure and classification of birds, and Field Ornithology, a manual of collecting, preparing, and preserving birds. The work is thoroughly illustrated, and like other books which have grown under favoring conditions makes for itself a commanding place. — The six numbers of *Science Ladders* (Putnams), to which we have referred in their separate form, have now been gathered into a single fat volume. The author is the lady who writes under the pseudonym of N. D'Anvers. — *Brain Exhaustion*, with some preliminary considerations on Cerebral Dynamics, by J. Leonard Corning, M. D. (Appletons), treats in a more technical and comprehensive manner of the subject popularly illustrated by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell in his admirable little tract *Wear and Tear*. This work is not, however, for professional readers alone, but of value to all students who watch their own and other people's symptoms, indicative of vital exhaustion through excessive brainwork. The study involves some curious researches into social life — *The True Theory of the Sun*, by Thomas Bassnett (Put-

nams), has the further descriptive title Showing the common origin of the solar spots and corona, and of atmospheric storms and cyclones, with the necessary formulæ and tables for computing the maximum and minimum epochs of solar activity, and the passages in time and place of the chief disturbers of the weather from the equator to the poles in both hemispheres. — Machinery of the Heavens, a system of physical astronomy, by A. P. Pichereau (Plaindealer Printing Co., Galesburg, Ill.): a series of essays, with an introductory letter, in which the author offers his revolutionary views upon the subject of worlds, comets, tides, and such universal themes with an airy lightness which would become a young man who should dig his father's grave with a tennis racket.

Poetry and the Drama. Pine Needles, or Sonnets and Songs, by Héloïse Durant (Putnams): a volume of a hundred short poems, in which the author appears rarely to have strayed away from her own self-consciousness. Surely the poetry which lives in the help of others springs from the power to see others. — Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets, by Frances L. Mace (Cupples, Upham & Co.), has passed to a second edition. The legends are especially graceful, that of The Two Doves being simply and sweetly told. — Above the Grave of John Odenswurde, a cosmopolite, is the mysterious title of a volume of verse by J. Dunbar Hylton, M. D. (Howard Challen, New York.) The late Mr. Odenswurde does not appear in the volume except in the most incidental manner, and the poems are none of them elegiac. With the poems is bound up another work of art, The Præsidicide and Battle of Antietam. Dr. Hylton with just pride tells his readers that the title is a word of his own coining, and "is not to be found in any dictionary published up to this date." However, a general explanation is vouchsafed in the opening lines on the poem entitled Poets, where we are told,

"Poets are a wild, mysterious race,
The world is all their own;
They throw a darkness o'er the brightest place,
And make fair the drear and lone."

Dr. Hylton does all but the last. — The Parlor Muse is a selection of *vers de société* from modern poets. (Appleton.) It would certainly seem that the editor might have made a better selection. In the Conservatory belongs to the kitchen-parlor muse, and An Idyl of the Period also belongs downstairs. — Plantation Lays and other Poems, by Belton O'Neill Townsend. (Charles A. Calvo, Jr., Columbia, S. C.) Mr. Townsend surely need not have published these verses. They show so much general talent of another sort than poetical that among his qualities should have been some reverence for poetry as an art. He has treated poetry as if it were an accident. — Lyrics of the Law (Whitney, San Francisco) is a collection of songs and verses pertinent to the law and legal profession, selected from various sources. It is curious how many of these poems came from other than lawyers themselves. — Charles Brother & Co., of Philadelphia, send us a large pamphlet entitled Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, an Earthquake of Critic and Criticisms, by Professor C. C.

Schaeffer. This Shakespearean study, which involves a consideration of the Brooklyn Bridge, is further described as "an Engine sent ahead to clear the track for Professor Schaeffer's New System of Teaching Languages," which it appears is done by steam, or possibly by electricity, since the professor undertakes to impart a full knowledge of the French verb (he does not say which verb) in ten minutes. — Ballads and Verses Vain (Scribner's Sons) is the title of a collection of highly finished lyrics, chiefly in old French measures, by A. Lang, selected and arranged by his friend Austin Dobson, who, in a bit of very graceful verse, introduces the volume to the American reader.

Fiction. Mr. Crawford's novel A Roman Singer has been published in book form by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The style of dress is very agreeable. — Dearly Bought, by Clara Louisa Burnham (Sumner, Chicago), is a youngish story. — Miss Toosey's Mission and Laddie (Roberts Bros.), two little English stories charmingly told, and with the pathos which comes from contrasts of social life. — The Surgeon's Stories, by Z. Topelius (Jansen, McClurg & Co.), approaches completion. The fifth and penultimate volume is Times of Linnæus. With leisure enough one could extract much pleasure out of these minute pictures of life. — Stratford by the Sea is the fourth number in Holt's American Novel series. It is an excess of patriotism which would prefer it to any of the Leisure Hour series. — The Entailed Hat, or Patty Cannon's Times, a Romance, by George Alfred Townsend (Harpers): a story *à la tour de mon chapeau*, and with as many turns and embarrassing creeks as the Eastern shore which it celebrates. — Thorns in Your Sides, by Harriette A. Keyser (Putnams), is a novel founded on dynamite. There is some rough force in the novel, too. — Archibald Malmaison, by Julian Hawthorne (Funk & Wagnalls), is prefaced by an admirable bit of easy philosophy. The story itself is a strong piece of work. — A Commercial Trip with an Uncommercial Ending, by George H. Bartlett (Putnams), is a lively story, the hero of which is a bachelor commercial traveler. The business in which he was engaged clearly affected his literary style. — Good Stories of Man and other Animals, by Charles Reade, appears in Harper's Franklin Square Library. — The third volume of Stories by American Authors (Scribner's Sons) contains The Spider's Eye, by Fitz-James O'Brien; A Story of the Latin Quarter, by Mrs. Burnett; Two Purse Companions, by G. P. Lathrop; Poor Ogla-Moga, by D. D. Lloyd; A Memorable Murder, by Celia Thaxter; and Venetian Glass, by Brander Matthews. — Bound Together and Doctor Johns (Scribner's Sons) are the latest two volumes added to the new edition of Donald G. Mitchell's complete writings. Bound Together is the title of a group of miscellaneous papers, and Doctor Johns, which the elder readers of The Atlantic will recall pleasantly, is the author's most elaborate attempt at fiction. Since these lines were in type, a third volume of the series has been issued — a collection of rural and architectural studies under the title of Out-of-Town Places.

Education and Text-Books. The thirtieth Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of New York has been received. The letters from the various county superintendents are often curious reading, since each superintendent writes independently of all the rest. It will surprise some to know that New York educates over a thousand Indian children. — The Art of Oratory, system of Delsarte, has been translated from the French of the Abbé Delamotte and Madame Arnaud, who were pupils of Delsarte. The volume also includes Delsarte's solitary essay on The Attributes of Reason. The work is translated by Frances A. Shaw and Abby L. Alger. It is a second edition of a work which we have already noticed, and has an interest for students of psychology as well as students of oratory. (Edgar S. Werner, Albany.) — Word Lessons, a complete speller, adapted for use in the higher primary, intermediate, and grammar grades. In this work all the complications and ingenuities of our fearful English speech are set before the child in a manner designed to lure him into correctness. (Clark & Maynard.) — The same firm has added to their school series of English classics a selection of Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, Bryant's Thanatopsis and other poems, and passages from Shakespeare adapted to declamation. — The Academic Orthoepist is the title of a useful little number in the same style as the preceding, in which words most likely to be mispronounced are given with their correct and their incorrect pronunciation. The work is not final, however. In spite of it, good speakers may still say *hurth* for *hearth*, and *ec'nomical*. Walter Bagehot also was called by his nearest relations *Bāj'ut*, not *Bā'jut*, unless we are greatly mistaken. The little book will offer endless opportunities for social wrangling. (Clark & Maynard.) — Hazen's Complete Spelling-Book, for all grades of public and private schools, by M. W. Hazen. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) Like other improved spelling-books it combines dictation exercises and synonyms. — A revised and enlarged edition of Warren Colburn's First Lessons has been published. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The gradation has been made more even, the number and variety of examples have been increased, the antiquated and thus unfamiliar forms have been dropped, but in no essential particular has a system been discarded which has stood the test of sixty years' use, and been made the basis of many other mental arithmetics. In its present form the book gives promise of an equally long and useful life. — Scott's Quentin Durward, edited by Charlotte M. Yonge, has been added to Ginn, Heath & Co.'s excellent series of classics for children. Miss Yonge's introduction and notes are not especially adapted to the intelligence of children, and we think it would have been well to add a table of pronunciation of the many foreign names and words. — History Topics for the Use of High Schools and Colleges, by William Francis Allen. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) It is a useful little manual for teachers who desire to give out topics for study. We wish that Professor Allen would draw up a similar manual, designed to teach the logic of his-

tory. — Professor John W. Burgess, of Columbia College, has written an essay on The American University, When shall it be? Where shall it be? What shall it be? (Ginn, Heath & Co.) It is an interesting contribution to the subject, but strikes us as too doctrinaire in treatment, with not sufficient consideration of those elements of national and social life which must determine the conclusion rather than the actual precedents of Germany.

Books of Reference. The Globe Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World, descriptive and statistical, with etymological notices, being a Geographical Dictionary for popular use, with thirty-two maps. (Putnams.) The titles are very brief, and as regards the United States not always accurate. Massachusetts is not bounded on the south by Long Island. It is natural that Amherst, a town of 800 inhabitants in Australia, should be admitted, and one also in Nova Scotia, while the seat of an influential college is omitted. — A brief Handbook of American Authors, by Oscar Fay Adams (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a companion volume to the same editor's Handbook of English Authors, and is even better done. Those who consult it will be surprised at the number of living authors whom Mr. Adams has caught for his collection. Our only criticism is upon his occasional judgment upon books and authors. These judgments are too brief to be thorough, and occur just often enough to irritate. It would have been better to have refrained altogether from comment. — The United States Art Directory and Year Book, compiled by S. R. Koehler (Cassell), has reached its second year. It is a practical guide for all interested in the progress of art. It contains an Artist Directory and very full alphabetical list of art schools, with sufficient details to characterize them. It contains also a record of exhibitions and a great deal of useful information. If Mr. Koehler is able to keep his work up each year, making it more and more accurate, he will render great service. — A Complete Index to Littell's Living Age, by Edward Roth (1135 Pine Street, Philadelphia), is in process of publication. It is classified and printed only on one side of the leaf, so that it can be extended and annotated by the owner.

Politics and Political Economy. Politics, an Introduction to the Study of Comparative Constitutional Law, by William W. Crane and Bernard Moses (Putnams): an admirable treatise, full of suggestive thought. It may be doubted if the authors have given sufficient attention to the innate force of the commonwealth, when they point out the gradual fusion of the States into one nation which is going on. That is, there is in the commonwealth a power which may be recovered by the people and still used for defense against a possible tyranny of the general government. — Six Centuries of Work and Wages, the history of English labor, by James E. Thorold Rogers. (Putnams.) Mr. Rogers, in this valuable historical work, reaches some very interesting conclusions as to the political vitality of the English people as distinguished from the merely administrative operations of the government. He is disposed to rest the development of modern society

upon industrial occupation, and in his study of wages and prices never loses sight of the political relations. — *The Woman Question in Europe*, a series of original essays, edited by Theodore Stanton, with an introduction by Frances Power Cobbe. The several papers are by special authorities. Mrs. Fawcett, for example, writes of England. They are all interesting, and give an admirable means of taking a general survey. (Putnams.) — *Wages and Trade in Manufacturing Industries in America and in Europe*, by J. Schoenhof, is a tract published for the New York Free Trade Club (Putnams), and directed chiefly against Mr. Robert P. Porter's letters to the New York Tribune. — *Reputation*, by George Walton Green, is a tract published by the Society for Political Education in New York.

Travel. *The High Alps of New Zealand*, or a Trip to the Glaciers of the Antipodes, with an ascent of Mount Cook, by William Spotswood Green. (Macmillan.) Mr. Green has the enthusiasm of the mountain-climber. This took him to New Zealand, and he gives an animated account of his excursions there, with incidental pictures of colonial life. — *Fifth Avenue to Alaska* is the work of another lover of adventure. Mr. Edward Pierrepont left Fifth Avenue the last day of May, 1883, and in four months had made a tour of between twelve and thirteen thousand miles. He kept a full note-book, and has printed it with some enlargement. It is a boyish sort of book, but we wish other boys would spend their time as sensibly. — *In the Heart of Africa*, by Sir Samuel W. Baker. (Funk & Wagnalls.) The author's name is attached to the book, on the ground that he wrote the larger works from which this is condensed. There is a slight disingenuousness in the title. — *The Historical Monuments of France*, by James F. Hunnewell (J. R. Osgood & Co.), is notable for its intention and its illustrations rather than for its letterpress.

The House and Household Economy. *My House, an Ideal*, by Oliver B. Bunce (Scribners): an agreeable little book, in which a man who has seen many houses, and has not lost his reason, draws off upon paper his views as to the house he would build for himself. As he is a sensible man, open to impressions of beauty, but not carried away by the latest craze into whimsical notions, he succeeds in suggesting a very reasonable house, both without and within. — *Virginia Cookery-Book*, compiled by May Stuart Smith, professes to contain recipes drawn from the experience of old Virginia housekeepers; and tradition makes Virginia the aunt of the family of States as well as the mother of Presidents. (Harper's Franklin Square Library.) — *The Franco-American Cookery-Book*, by Felix I. Déliée (Putnams), is a complete kitchen library in itself. The volume contains upwards of two thousand receipts, and gives an admirably arranged *menu* for each day in the year. The work has been prepared with great care and a thorough knowledge of the subject. Mr. Déliée has long been known as an experienced *chef* and caterer.

Literary History and Criticism. *The Goethe Jahrbuch*, published in Frankfurt by Rütten &

Loening, contains a translation into German of a paper by Horatio S. White, on Goethe in America, which gives a summary of Goethean scholarship here. — Dr. Anton Schönbach sends us from the University at Graz his *Beiträge zur Charakteristik Nathaniel Hawthorne's*. — Mr. S. E. Dawson's *A Study*, with Critical and Explanatory Notes of *The Princess*, has passed to a second edition (Dawson Brothers, Montreal), which has an added value in containing a letter from Tennyson, which takes up several points discussed by Mr. Dawson. The Study is not so scientific as Mr. Genung's *Study of In Memoriam*, but it will interest many students. — *A Printer's Hints to Authors* is the title of a little book in boards, sent out from the Riverside Press, and designed for authors who are about to print. It conveys in a delicate and considerate way hints with regard to the preparation of copy, and the politeness of the little book ought to turn away a great deal of wrath. — *Essays and Leaves from a Note Book* by George Eliot. (Harpers.) The essays are chiefly on literary topics, and the notes have a reflective turn by an author upon her vocation. The book served its end in its original form of contributions to magazines, but it is doubtful if it will now gain many readers, even from the admirers of George Eliot. — In the English Men of Letters series (Harpers), R. W. Church contributes the volume devoted to Bacon. He sums up well the great offense of Bacon in the words, "It was the power of custom over a character naturally and by habit too pliant to circumstances." — Ralph Waldo Emerson, a paper read before the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, with Afterthoughts, by William Hague, D. D. (Putnams.) Dr. Hague gives personal reminiscences, and also makes an examination of the general drift of Emerson's philosophy, which he pronounces in its issue anti-Christian. — The fifth and sixth volumes of Bryant's complete works (D. Appleton & Co.) contain his literary, biographical, and descriptive essays, and his sketches of travel at home and abroad. Though Bryant was the master of a singularly clear and compact prose style, it is his poetry that will give him his rank in American literature. The admirable *Life of Bryant*, by Parke Godwin, which occupied the first two volumes of this edition, was reviewed in *The Atlantic* for September, 1883.

Theology. *Sermons to the Spiritual Man*, by W. G. T. Shedd. (Scribners.) The work is a complement to the author's sermons to the natural man. The difficulty which some readers will find lies in the separation of the two bodies of hearers. There is a spiritual man and there is a natural man, but is he necessarily two citizens? — The interesting and suggestive *Teaching of the Twelve Apostles* has been printed in a neat pamphlet, the Greek text and English translation being accompanied by very brief introduction and notes by Professors Hitchcock and Brown. (Scribners.) — *The Clew of the Maze and The Spare Half Hour*, by Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon. (Funk & Wagnalls.) The former part of the work is a rhetorical plea for faith as a guide in life; the latter part is made up of incidents and reflections of a homely sort relating to the religious life.

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IN WAR TIME.

XV.

FOR Wendell and his sister the winter brought little visible change. The great plan for an essay on American diseases somehow faded away, and was as yet without a successor. Dr. Lagrange had, however, been ordered from the hospital, and a new and alert volunteer surgeon, with his head full of improvements, was making it uncomfortable for Wendell; so that his hours had to be rearranged, and he felt that it would be much more pleasant to be free from the shackles of even as little army discipline as his relations to a hospital involved.

Ann, of course, altogether disapproved of a resignation by her brother. The money loss of eighty dollars a month seemed to her a very serious matter; but to Wendell his personal convenience was far more important, and overruled for the time all other considerations. He was cautious not to allow his sister to suspect that, beside the difficulty she found in meeting their daily expenses, — for Ann allowed no bills to accumulate unpaid, — he was annoyed by the results of his own folly in buying new lenses and expensive books, and now and then some rare engraving.

Had young Morton understood the true state of things, he would have been quick to aid his friends; but he knew that he paid them liberally for the home

and the care that they gave him, and as Wendell never considered or talked about what things cost, and Ann was too proudly self-sustaining to allow of a stranger seeing her growing necessities, Edward lived on without suspicion, and was the more likely to be free from it because he had always been so lifted above money cares that the possibility of them was the last thing he would have been likely to think about.

It was well into January when Ann said to her brother, "I am sorry to trouble you, brother Ezra, — I know how you dislike it, — but I must have more money. I save what I can, but Mr. Edward needs all sorts of luxuries. I did think that when Hester was so nicely provided for, we should go along more comfortably."

"I don't see where the money all goes, Ann," he returned helplessly. "I am sure I spend very little."

"Are you certain of that, Ezra? There was that microscope, and " —

"Oh, Ann, am I never to hear the last of that microscope!"

"And those new lenses, — were n't they very dear?"

"No. I can always sell them for what they cost. A good lens is just like gold."

"But that cyclopædia."

"A man really must have the tools of his profession, Ann; and I gave up all idea of the carriage."

Ann groaned. "I do wish I could help you more. I sometimes think I am of less use to you than I was" —

Being a woman, and therefore automatically sacrificial, she could not estimate the immense proportion of energy she thrust, somehow, into his daily life, nor recall, in her self-negation, how often she remembered his engagements, or urged him to leave his microscope to face the winds of a cold night to make some professional visit which he would next day have found an easy excuse for having left unpaid. The wonder was that he did not seem to recognize the force that helped to give to his intelligence, which was competent enough, what practical utility was possible for it. Of course there are many failures in such relationships, and despite her watchful interest Wendell's professional life was far from reaching an ideal standard of efficient duty.

"You are of great use to me always," he said; "and as to the money, I have many good bills, and I can jog the memory of one or two patients. Now there is Jones."

He made things so easy with his comfortable outlook that Ann was satisfied for the time, or appeared to be.

"You won't forget?" she entreated.

"No."

"Ezra, is your practice growing?"

"I—I guess so. I am told I have been unusually successful, for a newcomer. People do leave one, you know; but that is what every man has to expect. They say a doctor's whole practice changes every ten years."

"That seems strange to me," remarked Ann. "If ever I needed to have a doctor, I should n't want to change him."

"Well, people do," returned Ezra.

In fact, he had been fortunate. At the time we speak of, certain country neighborhoods were suffering for want of physicians, a good many men who were just on the borders of success in

practice having been tempted into army service; so that those who, like Wendell, stayed at home sometimes profited by the opportunities thus left open. The Mortons were pleased with his services, and Mrs. Westerley, although of late she had become guarded in mentioning him, had often enough spoken freely of his skill; so that he had picked up a fair number of well-to-do patients, who felt that the new doctor was to be taken more or less on trial. As time went on he lost a larger proportion of such patients than he should have done. He was in every way an agreeable and amusing visitor, but when he had to sustain the courage of the sick and satisfy watchful friends through grave illness he failed. For some reason, he did not carry confidence to others; perhaps because he was unable to hide his mental unstableness, which showed in too frequent changes of opinion. Moreover, his love of ease made impossible for him the never-ending daily abandonment of this moment of quiet, or that little bit of tranquil home life, which every wise physician counts upon once for all as a part of the discomforts which he must accept if he means to win success. Some men overestimate what they give, and think little of what they get in return. Wendell liked to believe that his professional life was made up of sacrifices; so that when a patient left him, and sent for another more decisive attendant, he felt a certain foolish resentment, into which the notion of ingratitude entered, and which made him regard with bitterness his more lucky successor. Let us add that Alice Westerley, whose interest in him was fatally growing, was, as to all these matters, an unfortunate friend. She was quite too widely sympathetic to be a good moral tonic, and knew really too little of his less interesting qualities to acquire the sad conviction that he was designed by nature to illustrate, soon or late, the certainty of failure where,

although the machine be competent, its driving power is inadequate.

But a man must be very blind indeed not to recognize sometimes that he is drifting from the course he meant to take, and Wendell was, as I have said, by no means defective in intellect. There come to most of us, in fact, times of unpleasant illumination, when we are forced to see things as they would appear to an uninterested or abler observer; but some men are always so near their moral mirror that their breath obscures the image they ought to see. The talk with Ann made her brother unhappy for a time, and brought upon him one of the dark moods which she so much dreaded; nor indeed was he otherwise without good cause for unhappiness. From time to time he had borrowed small sums from Edward Morton, whose generosity made it so easy that somehow the weight of this gathering debt seemed to Wendell to be of little importance. But there was another matter which was of graver moment. Wendell had, after some doubt as to what was best, taken Wilmington's advice, and invested in his own name, as trustee, the ten thousand dollars deposited in his hands by Henry Gray. The investment being in government bonds at a low rate, their rise towards the year 1865 made the doctor feel that there was a comfortable margin of profit, which with the passage of time must enlarge. At first, he set this aside, as belonging to Hester; but by and by, as his own difficulties increased, he began to think that he was entitled, as Gray had, no doubt, meant him to be, to some share in her good fortune. There was reason in this, but Wendell did not take the first positive practical step without moral discomfort, nor until urged to it by unrelenting circumstances. His own and his sister's inheritance amounted to but six thousand dollars, and was invested in a well-secured mortgage which Mr. Wilmington had recommended, and in fact found for him. The rise in Hes-

ter's securities fatally tempted him to seek for some more brilliant return from his own and Ann's little property, and after much hesitation he bought stock in a Western road which had been rapidly rising in price. The January dividend, however, had not been paid, and the stock had fallen. Then, at last, when Ann asked him for the usual semi-annual interest on their mortgage, which habitually he resigned to her entire for her household uses, he found himself in trouble. If, says a monkish adage, you let a thin devil slip through the key-hole, a fat devil will unlock the door.

I should do an interesting but weak nature a wrong to presume that it cost him nothing to reason himself into borrowing enough of Hester's capital to enable him to give to Ann the money she had habitually received. The rebel cousin had meant to give his relation a certain sum, but owing to Wendell's wise investment it now much exceeded that amount. The excess seemed almost as much his as Hester's. It was characteristic of him that he put in his little tin box of private papers an acknowledgment of the amount thus transferred, but soon he found it convenient to add to it a second receipt; and these papers were, in some fashion, a comfort to the troubled man, who by habit dwelt within an ever-widening horizon of hopeful possibilities, as inexhaustible as the growing zone of successive mornings. Like all who tread this evil path, he honestly meant to replace what he took, and nothing could have surpassed the force of his conviction that he would do so; indeed, to have been told that he would not would have been felt by him as the deepest insult.

Meanwhile, he went about his work with a certain renewal of vigor, and found time to see Alice Westerley often. She had begun to be present in his day dreams as one of the brighter planets that were slowly rising above that horizon of which we have spoken. To do

him full justice, he never thought of her in relation to money. This would have been unlike his gentle and poetic temperament. He of course knew that she had means, but how great he did not know, and he timidly approached her in a growing tenderness of relation which his sister did not suspect, and which he himself was very slowly coming to apprehend might result in something still more tender.

Early in March Miss Pearson's school broke up, on account of fever in the neighborhood, and Hester was sent away in haste, while the doctor was called on to settle a number of bills for her clothing and tuition.

Nevertheless, he was sincerely glad to see her, for at each return home she was a novel and charming surprise to the little circle.

"A butterfly, indeed!" exclaimed Edward Morton. "Could any one have imagined Hester would develop into such a noble-looking woman!"

Ann, who had followed with her eyes the retreating figure, with its straight carriage and walk of liberal strength, said quietly:—

"Indeed, the girl has grown." Ann had a sense of odd uneasiness at the sight of this suddenly completed transformation. What should she do with her? Then the girl reappeared, happy at the escape from school.

"Won't some one walk with me to Mrs. Westerley's?" she asked. "Come, uncle, you have nothing to do."

Wendell had something to do, but it was not in him to say no.

"Come," he said.

"And don't forget Mrs. Grace," remarked Ann.

"No, of course not."

"And now, uncle," cried Hester, clinging to his arm, "how is everybody? And why does n't my cousin write? And how is Mr. Arthur? And you, — last and best, — how are you?"

"If you go on, I shall want an index

to your inquiries," laughed Wendell. "Cousin Gray is probably engaged in the laudable occupation of blockade running," he added.

"And why not laudable?" queried Hester, who had found, during the last school term, another Carolinian, stranded like herself among what the better instructed young woman called with emphasis "those Yankees." "I am sure you will understand why I must have my own feelings about the South. But I think you always did understand."

"Yes, yes, dear, well enough," he said; "but don't talk more than you can help about the war. It makes trouble, in these days."

"No," she replied, looking up at him, and lightly pressing his arm, "that would be disloyal to you. I am a featherhead, Miss Pearson says, and Mrs. Westerley lectures me; but there are some things I can never forget, — never! What a stupid child I must have been, when Miss Ann took me home! — and it seems such a home now! But as I grow older, I think about my father's death, and Miss Ann's kindness and yours come back to me, and I now know what an unusual and noble thing you did. Ah, I know it well now!"

"I think I have heard a little of this before from a certain young woman," said Wendell, who liked but yet was always embarrassed by praise.

"Yes, I know; but a certain young woman is certain she can never say all that she feels about it."

"Let it be, then," he said, tenderly, "as of a service from" — and he paused a moment; he was about to say "an uncle," but, looking aside at her face turned towards him in its stir of feeling, why did the nominal relationship he assumed seem all of a sudden absurd? Then he amended his phrase, "Like a brother's service; to be remembered, not paid for with thanks."

"I wish I could say things as prettily as you do! Mr. Arthur says it

is because you have a poet's temperament."

"Arty is a stupid boy," returned the doctor, not displeased.

"But then," cried the girl, laughing merrily, and pretending for a moment to survey him critically, "you are too old for a brother. I should like one about Mr. Edward's age. I should n't like old brothers."

Wendell felt that at thirty-two it was rather hard to be doomed to senility by those pretty lips.

"Well," he said, after they had chatted somewhat longer about the Mortons, and had stopped to look at and to unroll the varnished covers of some horse-chestnut buds, "here is Mrs. Westerley's, and I shall appeal from slandering youth to the charity of a woman as to the awful question of my antiquity."

"I don't think Mrs. Westerley will agree with me; at least, she never does," returned Hester, demurely. She had heard a little about the two friends, perhaps, and had not left unused her own uncomfortably keen powers of observation. Decidedly, Miss Gray was growing in many ways!

"I will join you," he remarked, "after I have seen Mrs. Grace."

"Oh, is that dreadful lady alive yet?" exclaimed Hester.

"Did you suppose that I had killed her by this time?" he returned.

"If I were her doctor," said Hester, merrily, "it would be, 'Short her shrift, and soon her lift!'"

"What a depth of wickedness," he said, "and so young, too!" and, laughing, he left her at Mrs. Westerley's gate.

Mrs. Grace's drawing-room, as she liked to call her parlor, was filled with a sad inheritance of sepulchral grimness in the way of mahogany furniture of the fashion of some fifty years back. Her daughters and herself had striven in vain to induce Mr. Grace to replace

it with something of more modern form; but black haircloth and brass nails do not wear out, and, as he said, "What is the use, Martha, of new furniture, when this is perfectly good?" Efforts had been made to hide it with tidies of divers workmanship, but the mournful sheen of the haircloth, polished by much sitting, remained, and no art could conceal the sombre scrolls of sofa and chair back, which Alice Westerley said looked as if they had been put up in primeval curl-papers before the flood. The paint was a little dingy, and on the wall-paper, which was recent and much gilded, were hung two prints: one of the death-bed of Daniel Webster; the other of Henry Clay, in evening costume, addressing a morbidly attentive Senate. "Daniel Webster was a friend of our family," explained Mrs. Grace to a too critical young person, "and then my husband is such a tariff man, you know."

Wendell looked around with a sensitive shudder, and, gasping in the blast of dry heat from a furnace began to wonder why the opening from which it came should have been called a register.

"I give it up," he muttered to himself, as Mrs. Grace entered the room.

Sarah was not well, and it must be malaria. Did not Dr. Wendell think it was malaria? He did not, but he knew by this time that it was unwise to dispute Mrs. Grace's opinions, and also useless. He therefore advised her impassive and sallow daughter to eat less and walk more, and prescribed some one of the mild remedies which neither help nor hurt; and then Sarah was dismissed, and Mrs. Grace, now that she had him alone, began to take a little real comfort out of his visit in the shape of a flow of disconnected talk, made up of inquiries as to other people's maladies and her own complaints. Wendell had a reasonable habit of reticence about patients, but it was not very easy to escape this practiced inquisitor without vexing her.

"So Hester has come home."

"How on earth did she know that?" marveled the doctor.

"And I do hope you'll keep her back. I did think myself she was rather forward, when I last saw her. You know, of course, I speak as a friend."

"I believe," returned Wendell, "that my sister is quite equal to the care of the girl, and to us she seems much improved; and then her good friend, Mrs. Westerley" —

"Oh, Mrs. Westerley?" said his hostess, with rising inflection, interrupting him. "Now do you quite think she is — well, just the kind of person" —

"She is the best woman I know," replied Wendell, annoyed. "You know, I am sure, that she is a friend to whom we owe a great deal of kindness."

"Oh, I thought you were her doctor!"

This was rather confusing to Wendell, and he had to conceal a smile.

"But," he said, "she is never ill."

"Indeed? I thought I noticed that you went there a good deal."

"Yes, I see her now and then. She is a very good friend of ours, as I said, and my sister and she have so much in common," a statement which would have amazed equally either of the women in question.

"Sisters are pretty convenient, you know," broke in Mrs. Grace, feeling that she had said a brilliant thing and wise. "I do think I ought to tell you, as a friend," she added, "that when she was younger Mrs. Westerley was thought to be a bit of a flirt, you know, doctor; and then she made such a sad match."

"I have never seen anything in her to make me think for a moment she deserves such a character," he replied, endeavoring to answer coolly.

"Well, you can't change my opinions," said Mrs. Grace; "and may be it's a question of time. You will find out some day. What I know I know, and if my own family had n't suffered

I might think I was not called on to speak; but I guess my poor cousin Fox could tell a different story."

"What? Colonel Fox? Impossible!"

"Well, you may think so."

"I am sure you will not want to take away from me the liberty to think no ill of Mrs. Westerley," he said. "But I am late," he added, glancing at his watch as he rose. "I must go."

"And of course," returned Mrs. Grace, "what I have mentioned was just because I have a friendly interest in my doctor. You know I need hardly ask you not to repeat it. Sarah says people do so misunderstand things."

Wendell moved toward the door little dreaming that Sarah, who had thus come in at the close, should have had a place at the beginning as the text of this little sermon. It had occurred to Mrs. Grace that if things came to the worst a rising doctor might be better for Sarah than no one; and Colonel Fox did not appear to look upon Sarah with even a second-cousinly regard, as she had once feebly hoped he might do.

When Wendell found himself in Mrs. Westerley's drawing-room, he felt as if he had come from under a pall into sunlight. Alice and Hester were chatting merrily, and the elder woman was advising Hester to take French and drawing lessons. "You know, dear, you have quite money enough."

"Mr. Edward has promised to read German with me. I think I shall like that. Do you know, Miss Pearson does not mean to open her school until fall!"

"Well, I hope by that time Mr. Gray will be heard from," said Mrs. Westerley. "He certainly will have something to say as to your future."

"And," asked Wendell, "have you ever thought it possible he might want to take Hester away? I — we would n't like that, Hester."

"I should n't, — not at all! But," springing to her feet, "I promised Miss

Ann to be at home before this time! May I come and dine to-morrow?"

"Any day, every day, my dear."

"Will you walk home with me?" said the girl turning to Wendell.

"No; I have some patients to see." He had reflected that he would like to linger in Mrs. Westerley's pleasant room, and efface a little the remembrance of his last visit. Then Hester went away.

"You have been to see Mrs. Grace?" queried Alice. "Was she as charming as usual?"

The doctor colored slightly. He had but small control over his face, a grave defect in a physician.

"Oh, I see!" she continued. "I am a favored subject."

"She would not dare to speak ill of you to me," returned Wendell, who hardly knew what to say.

"Dare!" repeated Alice. "She would dare to say anything to anybody of anybody. I sometimes marvel at the courage of such people."

"I think a woman would have to be both very bad to abuse you and very brave to abuse you to your friends," he said, — "you who are so good and just to every one."

"Do you really think that? What an imaginative man!"

"I may not be as good as — as all your friends ought to be, but I don't think I am too stupid to understand Mrs. Grace."

"I don't know," she returned gayly. "I have my opinions," as Mrs. Grace would say. But how goes your work? I mean the new subject you mentioned."

"Oh, very well," he answered. "But I find my hospital getting to be somewhat in the way, and I do suppose I should be better able to attend to what is of permanent value if I gave it up."

"Then why not give it up?"

"Partly," he answered, with some hesitation, "because the money is convenient."

"Oh, but that can't matter with you now," said Alice, who had never felt what it meant to want money; "and I should think you would do far better, even in the way of money, if your time were more your own."

"I hardly know," he replied. "I sometimes wish that I could give myself up to research altogether."

"It does seem hard that you cannot, with your capacities."

"How good you are to me, and how well you appear to be able to enter into a man's life and ambitions! So few people have that power. I can never thank you enough. But good-by. I must go."

"You are going? And why do you go?"

"Do you want me to stay?"

"Of course I want you to stay. I am always glad to see my friends," she added, rather promptly, perhaps a little scared at what she had said. "But don't let me keep you if you are busy."

"I ought to go. Indeed, I must go," looking at the clock. "Thank you once more," and he glanced at her face with eyes which were of a pleasant haze, and now strangely wistful. "You have the divine gift of healing." Then he suddenly and passionately kissed the hand he had taken. She drew it away. The natural recoil was enough to alarm a man so sensitive. "I have offended you!" he said.

"No — no — not deeply, but go away. Don't stay, — pray don't."

"Oh," he exclaimed, "there are no women like you, — none;" and so left her standing thoughtful by the wood-fire. She turned thence to the window, and keeping back a little glanced after him, with tender softness in her gaze.

"I don't know whether I want to love him or not," she murmured, "but I am afraid I do. Oh, I am afraid I do! And what is it makes me afraid? I wish I knew."

Alice Westerley had begun her early

social life in New York by marrying a man who would not have excited an emotion in her three years later. He gave her all that money could buy; and money was as abundant with him as a successful gambler on Wall Street may make it. He died, and Alice learned that another woman and her children had made for a coarse-minded man his real home through the three years of her own married life, and long before. At the end of a year, when the executors turned over to Alice her large share of his estate, she did at once what she had meant to do from the moment she knew of her husband's domestic treachery. She sent for the woman who had been his mistress, and who had been left uncared for, and said, "I have asked you to come here because I look upon you as Mr. Westerley's wife, in God's eyes, and I have made arrangements to turn over to you his property." This she did, to the woman's amazement and to the disgust of her own friends. Then she took the little fortune her mother had left her, and went abroad. Her father was alive, and, being a singular person, said she was right; that it was a nasty business, and she was well out of it. A year later he died, and the widow was again a rich woman. An accidental visit to Helen Morton resulted in her learning to like the quiet town, where soon after she bought a house. This was the woman who now sat down on a stool, and, looking into the fire, began to try to analyze her own feelings and true desires. Why was she afraid? He was very pleasant to her, with his large eyes, his gentle ways, his wide range of knowledge, and his tender dependence upon her. Was it that after all she did not entirely like this resting upon her opinions? Then she stirred up the failing fire, and took counsel with it. It was a delicate flattery now, but would it be always so grateful? "Perhaps I expect too much," she said to herself; and after a good deal of perplexed

thinking, it came to her how delightful it would be to release this man from all trammels, and have him free to realize his intellectual dreams. She well knew that she had been in a measure unwise to allow him to anticipate her decision; for now it was plain enough that she had at least given him the permission to believe that he might love her with some distinct hope of success. Then she laughed aloud, in a little scornfully defiant way, thinking how her English friends would cry, "A medical man!" when they learned that she had married a country doctor. "A medical man, my dear," she repeated aloud. "But I am not married yet," she murmured, as she rose, — "not yet! I would like to have a little time to myself!" and with this she promptly went to her desk, and wrote to Hester that she had some errands in New York, and should be back within a few days. Of course Wendell would know of this; but she had secured for herself a respite, without which she felt that she was unwilling to face him anew. At one minute all seemed to her to be clear; at another her mind was obscured by a doubt. The process of mental filtration was unsuccessful, and more and more she came to recognize the fact that she was too agitated to consider with useful calmness a matter into which, she began to discover, she had gone too far for honorable retreat.

XVI.

On the day after this interview, Dr. Wendell had two unpleasant surprises. He learned that Mrs. Westerley had gone to New York, and was foolish enough to recall uneasily for an instant what Mrs. Grace had said of her. However, he went into the hospital, and came out early. Ann found him seated by himself, as if in thought. She knew him well.

"What troubles you, Ezra," she

asked, "and why are you home so soon?"

"I was tired," he returned; "and, Ann, I am to be dropped out of service next week. They are cutting down the number of contract surgeons."

Ann had been anticipating this, though now it had come it gave her a sharp pang; but she said promptly, with sweet and helpful cheerfulness, "Well, we ought not to be altogether sorry. It will give you more time to see patients, and you know you thought about resigning."

"Yes, but one thinks a good deal before taking so decided a step. It does seem to me, Ann, that we are very unfortunate."

"Do you think we have a right to say that, Ezra?"

"I don't know about the right," he returned, impatiently. "I have the blues, Ann. I feel like Saul in his tent. Best let me alone!"

"Ah, but you can't be let alone," said Hester, from the parlor. "Here is Mr. Morton; and have you heard the news? Mrs. Morton is coming home in April."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Wendell, now forced to rouse himself.

"But are you sick?" said Hester, in quick alarm, as she entered with Edward. "Is he sick, Miss Ann?"

"No; he has only had some bad news, and may have to leave his hospital."

To Hester this did not represent any grave calamity, but Edward looked serious. He had now begun to suspect that the Wendells were, for some reason, straitened as to money.

"It had to come, of course," said Wendell. "Soon or late it had to come. Don't let us talk about it any more. It has its good side, like many evils." But after they had gone, he still sat moodily thinking. He had already used, little by little, fifteen hundred dollars of Hester's money, — borrowed it, he said to

himself, — and the stock he had bought was still falling, and now he was about to lose his contract surgeoncy! He was with reason afraid at times of the constancy with which ideas haunted him during his moods of despondency. It seemed to him as if there were some mechanism of torture in his mind, which presented troubles over and over in new and horrible relations; for he was imaginative, as we have seen, and imagination for such men as he is to-day a stern prophetic of evil, and to-morrow a flattering mistress. Do what he would, — and the thought immeasurably distressed this sensitive being, — he kept thinking about Mrs. Westerley's money, and how surely it would rescue him, and how often it had come before him that now he need have no fear as to repayment of what he had borrowed from Hester's means. There was a fiend's cruelty in the conception that a noble, honest creature like Alice was ignorantly making it easy for him to do a shameful thing, and not suffer for it. If she should ever come to know of his guilt, what then? Already a deepening affection was creating for him a clearer sense of his own moral degradation. He got up, went out into the street, and walked rapidly, as was his wont when depressed, and in an hour came back, more quiet in mind.

"Come in, brother," said Ann, as she looked out of the parlor window. "Here is a message to see Mr. Wilmington."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Ezra. Mr. Wilmington had never before claimed his care, and so little a thing as this made him feel unreasonably comfortable. "I will go at once."

"Oh, do take your tea first. There is no hurry about it, they told me."

"And here is a letter from Arty," said Edward. "No, it is not. It must be from Fox. Yes, it is from Fox."

"Open it," said Hester, shortly. "How slow you are!"

"Why, what's the matter, Hester?" returned Edward, slowly dividing the envelope, and playfully retreating.

"I must know," she said. "What does he say? Who is it from? Why don't you look?"

"Ah," replied Edward, "let me sit down. Wait a moment, — I must read it first," and he checked her with his raised hand, while he read a few lines. "It is n't very — bad, Hester. I was dreadfully afraid," he cried, looking up.

"Tell me at once," she demanded imperatively.

"Hester!" exclaimed Ann. "Hester!"

"Arty is wounded," said Edward; "not badly, — not badly at all; a flesh wound. Colonel Fox writes because Arty can't use his arm. Oh, the dear old fellow has put in a slip for Hester! Why, where is she?"

"She went out of the room," returned Ann; "I heard her go upstairs. Something has got to be done about these tempers of hers. Something has got to be done!"

Ann had never pursued, in her educational duties, the letting-alone system, and, having been shocked and surprised at Hester's abruptness, thought well to knock at her chamber door shortly after herself hearing to the end Colonel Fox's letter. If all this little display of short temper were about the war, Hester must be told to repress it, for every one's sake; and if it were simply impatience, of which Hester had her fair share, it was Ann's business, as her present guardian, to improve it.

At first there was no answer to Ann's knock.

"Hester!" she called. "Hester, open the door!"

Still there was no reply.

Then Ann shook the door-knob, a little angry, and a very little uneasy.

"Open the door at once. Do you hear me? Hester, dear Hester!"

The door opened suddenly, and Hes-

ter appeared on the threshold, drawn up to her full height, an angry light in her eyes.

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked Ann, severely. "Are you sick? And why did you go away so rudely while Mr. Morton was reading?"

"I — I wanted to," said Hester. "I went" —

"Goodness! 'Went!' I know you went! And you call that an answer; and pray, child, do you think you are behaving yourself properly now? What does it all mean? I must say I never saw you act in this way before."

"I don't know," murmured Hester. "Cannot I just be let alone, Miss Ann? I want to be alone."

"And why on earth do you want to be alone? Is it because you were alarmed about Arthur? That was natural enough; but really, child, I don't see why there should be all this fuss. Colonel Fox says there is no chance of his losing his arm. Upon my word, Hester, a little real trouble would do you no harm!"

"No harm," repeated Hester, faintly, — "no harm!" and began retreating backward into her bedroom, with her palms raised and her arms extended towards Ann, and a face flushing rapidly.

"Good gracious, what a fool I am!" cried Ann, seizing her in time to guide her fall on to a lounge. "Ezra!" she cried. "Ezra, come here quick! Hester is sick!"

Wendell was at her side in a moment.

"It is only a nervous attack," he said; "don't be worried. Run and get some ice."

While Ann was gone he hastily loosened the girl's dress, and waited, watching her.

Meanwhile, poor Edward, who had climbed the stairs wearily, and in such haste as was unusual to him, reached the door of Hester's room.

"What is it, doctor?" he asked, anxiously, and with a tremor in his voice. "Is she ill?"

"No," answered Wendell, turning; "but give me that pitcher. I can't leave her, or she will fall off the lounge."

Edward came in, and did as he was desired. Then he saw for a moment the white sweep of the girl's neck and shoulders, flushed with moving islets of blood that came and went, the signals of a nervous system shaken by a storm beyond its power to bear. He drew back with a sense of awe at the sight, ashamed, as it were, in trouble for her that she should be thus and so undisturbed.

"Here is Miss Ann," he said, hastily. "For Heaven's sake, don't let Hester know I was here. I will be in my room, if you need me."

Then he limped out, a little dizzy, as happened to him at times if moved by strong emotion, and supporting himself by a hand on the walls he reached his room, and fell into the nearest chair. The patient, tender-hearted man had received a new hurt. Of late he had been mending, and a hope had come to him; but now he was like one who, after shipwreck in a strange land, awaking, sees a color in the sky, and knows not yet if it be dusk or dawn.

The gay-hearted girl who had grown up by his side, who with him was never impatient, who had shared his books and his new pursuits, and had filled his crippled life with a new and wholesome sweetness, was to be his no more even in thought; for now it was all plain to the gaunt young fellow, made over-sensitive by pain, until he had attained a more than womanly appreciation of the feelings and griefs of others.

"What a blind idiot I have been! It is Arty she loves!" he cried, as he sat with his hands on his knees, looking with wide eyes far away, like Browning's lion, into the drear desert of his doubly sterile life.

Then tears came to his help, and he laughed as with a quick hand he cleared them from his eyelids, — laughed to think that he had become physically so feeble as to recognize without a man's shame the strange easement of tears. But of a sudden the future leaped upon him, and tore him with the claws of brutal realities that were to be; and he saw before him lonely years of pain and slow, enfeebling sickness, and had a prophetic sense of the fading of his appetite for the new things with which of late he had learned to sweeten the meagre cup of life. He also saw Hester, tall and blushing, a bride, and then a matronly woman. It did seem to him that no possible pang had been spared him. For his country in her bloody struggle he had felt as those feel who say little. He had been condemned to possess in patience a soul meant for lordship where death was nearest, and now had come this rival anguish.

It is not wonderful that where their religion does not give men a woman-god in whose lap to cry, they manage in some way to create such a resource, or at least some approach to the sweet pitifulness of a god-like maternity. It was his mother the young man thought of now; wishing, in his fresh agony, that he could bury his head in her lap and be her little Ned again, and weep out unquestioned this great sorrow.

At last he rose unsteadily, and tried to walk about, and seeing his own face in the glass was shocked at its expression.

"Oh, this won't do!" he cried impatiently, and set himself to quiet with resolute self-rule the storm within him.

By and by Wendell knocked at his door.

"Come in," he answered. "Is — is she all right?"

"Why, of course," returned Wendell. "It was merely a nervous turn. But what is the matter with you, Edward?"

"Nothing much. I am not very strong,

and I suppose Hester's little upset was too much for me. That and the letter, you know. I think I shall lie down."

"Well, I would," assented Wendell. "Hester will be well enough to-morrow. I suppose that she, too, was taken aback by the colonel's letter; but girls are so easily made nervous, and I fancy Ann was rather sharp with her. It is really curious how little patience or sympathy the best of women, if they are strong, have with a woman's nervousness! I do certainly hope the child is not going to be a nervous young woman. I can't imagine a worse fate for any one."

"I hope not," replied Edward; and the doctor left him.

Mrs. Westerley returned three days later, and found quite enough to employ all her energies. Wendell, who knew from her servants when she was expected to return, was foolish enough to meet her at the station. He was in that state of uneasiness and doubt which the passage of time is sure to bring to a man who feels that enough has been said to give him hope, but not enough to secure what has become more and more a yearning need in life. Also, there had arisen in his singularly constituted nature another trouble. He began to feel a strange bitterness at the thought that if he married Alice, or perhaps in any case, he would lose out of his life the proportion of affectionate comradeship which Hester had brought into it. Her beauty of form, her alert intelligence, even her little mutinies, were very pleasant to him. Like Edward, but less distinctly, he had comprehended, or at least suspected, the meaning of Hester's reception of the news of Arthur's wound; and as he was right-minded enough about women, and by reason of his refinement of character a man of more than common purity of word and deed where they were concerned, he was troubled at his own state of mind. Was he jeal-

ous? he asked himself. Had he been a more profound and experienced student of peculiar human natures, he might have known that his feeling in regard to Hester was merely one of those brief despotisms which an idea sometimes creates in persons of his mental constitution. The mystery of it was, however, far beyond his power to explain, and the fact itself simply shocked him.

His wish to meet Mrs. Westerley at the station was brought about, in part at least, by his almost painful disgust at his own state of mind, and his hasty resolve to end his doubt, and reach a point where indecision would be impossible.

The station was crowded, and the air full of excitement. Men, women, soldiers, and officials thronged the platforms, and the newsboys were crying, "Great news from the front!" Sherman was driving Johnston before him, and Grant was enveloping Lee's fated army.

Amidst the crowd Wendell found Mrs. Westerley. She colored as he came up to her. She was both pleased and vexed.

"Why did you come?" she asked, speaking low. "My maid is with me."

Wendell was annoyed and embarrassed. He saw his mistake.

"Make some excuse," she added, gently, "and leave me; and don't be displeased," she continued, seeing his troubled face.

"I beg pardon," said Wendell, cut down to a lower level by this calming reception. "I was looking for some one," he stammered. "Sorry to leave you. Good-by."

"Good-by," she said, as Wendell turned and went away, showing but too clearly the discomfiture he so profoundly felt.

"These men! These men!" murmured the widow, smiling. Then she went home and wrote Hester a note, asking her to dine with her next day; and would Dr. Wendell kindly see Mrs.

Westerley about some Sanitary Commission business at one o'clock.

At eleven the next morning Alice was called downstairs to see Miss Clemson, who had come on business. They had been having, said Miss Clemson, no end of trouble, the last few days, about Mrs. Grace, and several ladies thought that Mrs. Westerley should become president.

"But," replied the widow, "Mrs. Morton will be at home by the 20th; and indeed I would much rather, on the whole, not come into contact with Mrs. Grace. She has been amusing her leisure with my affairs, I learn, and if I had to cross her I should probably say more than I want to say. I will gladly resign, if you think best."

"But that would be most undesirable. The woman is in a small minority, but she seems to be so made that really the competence of numbers appears not to affect her. I do not doubt that there are times when she believes one and one make nine!"

"I have my opinions!" exclaimed Alice, laughing.

"I would go to the office to-day, Mrs. Westerley. She told us on Friday that she had taken home your account book, — I mean the treasurer's accounts, which you have so kindly kept since Miss Graham's illness."

"What!" cried Alice; "she took it home!"

"Yes. I hesitated to tell you about it, but I thought you should be told."

"And what else?" inquired Alice.

"She informed us on Saturday that she and Sarah — imagine it, my dear! she and Sarah — could not make it balance!"

"And is this all?" asked Mrs. Westerley.

"Yes."

"Then wait a moment," said the widow, ringing the bell sharply. "My ponies, John, and make haste. I will be down in a minute, Miss Clemson."

On their way to the office, Mrs. Westerley called at Mrs. Grace's, somewhat to the alarm of her friend, who began to be conscious that Mrs. Westerley's quietness was simply the enforced calm which hides for a time some latent anger.

Mrs. Grace's was never a well-managed house, and it was not until after several vigorous pulls at the bell that the door was opened by an untidy maid, who ushered the ladies into the mournful splendor of Mrs. Grace's parlor.

Alice looked at Miss Clemson, with amusement in her eyes. Evidently there had been a hasty escape effected from the back room, since two empty rocking-chairs were still in active motion.

"What a touch that would be on the stage!" said Alice.

"And what an awful bit of circumstantial evidence!" returned Miss Clemson.

"We have given Sarah an occasion for a little exercise."

By this time the maid, much rearranged as to her dress, returned with a statement that Mrs. Grace was at the Sanitary; and thither, accordingly, they drove, Miss Clemson remarking, on the way, —

"You will not let that woman disturb you, Mrs. Westerley?"

"Oh, no! I mean to disturb her. Isn't it dreadful to think that we women have no weapon but our tongues?"

"The men are no better off," returned Miss Clemson. "What more can they do, nowadays, than we? The duel is dead."

"If I were a man, I could wish it were not. Theoretically I am in favor of it."

"Oh, no, dear," protested Miss Clemson; "it is so illogical."

"And so am I," said Alice. "I hate logical people; and that must be just the time when one wants the duel, when one feels illogical."

"Well, here we are," said Miss Clem-

son, as they drew up in front of the local office of the famous Commission. The great news of the fight at Five Forks had just come in. Mrs. Westerley found Mrs. Grace discussing the matter with one or two other ladies.

"We have lost twenty thousand men," said she, "and soon we shall have no soldiers to fight with. There won't be one left."

"Nonsense," returned Miss Susan, to whom difference of years was of small moment. "Lee will surrender in a month. Pa says so."

"I think," answered Mrs. Grace, "that we have just begun. No one knows where it will end."

Mrs. Westerley touched her on the shoulder. "Come into the back room," she said, in a clear, sharp voice, while every one looked up, startled.

"What do you want?" inquired Mrs. Grace.

"Just a little talk," rejoined Alice. "You, too, Miss Clemson."

As they entered the empty room Alice closed the door.

Sudden calls on her emotions made this woman cool and effective, if her affections were not concerned. Without raising her voice, but with an accurate distinctness of speech, she said, —

"Mrs. Grace, you took home my accounts last week without authority, and were so good as to say, — you will correct me, Miss Clemson, if I am wrong, — you were so obliging as to say that the accounts do not balance. May I ask, was that assertion meant to give the idea that I had been careless, or what?"

Mrs. Grace, like large masses, was not easily moved, and having been in similar troubles before knew that with most people it was possible to escape at no larger cost than words, which with her were abundant, and of no fixed or unchangeable value.

"Oh, but I never supposed there could be such a fuss. I just thought I had a

right; and Sarah, she's so apt at arithmetic."

"You do not answer me," said Alice. "What did you mean?"

"I did n't mean anything, and I guess I'd better go."

"This will not do," exclaimed Alice, placing herself between Mrs. Grace and the door. "You have done a mean and dishonorable act. You have slandered me grossly, and now you have not the courage to stand by your actions! If we were men, madam, I should use something more than words; and you would have deserved it, too."

Mrs. Grace was angry, but she was also alarmed. Alice looked as if her sex might not always enable her to resist a desire so earnestly stated.

"I won't stay here to be insulted!" cried Mrs. Grace. "I — I'll call the police!"

"Stuff! We are not men, luckily for you, but still you must hear what I have to say. You must either apologize to me before the women in the outer room, or retire from the Commission."

"And if I won't do it?"

"Do what, madam?"

"Why, just either!"

"Then I must resign, and we shall see which of us the board will choose to lose."

Mrs. Grace knew pretty well what would happen in this case, it having been made clear to her the week before by several outspoken women.

"And what do you want me to say?"

"Anything," replied Alice. "Tell them you are sorry. I don't want you to clear my character for me; but one word more. I had not meant to say to you anything of another matter touching which you have been pleased to gossip of late, but let me add only this: that it must stop, and that if I ever again hear that your tongue has been busy with my affairs, I shall be able to find a man somewhere who will talk to your husband."

"Oh, no doubt!" Mrs. Grace rejoined recovering herself a little.

Alice looked at her with a faint smile of scorn, and saying, "I shall be as good as my word. Thank you, Miss Clemson," swept out of the room and through the office to her ponies, leaving her foe to say what she pleased, and Miss Clemson to see that justice was done.

Mrs. Grace, inwardly thankful that this high judgment had been pronounced apart, managed, on Miss Clemson's appeal, to make some kind of disjointed apologetic statement, and then went home, as dully angry as her nature allowed her to be. She really had not the power to feel that she had been guilty of a crime, and with her sense of having been put down and lectured unjustly came a sluggish desire for something which in the mind of a quicker being would have been called revenge. Mrs. Grace felt that it would be nice if she could stick pins into the widow, and physically hurt her a good deal.

The next day she had occasion to wail, by letter to Colonel Fox, over her temporary failure to receive certain moneys; as by this time she had lost a little of her dread of Mrs. Westerley, it was not in her nature to omit all mention of her among the bits of news with which she enlivened her letters of business. Mrs. Grace was cautious, however, and only expressed her pity that Alice Westerley was going to marry a poor, unsuccessful doctor like Wendell; certainly, her friends must regret it. Not that she, Mrs. Grace, knew it herself, but she believed there was n't much doubt of it. And did Colonel Fox know that Morton would n't come home, there being an Italian lady in the case, and that Helen Morton was expected to come alone, poor thing, and she was so unhappy?

This letter did not reach Fox for several days. In command of a brigade of Ord's division, he was following

Lee's retreat, and was urging on his men with an energy that left them little repose. Arthur, with his arm in a sling, and now a captain, would listen to no prudent counsels, and Fox had it not in him to keep the young soldier out of the last scenes of the tragedy which was closing in blood and despair on the Appomattox.

Such of us as lived through those days, and had dear ones in that awful joust of arms, may yet recall the never-ending anxiety with which we opened the morning paper, and the thrill with which, in the dead of night, the cry of the newsboy on the street made us sit up and listen. To the little circle of Arthur's friends the closing days of the Confederacy were full of dread. At any moment a telegram from New York might warn them of Mrs. Morton's arrival, and out of this savage death wrestle what news might meet her!

Hester was quiet and preoccupied, and helped Ann at her work with a fervid restlessness. Edward had gone to New York to meet his mother. He had written to his brother as soon as he had felt able to use a pen, and had said, "I think, Arty, that if by any chance you are hurt again, or perhaps in case of any trouble, you or Fox had better write under cover to Wendell, or to Mrs. Westerley. The account of your hurt upset Hester so much that I feel it would not be wise to have to tell her again any bad news; and then there is mother, too. But, please God, there will not be any more bad news! Hester is all right now."

Alice Westerley had seen Dr. Wendell more than once since her return; but she had been busy in opening the Morton house, and had managed with more or less success to keep her lover from exacting an absolute promise. She felt that she was exercising over him a control which was for her desirable, but which in her secret heart she wished he submitted to with less patience.

On the morning of April 9th came a letter from Arthur to Mrs. Westerley. He wrote: "I do not trouble you often with letters, but Ned tells me that the colonel's letter upset Hester, which is very annoying, because I had it read over to me to be sure it would n't shock any one. I suffered little until the afternoon of the 5th, when we were pushed on by Ord, along with a squadron of cavalry, to burn the bridges at Farmville on the Appomattox. It was, as we know now, a race for the river. General Read gathered a lot of dismounted cavalry about the bridge, and some of ours, my company and another, got on it, but had no time to burn it or to make any covers, because in a few minutes Lee's advance was on us, and I knew what a hopeless and gallant thing poor Read had done. The rebels streamed down on the bridge and just swept us away like flies. Read was killed, and for a moment it was a wild, free fight, for we did not let them off easy; but they were too many for us, and the few not killed were pushed over into the river. Tell Ned it was n't any worse than a rush at football at St. Paul's. I was down and up twice, and as my right arm was no good I had a bad time. Luckily I was not hit, but I was knocked over into the mud of the river just as they swept by at the end of the row and saw fellows shooting at me as if I were a mud turtle. I can tell you I wriggled out into the stream pretty quick, and in a moment got under the bridge, on a stump near the water; and you won't believe it, but I laughed when the rebs tore over the bridge they had won. I got caught as I was trying to find my way somewhere; but our people were hard after them, and the poor fellows were so near dead of fatigue that I got off, and on the morning of the 7th fell in with Humphrey's advance. By George, I was glad! I told the general all about how the rebs were used up, but somehow they gave him a sound

dressings, I hear, just after I went to the rear. I was all sore bones and Appomattox mud, and well played out; so are the Johnnies, but I shall be all right in a week, and they won't, poor fellows! I am told by the surgeon that I must go home, and as the row is about over I am glad enough. So hurrah for clean sheets and a good dinner! My regards to Hester. I have n't the pluck to write another letter. Fox lost a bit of his left whisker, and of course got in the way of a minie, and has a trifling flesh wound. He ought to hang his uniform up in Twelfth Street Meeting House, as the Romans did their shields in the temple of Mars."

Hester was on her guard this time, and heard the young man's characteristic letter with equanimity. Then she said to Alice that she would like to read it to the doctor and Miss Ann, and Mrs. Westerley saw that letter no more.

Mrs. Morton drove out to her home on the memorable night of the 9th of April under skies ablaze with rockets, amidst the craze of joy, the clangor of bells, and the shriek of engines, with which a happy city sought to find some adequate expression of its sense of relief.

"What a welcome!" she cried, as with a throbbing heart she ran up the steps of her own house, which was full of cheerful light. Then she saw on the piazza a strong, bronzed young officer, with one arm in a sling. She paused a moment.

"Why, mother, it is Arty!" cried Edward.

"Arty!" she exclaimed, with amazement. "Ah, this is too much!" and she had him in her arms in a moment.

"Take care, mother," he said, "my arm"—And then she held him off, and looked at him with eager satisfaction, while the doorway filled up with Alice Westerley, the doctor, Hester, and Mr. Wilmington; and there were warm greetings, which soothed Mrs. Morton's

troubled heart. Then very soon, as it grew late, some of her guests went away; and the young men having slipped off to the library for a smoke and war talk, Mrs. Morton was left alone with Alice.

"I am glad you have come back," said Mrs. Westerley, stirring the hickory fire, which a cool April night made desirable, — "I am glad you have come back; and it is none too soon. After all, where is one as comfortable as at home? For every reason you must be glad to be here. I shall feel greatly relieved."

"Why, my dear, are you still annoyed about Arty?" said Mrs. Morton. "I supposed his long absence and a year's growth might have made them forget. It seemed to me a mere doll love affair."

"Absence has made it worse, I fancy," replied Alice. "I don't know how far it has gone with him, but his being in the war and in constant peril has, I suppose, helped to keep him in Hester's mind. She is seventeen, and of course has the romance of her age; and if you look at Arty, — I suppose you did look at Arty," she, added smiling, — "there is excuse enough in his face for any girl's folly."

"Oh, of course," replied Mrs. Morton. "But I shall settle all that," she went on, remembering with what ease her decisions had been wont to be carried out. "I shall speak to Arty at once."

"I think I would n't," returned Alice. She felt just now a peculiar tenderness for people in his position. "You left him simply Arty, Helen. He is now Captain Arthur Morton, 3d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, promoted for gallantry at Weldon Cross Roads."

"But he is still my son, and I never knew him to disobey me."

"Then, my dear, you may prepare yourself for an enlargement of your maternal experience! You are thinking

only of him. Look at the other argument against you!"

"What other argument?"

"Miss Hester Gray," said Alice.

"Yes, she seems immensely changed. Much improved, I may say. Quite a nice girl."

"Why, Helen Morton, the girl is a beauty!"

"Well, yes, perhaps so. But Arty is too young; and simply, I will not have it, Alice. She has n't a cent in the world; and though that might not matter if it were poor Ned, who is out of the question, Arty is absolutely dependent on Colonel Morton."

"But after all, Arthur may not care for her," observed Alice, artfully, "and you may be making a nice little trouble for yourself. Wait, my dear, — wait a little."

"But I never did like to wait. Why, then, Alice, did you say he was in love with her?"

"But I never did say so."

"Well, if it's only the girl, I can afford to bide my time."

"But remember, Helen, I did not say how far this had gone, or who was to blame, if any one is; I only said that there was danger."

"Now, really, my dear, don't you think that you are a little exasperating?" said Mrs. Morton.

"No; I don't want to be. I shall feel easy now that you are here; that is all. And how is the colonel?"

Even Mrs. Morton's well-trained features showed some trace of disturbance as she replied, —

"I have no doubt, Alice, that you have guessed more than I have cared to write you. John will stay in Europe until he is tired of it. He says that he has nothing to do here, and that it bores him. When men are bored women must continue to bear the consequences. Men are bored and women must weep. As long as he does not want to come home he will stay abroad. Unluckily, there

is his wound, which gives him a constant excuse. If it were well and he fit for service, nothing on earth would keep him from going back into the army; but he is not fit, and the claim of his boys, or my wish to return, seems not to have the slightest value."

"You were very brave to make the voyage without him," said Alice.

"Was I? That was a trifle. It had to come. When I told him that I must go home and see my boys, he said that was quite natural, and in fact was as sweet and helpful about all my arrangements as he could be. Really, he wondered I had not thought of it before."

"Where did you leave him, Helen?"

"At Dijon. He came that far with me. Do you know, Alice, he said such an odd thing to me when we parted. I had said, 'You will come home soon, John?' To this he answered, 'I dare say, soon enough. You won't want me when you have those boys;' and then he said he had been very irritable, and at times outrageous, which, dear Alice, we must admit to have been the case. Of course, I answered, 'Oh, no,' and that I did n't mind it, and all that sort of thing we women always have on hand to say; and then what did he add but this: that it was largely my fault, and that if I had exacted my own rights more sharply we would both of us have been happier."

"How brutal, Helen!"

"No, John Morton is never that. It

was true,—quite true. I see it now. My life has been a mistake."

"Well, I think I understand it; but just as you were leaving, to say such a thing! And what did you reply?"

"I told him that it was a very nice theory, and true, but that he never would have stood it, and that is also true. I have no idea that he will ever come home. He will discuss it, as he does everything unpleasant, but when the time comes he will find some excuse to remain."

"And you will go back to him, Helen?" returned her friend.

"I don't know. I suppose so. I do not see how I ever can unless I take Ned, and for him to be with his father is one long misery. But there are worse things in life, I suppose."

"I am very, very sorry. But it is late, and I must go to bed, and I have n't asked you a tithe of the questions I had ready. Promise me that you will do nothing hasty about Arty."

"I will do nothing in haste. Here is your candlestick; but I have brought you a charming one from Holland, so odd, with an angel for a holder and a devil for an extinguisher. I am told that it is very old Dutch silver. John found it in Leyden."

"What a quaintly unpleasant notion!" murmured Alice to herself, as she went up the staircase to bed. "I wonder if John Morton knew that she meant to give it to me. It would be rather like him."

S. Weir Mitchell.

CARPE DIEM.

How the dull thought smites me dumb,

"It will come!" and "It will come!"

But to-day I am not dead;

Life in hand and foot and head

Leads me on its wondrous ways.

'Tis in such poor, common days,

Made of morning, noon, and night,
 Golden truth has leaped to light,
 Potent messages have sped,
 Torches flashed with running rays,
 World-runes started on their flight.

Let it come, when come it must ;
 But To-Day from out the dust
 Blooms and brightens like a flower,
 Fair with love, and faith, and power.
 Pluck it with unclouded will
 From the great tree Igdrasil.

E. R. Sill.

THE TWILIGHT OF GREEK AND ROMAN SCULPTURE.

IN the gallery of the Vatican may be seen a statue which for more than three centuries and a half has been considered one of the most precious products of the ancient chisel. The greatest artists have made it an object of study, archæologists and historians of sculpture have written of it with enthusiasm, critics of every nation have come to view it, and all have united in regarding it as one of the noblest works of those master spirits of the past, whose feelings, struggling irresistibly for expression, found utterance in the enduring language of marble and bronze. It is of colossal proportions, and represents a man at the zenith of his strength. Although everything about the figure indicates a state of the most profound and peaceful repose, the broad and massive shoulders, the expanded and powerful chest, the strongly developed limbs, the muscles lying in huge masses beneath the integument, all speak of that period of life when, for sturdy vigor, toughness of fibre, and ability for powerful achievement, the forces of the body have reached the highest point. But the work has been abused and injured to the last degree short of entire destruction. The head is wanting, the arms have been broken off at the shoul-

ders and the legs at the knees, and these precious fragments have never been found. Only the grand torso remains to indicate to modern eyes what the full beauty of the perfect statue must have been. A reposing Herakles we call it, — a deified Herakles many of the highest authorities prefer to say ; but beyond this general understanding of its character the mutilation renders it impossible to go.

We may look upon this figure as an epitome and brief chronicle of the vicissitudes through which ancient art has passed. In its battered and disfigured form is wrapped up the history of ages of change and desolation. In gazing upon it we seem to see unfolded, as in a most vivid panorama, the events of more than twenty centuries, — events which have shaken the structure of society to its centre, and have moulded the plastic substance of human institutions from ancient to modern ideals. In this wonderful alembic, as in the magic cauldron of Medea, have been mingled elements of the most dissimilar nature. Among them, cast in by the hand of that greatest of sorceresses, whose influence is felt in the insatiable cravings of mankind for power, progress, and

change, were the precious products of Greek and Roman art. That they were in part consumed need cause us no surprise. From the entire mass the *Æson* of humanity has come forth restored to youthful strength, and like the youth of that old heroic age has entered once more upon the career of dauntless and magnanimous achievement.

The external changes through which art has passed form one of the most interesting and striking episodes in the transition from ancient to modern society. Here, as in so many other departments of history, it is revolution rather than evolution which meets the eye of the investigator. Of statues of the classic era there is not one, perhaps, which stands to-day upon its ancient base. Carried from city to city and from land to land; transported across seas; set up this year in Athens, the next in Antium, Tibur, or Rome; removed from temples to porticoes, from porticoes to theatres, from theatres to imperial villas, palaces, or baths, they were at last thrown from their pedestals to lie shattered and forgotten, till the dust of centuries gradually covered them from sight.

Art in antiquity flowed in two distinct channels, the religious and the secular. Originating in an attempt to represent to the eye the divinities men had been taught to adore, it passed by a natural transition to those half-fabulous ancestors who, springing from the union of gods and mortals, were scarcely more human than divine. But the æsthetic impulse was too strong to stop here. Once awakened, it sought similar expression for the entire range of feelings and ideals, whether patriotic, domestic, social, or superstitious, and also extended over a considerable realm in which beauty seemed to be cultivated merely for its own sake. This twofold aspect of art should be constantly kept in mind. It bears an important relation to the subject under consideration.

It might naturally be supposed that

those works which were connected with the worship of the gods would by the sacredness of their character be protected from violence. Such to a great degree was the case. In the nobler periods of Grecian history, indeed, the principle was never disregarded by the different states in their dealings with each other. This was due to the fact that, whatever hostilities might exist between them, they all possessed the same gods in common. The Zeus, Here, and Athene of Athens were the Zeus, Here, and Athene of Thebes, Argos, and Sparta, and an insult offered to these deities in the conquest of one city was sure to be visited upon the heads of the offenders in their own land. The statues of the gods, therefore, were never considered a proper object of plunder. So strong was the feeling in this regard that when the destruction of a town was decided upon it was customary to carry them away to a place of safety, after first addressing them with prayers and supplications to avert their wrath for what would ordinarily be an act of sacrilege. Demetrios Poliorketes, in the siege of Rhodes, even abstained from attacking the city on the most favorable side, for fear of injuring the works of Protogenes, whose studio was situated there. An instance of nobler regard for art it would be difficult to find.

In conflicts between nations of different religious beliefs, however, such restraints were little felt. Accordingly in the Persian wars multitudes of statues were plundered or destroyed, both in Greece itself and in the Ionic cities of Asia Minor. In the latter, indeed, there was not a temple, except that of the Ephesian Artemis, which Xerxes did not sack and demolish.

The second social war, which broke out in 220 B. C., presents a new phase of Hellenic feeling toward art. Statues carved by the hands of Greeks now began to be destroyed by the degenerate offspring to whom their name, but not

their finer instincts, had descended. The war was carried on between two states which, neither in art nor in literature, had ever won a place in the bright firmament of Grecian genius. On the one side were the Ætolians, a race of contemptible freebooters, who lived chiefly by depredations committed against their neighbors; on the other, the Achæans, a people brave and hardy, but lacking those high mental and spiritual qualities which had won immortality for the Athenians. With the former were allied the Lacedæmonians, with the latter Philip V. of Macedon. The Ætolians, taking possession of Dion in Macedonia, leveled a portion of it to the ground, burned the porticoes of the temple, destroyed the votive offerings and all the statues of the kings. The sacredness of its oracle did not preserve the ancient Dodona from a similar fate. Its colonnades were set on fire, many of its consecrated gifts were consumed, and the fane itself was razed to its foundations. The Ætolians also laid waste the temple of the Itonic Pallas, of Poseidon at Tænaron and Mantinea, of Artemis at Lusi, and of Here at Argos. The other army was not slow in retaliating. Marching into Thermon on two different occasions, Philip vented his rage upon the offerings, burned the porticoes of the temple, and tore down the ruins. He spared the statues of the gods, however, and those which bore inscriptions consecrating them to any deity. All others, not less than two thousand in number, were mutilated and overthrown. At Nikephorion he demolished the temples and images of the gods alike. At Pergamos not only were the sacred edifices and altars prostrated, but even the stones were broken into pieces, that the buildings might never again be erected.

The Athenians, also, were destined to suffer from the malicious violence of Philip. Having quitted his alliance for that of the Romans in the war which broke out between him and the latter

nation in 200 B. C., they found their territory invaded by the Macedonian monarch, who plundered the temples and ravaged the gardens, the tombs of the Attic heroes, the Academy, and other buildings in the suburbs. In a second incursion he broke in pieces a large number of statues, and demolished the shrines which he had previously desecrated, here also, as at Pergamos, reducing the stones to fragments, that the edifices might not be rebuilt. The Athenians, enraged at this wantonness, passed an ordinance that the statues of Philip and all members of his family should be destroyed, and the places containing inscriptions in his honor regarded as unholy and infamous.

For more than two hundred years works of art seem to have suffered little beyond the losses and breakages occasioned by transporting them from place to place, and by the wear and tear to which fragile marbles would naturally be exposed in public thoroughfares, baths, theatres, circuses, and market-places. But darker days were coming. The night which settled over the Roman world during the ghastly period of imperial crime was not less disastrous to art than to humanity. Scarcely twenty-five years had elapsed after the death of Augustus when Caligula ordered the statues of eminent Romans, which had been removed by that emperor from the overcrowded Capitol to the Campus Martius, to be thrown down and broken to pieces. Subsequently he struck the heads from the finest images of the gods, and replaced them with his own repulsive features. He even wished to convert the Olympian Zeus of Pheidias into a likeness of himself, but, failing to remove it from Greece, did not carry out his intention. After his death his statues were destroyed by order of the Senate, and it is probable that many antique works, then regarded merely as imperial portraits, were demolished with the rest. Claudius cut out the head from two

paintings of Alexander the Great, and substituted that of Augustus instead. Nero, who personally took part in the public games of Greece and aspired to be the most skillful charioteer of his day, threw down the figures of former victors at Olympia, and according to Suetonius cast some of them into the sewers. His reign, however, witnessed a still more serious disaster to art in the great conflagration at Rome in 64 A. D. Of the fourteen sections of the city only four escaped injury. In this fire numberless statues must have perished, the tract burned over being that in which many of the finest works were collected. In the conflicts that took place in the time of Vitellius, Sabinus, the brother of Vespasian, shut himself up in the Capitol and protected himself with a barricade of statues. Being besieged by the imperial party, he defended himself by breaking in pieces the ancient marbles and hurling them down on the heads of his assailants. At length Vitellius ordered the Capitol to be set on fire, and burned in it Sabinus and his followers. Among the works thus consumed was Lysippos' bronze figure of a dog licking its wounds, which stood in the *cella* of Juno, and was considered such a miracle of art that the custodians were responsible for it with their lives. Domitian, like Caligula, made himself so odious to all classes that after his assassination the Senate ordered his likenesses to be utterly destroyed. Those of bronze were therefore melted and sold, and those of marble were reduced to fragments, only one — or according to some authorities three — remaining. The torso of one, all battered, cut, and hacked, was discovered near Frascati in 1758, showing the violence with which the sentence against him had been executed. His wife, Domitia, seems to have been treated with similar indignity. Other portraits of the emperor, however, were subsequently made. It was no uncommon thing to treat in this way the

effigies of eminent persons who had forfeited the good-will of the people. The Athenians in a single year erected three hundred and sixty statues, mostly equestrian, to Demetrios Phalereus, but on the loss of his popularity destroyed them all in a single day. The same fate befell those of Marius Gratidianus, which had been set up in all the public places of Rome. Commodus converted the colossus of Nero into a likeness of himself, and according to an improbable story by later chronographers even placed his head upon that of Rhodes, which was reputed to have been set up by Vespasian or Hadrian after lying prostrate for three hundred years. The inhuman Maximin not only stripped the temples of their gold and silver offerings, but melted alike the statues of gods, heroes, and emperors, coining them into money to satisfy his own avarice and the greed of his soldiers. At length, in the fourth century, it became the common practice, whenever a tyrant was overthrown, for the victor to strike off the heads of all his statues and substitute his own, leaving the other portions of the figure untouched.

The reign of Constantine, however, marks a new era in the mutilations of ancient art. The conversion of the emperor to Christianity resulted in an immense development of the power of the clergy, who for the most part saw in the representations of ancient deities only the symbols of an abominable idolatry. Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, and Augustine had written with severity against both painting and sculpture. The influence of the councils, beginning with that of Illiberis about the year 300 A. D., was especially bitter against the latter. So long as the statues, or, as they were regarded, the idols, of the gods remained, they would be worshiped; and so long as they were worshiped, men would go thronging to perdition. To those who cherished such a belief, the path of duty could not be doubtful: destroy the idols,

and save the souls of men. But this was impossible without the imperial authority, and although Constantine, in making Christianity the religion of the state, had issued an edict exhorting his subjects to embrace the new faith, he was too experienced a man of affairs to alienate the affections of a large portion of his subjects by striking wantonly at the things which they held sacred. But Christianity was all the while growing, not only through the power of the gospel on the hearts of men, but also through accessions from that portion of the population whose conscience would not allow them to be at variance with the party for the time being in the ascendancy. At length, in the latter part of his reign, the natural development of events and the increasing influence of the church won from the emperor a mandate that the snare of idolatry should be removed from before the feet of men. Agents were accordingly sent out through the cities and rural districts of the realm, who, armed with royal authority, commanded the priests to bring forth the images of the gods from their inmost shrines. Such as were of silver or gold were thrown into the crucible to be reconverted into bullion. Those of gold and ivory were stripped of their precious materials, but the useless and unsightly kernel was left as a grim admonition to the deluded worshippers of the worthlessness of these manufactured gods. Such as were of bronze were carried away entire to adorn the streets, forums, and palaces of the imperial city. Among these were the Sminthian and the Delphic Apollo, the Delphic tripod, the Muses from Mount Helikon, and the celebrated Pan which Pausanias the Spartan and the states of Greece dedicated at the close of the Persian war. In certain cases the temples were reconsecrated as churches under the patronage of some saint. In others they were stripped of their doors and roofs, and allowed to fall gradually into ruin.

The shrine of Venus on Mount Labanus, however, and that of Asklepios at Ægæ, in Cilicia, were wholly destroyed, with the statues they contained. Near the Forum Tauri in Constantinople stood a temple built by Severus, adorned with marble, ivory, bronze, and silver statues of all the deities, which were known as the gods of Severus. These were appropriated by Constantine, who caused the marble to be chiseled over into subjects of a less objectionable character. Eusebius relates with pious satisfaction that, on beholding their fanes everywhere laid waste, many of the people embraced the true faith, while others, though by no means convinced of its superiority, openly derided the old, when they saw inside the images they had held so sacred dirty rags and straw which had been crammed into them, or the bones and skulls of human beings that had been used by soothsayers in their divinations.

It must be confessed that in his relation to Christianity Constantine displayed in a remarkable manner that far-seeing sagacity which contributed so largely to his wonderful success. Standing on the border of two great eras, he was the first to see the resistless inner power of the new religion, and to convert it into a mighty engine for the accomplishment of his will. His eye it was which, in a purely secular sense, discerned the truth that by the cross he was to conquer, and his *ἐν τούτῳ νικήσεις* was but the projection upon the heavens of that great fact which his comprehensive mind had already grasped. Nominally accepting the principles of Christian belief, it was only just before his death that he discovered his need of baptism, and availed himself of its hallowed efficacy in time to save his soul and secure an unquestioned place among the heroes of the faith. Professedly the champion of the gospel, he was not less the fosterer of pagan philosophy, and under his patronage the schools of

Athens were once more thronged with pupils from all parts of the empire. Acknowledging as true the God who was revealed in the teachings of the Nazarene, he was not insensible to the deities of ancient art, and, while adorning his capital with the more enduring works of marble and bronze, contrived to satisfy the church by the destruction of such figures of silver and gold as could most readily be converted into coin to enrich the imperial treasury. Despite the statement of the old historians and biographers, we are compelled to regard his iconoclastic measures as far more limited than many are accustomed to believe. They probably did not extend beyond Greece in the West and the coasts of Asia Minor in the East, and certainly did not reach Africa, Gaul, or even Italy. Much less can they be supposed to have been carried out in the more distant provinces of the empire. His sons, Constans and Constantius, found it necessary, after his death, to pass severe enactments against sacrifices to idols, yet for over fifty years more than four hundred temples and shrines remained in the city of Rome alone, in which the heathen worship still prevailed, and the lives of victims were offered up on the altars of the ancient faith. Image-worship, indeed, was the most natural expression of the religious feeling of the times. In this respect the Christians were not much in advance of their pagan brethren, and the great Constantine, who had broken statues and denounced idolatry in his life, died to have lamps burned before his own effigy and to be addressed in prayers by his devout subjects, in whose estimation he had become scarcely less a deity than Herakles and Theseus had been to the Greeks.

Other emperors continued the policy which Constantine had begun. About the year 375 Gratian overthrew many statues of the gods, and in 383 great numbers were demolished in Greece,

under Valentinian II., among them, according to some accounts, being the Olympian Zeus of Pheidias. Probably, however, it was the statue in the Olympieion at Athens which was really destroyed, as this and the renowned work of Pheidias are sometimes confounded by historians. But it was in the reign of Theodosius the Great that the general spoliation of works of art in the West began. This emperor, whose zeal for orthodox Christianity found scope for activity in measures against both pagans and Arians, and whose abhorrence of the latter heresy led him to erect in the forum at Constantinople a statue of its great champion so near the ground that it could be maltreated and defiled with every sort of filth by the passers-by, at length issued an order that the temples should be closed and offerings abolished throughout the Roman world. Though this was no more than Constans and Constantius had previously done, the strength of the ecclesiastical party was now able to give to the command an effectiveness which before it had not possessed. The monks and clergy, calling upon the faithful of their flocks, accordingly proceeded to carry the decree into execution in their own fashion; breaking in pieces the statues, shutting up or demolishing the temples, and burning the libraries connected with them. These violent outbreaks were at first directed against the seats of obscene or mystic worship, as temples of Venus and Bacchus, Mithras caverns, and the like, but eventually extended to other shrines as well. The conversion of temples into churches in some instances saved them, but their precious contents were doomed. Rufinus, in his continuation of the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius, has graphically described the destruction of the great statue of Jupiter Serapis at Alexandria. The attendants of the temple had announced that the god himself would protect this venerable fane. In 391 A. D., however, the

mob, led on by Archbishop Theophilus, stormed and took the edifice. Then it was that the priests made known the dreadful will of the deity. If sacrilegious hands were lifted against the statue, the heavens would fall, the earth would yawn asunder, and all nature would sink back into the primeval chaos. The Christians, imbued with the superstition of the age, hesitated, and the devout worshipers of Serapis waited in awe-struck silence. At length one of the soldiers, bolder than the rest, seized an axe and dealt the image a blow upon the cheek. A great shout — apparently of horror on the one side and of nervous uncertainty on the other — burst from the lips of the assembled multitude; but when neither the heavens fell nor the earth showed signs of opening, the courage of the Christians was restored. A cloud of dust arose from the interior of the statue, as blow succeeded blow, until at length the ill-fated god lay prostrate on the pavement of the temple. Ropes were then placed around it and it was broken in pieces. The members were carried in triumph through the streets, while the great torso was burned in the presence of the assembled people in the forum. The sacred utensils and those mystic symbols of procreation with which the student of ancient religions is familiar were raised aloft and borne amid jeers and mockery through the market-place, and no indignity was omitted which could degrade the god or humiliate his worshipers. The populace, enraged beyond endurance by these needless insults, at length made an attack upon the Christians, who, in the struggle which followed, came off far from victorious. But the emperor was on their side, and the issue could not be doubtful. Armed with his authority, they went throughout the city, tearing down the busts of the god which were attached to the walls of houses, or set up in the vestibules and windows or above the doors, and replacing them with the

sign of the cross. From Alexandria the movement spread throughout Egypt, till in every city, village, and fortified place, in every rural spot, along every river and stream, and even in the deserts, the altars were broken and demolished, and the land which had been consecrated to demons was restored to cultivation. Similar scenes were enacted elsewhere. Martin of Tours pursued the same destructive course in France, and for at least eight years fanatical outbreaks in various localities were of frequent occurrence. While it would be wrong to attribute these extreme measures to any direct command of the emperor, it is nevertheless true that, by giving loose rein to the ecclesiastical party, and deciding in their favor when conflicts arose between them and his pagan subjects, as in the attack on the temple of Dionysos at Alexandria, Theodosius threw his authority directly upon their side.

It is probable, however, that this work of destruction was confined chiefly to places remote from the two capitals of the empire, as cities in Gaul, Asia, Africa, and Spain. At Rome it seems to have been limited to the private mutilation of statues by over-zealous individuals, or to the pillaging carried on by the eunuchs of the imperial court, who were in the habit of decorating their palaces with marbles plundered from the temples. To prevent these abuses an officer was appointed, called the Centurion of Beautiful Objects, — *Centurio Nitentium Rerum*, — whose duty it was to have the city patrolled nightly by his soldiers, in order that its treasures of art might not be molested. At length, in 399 A. D., Honorius issued a decree which, though again prohibiting sacrifices, forbade the further destruction of temples or sculpture; but, so far as numberless works were concerned, the order came too late. Nine years afterwards, by a complete change of policy, he commanded the statues to be removed, not only from the temples,

but from all the palaces and public buildings. The testimony of subsequent historians, as well as of modern excavations, compels us to believe that this decree was not fully carried out. Three years after his death, Theodosius the Younger ordered the demolition of all the temples of Illyria.

The autumn of the year in which Honorius issued his last-mentioned decree saw the Roman capital invested by the army of Alaric, and subjected to the unspeakable horrors of famine and disease. The terms of capitulation exacted by the Gothic king are well known. They included thirty thousand pounds of silver and five thousand of gold. To obtain this sum the precious metal was stripped from the images of the gods and thrown, with many statues of solid gold and silver, into the crucible. Among the works which were destroyed in this way was a celebrated figure of the goddess Virtus, but the quality which she represented had long since fled from the degenerate countrymen of Caesar and Scipio.

In 455 A. D., the Vandal Genserik, having avenged the murder of Valentinian, stripped the bronze tiles from the roof of the Capitol, collected all the imperial treasure, and, placing his plunder with a large number of bronze statues on board a ship, sent the whole to Africa to adorn the city of Carthage, which he had made the capital of his kingdom. But a severe storm arose, and the vessel was lost before reaching the southern shore of the Mediterranean. Two years later an earthquake overthrew many large buildings at Rome, burying a considerable number of statues in their fall.

When the Goths, under Vitiges, besieged Rome in 537, the Mole of Hadrian, now the Castle of St. Angelo, was converted into a fortress, in which the soldiers of Belisarius defended themselves with great valor. Being hard pressed by the enemy, they broke up

the statues with which the structure was adorned, and hurled them down on the heads of their assailants. Among the works that met this fate were no doubt the celebrated Barberini Faun and the statue of Septimius Severus, both of which were found lying in the ditch surrounding the castle, when it was cleared out by Urban VIII., eleven centuries later. The same use had been made of the statues of ancient Byzantium, when it was invested by the troops of the same Severus, in 196. Rome also suffered severely in the war between Henry IV. and Gregory VII. Two thirds of the city were then burned, the conflagration being the greatest that had visited it from the time of Nero. As the quarters traversed by the fire were chiefly those around the Coliseum, the Forum, and the Capitol, there is every reason to believe that, with the ancient buildings, many valuable works of sculpture must also have perished.

It has been the custom to describe the conquest of Rome by the Northern nations as especially disastrous to art, and historians have found opportunity for many brilliant passages in portraying the destruction of ancient marbles at their hands. To a limited degree, no doubt, this is true, and we may with safety picture to ourselves scenes in the sack of the city in which the reckless soldier would lift his battle-axe to dash in pieces some precious statue that the modern world would gladly purchase at almost its weight in gold; but such occurrences are to be regarded as acts of individual wantonness rather than as part of any regular system of devastation. It was plunder, not destruction, that the conquerors sought, and such plunder as could most easily be transported by an army on the march. Works of gold and silver, and to some extent of bronze, must therefore have suffered most at their hands, since these could be immediately coined into money, or the metal disposed of anywhere at a ready

sale. With the exception of the aqueducts, which were frequently cut to intercept the supply of water when the city was besieged, the buildings and the public works were for the most part left uninjured, and were standing long after they are commonly supposed to have been destroyed. Art was equally fortunate. Procopius, at the middle of the sixth century, cites as ocular proof of the magnificence of Rome after the expulsion of the Goths its immense quantity of antique sculpture, which included masterpieces by Pheidias, Lysippos, and Myron, the famous bronze cow of the latter being yet in existence. He declares, indeed, that the city had two populations, equally numerous, — one of people, and the other of statues. Toward the end of the same century, Cassiodorus, the minister of Theodoric the Great, speaks with enthusiasm of the works still to be seen there, thus showing conclusively that the invasions of the barbarians were far less destructive to art than it has been the fashion to believe. The smaller cities, however, and the villas of emperors and wealthy Romans were in many cases less favored, and those which dared oppose the progress of the invaders were often leveled to the ground. Puteoli was subjected to the most wanton violence at the hands of Alaric, Genseric, and Totila, the latter of whom also destroyed Perugia and numerous other towns. A similar calamity befell those that refused to open their gates to the victorious Attila. In such cases there can be no doubt that works of art shared in the general devastation. While encamped at Tibur, preparatory to the siege of Rome, the army of Totila laid waste a great part of the town and the splendid villa of Hadrian, in which for four centuries had been garnered up some of the most precious monuments of antiquity. The sculptures found here in modern times, broken, cut, and battered by the strokes of axes, show how

vindictive these barbarians could be, while the multitudes of statues which, in the last three centuries and a half, have been taken from the ruins to adorn almost all the museums of Europe indicate what a vast treasure-house of art this imperial villa had been made. The conquests of the Saracens, too, were not less disastrous. The luxurious Baiæ, whose magnificent villas contained many an ancient masterpiece, was sacked by them, and their fierce hatred of images must have found free exercise in shattering alike the effigies of gods and the statues of eminent men. Capua, Antium, Cumæ, and other towns were entirely destroyed by them. The celebrated Venus and Psyche of the Naples Museum are doubtless to be looked upon as memorials of their desolating career, as probably also are the Apollo Belvedere and the Borghese Gladiator, both of which adorned the imperial palace of the favorite seaside resort of Latium.

What has been said of the barbarians in Italy may apply with equal truth to their career in Greece. Here, too, the accounts of their ravages seem to have been greatly exaggerated. Notwithstanding the statement that Alaric demolished all the temples which had hitherto been spared, it is unreasonable to suppose that, coming from a career of wanton devastation in the Hellenic territory, his army would so suddenly have acquired the temperance and moderation which they displayed in Italy. Evidence exists, too, that the buildings said to have been destroyed by him were standing many years after his death. Indeed, it was in Athens that the monuments of antiquity remained longest uninjured. The story of the terror which caused him to lead away his troops on beholding the lofty figure of the Athene Promachos frowning on him from the Acropolis is no doubt a fiction, born in the imagination of the pagan writer Zosimos, who transferred to the breast

of Alaric emotions which might have been natural enough to his own. The Christian Goth was not a man to be so easily frightened, and, still more, he showed similar forbearance on other occasions, when there was no Athene whose frown he had to dread.

The condition of art during the mediæval period forms one of the saddest chapters in its eventful history. By the time the Western empire became extinct Italy had passed completely under the domination of ecclesiastical ideas. The struggle of orthodoxy with Arianism and other heresies of the age had called into exercise the intellects of the ablest fathers of the church, and their learning and eloquence, permeating every channel of thought and feeling, had drawn the attention of the entire Christian world to the consideration of religious truths. In addition to this, the ascetic views of these great leaders — which grew out of a literal interpretation of the command to mortify the deeds of the flesh and separate themselves from the world — had been accepted as matters of unquestioned belief. This life, to most men only a snare and a delusion, was at best but an uncertain preparation for a dread and awful eternity. No time in its fleeting hours for the pleasures of taste and the delights of the imagination, when the austere use of all its moments barely sufficed to snatch the soul from perdition and win a humble place in heaven. The masterpieces of ancient art were therefore regarded as but the vain and profitless toys of worldly gratification. But this was not all. They were the embodiment of a religion antagonistic to the principles of the gospel, and many of them were associated with rites of the grossest immorality. The hard battle which the champions of Christianity had so lately won was still vivid in their remembrance, and the wounds which they had received in the conflict had not yet lost their soreness.

Under the influence of teachings like these it is not surprising that a general indifference to works of art should gradually have been brought about. Valued scarcely more than so many blocks of uncut marble from the quarries, the most precious statues were left to totter from their bases through age or neglect, to be mutilated at the pleasure of the passer-by, to be torn down by the overzealous partisans of an unenlightened faith, and, when thus overturned, to be gradually covered up beneath the accumulations of earth which hid from view their broken and disfigured forms. Ghiberti tells of an antique statue which was discovered in digging for the foundations of a house at Siena, about the middle of the fourteenth century, and was erected with great honor above the public fountain. After suffering many reverses in war with the Florentines, the citizens in public council decided that their misfortunes were a visitation of divine wrath, sent upon them because of their leniency to this idol, which would continue as long as it was allowed to remain in the city. At the advice of one of their number, it was accordingly broken to pieces and buried by stealth in the Florentine territory, that even its fragments might not pollute the Sienese soil. In a similar spirit Carlo Malatesta threw the statue of Virgil into the Mincio, because the people paid to the great poet the honor which should have been reserved for the saints. Manuel Chrysoloras, near the close of the same century, says that many figures of illustrious men, with their laurels and trophies were to be seen in Rome, overthrown and rolling in the mud and filth of the streets, some were hopelessly shattered, not a few fulfilled the office of stones for the foundations and walls of buildings, others were used as mounting-blocks for horses, or employed to build inclosures for cattle and asses; while many were burnt into lime, and countless numbers covered up beneath thorns

and brambles and growing trees, or buried out of sight in the ground.

These results were promoted by the unsettled character of the times. All the abler and more energetic intellects outside the ranks of the clergy found employment in the profession of war. Italy was for centuries the muster-ground of hostile armies, whose achievements have been indelibly etched upon the pages of European history. The cities, divided between rival factions which were liable at any moment to break out into deadly strife, were filled with impregnable towers and castles, whose frowning walls looked down on the peaceful citizens at every turn. Perched like birds'-nests upon the hill-tops and inaccessible rocks of the open country, these strongholds in the towns were built on precipitous slopes, in the public squares, along the narrow streets, or amid the ruins and massive structures of republican and imperial grandeur. Not only so, but the ancient edifices themselves were often used for the same purpose. The mausoleums of Hadrian, Augustus, and Cecilia Metella, the triumphal arches of Titus, Constantine, and Septimius Severus, the Septizonium of the latter emperor, the Coliseum, the theatre of Marcellus, the baths of Constantine, and the ruins of the Palatine Hill were converted into fortresses by the Roman nobility. So intolerable did this strife of factions become that in 1258 the senator Brancalone, who was invested with dictatorial power in order to check the evil, found it necessary to demolish a hundred and forty of these strongholds, among them temples, palaces, baths, and other venerable monuments of antiquity. Such statues as they contained must have been destroyed at the same time.

But another method of utilizing the ancient structures readily suggested itself. They were standing vacant, they were falling into ruin, they were no longer of any use either to gods or men,

they were only needless encumbrances of the ground. Why transport stone from distant quarries, when here were materials ready fashioned to hand? To the unimaginative masters of mediæval Rome this seemed the height of folly. Yet there were other considerations which influenced them no less. Upon the ancient buildings, as upon the ancient statues, anathema was written. They were not merely useless. They were tainted with the hopeless curse of paganism. The Flavian amphitheatre had been polluted with the blood of martyrs, the temples were the dwelling-places of idols, the theatres had been consecrated to the obscene and sinful pleasures of a licentious drama, the baths were still reeking with pestilential memories of orgies which put high heaven to the blush. To this was added a feeling of superstitious awe, begotten within the mediæval mind at sight of those stupendous structures of the past. No human hands had reared their mighty sweep of walls, or poised those massive vaults and arches in the air. Demons alone could have done the work, and by demons must the work have been performed. Virgil and the other poets had possessed the potent charm which summoned these lost spirits from the abyss, and by their infernal power the huge stones had been piled, block on block, into those time-defying monuments of the ancient world. Whatever reverence might have been felt for such structures as the triumphs of human skill was therefore destroyed, and the only motive which could have prompted their preservation was wanting. As a result, the crowbar and the axe were called into requisition, and edifices the like of which the world has never beheld were torn down by ecclesiastics and nobles, to furnish materials for the churches and secular buildings of Rome; while such masterpieces as the Niobe and Farnese Flora were buried beneath falling masonry, or left, shattered and

overthrown, to be covered by the debris of crumbling roofs and walls, or by the sand which the wind slowly sifted over their disfigured loveliness. From the Coliseum alone have been erected the Palazzo di Venezia, the Cancelleria, the Palazzo Farnese, and it would be difficult to say with certainty how many other palaces and houses of the modern city. Nicholas V. quarried the Temple of Peace for his own buildings, Sixtus IV. destroyed the circular temple of Hercules, and Innocent VIII. authorized his architects to make use of whatever antique masonry they chose. For these new works lime must be obtained, and material for its manufacture was ready at hand in the statues and marble ornaments which existed in such profusion on every side. No care was taken to preserve these. They were at the mercy of any one who chose to use or abuse them, and none questioned him for so doing. In the Basilica Julia alone kilns and stone-cutters' yards have been found at three different points; and here and in other parts of the city and vicinity not only inscriptions, marble columns, and the incrustations of buildings, but also the most precious statues of the ancient chisel, were reduced to lime. So universal was this custom that Petrarch declared that all the modern Rome of his day, great and beautiful as it was, and adorned with palaces, churches, and other edifices, had been cemented with lime made from antique marbles. Although an earthquake, described by the poet, overthrew many monuments in 1349, there seems to be no method of accounting for the disappearance of the innumerable statues which he alleges were still in the city except on the supposition that they were utilized in this way. So complete was the destruction that Poggio, not more than seventy-five years later, declared that, out of all the colossi and statues erected to eminent men in marble and bronze, only six remained.

These were the equestrian figure of Marcus Aurelius; the Tiber, now in the Louvre; the Nile of the Vatican; the Marforio; and the horsemen of Monte Cavallo, then looked upon as representing two of the ancient philosophers. Poggio excepts, however, various works, intended, as he says, merely to cater to the taste for art, — a statement which, it must be confessed, is capable of considerable elasticity of interpretation. The practice of burning statues for lime had begun as early as the fourth century, if not before. Constantius II. found it necessary to pass a law against it in 349, and more stringent measures were subsequently adopted by Valentinian II. During the mediæval period these decrees were no longer available. At length, about the middle of the sixteenth century, Paul III. forbade the practice under penalty of death, and gave orders that statues should not be taken from Rome without the especial permission of the Pope. Remembering that this was in the age of Raphael and Michael Angelo, when enthusiasm for antiquities was at its height, we may form some conception of that mad rage for destruction which could be restrained only by so severe a penalty as this. In the same century antique heads and fragments were often found built into walls, like common stones. From the masonry of a house near the church of St. Lorenzo outside the Walls were taken eighteen or twenty heads of imperial personages, which went to enrich the famous collection of the Cardinal Farnese. Even Paul III., though loving and protecting art, added to the rubbish resulting from the previous destruction of towers and fortresses in the Forum by demolishing three small churches and over two hundred houses and other buildings between the arches of Titus and Constantine, when he constructed his triumphal street from the Porta San Sebastiano to the Capitol, preparatory to the reception of Charles V.,

in 1536. The débris from the neighboring hills was also deposited here when the old foundations were cleared for the erection of new structures, until the accumulation in some places reached a depth of forty feet, and such works as had escaped destruction were buried hopelessly beneath it. A similar state of things existed in other parts of the city. The scarcity of metal, too, caused the bronzes of antiquity to be in equal demand for the needs of the times. Sixtus IV. destroyed the most ancient bridge across the Tiber for cannon-balls. Urban VIII. removed the bronze from the beams and ceiling in the portico of the Pantheon, and converted it into the columns which support the canopy of the high altar of St. Peter's, and into cannon for the defense of the papal fortress of St. Angelo. There is no reason to suppose, indeed, that these pontiffs would feel toward sculptures in bronze a tenderness which those in marble had failed to awaken within them, and masterpieces by Myron and Lysippos may have been among the works that disappeared forever in the melting-pot of the founder. *Sunt idola antiquorum*, — "They are the idols of the ancients," — growled Adrian VI., as he walked through the Belvedere gallery after his election to succeed the munificent Leo X. Pius V., nearly half a century later, debated the question of removing the statues of the gods from the Vatican, and Sixtus V., at the expiration of twenty years more, ordered all such to be thrown from the Capitol. The importance of keeping in mind the distinction between sacred and secular art is here seen. In antiquity it was the latter which suffered most, the figures of the gods being generally preserved by the Greeks and Romans in their foreign and domestic wars. In later times the reverse was true. The statues of the ancient deities were the most obnoxious to the champions of the Christian faith, and hence were frequently destroyed

when those of heroes and eminent men escaped. Bargæus, professor of belles-lettres at Pisa in the latter half of the sixteenth century, and the defender of papal iconoclasm as directed against the works of classic art, mentions the fact that almost all the statues found in his time overturned upon the ground were those of Venus, Apollo, Jupiter, Mercury, Bacchus, satyrs, and similar subjects relating to the superstitions and fables of the pagan religion. From this he infers that the motive of their destruction was a purely ecclesiastical one; and such, no doubt, it was. Thrown down and broken partly by command of the Popes, partly by the zeal of the people; jeered and mocked at and spit upon by those within whose bosoms their beauty could awaken no responsive feeling; made the target of missiles; their shattered fragments employed to prop the pots of the housewife or to stop the chinks of walls; their heads rolled about by boys in sport, or used, it may be, as cannon-balls to subserve the needs of mediæval artillery, — what crime had these frail beings of the imagination committed? The crime of surviving an age which could appreciate their worth.

One cannot dwell upon considerations like these without emotions of the deepest sadness. As we think of those masterful creations in which the ancient artist had embodied the choicest feelings of his soul, and in imagination see them shivered by the axe and sledge-hammer, then stand by the kiln and look upon the fragments as they gradually crumble into lime, or beside the furnace of the bronze-moulder, and watch the metal of exquisite hands and limbs, or of fair, sweet features that have calmly looked the centuries in the face and felt no change, slowly melting to a liquid mass, in which their delicate outlines and still more delicate spiritual qualities are forever lost, we involuntarily exclaim, in the language of the Northern

mythology, Surely the twilight of the gods has come.

But it was not at Rome alone that works of sculpture met such a fate. In the capital of the East a similar series of calamities overtook them. The *Fortuna Urbis*, borne in the chariot of the sun, which was erected by Constantine in the Hippodrome, was ordered by Julian to be thrown into a pit and covered with earth, on account of the cross that the champion of Christianity had caused to be engraved upon its forehead. It is probable that other works, equally objectionable to the restorer of paganism, met a like doom, though their loss in an artistic point of view cannot have been great. The effigy of Julian himself, which he had erected in front of the mint, was subsequently broken to pieces by Theodosius the Great, through abhorrence of one whom he regarded only as a detestable apostate. The Arians, on coming into power, under the patronage of Constantius and Valens threw into the fire the statues of Alexander, Metrophanes, Mary, Jesus, and Paul, which Constantine had placed near his great column in the Forum. During a conflagration in the reign of Theodosius the Younger, a triple statue of porphyry, said to represent Constantine, Constantius, and Constans, was stolen and carried from the city. The emperor sent out a messenger into remote parts and along the sea-coasts, with threats of vengeance if it was not returned. The robbers, on being overtaken, threw themselves and their plunder into the sea. Ropes and boats were brought, divers were secured, and great rewards were offered, but the statue could not be recovered. Among the many works brought to Constantinople was one of Menander, made of wrought silver, eight cubits wide and fifteen cubits long. This was appropriated by the Emperor Marcianus, who converted it into coin for the royal treasury, or, as Codinus says, for distribution among the poor.

During the reign of Leo I. his general, Ardaburius, while in Thrace, came upon a statue of Herodian, hump-backed and fat, and so hideous that he demolished it; whereupon he found in it a hundred and thirty-three pounds of gold. Elated at his good fortune, he hastened to announce it to his sovereign. The emperor, either from cupidity, or for the purpose of conveying a salutary rebuke for such an invasion of the royal prerogative, ordered him to be put to death. Anastasius melted many of the bronze statues which adorned the city, and even one of Constantine himself, to obtain metal for his own colossal equestrian figure. This was placed in the Forum Tauri, upon the column on which the statue of Theodosius the Great formerly stood, the latter having been prostrated by an earthquake in 476. This magnificent column, which was mounted upon a socle of white marble twenty feet high, consisted of six enormous blocks of porphyry, each eleven feet in diameter and ten feet thick. These were perforated vertically with a cochleary passage, which, when the sections were placed in position, formed a continuous winding staircase from the bottom to the top. When it is remembered that this stone is so hard as to require two entire years for the chiseling and polishing of an ordinary statue, some conception may be formed of the enormous task of constructing a work like this. The figure of Anastasius was itself succeeded by that of Apollo, which was attributed to Pheidias, and remained till the reign of Alexis Comnenos in the twelfth century. Justinian overthrew the leaden column supporting the silver statue of Theodosius in the Forum Augusteum, converting the lead into water-pipes for the public aqueducts, and using the precious metal, which weighed over seven thousand pounds, to defray the expense of his own equestrian figure. This was made out of the bronze tiles of the Chalce, and was erected upon a por-

phyry pillar in the place in which its predecessor had stood. In the Hippodrome was a colossus of hewn stones sheathed with plates of bronze. These were stripped off in the barbarian invasions, but the rest of the structure was to be seen there as late as the sixteenth century. At the close of the sixth, Mauritius broke in pieces all the statues of the Hexakionion, and also the *Fortuna Urbis* which Constantine had brought from Rome, and which for two centuries and a half had stood above the arch of the palace. It was probably this same figure whose hands Michael Rhangabe ordered to be cut off, that factions against the emperor might not prosper.

In the Forum Bovis was the bronze figure of a bull, erected by Valentinianus, the chamberlain of Constans. This, like the famous bull of Phalaris at Agrigentum, was used as a furnace in which criminals were burned to death. It is said to have been frequently employed by Julian in ridding himself of the Christians, and continued to consume its human victims till the time of Phocas, at the beginning of the seventh century. This emperor was overthrown and thrust into it by his rival Herakleios, and the statue was afterward melted and coined into money for the enrollment of troops in Pontus. On the right side of the Forum of Constantine stood twelve porphyry statues and twelve gilded sirens. Two of these were demolished, three carried to the church of St. Mamas, and the rest left for a long time *in situ*. Not without touches of grim humor did these old iconoclasts set about their destructive task, laughing and cracking many a joke as the works of ancient genius disappeared beneath their hands. "Come, Herakles," said a certain Diagoras, as he placed on the fire the fragments of a fine old wooden statue of the hero which he had split up for fuel, "you have already performed twelve labors; now undertake a thirteenth, and cook me a dish of lentils."

It is curious to reflect that this sally constitutes its author's sole claim to immortality. But for it his very name would long since have become extinct, — so high a value do men place on that rare quality, wit.

In the Zeugma — a place so called because, when the bones of St. Stephen the martyr were brought to the city, the mules at this point were yoked to the chariot, and drew it thence to the baths of Constantine — was a figure of Venus standing upon a twisted column. This was regarded not only as the protecting deity of the lupanar, situated near by, but also as an infallible test of female virtue. Whenever in a given case the latter quality was called in question, it was the custom to conduct the culprit to the Zeugma, and set her face to face with the statue of the goddess. If innocent, she departed unharmed; if not, her clothing was suddenly torn from her by a mysterious and irresistible power, and her guilt was made manifest to the world. At last the wife, or according to certain accounts the sister-in-law, of Justinus Curopalates, having encountered the same experience while merely riding past the spot on horseback, on her way to the baths of Blachernæ, destroyed the statue which had cast so heavy a reproach upon her good name. The lupanar was afterwards converted into a convent, and subsequently into a hospital.

Many ancient statues also perished in the destruction of ecclesiastical images under Leo the Isaurian. Bardas Cæsar removed from the Strategion a *Fortuna Urbis* and a prophetic tripod capable of revealing the past, present, and future, and demolished the other statues which stood there. In the time of this same Cæsar the Chrusocamera was robbed of the precious golden statue which gave the building its name, and which seems never to have been recovered. Over the western arch of the Forum Tauri were bronze figures of a fly, gnat, flea,

and other insects, reputed to have been made by direction of that arch-quack Apollonios of Tyana on one of his visits to Constantinople. As long as they remained there, say the old chroniclers, neither flies, gnats, nor fleas entered the city. They were thrown down and broken to pieces, however, by Basil the Macedonian in the latter half of the ninth century, either because, like the modern traveler, he had not experienced entire immunity from those vivacious pests, or because he regarded such a concession to the powers of darkness as a greater evil than that which it was designed to obviate. The statue of Constantine, which stood on the great porphyry pillar in the Forum, after remaining unharmed for more than seven hundred years, at length fell in a gale, in the reign of Alexis Comnenos, breaking into fragments and killing several persons.

In the fifth century Constantinople was desolated by no less than four great conflagrations. In the reign of Arcadius one of the senate-houses and its adjacent buildings were destroyed. Under Leo I. fire twice swept over the city, and a large part of it was laid in ashes, including the great senate-house in the Forum of Constantine and all its wealth of statues. In the time of Basiliskos two of the largest porticoes, the mint, the Lausos with its inestimable collection of ancient bronzes and marbles, the statues of the Forum Augusteum, the Cistern Basilica, and the great library of a hundred and twenty thousand volumes were consumed. Among the treasures of the latter was the famous book, a hundred and twenty feet in length, made from a dragon's intestines and containing the entire Iliad and Odyssey. In the riot of the circus factions under Justinian the town was again set on fire, and the Chalke and the baths of Zeuxippos, both so richly stocked with statues, were destroyed. In one of these great calamities, when nearly the entire

city had been leveled to the ground, a two-faced seated female figure in the Castrum Panormum was protected as if by divine power. The fire repeatedly swept up to the spot, and it seemed on the point of being consumed; but each time the flames receded to the distance of fifteen ells, and it was preserved. It was subsequently carried to Persia by Chosroes, and dedicated as an object of worship there. In 564, 740, and 861 the fire-fiend again wrought desolation, and much that before had escaped was now consumed. Constantinople was also visited by about a dozen severe earthquakes, in several of which not only statues and buildings but almost the entire city was destroyed. In one of these a bronze elephant, which stood near the great column of Constantine in the Forum, was overturned and one of its hind legs broken off. On running to set it up, the custodians found in it the complete skeleton of a human body and a tablet on which were engraved the words, "From Venus, hallowed virgin, not even in death am I separated." The adjectives in the original denote by their agreement that the remains were those of a woman. So dreadful an act of idolatry could not be overlooked, and the statue so hopelessly cursed was melted and coined into money for the public treasury. It was an earthquake, too, which in 224 B. C. overthrew the famous Colossus of Rhodes. Some conception of the size of this figure may be formed from the statement of Pliny that few persons could embrace its thumb, while the fingers alone were larger than most entire statues. After lying on the ground till the seventh century of our era, it was broken into fragments and sold to a Jew for old metal. The weight of the bronze is estimated to have been three hundred and sixty tons, and nine hundred camels are said to have been required to remove it.

The capture of Constantinople by the Crusaders in 1203 and 1204 was the

occasion of two more of those terrific conflagrations with which the unfortunate capital of the East had become familiar. The flames, kindled by some Flemish pilgrims in a synagogue or mosque, continued to rage for eight days and nights, traversing the city from the harbor to the Bosphorus. In the siege of the following year it was again set on fire, and in the language of Gibbon a space equal to the measure of three of the largest cities of France was consumed. The town was also given up for several days to the pillage of the soldiers. At this time there still stood in the forum a colossal figure of Juno, so large that, according to Niketas Acominatos, four yoke of oxen could scarcely draw the head to the palace. This statement is unquestionably exaggerated, but it is possible that the author intended to express merely his opinion of what the weight would have been found to be if the attempt to remove it had actually been made. Here also was a group representing Paris proffering to Venus the golden apple as the prize of beauty. On a lofty square pyramid, erected under Theodosius the Great or Leo the Isaurian, was an elegant female figure in bronze, called the Anemodoulion, or Slave of the Winds. This had been brought from Dyrrachium by a woman who had received it as a dower. The statue, as its name implies, served the purposes of a weather-vane, and was so nicely pivoted that it was turned about by the slightest breezes. The sides of the pyramid were covered with sculptures representing singing birds; nude Cupids, in groups of two or three, laughing and pelting each other with apples; husbandmen engaged in their various pursuits, with rustic pipes, milk-pails, bleating sheep, and skipping lambs; the sea with its fish, some of which were swimming about, some caught in nets, and others escaping from the meshes and plunging again to the bottom. Near by were the statues of the

twelve winds, four of which, of colossal size, had, like the Anemodoulion, been brought from Dyrrachium. In the Forum Tauri stood an equestrian statue of immense size, commonly regarded as the figure of Bellerophon seated upon Pegasus. In the opinion of some, however, it represented Joshua commanding the sun to stand still, the outstretched hand being interpreted as engaged in a gesture to the descending orb. In the Hippodrome was the Herakles of Tarentum, which had been brought from Rome by Constantine. The son of Alkmene was seated upon a basket, over which was spread the lion's skin. His right arm and leg were extended to their full length, but the left leg was bent at the knee and supported the corresponding elbow, while the head reclined in the hollow of the left hand. The hero was portrayed with broad chest and shoulders, massive legs, powerful arms, and hair curling in ringlets, but was without quiver, bow, or club, and gazed gloomily downward, filled with grief at the hardship and injustice of his lot. This statue was of such size that, according to Niketas, a cord which encircled the thumb was large enough for the girdle of a man, while the length of the leg from the knee down was equal to the height of an ordinary person. Here again an error is evident from the fact that the two proportions would not be right for different parts of the same figure. The second dimension being taken as the correct one, the entire height would be something under twenty-five feet, — a size by no means improbable. In the same place stood the statue of a braying ass, loaded with a burden and followed by his driver. This had been erected by Augustus at Actium after his victory over Antony and Cleopatra. The story is that, going out by night to view the enemy's position, he encountered a peasant leading a donkey. On being asked his name and destination, the man replied, "My

name is Nicon and my ass's name Nican-der, and I am going to join the army of Cæsar." So pleased was Augustus with this naive answer that after the battle he caused bronze statues to be erected to man and beast, thus conferring on them in the history of art an immortality which their achievements could hardly have secured in any other way. Niketas also mentions figures of Scylla, girt with savage monsters and devouring the companions of Ulysses, the wolf which had suckled Romulus and Remus, a sow, a Nile-horse, sphinxes, an elephant swinging its trunk, an unbridled horse pricking up its ears and plunging fiercely, a man fighting with a lion, and an eagle clutching a serpent in its talons. The latter, like the bronze insects in the Forum Tauri, was reputed to have been made by Apollonios of Tyana, to drive away the reptiles with which the city was infested. By means of lines engraved upon the wings of the bird it served the additional purpose of a sun-dial. Here, too, were still to be seen the statues of the charioteers of the circus, a remarkable group of two fighting animals, and a seated female statue, of youthful aspect and beautiful form. In its outstretched hand it held, entirely without support, the equestrian figure of a warrior; and although the rider was of robust proportions, the horse on which he sat was as lightly sustained as one would hold a cup.

Among the most celebrated works at this time in Constantinople was the statue of Helen of Troy, who was represented as standing clad in the chiton. The brow, crowned with gold and gems, seemed almost transparent. The flowing hair was stirred gently by the wind, and was so long that, though bound with a fillet and caught up on the crown, it nevertheless fell in rich masses below the knees. The lips, slightly parted, like the opening petals of a flower, seemed to be breathing forth sound, and the smile which played about the mouth

filled the beholder with delight. The tender grace of the eyes, the beauty of the arching brows, the loveliness of the whole form, no words could adequately paint and no description transmit to posterity. Such is the glowing account given of it by Niketás, to whom it must have been as familiar as the Apollo Belvedere or the Venus of Melos is to us. These works, which were all of bronze, were melted by the Crusaders and coined into money for their own use. In regard to the Bellerophon, or Joshua, a rumor had long been current that in the left fore-foot of the horse was concealed the figure of a man. According to one report, it was that of a member of the Venetian or blue faction of the Hippodrome; according to another, a Bulgarian, or some one belonging to the Western nations not in alliance with the Romans. When the statue was broken in pieces preparatory to being cast into the furnace, sure enough it was found to contain a figure of bronze, clad in a woolen mantle. The Latins, however, caring little for the import of the inscription, threw it into the fire with the rest. Besides the works thus destroyed a great many were carried to Venice, prominent among them being the four bronze horses which now adorn the portal of St. Mark's. These are said to have stood originally on a lofty tower above the *carceres*, or barriers, of the Hippodrome, from whose summit a certain Agarenos, emulous of the ill-fated Icarus, leaped into the air on wings and met death on the pavement below. In regard to the foregoing works it should be borne in mind, as has already been intimated, that Niketas and the other Byzantine chroniclers are not always trustworthy in the names of statues described by them, though doubtless reflecting truthfully enough the most enlightened opinion of their times.

In spite of all vicissitudes, however, a considerable amount of sculpture still remained in the Eastern capital. Manuel

Chrysoloras, nearly two centuries after the conquest of the city by the Crusaders, declares that he himself had seen there many works which were subsequently carried off. He mentions especially two seated figures of porphyry at a point where three ways met, and a reclining statue of marble, probably representing a fountain nymph, placed near the head of a small stream which flowed through the city. There were many others of a similar character, he says, with which he was not personally familiar, but of which he had learned through those who had seen them. He also cites, evidently as well known, certain statues which were before the Golden Gate, and representations of the labors of Herakles, the tortures of Prometheus, and other excellent works, apparently in bas-relief. The latter existed, at least in a fragmentary condition, as late as the sixteenth century, when they were seen there by Gylles, Leunclavius, and Bullad. Indeed, we have direct testimony that numerous statues were standing in the city on its capture by the Turks, when a large Herakles, still in position on one of the columns of the Hippodrome, was among the works destroyed.

The great pillar in the Forum Augustum supporting the equestrian figure of Justinian was stripped of its bronze sheathing by the barbarians, and remained in this condition for centuries. It was under the left fore-foot of this horse, which was lifted from the pedestal, that the head of Constantine XIII., the last emperor of the East, was exhibited to the people by Mahomet II. in 1453. The column was destroyed by the Turks about half a century later, but the statue was preserved in the court of the palace some thirty years more. It was then broken and carted away to the bronze-foundry to be cast into cannon. Two lions near the harbor known as the Neorion were standing in their ancient position in the first half of

the present century, and may be there still. The group which was placed not far from this, and represented a lion fighting with a bull, disappeared, however, long ago.

The conquest of Constantinople by the Turks marks its practical disappearance from the history of art. The hostility of their religion to all representations of living beings led them for the most part to demolish such objects wherever found, and deprived mankind of those scanty remnants of ancient sculpture which still survived in the once brilliant capital of Constantine.

Of the fate of statues in other parts of the world little need be said. Such works as had not been carried away from Greece and Asia Minor probably perished through the common vicissitudes of war, the rapacity of invaders, the wantonness of Roman emperors, and the iconoclasm of the early Christians. At Olympia, in addition to the outrages committed by Nero, other rulers substituted their own statues in the treasuries of the different states for those originally dedicated there. The Olympic Games were suppressed by Theodosius the Great in 394, and many figures of the gods were undoubtedly broken to pieces through the zeal of unenlightened ecclesiastics. In the following year Elis was overrun and plundered by the army of Alaric, and here, as in Italy, works of bronze and the more precious metals were probably melted for coin. The pediment figures of the temple of Zeus were cast down by an earthquake at an early period of Byzantine history, and portions of them, with other statues and reliefs, were incorporated into a rampart for the defense of settlers. In a similar manner the celebrated Hermes of Praxiteles was built into a brick wall in the temple of Here, and the body of the infant Dionysos into another in a remote part of the Altis, while the head of the child was thrown upon a heap of rubbish at some distance from both. At length

the whole Olympian plain was covered with an alluvial deposit, brought down from the surrounding hills and left by the overflowing waters of the Alpheios and its tributaries, till the layers of clay and gravel were from ten to fifteen feet in thickness.

In other places similar events occurred. At Athens fragments of ancient architecture and sculpture were built at hap-hazard into the wall of Valerian. The disappearance of the immense quantities of rubbish from the Olympieion, moreover, is to be accounted for upon the supposition that these stupendous ruins gradually melted away beneath the hammer and chisel of mediæval and Turkish masons, the latter of whom regularly employed the ancient structures of Athens as quarries. The great temple of Artemis at Ephesus was burned by the Goths about 262 A. D. After this the columns were probably thrown down by earthquakes, such as in the last few months have desolated that unhappy region, while the ruins furnished materials for all the Byzantine edifices subsequently erected there. At length the Kaystros and its tributaries, overflowing their banks, buried the spot beneath twenty-two feet of alluvial earth.

But it is needless to multiply instances. The facts in this mournful history have a wonderful similarity, and with slight variations of detail may apply to one locality as well as to another. Amid these vicissitudes attempts were occasionally made to preserve favorite works from destruction. Ghiberti speaks of an antique statue found at Florence, which, on the triumph of the Christian faith, was placed in a sepulchre of brick constructed for the purpose, and there left in the belief that a better day would come when it would again receive the homage of mankind. In like manner the Mastai Hercules was discovered at Rome, carefully built over with masonry, at a depth of two feet below the ancient level. The Venus of Melos was

concealed for some eighteen centuries in a niche covered with stones and rubbish, and the Capitoline statue of the same goddess was found at Rome walled up in an unoccupied room of an old house in the Suburra.

In addition to the losses already described, a number of ancient works have disappeared or been mutilated in modern times. In the war between the Venetians and Turks, in 1687, Count Konigsmarck, a Swedish officer in the employ of the former nation, planted a battery on the Pnyx at Athens, and two mortars near the Latin convent at the foot of the Acropolis, and turned his guns against the ancient citadel. In the bombardment, which lasted for several days, the temple of the Nike Apteros was destroyed, and the Parthenon severely injured. At length a shell penetrated the powder magazine located in the latter building, and a terrific explosion followed. The walls of the *cella* and the central columns of the peristyle were blown down; much of the sculpture was defaced, and some hopelessly shattered. The statue of Poseidon and the chariot of Athene driven by Nike were also broken by the Venetians, in attempting to lower them from the western pediment for the purpose of carrying them to Italy. The removal of the Elgin marbles in 1802 came near proving not merely a spoliation, but an entire destruction. The ship conveying them to England was wrecked near Cerigo, the ancient Cythera, and it was only after remaining there for several months that Mr. W. R. Hamilton, Lord Elgin's private secretary, succeeded in rescuing them from the sea, and proceeding with them to their destination. Winckelmann mentions a torso of Herakles, or Asklepios, by Apollonios, son of Nestor, of Athens, which was formerly in the Massimi Palace at Rome, but in some unaccountable manner had been lost. The same fate, he declares, had befallen very many glorious pieces, among them

a Hermes by Speusippos; the head of Xenocrates; a picture of the goddess Roma, described by Spon; a relief which represented Painting making the portrait of Varro, formerly belonging to the celebrated antiquary, Ciampini; and numerous other reliefs from the Baths of Pozzuoli. It is possible that these and other works are lying hidden and forgotten in the closets and cellars of Italian palaces, from which they may yet come forth with all the freshness of original discoveries. A colossal trunk of Jupiter unearthed at Velleia, of which the head also was in existence, was worked over into two modern statues to adorn the ducal garden at Parma. Those who have visited the Castle of St. Angelo, in Rome, will remember the busts of Hadrian and Cicero, standing in the stairway near the entrance, and mutilated by the bayonet-stabs of papal soldiers. When Madrid was captured by the allied armies, in the war of the Spanish Succession, a fine bust of Claudius, which had been discovered at Frattocchie and carried to Spain by Cardinal Colonna, was found in the Escorial suspended as the principal weight to the church clock, and was conveyed by Lord Galway to England. By a similar sarcasm of fortune a beautiful hollow medallion of Hadrian was used for many years as a mule-bell by an Italian cart-driver in the suburbs of Rome.

In view of all the facts of this strange history it seems surprising, not that so many works of ancient art have been destroyed, but that any at all have remained until the present day. Transported from place to place, shattered by accidents, overthrown by earthquakes, consumed by conflagrations, subject to the destructive malice of Macedonian and Roman emperors, exposed to the violence of wars, buried beneath falling walls; delivered to the axe of the iconoclast, the hammer of the mason, the kiln of the lime-maker, and the melting-fur-

nace of the bronze-moulder; torn from their bases, trampled in the mire and filth of the streets, broken into fragments, and gradually overwhelmed and hidden from view beneath the earth, how slight was the chance that productions of the golden age of Athenian sculpture should ever meet the eyes of that far-off nineteenth century in which we have our being! With what reverence may we justly stand before a work which, surviving such vicissitudes, has traversed the vast reaches of bleak, barren centuries that lie between us and antiquity, to greet us with its matchless loveliness to-day! Perikles may have gazed upon it; Sokrates, Plato, Aristotle, and Zeno may have taught their disciples in its presence; Euripides and Sophokles may have paused in the composition of their stately lines to rest the eye and brain on the symmetry of its proportions and the spotless purity of its marble; Herodotos may have recited his histories and Demosthenes have thundered his eloquence before it; Cicero may have turned aside from the delights of poetry and the comforts of philosophy to contemplate in it the evidence of a finer genius than his countrymen could ever hope to attain; Virgil, Horace, and Ovid may have found their perceptions of beauty elevated and made nobler by its influence; the glance of Paul may have wandered over it as he proclaimed to the people the mysteries of the new birth and the hope of the resurrection; Marcus Aurelius may have seen in it a reflection of that heavenly truth and harmony in which his lofty soul found consolation; and still to-day the connoisseur may dwell upon it with ever-increasing delight, and find the subtle sympathy of art lifting him closer and closer into communion with those master souls of the past, —

“The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still
rule
Our spirits from their urns.”

William Shields Liscomb.

THE ZIG ZAG TELEGRAPH.

FOR nearly nineteen years I have been waiting for some one to write the history of this line ; but during all this time no account of its origin, or the manner in which it performed its work, has been published, and so far as I can learn no hint even of its existence has appeared in print. Can it be possible that I was sole proprietor and operator ; that my weary messages alone went creeping over the wires ; that its faithful, patient services were given to me only ? If so, upon me clearly devolves the task of writing its history. And yet, to own the truth, this task is not an easy one. The Zig Zag was such an anomaly among telegraphs, such a *bizarre* affair altogether, that it sets at defiance all ordinary methods of description. It was behind the times ; it was slow with its messages ; it carried them a long way around, and stopped with them in unexpected places ; there was an air of mistiness about it that made me sometimes suspect that it was only the ghost of a telegraph, — the phantom, perhaps, of some incompleated, early invention left an orphan by the death of the inventor.

But stay ; I must be more explicit. This telegraph was not composed of solid material substance ; it did not consist of actual posts and wires. It was a phenomenon of an exceptional condition of body or mind, a phase of mental action in a given direction, a system of exploration in the realms of memory, a — well, I will admit it at once, a *something* that I never quite understood ; a problem, the solution of which I have many times almost reached, but that has always eluded me by dodging around unexpected corners and disappearing when I thought I had forced it into a *cul de sac*. I will therefore make public my experience with this line, and

transfer to others the solution of the problem ; and, as the condition of body and mind was doubtless a factor necessary to the solution, I will make known this condition by briefly telling a small portion of my life's history.

On the 6th of March, A. D. 1865, with other paroled prisoners, I crossed Broad River, twelve miles from Wilmington, N. C., and stood once more, with bared head and thankful heart, beneath the flag of our country. The emotions awakened by the sight of this emblem of all we held dear I shall not venture to describe. I should blush to bring the poor tribute of words to the flag sanctified by baptism in the tears of our tenderest and the blood of our bravest. For more than ten months I had been a prisoner at Andersonville and Florence. In this article I shall make no attempt to portray the horrors of Andersonville. The evidence under seal furnished by those thirteen thousand graves needs no corroboration by parole testimony. When the storm has passed, the wrecks on the beach are surer records of the force of the tempest than all the figures at the signal stations. I had fought the battle for life for more than ten months in those prison pens, and I was conscious that I had fought it well. I had lost ground daily, it is true, but I had contested it foot by foot and inch by inch. My resistance had been steady, unfaltering, systematic. At the time I was paroled I was suffering from scurvy and general debility, and had also endured most of the minor sicknesses of the camp ; but thus far I had escaped those fearful fevers that had wrecked so many of my companions. Shortly after I reached Wilmington a strange dullness took possession of me. My mind refused to act with its accustomed vigor. Owing to the ravenous

appetites of some of the men, orders had been given to issue extra rations to all who required them; and although the regular daily ration was more than sufficient for me, I fell into line with the others and drew the extra. This I took to my tent-mate for safe-keeping, and again fell in and repeated the process, over and over, as long as the drawing lasted. About this time, too, racking pains assailed me, and I longed inexpressibly for home. Then the vessel came to take us to Annapolis, and we struggled and pushed and jostled each other in our eagerness to get on board; and at last I was fortunate enough to get tumbled on to the deck, just as the captain announced that he had a load, and could take no more. My recollections of the voyage are confused. I remember being rolled about, and crowded, and lain on by other passengers. I also remember staggering up to draw rations, although I could not eat. Then I was helped off the vessel, and some one took me by the arm and led me away. Then we stopped, and a voice said, "Wash him." And then — blankness.

How long the blank lasted I do not know. When my consciousness returned I was in a clean bed with white sheets. A light burned in the room, but I saw no one. I closed my eyes, and was lost again. When I awoke it was broad day, and a young man dressed in a fresh suit of army blue was standing by the bedside. He expressed no surprise as his glance met mine. I lifted my right hand, and was astonished at the effort so slight an action required. I gazed at the skeleton fingers, and vaguely wondered where I had been while that hand was growing so thin. I said, "What's the matter?" He replied, "You've had the fever. You're all right now. Don't talk." His voice was low and even; it expressed no sympathy, no anxiety; he moved away, and I slept again. My recovery was rapid. The hospital

surgeon visited me at intervals: he asked me no questions; he merely looked at me and passed on. I had a ravenous appetite, and, with the regularity of clockwork, a tray was placed before me on which were a cup of tea and a delicate piece of toast crowned with a poached egg. As I gazed at this dainty repast, I thought it a meal fit for a god, — that is, for a very small god. After a few days the pyramid on the plate was increased in altitude by the insertion of another slice of toast under the ovarious crown, and flanked by a bottle of porter. Next came the order for admission to the full-diet table, and soon after the certificate entitling me to a furlough. During all this period of convalescence I was conscious of no derangement of the mind's action. My main interests in life centred in the present, or reached forward to the future; but still memories of the past, mostly of home and early life, came to me naturally. I had, however, made no attempt to recall past events, as the admirable system of unquestioning treatment practiced at St. Mary's College Green Hospital had suggested no such effort; and it was only when called upon to answer questions, at the time I applied for a furlough, that I discovered the singular phase of mental aberration which forms the subject of this narrative. I have said that my recovery was rapid; perhaps I ought to add that as I threw off the fever I began to suffer with a difficulty in my feet, probably scurvy, — a difficulty that increased daily, until each foot felt like an immense bruise. But as this disease did not trouble me seriously while I was in the hospital, I did not mention the matter to any one, fearing that to do so would delay my departure for home. This brief portion of personal history is, I believe, all that is necessary to put the public in possession of facts that have any bearing on the problem under discussion.

And now I come to the most difficult

part of my task, the portrayal on paper of this abnormal action of the mind; and in order successfully to do this, I must describe the normal action in the same direction in such a way that it will be clearly recognized by all, and yet in such a way as will enable the reader to comprehend the abnormal.

Hold! I have it! I will materialize this action, and if the materialization lacks an arm, or even a leg to stand on, as is not unusually the case, if it but serve my purpose before vanishing in thin air, I shall be content. I will represent memory as a network of telegraph wires, the main line connecting the mind with the beginning of conscious existence, and side wires connecting this line with each event, each incident, each thought, of past life. When the mind is unimpaired and the lines are in perfect working order, information can be obtained instantly from any of these out-lying stations. The question is flashed over the wires, and the answer is returned, and the combined messages constitute a thought. In many instances, however, no perceptible action of the mind seems required; the mind is unquestioning and at rest; and yet, from the various depots in which our experiences of the past are stored, the messages come trooping in, and we call them *memories*. These are phases of the normal action of the intellect and the undisturbed working of the lines. But I am also familiar with many phases of abnormal action, and various stages of wreck in the lines of communication:—

First, the poor wretch with the wires all down behind him, and the past a blank.

Second, where the main line is cut at a given point in the past. Back to this point the communications are perfect and the side lines complete, but beyond—nothingness.

Third, where the main line is complete and the side lines are in order near the farther end, but mostly broken or

impaired from childhood to the present. This is a common case. The gray-haired man prattles of the scenes of his youth, but does not recall the events of manhood. Every word of the prayer his mother taught him is familiar, but he cannot remember a sentence of the speech that made him famous ten years ago. He does not recognize an acquaintance of yesterday, but the faces of the friends of his boyhood stand out clear and distinct. I need not particularize further; every one is familiar with the gaps in sections, where the storms of life have beaten down the side lines, and with the downfall of individual wires. Neither will it be worth while to call attention to the slight derangement of a particular wire that does not respond as promptly as we wish, but leaves our question unanswered, while the operator at the other terminus apparently takes a short nap, and we scratch our heads in vexation. My object in writing this article is to describe this well-known system of communication only so far as may be necessary to explain the working of the other line, that no one but myself appears to have used; and as I made use of both, I will designate the former as the Direct Line, and the latter as the Zig Zag. The Direct Line was always at my service *one way*: it would bring messages, but could not be relied on to carry them; it would transmit one and refuse the next in what I then thought a most captious manner; and sometimes it would apparently grow sulky and refuse them altogether. But the patient Zig Zag was not captious; it did not sulk when called upon to do the work refused by its rival; it went steadily, ploddingly, at its task, and never rested till its work was done. These two lines were distinct in almost every respect, and in order to make the distinction plain I will describe as concisely as possible the peculiarities of the Zig Zag.

First, it never took a dispatch straight

to its destination, but went zigzagging through the past, making short flights from point to point, and sending back messages from every station. These messages were dim pictures of familiar scenes, that approached slowly and grew plainer until they reached a certain uniform point of distinctness, when they vanished instantly.

Second, these return messages never contained the information I was seeking, and some of them appeared to have no possible connection with it; and yet I was conscious that each of these dissolving views brought me nearer the object of my search.

Third, no communication ever came back over the Zig Zag from the station where it finally delivered my dispatch, but instead the answer came flashing over the Direct Line. This was the most perplexing part of the whole transaction; for, although assured that each returning message by the Zig Zag brought me one station nearer the station containing the object sought, I never knew how many still intervened, and the answer by the Direct Line invariably caught me puzzling over the last message by the Zig Zag, and gave me a little shock, like that experienced by a person when another jumps out suddenly behind him and cries, "Boo!"

Fourth, the number of stations stopped at varied, and this variation appeared to have no relation with the remoteness or nearness of the intelligence desired. To make this clear, suppose A and B to be stations on the Direct Line, — A containing stores deposited five years and B those deposited six months before: messages to B would sometimes be carried further around and stop at more stations than messages to A.

Fifth, to each dispatch the return messages came at regular intervals after the first, which took about twice the time of each of the others.

Sixth, the length of the intervals varied with the varying dispatches; the

answers to some coming very slowly, and to others quite rapidly.

Seventh, sending and receiving messages by this line produced a certain strain on mind and body that was not felt when using the Direct Line.

And now, having partially described the working of this line, I will go back to the time when I discovered it. I had been notified that a furlough would be given me by applying at a certain office, to which I was directed, and, with visions of home floating before my mind, I walked into the room and stopped at the desk. A grave, stern-looking officer, with a pen in his hand and a book before him, sat by the table. He looked up, and said, "Your name." I gave it, and then supposed he would fill out my furlough; but instead he recorded my name in the book, and then inquired, "What regiment do you belong to?" Of course I knew perfectly well that the information sought was among my stores, but when I turned to the past with the question, "What regiment do I belong to?" I was amazed to find that the Direct Line did not respond. My dispatch was off on the Zig Zag, and soon the misty messages came back: —

First message by Zig Zag. A bleak field, with a swamp extending from side to side near the centre; the field inclosed with a stockade, and crowded with wretched, dirty, ragged men; outside the dead-line, a long row of skeleton forms, with dead faces turned to the sky.

Second message by Zig Zag. A long line of Union soldiers charging through an open field, with a forest before them; the line is broken and jagged, as if it had met a blizzard of lead; there are empty saddles, and fallen flags, and a blue-and-red wind-row of dead.

Third message by Zig Zag. A regiment of soldiers on dress parade; the soldiers wear blue coats; there are figures on the fronts of their caps.

By the Direct Line, 76th New York.

I gave the name of my regiment, and the officer dashed it down, and asked brusquely, "What company?" I ought to have been prepared for this question, but I was not. My mind was so dazed with the strange workings of the two lines that I thought of nothing else till the question was put. Again I turned to the past, and inquired, "What company?" and again the Zig Zag took the question.

First message by Zig Zag. A river spanned by a bridge; beyond the bridge an arch of evergreens and flags; a throng of men hurrying over the bridge and under the arch; the men are emaciated and half naked, but their faces glow with joy.

Second message by Zig Zag. A forest; Union soldiers grouped round a dead cavalry man; a sergeant with face turned toward the group, as if about to give an order; a line of Confederate troops in front.

By the Direct Line, Company F.

I named the company, and the officer jotted it down, and said, "Your captain's name?" Again the Zig Zag took the question.

First message by Zig Zag. A long line of Union soldiers, with a group of officers on horseback in front; the officers with field-glasses to their eyes; the ground in front descending to a small stream, then ascending to a ridge; the ridge crowned with a line of Confederate earth-works and batteries; sharpshooters deployed as skirmishers between the lines.

Second message by Zig Zag. A prison pen; a scaffold; six men with ropes around their necks and meal sacks drawn over their heads; a sea of faces turned up toward the scaffold.

Third message by Zig Zag. A brigade drawn up in hollow square; a man kneeling on a coffin, with a file of soldiers before him; an officer standing stern and pale, his extended right hand holding a white handkerchief.

By the Direct Line, Captain Goddard.

The officer took down the name, and inquired impatiently, "When did you enlist?" I had noted his growing irritability, and it increased my distress. Other patients were waiting to be questioned. The fear that my mind was hopelessly shattered was growing into certainty. The strain on mind and body incident to sending and receiving messages was intense. My knees shook under me, and great drops of sweat stood on my forehead; but I turned doggedly to the past with the inquiry, "When did I enlist?" The Direct Line rejected the message, as it had the others, but the faithful Zig Zag did not desert me; although evidently overworked, it came bravely to the rescue, and took my message. The first response was longer than usual in coming, but it came at last.

Message by Zig Zag. A large sheet of water with a river emptying into it; a snug harbor; a grove of oaks with a speaker's stand in the centre; the grove and stand crowded with people.

At this point the officer repeated the question, "When did you enlist?" The interruption broke the connection on the Zig Zag. The tone of the question demanded an immediate answer of some sort. I made one desperate effort to force the answer from the Direct Line, then I said sadly, "I can't tell." The officer laid down his pen, and said petulantly, "I can't give you a furlough if you can't tell when you enlisted." Oh, the agony of that moment! I was not to go home, after all! Was it not enough that I was shattered in body and mind, but must this very ruin cut off my last chance for recovery? I thought not of the forms of respect due from a private to a superior; I felt only the injustice of fate. The instinct of self-preservation asserted itself. The old spirit of resistance that had carried me through so many trials blazed out afresh

for a moment, and I exclaimed passionately, "Can't you make some allowance? Can't you see what a wreck I am? I've been in prison, God knows how long, and I've had the fever, and I can't think!" The protest began almost fiercely, but it ended in a wail. I broke down utterly, and cried like a child. For a moment the silence of the room was broken only by sobs; then a gentle voice said, "I can make allowance; don't distress yourself." Could this be the voice of that stern official? I glanced at him through my tears, and from that instant I have had a truer understanding of the story of the transfiguration. His face was as tender as a woman's. With the utmost gentleness, he assured me that the matter could be arranged, that I must take time, and give the date as nearly as possible. Thus encouraged I commenced again on the Zig Zag, and found the year, and then the month, but not the day. The furlough was granted, however, and, storing the paper safely in my pocket, I took the first train for home.

At first I was a good deal troubled about the peculiarities of the Zig Zag, but I soon made a discovery that proved it to be a friend, and also showed that the Direct Line, in refusing some of my messages and taking others, was acting according to law instead of in a spirit of caprice, as I at first supposed. The work of the Zig Zag was to open communication with the stations on the Direct Line, and it had only to convey one message to each station to accomplish this. When the message was received and the answer sent back by the Direct Line, the connection with that station by the Direct Line was established, and messages flashed back and forth with their former regularity. I have before spoken of the messages that came unbidden; these also opened communication on the Direct Line, and to these two sets of stations my messages went straight. Stimulated by this discovery,

I operated the Zig Zag cheerfully, for I knew that each returning message enlarged the area of the reconquered territory. By means of the voluntary messages and the efforts of the Zig Zag, I was soon in direct communication with most of the stations, and the use of the Zig Zag became the exception. At this time, I used to ponder a good deal on the subject, and strive to comprehend the working of these lines. One thing that perplexed me greatly was the gap between the last message by the Zig Zag and the return message by the Direct Line. On exploring these stations after direct communication had been established, I found that some of the Zig Zag messages approached very nearly the information required; for example, the one in regard to the company. It will be recollected that, in the last picture presented by the Zig Zag, a sergeant stood as if about to give an order. Now the order really given was, "Company F into line;" but as no inkling of what this order was reached me at the time, by either line, the gap, though apparently small, could not be filled up. At other times, I could not, by the most careful examination, find the least connection between the last message by the Zig Zag and the answer by the Direct Line. This puzzled me, and I imagined that some of the messages by the Zig Zag had miscarried, and had found their way to some unknown dead-letter office; but I finally became satisfied that the gap, in each instance, extended only from the last station on the Zig Zag to the station on the Direct Line containing the information sought. I now give the course of reasoning by which this conclusion was reached. Since the messages by the Zig Zag, came at regular intervals after the first, and the first took double the time of each of the others, I concluded that the dispatch I sent traveled at exactly the same rate of speed as the return messages. Thus if A, B, and C represent stations on the

Zig Zag, and D the desired point on the Direct Line, and the interval of time between messages was five seconds, my message would be five seconds in reaching A, and the return message from A would reach me five seconds later, or at the exact time that my dispatch reached B; while the message from B would reach me at the same instant that my dispatch reached C, and consequently the message from C would reach me at the same time that my dispatch reached D, the point on the Direct Line; and as the transmission of messages on the Direct Line occupied no appreciable time, this view of the case was sustained by

the fact that the answer by the Direct Line always came to me while I was examining the last message by the Zig Zag.

And now the history of this strange line is finished, at least so far as my knowledge of it extends. I bid farewell to the Zig Zag forever. Ah! but is it forever? As I sit in the twilight and watch the gathering shadows, and think of the time in the not distant future when the shadows shall gather for the last time, and when perhaps the parting soul will long to send the final messages of love, I ask myself, "Shall I not find it again?"

Lloyd G. Thompson.

THE ROSE AND THE ORIOLE.

A FABLE WITHOUT A MORAL.

ROSE of Damascus! rose of all,
Queen of the roses of the world!

The only flower that ere his fall
Adam thought fit to pluck for Eve,
As once she lay in slumber curled,
And he, though half afraid to speak,
Said, "Lovely being, by your leave,
Your husband gives you this, and this:"
Then laid a rose upon her cheek,
A damask rose, and kiss.

The rose before was not so red:
But Eve awoke; and such a blush,
With her smile mingling, overspread
Her face that instantly the flower
Felt through its veins new coloring rush,
Till every petal showed the stain!
And so in the most radiant hour,
Of midsummer's resplendent morn,
The queen of all the rosy train,
The damask rose, was born!

Soon as this woman, flower in hand,
Led Adam where the strawberries grew,
An oriole from a palm that fanned

These earliest lovers, on the rose
 Lighted, and straight his natural hue
 Of gold, that red to orange turned !
 Then the sly bird his moment chose,
 Snatched the rose from her hand, and fled
 Far as an amethyst cloud that burned
 In the bright blue o'erhead.

Now when thou watchest in the west
 The splendors of the dying day,
 Think of the damask rose that prest
 Her cheek whom we our Mother call,
 As dreaming in her bower she lay ;
 Remember, too, the oriole's theft,
 (First theft that was, ere Adam's fall)
 And in the crimson clouds behold,
 Unless thy heart all faith have left,
 His orange and his gold.

Thomas William Parsons.

A COOK'S TOURIST IN SPAIN.

II.

MADRID is not a place to stimulate the imagination. There are great pictures besides those in the Royal Gallery, and show-palaces, and several sights which I have not enumerated ; but the Naval Museum, with its relics and recollections of Spain's glorious days of discovery and conquest, which link her history so closely with ours, and the Royal Armory are almost the only spots where one is tempted to linger and muse. The armory is a magnificent collection, and the first sight of it roots the traveler to the ground as he enters the lofty hall, nearly three hundred feet long, filled with a mute and motionless assemblage of mailed figures on foot and on horseback, amongst panoplies and trophies of armor, weapons, and banners. Those wooden counterfeits of knights and chargers bear the helmets and cuirasses of the Cid, of Ferdinand the Saint and Ferdinand the Catholic, of Columbus

and Cortes and Pizarro, of Charles V., of Gonsalvo de Cordova, El gran Capitán, of the Duke of Alva. There is the history and the ballad poetry of Spain written in silver and gold and iron and steel, from the Visigothic crown, a rude golden circlet stuck full of uncut jewels, through centuries of elastic Toledo blades damascened like a satin robe, of Moorish scimitars frosted with filigree, of inlaid and embossed shields and breastplates of Italian *quattro* and *cinque cento* workmanship (some of them no doubt designed by Benvenuto Cellini), of saddles and weapons for hunting and tilting, down to the sword of Ferdinand VII., which never knew blood. Much of the armor, even of the bravest, was not made for battle, but for parade. There is Charles V.'s splendid array, which he wears in his equestrian portrait by Titian ; there is a rich and beautiful suit, chased and inlaid with gold and silver, worn by Columbus, probably when he came to lay the new-found

world and its sample treasures at the feet of Leon and Castile; and there is a costly barbarous casque, with a fabulous beast by way of crest, which belonged to Don John of Austria. It is a boundless field for memory and fancy, as broad as the past and as indefinite as the future. It is not the great names of Europe only which are invoked in the review; the thought of our own poets and historians, of Irving, Prescott, Motley, Ticknor, of Longfellow and Lowell, recurs to the mind of their countryman with fond pride and almost importunate regret. But one remains of that illustrious band; will new names arise to lengthen the list hereafter?

It is not without a pang that even a Cook's Tourist turns his back on Madrid, for his time of grace would be short enough to devote to the picture-gallery alone; but Seville and Cordova are on his coupon-ticket, and the longest month has but thirty-one days. This consideration partly reconciles him to the inevitable night-journey, whereby he loses no daylight hours. On the 17th April, 1883, the first sleeping-car ran from Madrid to Seville. It was comfortable and clean with a brand-new cleanliness; every place was taken a week in advance, and through the live-long night every station platform was crowded with people come to see the curiosity. The 17th was the eve of a great annual fair at Seville, which gathers together all sorts of people—peasants from the villages, stock-breeders from Xeres and Cadiz, gypsies from the mountains, and fast fine folk from Madrid—to see the cattle-shows, the bull-fights, and the horse-races. The train was full of representatives of the noblest names in the country, and the station at Seville thronged with their friends who had come to meet them: old ladies and gentlemen, pretty women in mantillas, with fans and fresh bouquets, children hopping and skipping with the excitement of an arrival. Coming to welcome

or bid farewell is almost a canon of courtesy, and one of the pleasant, friendly native customs. This informal reception was the opening of a long gala. Our week in Seville was an unbroken holiday, which knew no stay or interruption, even during the moonlight nights. The acacias which border the principal streets hung full of milk-white clusters of bloom; the orange-trees in the courts and squares were full of blossoms; the flat roofs were bordered with carnations, geraniums, heliotrope, and roses of every shade, forming a delicate many-colored cornice between the white walls and the blue sky; in the narrow streets every doorway gave a glimpse of a pillared courtyard, with long-leaved tropical foliage, and oleanders, pomegranates, and gardenias flowering around a marble statue or fountain; the air was balmy with their mingled fragrance. Every man had a flower in his hat, every woman had one in her hair, every horse and donkey had one at his ear. Our hotel, the Fonda de Madrid, is a very fine building, evidently an old palace, but we were unable to learn anything about its origin. The *patio*, or central courtyard, is almost a grove of palms and bananas wreathed with jessamine and climbing roses; it is surrounded by a marble colonnade of slender pillars with remarkably graceful capitals; the second story, which is reached by a wide terra-cotta staircase inlaid with dark blue tiles, has a similar gallery, now inclosed to form corridors. Many of the rooms are fifty or sixty feet long and proportionately high, with huge, elaborately paneled folding-doors; the vestibule by which one enters the dining-room is wainscoted six feet high with beautiful old Moorish tiles. In the morning peasants station themselves under the colonnade with great open baskets curving outwards at each end, and bordered with a twisted rope of wicker which also forms the handle, full of crimson, white, pink and yellow roses;

in the evening the guests leave the hot *table d'hôte* to sit under the arcade and drink their coffee, smoke their cigars, eat oranges, and look at the fountain twinkling in the moonlight among the broad banana leaves, until the humor takes them to stroll out into the moonlit streets and squares. But if the traveler feels the indisposition to stir, the disposition to do nothing, which is the ruling passion of the Spaniard, and so potent an influence of the country that even strangers soon yield to it, he cannot do better than take his post on his little balcony, — every window has one, and large enough for an arm-chair, — and watch the ever-varying spectacle which passes under his eyes all day. The *Fonda de Madrid* stands on the *Plaza de la Magdalena* at the corner of two important streets, among the few in *Seville* through which two carriages can pass abreast, so that all the active life of the town circulates through these arteries for business or pleasure. From sunrise to sunset there is an unending procession, in which no two figures are alike, from the Andalusian peasant and his donkey to the *Duchesse de Montpensier* with her four-in-hand. The noise begins at dawn, when peasants begin to pass with long lines of beasts of burden, bringing their wares to town. Everything which is carried in carts or wagons and sold in shops in *America* is hawked about on donkeys here. It would be impossible to enumerate even the classes of produce and merchandise which are carried in this manner, the narrowness of the streets practically prohibiting traffic on wheels. One of the most common is charcoal. A long train of donkeys laden with a huge panier of yellow matting on each side, filled with the dull black fuel and lightly covered with palm-branches or long sprays of boxwood, is a pretty sight; so is the shaggy brown or gray mule bedizened with an embroidered headband, with a load of golden oranges in

hampers, and a well-built driver in short black velvet jacket and breeches, with a red sash, leather gaiters, a broad-brimmed hat, and a cigarita in his mouth; so is the handsome Andalusian peasant astride a big gray horse, half-hidden in violet and scarlet saddle-bags, fringed and tasseled, a black-haired girl in a gay flowered shawl, with a head full of carnations, perched behind him clasping his waist. These are among the earliest arrivals; then follow venders of milk, fresh eggs, cheese, fish, bread, each a separate industry, and a great many more. All day long women go by dressed as if to sit for their pictures. It is generally some cheap and simple combination which produces the effect: one of the most striking was a pink calico gown with one deep flounce, a long black shawl, and a bright pink rose stuck into a coil of blue-black plaits, on a head with heavy dark brows over eyes rimmed in thick black lashes; another was a salmon-colored Canton crape shawl, covering the wearer like a long cloak, leaving a glimpse of a black stuff dress, and this lady had a bunch of scarlet geraniums in her hair. A group of gypsies passed one day: a man with a blue fez-shaped cap, a loose gray jacket, and full blue Turkish trousers reaching only to the calf of the leg, followed by a woman so tall and muscular, so dark and fierce, so majestic and sibylline, that she might have posed for *Meg Merrilies* had it been possible to imagine her in English-speaking parts; but in a dark-red woolen petticoat and striped blanket for a cloak she was the true *Zingara*. A lithe lad of twelve or fourteen brought up the rear, in bright rags dulled by dirt: he was bronze-color, with wild black eyes and elf locks, and looked like a half-tamed animal. They did not speak to each other, nor look at each other, but marched along in single file, bound together only by their isolation from everybody else. Once a bleating made me look down, and I saw a *Seville*

woman with a basket on her arm, evidently out on household errands, accompanied by a lamb, trotting at her side like a pet dog. Again, an enormous sheep went by, — a merino, I suppose, — with a long, thick, flaky fleece, bestridden by a baby boy two or three years old, his fat, brown legs sunk deep in the white wool; the peasant father and mother walked unconcernedly on either side, and the passers paid no heed to the pretty picture. The middle-class Sevillanas, like their whole order in Spain, are incorrigible slatterns, but by two o'clock in the afternoon every woman has dressed her hair carefully (sometimes in the old Andalusian fashion, parted at the side and braided, like the princesses who sat to Velasquez; more often nowadays banged and frizzed and puffed), and stuck in a rose, carnation, or white or yellow flower, or a whole bunch of them. In addition to this she generally wears a mantilla of white or black lace or gauze, and unless she is very poor, a Canton crape shawl, that object of every common Spanish woman's ambition. One sees every variety of them, — black, white, scarlet, pale blue, pale rose, yellow fringed, and often embroidered with a large pattern of the most brilliant colors. The indispensable fan, never at rest for an instant, completes the toilet, the wearer being to all appearance supremely indifferent to her cheap, dirty cotton gown and shabby shoes. It is a long while since the Spanish women gave up the national dress with the exception of the mantilla. Gautier lamented over it forty years ago, and it is still to be deplored; for although the women of the middle and lower classes contrive to make themselves very picturesque in the manner just described, as costume it is nondescript, and women of higher station cannot dress themselves at all; only the charm of the fan and mantilla redeems them from being the greatest dowdies in Europe. Every afternoon brought out

hundreds of women of the upper middle class attired like caricatures of last year's fashion-plates, and hundreds of women of rank in their carriages, who looked no better for toilets fresh from Paris; they do not know how to put them on. If there is a mantilla, especially when worn over a high comb, its graceful folds drape and harmonize the rest, but if the lady has ventured upon a bonnet the misfortune is complete; no matter how pretty and elegant it may be, it does not seem to belong to her; the low dark brows and marked features of most Spanish women are at variance with the ephemeral structures of tulle, silk, feathers, and artificial flowers which are so becoming to their French and American sisters. The best attempt which I saw at combining present fashions with a national tradition was made by the Duchesse de Montpensier, no longer the gazelle-like bride of Louis Philippe's son, but a stout, plain, sallow, middle-aged woman, and her lady in waiting, who both wore handsome black dresses with deep basques, very large black mantillas of old Spanish lace over high combs, with immense black fans, and bouquets of gold-colored flowers at their breasts. These ladies attracted general notice, seated in a barouche lined with dark blue satin, with a four-in-hand of two grays and two chestnuts, the harness enriched with gold and dark blue, postilion, coachman, and footmen in plain liveries of blue and drab. White is in great favor with young ladies, married or single, and every afternoon there were several to be seen in rich white silk or satin, with white Spanish blonde mantillas; but this fashion, although pretty and elegant, is ineffective.

Théophile Gautier says that he has three tests of the degree of a nation's civilization, — its pottery, straw and wicker-work, and mode of harnessing; for civilized people cannot make jars, matting, or harness. Spain meets the

three tests bravely, and better at each stage southward. The beautiful pottery of Andalusia is to be found only in a remote suburb of Seville, but the trappings of the beasts of burden will strike any stranger by their variety and taste, the first time he looks out of the window. There is no end to the caprices. In France and America there is an affection of simplicity in these matters, the English standard being the only one recognized, and it is sensible enough for us who have no national or traditional fashions; but it would be a pity if the Anglomaniæ now prevalent in high Spanish society should banish the pretty harness and trappings of the provinces; the most elegant equipages in Seville are those which preserve them, modified for utility's sake. There were knowing tandem and unicorn teams, very well driven by the polios through the slits of streets or crowded parade of Las Delicias, and four-in-hand breaks and drags, worthy of Rotten Row on the annual muster of the Coaching Club. But there was far more real style about the harness which had not been stripped of all its finery, and the prettiest turnout of all was a sort of wagonette called *break española* (in contradistinction to the *break inglesa*), holding three on a side and two on the driver's seat, with cushions, curtains, and a square standing-top of striped linen; a coachman in Andalusian costume driving four mules, or a pair, or three abreast, with a collar of little silver bells, their head and shoulders covered with a network of worsted tassels of two colors, — green and gold, crimson and black, or blue and white, being the favorite combinations. They drive at a tearing pace, with a perpetual cracking of whips, but no lashing the beasts. The saddles and bridles are profusely stitched and embroidered; many horsemen use housings and saddlebags of buff leather thickly worked and fringed with scarlet and purple, and ornamented steel stirrups, which give the

cavalier a most gay and gallant aspect even when, as usual, he is bent on business, and not on adventure. The Spaniard has a conscious attitude on horseback, as he also has when on his two legs, but his seat is as firm as an Englishman's, and his hand, in general, much lighter. It is beautiful to see one of those heavy-looking horses checked at full gallop without being thrown on his haunches, or turned without a perceptible motion of the rider's little finger, — no curb or snaffle to champ and froth at, the bit being replaced by a small strap round the nose. Every man in Spain rides, and nobody walks, and the saddle-horse is in requisition for business, pleasure, or traveling. Women seldom mount, except upon a pillion; a few ladies ride, some even hunt, but they are rare enough to be conspicuous. The universal brand on the horses in Spain is a great blemish for us, but not in their own country. Each of the great estates has its stock farm and famous breed, for which the brand is a voucher. The noble owners of these estates take great interest in the operations of cattle-raising, and at the time of the branding make a sport of holding the animal down during the process, and springing to its back as it starts to its feet and rushes away in agony.

The delights of the balcony and of doing nothing are so great that it required resolution to come down into the lively, motley crowd, which is always picturesque, never theatrical. If Burgos is the Spain of the sixteenth and seventeenth century painters, in Seville one finds the field of the contemporary school, Fortuny, Escosura, Pasini, and the rest. The brown of Velasquez vanishes before the light, gay tints of the houses, the gaudy harness, and the dress of the people; black and the sober colors are mere points of contrast. Most of the streets are narrow, short, and crooked; in driving across the town one seems to be executing a figure in cat's-cradle;

yet they are as light and cheerful as boulevards. The houses are of one pattern, two or three stories high, with flat roofs railed with iron, light balconies at every upper window, often painted green, the lower windows heavily barred, and deep arched doorways giving entrance to vestibules closed by an inner grating of graceful arabesque pattern, through which the flowers and foliage of the *patio* are visible. They are almost uniformly whitewashed; a pale yellow or blue front appears now and then at long intervals. There are no high walls to shut out the strong light which pervades places untouched by the sunshine, pouring down from the cerulean sky, and reflected by the universal whitewash so powerfully as almost to obliterate shadow; there is a transparent blue or lilac penumbra on the sunless side of things, and that is all. Houses of the most modest pretensions have their little patio, where a large vase replaces the fountain, and some rows of flower-pots the garden. In the poorer quarters the vestibule and court are used as workshops, where the shoemaker or carpenter plies his craft, in view of the street. This is one of the many reminiscences of the East with which one meets in southern Spain: the principal dry-goods' shop of Seville is reached by a passage too narrow for wheels, and is shut off from the street only by curtains and pillars, although within it is a prosaic place of buying and selling, with shelves and counters and civil shopmen. There is nothing remarkable in the architecture of the town: the beautiful windows and galleries of the remaining Moorish towers have been ruthlessly walled up; there are a few buildings and fragments in plateresque style, a sort of rococo in imitation of goldsmiths' work, without a good architectural line; here and there an open terra-cotta belfry or doorway inlaid with tiles and marble rises above the roofs; the dark spires of cypress trees and plumes of palms lift them-

selves above the dusty squares; the pale pink fretted shaft of the peerless Giralda, crowned by the triple tiara of its bell-tower, overlooks the looming mass of the cathedral. But there are none of those quaint and beautiful ancient bits which are seen in every old town of other European countries. It is the sky, the sunshine, the delicious climate, the light colors, the infinite variety of the street life, which make the attraction of Seville as a city.

The cathedral is a vast mountain of stone, incomplete and inchoate. As the stranger passes under the beautiful horseshoe arch of the Moorish gateway, a remnant of the ancient mosque, into the Court of Orange-Trees, and lifts his eyes to the unfinished south front, where huge stone joists jut out between two flamboyant jambs of immense height, its first effect is stupendous. On two other sides there are noble pointed Gothic doorways lined with scriptural figures of the most earnest and devout expression, in simple, graceful niches; but the exterior of the building bears no examination, the earliest and latest styles, the purest and worst taste, are so jumbled and jostled together. On one side the view is obstructed by low projecting walls, equally useless and ugly, surmounted by rows of urns filled with flames in stone. The interior of the cathedral is overwhelming. In its vast, solemn spaces details disappear and are lost. There are famous legendary pictures; there are marvels of marble and wood-carving and wrought metal; the light sifts through a hundred painted windows, but it melts into the dimness of the immense sanctuary as our perceptions are absorbed by a sense of awe. The religious emotions and aspirations of centuries, the faith, the fervor, the submission, the sacred ecstasy, of twenty generations, fill the place like an atmosphere. It is dedicated not only to public worship and great church ceremonies, but, to profound prayer and solitary

meditation, to momentous vows and sublime self-sacrifice. The oftener one goes thither, the longer one tarries there, the deeper and more solemn is the impression, and the less can be said.

Emerging into the sunshine, warmth, and fragrance, and the view of the perfect, rosy-pale Giralda, slender, stately, and elegant in outline, and simple notwithstanding a profusion of exquisite ornament, one passes a stone pulpit in the cloister close to the sacristy door. Here St. Vincent Ferrer preached the *autos da fé*. It causes a terrible shock and revulsion to come upon such a monument in such a spot, and I hurried away to the chapter library to look for the mementos of Columbus which are sacredly guarded there. They were locked in a glass case, but it was easy to have it opened. The assistant librarian yielded to the plea, "Soy Amerigano." There lie the discolored chart and the ancient treatise on geography which he had with him in his cabin; there, written in a fair, current hand, is the Latin letter, filled with quotations from Scripture, which he addressed to Ferdinand and Isabella to justify the orthodoxy of his scientific theories against the Inquisition. I could not refrain from laying a reverent hand on the page where his hand had rested, and there was comfort in the thought that the same faith which inspired St. Vincent Ferrer to kindle the piles for heretics had strengthened and guided the noble heart of Columbus. The smiling librarian said that he never refused this privilege to Americans, and that they often kissed the manuscripts; but the sight of the open case brought together the Spaniards who were lounging about the fine hall, and it was closed in haste. From the cathedral it is but a step to a long, arched carriage-way, beneath which is an old image of the Virgin, now enshrined in an ornate tabernacle, before which it is said that Columbus offered his last prayer on the eve of that fateful voyage, and his first

thanksgiving on his triumphant return. The passage leads to a dusty quadrangle, on which stands the other great sight of Seville, the Alcazar, or palace of the Moorish kings, which has been a royal residence for every succeeding dynasty down to the ex-Queen Isabella, who was staying there at the time of my visit.

Alcazar, as the guide-books will tell you, means Al Kasr, the house of Cæsar, — that title which has passed through so many languages, ancient and modern, without losing its imperial significance. On three sides the external square is surrounded by common buildings of comparatively recent date, to judge by their appearance; the fourth, although much altered and defaced, preserves its beautiful Moorish second story and main gateway. Within, in spite of the additions and alterations of successive ages and sovereigns, the memory of the Arab still reigns supreme; the traveler, to whom this is the first revelation of the East, stands bewildered and enchanted, doubting his eyes, and asking himself if it is a dream, or a waking vision of the Arabian Nights, or Solomon's palace at Lebanon. It is more like an immaterial creation of fancy made visible in form and color by a magic spell than a structure of solid or tangible properties. I passed through many colonnades, courts, halls, and porches, and whatever their size they all had the same architectural characteristics, simplicity and symmetry of outline, with a prodigality of ornament on the flat surfaces. There is a constant tendency *al fresco*: one is always going out of doors into open galleries, or arcades, or inner courts, or inmost gardens, which are as much part of the abode as the roofed portions; they bring the sky and sunshine and air of heaven into the heart of the dwelling. The numerous courts have walls of the color and delicate richness of old point-lace. The finest of them is called the Hall of the Hundred Maidens, where, according to tradition, fifty rich

girls and fifty poor ones, the most beautiful in the kingdom, were presented to the Moorish king, that he might choose his wives from among them. It is a beautiful parallelogram, about a hundred feet by seventy-five, with a fountain in the centre, open to the sky, paved with white marble, surrounded by a cloister and colonnade of twin pillars at equal distances, with a cluster at each corner, supporting scalloped horseshoe arches. The ivory tint of the outer walls contrasts felicitously with the lovely green, blue, and amber of the old tiled wainscot, and the pearl and turquoise of the modern restorations above the doorways and windows; a soft, fawn color prevails in the ceilings and doors of the cloisters, relieved with turquoise-blue and touches of gold. The arms of the Spanish kings are inserted among this moresco-work. The proportion everywhere preserved in the decoration has much to do with the general charm of the building. The inner walls are divided into lateral compartments: the lower one, or wainscot, is from four to eight feet wide, according to the height and size of the hall, and is covered with old Moorish enameled tiles, deep blue and green, like the dominant tones of nature, or violet-purple, or a combination resembling tortoise-shell, all of the richest, coolest shades; the next space is twice as wide, and is filled with arabesque designs in many-colored stucco, or a smooth layer of creamy whitewash of a tint and surface unknown to us in America; above this is a frieze of tiles as wide as the wainscot. The result of this distribution is most happy and harmonious. Some of the lower tiling looks like Indian matting, but catches and reflects the light in gleams of pearl and bronze, like the inside of sea-shells. The ceilings are extraordinarily rich: they are of dark cross-beams, carved as elaborately as Chinese fan handles, the spaces between wrought into rosettes or lozenges, brightened by gilding and gay

colors. Some rooms are vaulted into a peculiar dome called the *media naranja*, or half orange, and the decoration of these is still more lavish. One ceiling is really of ebony and ivory, inlaid with gold and dark yet gem-like colors, a miracle of handiwork equal to an Indian casket. The doors and lattices, which are frequently open-work, are carved with the same delicacy; and some of them being exactly the color of sandalwood, their resemblance to the precious carvings of Hindostan is complete. The methodical vagaries of the kaleidoscope alone can give a notion of the character of Moorish ornamentation. There is no ground of flat color to be detected. The design is a repetition of regular lines, as fantastic and delusive as frost-work; the basis of them is a geometrical figure, but so involved in intricate and complex combinations as almost to defy analysis. An artist friend, who is familiar with the style, pointed out to me how often the whole pattern is changed by merely lengthening or shortening the central figure, and how a different distribution of colors on the same pattern produces an entirely new effect. Inscriptions in Arabic, the letters being beautifully modified for decoration, are introduced among the mural ornaments; the panels are bordered by bands of a different design; the intervals between the arches are filled with arabesques; the main surfaces are set in plain and ornamental mouldings of various depth and width, like an artistic picture frame; the walls are divided from the ceiling by a frieze and cornice, and just where the redundancy might become wearisome or oppressive it is relieved by a line of the simplest invention, like a twisted rope or a row of balls. The controlling principle is order, and despite the richness there is none of the excess and extravagance, there are none of the freaks and whims, of the Gothic and Renaissance styles. Every portion of the apartment is finished with the same care and com-

plteness. There reign throughout an inimitable coolness, freshness, subdued lightness and brightness, which never becomes too brilliant or vivid. There has been a deal of alteration and restoration about the Alcazar, but the only changes which have actually disfigured it were made by Charles V., who added a modern gallery above one of the loveliest colonnades. The redecoration of the present century is too heavy and gaudy in color, but it is not all bad: there is one room in tender green and pale coral color, not to be surpassed in delicacy and refinement of taste.

There are other Moorish houses in Seville, but the only one which compares with the Alcazar in pretension and preservation is the so-called House of Pilate, now the property of the Duke of Medina-Celi, but built early in the sixteenth century by the Marquis of Tarifa, one of the Ribera family, on his return from a pilgrimage to Palestine. The house, being a copy of a sham, has no intrinsic interest beyond its beauty; it was no doubt built by Moorish architects, and, more fortunate than the Alcazar, escaped alteration. The garden is like a page from Lalla Rookh. I sat there by a marble fountain in a grove of old lemon-trees woven into a bower by a luxuriant climbing white rose, until the hour and the century were forgotten. The reflections and retrospections of the Gothic cathedral have no place amid such scenes; the spirit of Moorish art, even at this distant day, breathes of earthly enjoyment, of the poetry and pleasure of existence, and for the moment life becomes a dream of delight. After the vision of such a terrestrial paradise even the palace of San Telmo, the Duke of Montpensier's residence, seems prosaic and a mere abode of care. I was greatly disinclined to reënter the every-day world, so I made half the circuit of the city to reach the Triana, or gypsy quarter, on the other side of the Guadalquivir. The road lay along

Las Delicias, the favorite drive of the Sevillians, tropical gardens and clusters of palms and cypresses on one hand, on the other a belt of oaks and elms edging the river and a long line of schooners and sloops moored to the shore. One after another the salient features of Seville came into view: the queenly Giralda, an immense castellated structure, which looks like a mediæval fortress, but is only the tobacco factory made famous by Mérimée's story and Bizet's opera of *Carmen*; the Torre d'Oro, an octagonal tower, with three crenelated stories of diminishing size, said to take its name from the golden hoards of the New World which were unladed and deposited there; the vast amphitheatre of the bull-ring; and at length the bridge. In crossing it I had a lovely view, bathed in limpid light, of the river, curving away above and below, fringed with masts and sails and flags; the city and its towers, on one side; on the other, a narrow white suburb scattering into the verdant sunny plain, walled in by a range of purple hills. I found the gypsy quarter very different from the huddle of picturesque squalor which I had expected. It is more like a neat village, the houses being white, and low like cottages. The few shop doors and windows are given up to the gay appurtenances of the Andalusian horsemen, and to coarse pottery of the most beautiful antique Eastern forms. Before one of the saddlers' shops stood a drove of patient-faced donkeys. Their driver, in black velveteen, with a crimson sash round his waist, a crimson handkerchief knotted about his head and falling upon his shoulder, his peaked hat in the hand that rested on the back of a pet mare, was bargaining for a pair of purple and orange saddlebags. My errand was for earthenware, and I entered a small shop where great bulging oil-jars of dark shining green, with a deep projecting rim and three curved handles, stood in rows; the walls were lined with shelves bearing dark red

terra-cotta water-cruses, with taper necks and trefoil lips, others of a delicious cream-color, covered with a graceful incised design, and others delicately beaded over with a raised pattern; some had one arm akimbo, or a long, eccentric spout. There were flat flasks and oval dishes boldly decorated in majolica colors with bull-fights or scenes from peasant life, and kitchen platters big enough to hold a sirloin, with the designs and colors of old Moorish tiles; there were tiles, too, of such novel and bewitching hues and patterns that everything of the sort to be seen in France or England is vulgar by comparison. I lost my head over this display, and recklessly ordered big pieces by the pair and smaller ones by the dozen. My imagination showed me the steps of a familiar country-house, thousands of miles away, flanked with the great green jars holding oleanders and pomegranate shrubs, and an old mahogany sideboard adorned with the ivory-tinted water-coolers, and the hearts of æsthetic friends made glad by small reproductions of the more exquisite shapes. The gypsy merchant, only a degree more brown, stately, and silent than the ordinary Andalusian, betrayed no emotion at my prodigality, although I am persuaded that he had never made such a sale before, for the bill amounted to several hundred *reals*, which reduced to *pesetas* was just twelve dollars. The purchases were to be safely packed in a strong box, sent down the river to Cadiz, and shipped for America. The next day, doubting his promptness, I made a second expedition to the Triana to see if he had been as good as his word. Sure enough, there in a little grass-grown yard were three cases, about as large and as strong as common tea-chests. A horrible vision of rough stevedores, and custom-house officers not a whit less sly and sharp than gypsies, rose to my mind, and I said that there must be but one box, and that a strong one, as these would hardly hold together to reach the river.

The master of the shop lighted a cigarita and began to discuss the matter, his part of the argument consisting in almost total silence. Presently his wife joined us; then an old man who was smoking in the shop; then an old woman; then they called the carpenter. At last there were seven persons, sitting on doorsteps or slowly pacing about the packing-cases, as if measuring them for a carpet. It was pronounced impossible to make larger or thicker boxes, and that if made they could not be lifted by mortal men. My kind artist friend, who played interpreter with a patience that exasperated me, represented that grand-pianos and colossal statues are packed in single boxes and sent round the world; but the Spaniards paid no attention to anything that we said. Monosyllabic objections, insuperable obstacles expressed in a single word, were their only answers. For three quarters of an hour the debate was carried on, until I finally broke off negotiations, declaring the Portland vase itself was not worth so many words. The Spaniard imperturbably professed himself ready to refund the money and forfeit the value of the cases, which were on the bill, but not to make another box. I had not brought the bill with me, and asked him to refer to his books for the amount. There were no books, no slate, no memoranda of any sort. He promised to call at the Fonda de Madrid that evening, see the bill, and repay the amount. I departed, skeptical, but preferring to lose the money rather than more time; but that evening the grave shopkeeper presented himself, the transaction was annulled, and he replied to my renewed regrets at losing the pottery by saying that he must lose his cases. An English friend, who was standing by, said that he would take the big green jars, which could be shipped direct to London. The shopkeeper answered that to transport those jars and nothing more the boxes must be made smaller, which would not be

worth his while; and wishing us good-evening with the utmost courtesy, he returned contented to his unsold wares. Some friends who have lived long in Spain witnessed this scene, and found nothing extraordinary in it; they said that most Spaniards would rather starve than work, and that even the industrious would rather lose much money than take a little trouble. It is hard to reconcile their laziness in these matters with their activity in others, and I was constantly struck by similar inconsistencies and contradictions in their conduct. In the hotels they pretend to have a fixed price for rooms and fare, which includes everything except the first morning meal (coffee, milk, or chocolate, and a roll), which is the same everywhere, service and lights. The sum is always high, and often extortionate; my only attempt at beating it down effected a reduction of fifteen pesetas, or three dollars a day, a third of the amount first mentioned. But at the end of a week, instead of the foolscap sheets of the usual English or Continental hotel-bill, doubling or trebling the expected expense, the traveler receives a single page, in which it is easy to decipher the few details, and on which no unstipulated extras or omitted items are added at the last instant. There is the same inconsistency between their ferocity at the bull-fights and cock-fights and the kindly relations which exist between them and their domestic animals. Another is between the inordinate pride of birth of their nobility and the inconceivable democracy of manners to be observed in public places, where gentle and simple mix together. Another is in the arrogant, unprovoked assumption of equality of the lower classes towards purchasers, employers, and all persons occupying what is generally called a superior position, and their stately urbanity and politeness; the cab-drivers bow to each other from their boxes with profound and graceful salutations worthy of Louis

XIV.'s courtiers. Another incongruity is in the slovenliness of their dress and carelessness in some household matters, and the cleanliness which in many respects is unequaled out of Holland. In the more frequented streets and squares of Burgos, Madrid, and Seville there is a certain quantity of dust and litter; but even in the side-streets of those cities, and throughout Cordova and Toledo, there is a spotless nicety inexplicable where horses and mules, or even human feet, are constantly passing. A lady might walk through them in white satin shoes. Dirt is driven out of every nook and corner; neither sight nor smell is offended out-of-doors. Both in this respect and in the decency and decorum of the native habits there is a strong contrast between Spain and all other parts of the Continent. I was struck with the difference in going up to the top of the Giralda, my last ascension having been to the roof of the cathedral of Milan, the cleanest city in Italy.

As a general rule, climbing towers is a futile feat; the city below becomes a mere plan and the surrounding country as flat and featureless as a map. There are memorable exceptions: the campanile of St. Mark's at Venice, the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and the beautiful Giralda. The last, like the other two, is a wide, easy slope, without steps, lighted at intervals by arched and pillared openings with marble balconies and balustrades, the view growing at every stage; at the belfry the balcony becomes an arched porch, entirely surrounding the tower. On three sides I had it to myself; on the fourth a crowd of men, women, and children, with opera-glasses and small telescopes, were literally climbing on each other's backs to watch a bull-fight which was going on nearly half a mile away. The white town lay at my feet, its dark roofs gilded by a small wild-flower which overspread them, its level broken by church-towers and crenelated walls, green garden areas, and dusky

spears of palm and cypresses; here and there a fountain sparkled like a diamond. The Guadalquivir, dazzling in the sunshine, winds idly through the grassy plain; the sierras, every shade of violet, from the palest lilac to the deepest plum-color, show their sharp white teeth against the effulgent sky. The doves and hawks, which make their nests peaceably in nooks of the tower, flew to and fro on their errands; the sound of the city rose sleepily, like the hum of a great hive, as if its only occupants were bees feeding on the blossoms which filled the air with perfume. It was my last look at Seville: that night I turned my face northward, leaving her asleep under the still, warm moonlight, like a bride in her white robe and wreath of orange-flowers.

And the fair, and the museum, and the other sights and shows of the town, — is there nothing to say about them? A great deal might be said, but it would be superfluous, as the greater contains the less, and there is nothing so beautiful and wonderful in Seville as Seville. The fair was more correctly a cattle-show, and its chief local peculiarity was a smell of frying, which quenched the fragrance of the groves and gardens for half a mile around, and which proceeded from the production of millions of fritters like little doughnuts, called *bumuelos*. The pictures are delightfully and fitly lodged in an ancient convent. The entrance is through a cloister, with a fine carved red cedar roof, and two courts, — one containing an old well such as aquarellists love, the other a maze of orange and pomegranate trees. The collection has only about two hundred paintings, but among them are some of the noblest Murillos in the world and the best Zurbarans. There are things which the stranger pays to see and stare at in Seville as elsewhere, but they are swallowed up by the great composite spectacle of the city itself, and leave no separate recollections.

It was three o'clock in the morning when I reached Cordova, and I had never supposed that even at that hour a town could be so silent. It seemed to be uninhabited. The moon had not set, and as we drove through a network of narrow streets there was not a light to be seen. The only living things we met were a man shrouded in a cloak and the donkey he bestrode; he had to squeeze himself into a doorway to let the carriage go by, and then went on, casting a Doresque shadow on the white walls, in which man and beast were indistinguishable. The sun was high before I was up and on my way to the cathedral. The city was almost as deserted by day as by night: the streets were empty; nobody went in or out of the houses, which were for the most part only a story high; there were no open doorways, as at Seville; the few patios of which I had a glimpse were simple courtyards, with a few flower-pots. Following the guide-book map, I found my way to a sort of narrow plaza bounded by a blank wall of great height, fortified with square towers embattled in the Moorish style with tongues of flame. The sun beat down from a cloudless sky on the cobble-stones of the pavement, and glanced back from the shadowless walls with midsummer fierceness, although it was but the end of April. The walk seemed very long before I reached a lofty tower, heavily crowned with a belfry and cupola, and a great triple gateway, through which I descended by several steps into a spacious inclosure planted with immense orange-trees. A round-arched colonnade follows the walls on the inner side. Men were lounging, women drawing water, and children playing beside a large fountain, and eating the fruit which fell from the great glossy-leaved orange-trees, said to be as old as the caliphs. Of the exterior of the sacred building I have no recollection. I walked across the grove, which is acres in extent, absorbed in the contemplation of

mutability. Here, in ancient times, stood a temple of Janus; early Christians built a basilica on its site; the Moors took the city, and bought the ground of the conquered Christians for good gold to build a mosque, permitting the priests to depart with the honors of war, carrying away their sacred objects undecorated. For five hundred years the mild Moslem reigned and worshiped here, with large tolerance of Jews and Christians. Then the followers of the Lamb came back and cast forth all unbelievers. The crucifix stands again on the high altar, and the missal has replaced the Koran; but as I crossed the threshold I exclaimed to myself, "This is Islam!" It was like entering a new land, a new world. On every side, far as the eye could reach, arcades opened before me intersected by other arcades, innumerable smooth, slender columns supporting double Moorish arches, one above the other, with an open space between, — a labyrinth of parallel pillared avenues constantly crossing other avenues. As I walked on, looking right and left, seeing no end, no exit, nothing but successive colonnades of many-colored marble shafts, porphyry and jasper, with waving palm-branches and feathery tree-ferns for capitals, and horseshoe arches of broad alternate bands of red and white interminably repeated, a dark vaulted roof overhead in a summer twilight obscurity, a sensation half-strange, half familiar, made me wonder in what dream I had paced these aisles before. Then I found myself thinking of the rows of a great field of Indian corn in which I had lost myself when I was a child. The effect of sameness and endlessness is almost identical; the impression on the imagination is of a vast plantation of palms turned to stone. There are in fact a thousand pillars, — once there were many more, — and the ground plan is four acres; the roof is forty feet high, but is lowered to the eye by the absence of soaring lines and long curves, the

Moorish arches, tier on tier, being united above by upper rows of pillars and pilasters springing from the capitals of the lower columns. As one advances into this mysterious marble forest the apparent uniformity disappears: there is great variety of detail in the pillars, although they are nearly of the same size; they are Greek, Roman, Lombard, as well as Moorish. Penetrating further, one espies grotto-like chapels, where the Moorish architect has given his fancy freer play than in the adjacent aisles. Here the lavish decoration abounds in new caprices and combinations. The arches bend into curves, such as are sometimes formed for a moment in a thick silken sash, or a long, narrow pennon waving in the wind; but as the resemblance strikes one the interlacing folds stiffen, and present only a series of scallops or semi-rosettes diversified with arabesques. These were the hallowed places of the Mohammedan; and here are enameled tiles, gilding, variegated colors, inscriptions from the Koran in letters like heavy lace, glittering Byzantine mosaics sent from Constantinople by one of the Cæsars of the Lower Empire, and cupolas of cedar and ebony carved and inlaid. At length the heart of the fane is reached, and enormous columns, which might uphold a mountain, open the way into a great Renaissance cathedral: the roof is gold and white; the choir can seat a hundred priests; the pulpits are piles of dark wood carving and wrought brass; the marble floor is covered with gorgeous Turkish carpets. It is a fine monument of mundane devotion. Authorities differ as to whether this interloping church was built upon a central open court or on a space torn from the mosque itself. Most people follow the emperor Charles V. in bemoaning the disfigurement of an ancient and unique edifice for the sake of a comparatively modern one, by no means the best of its kind. The cathedral, however, is very handsome in

its way, spacious, imposing, and rich enough in ornament to hold its own beside the Moslem temple at its elbow. The very disparity is a great element of interest, and enhances the effect of the Moorish architecture, adding a spell to the strange, mythical influence of the whole. Mutilated it may be in its present condition, but it is more than ever a wonder of the world. I was told that the Moors of Africa still cherish the recollection of their splendid rule in Spain, and that their poetry commemorates the glories of Cordova and the delights of Grenada after five hundred years' return to the soil whence they originally came. The exiled Jews, of whom many were transported to Morocco, cling to the memory of Andalusia as of old they remembered Zion by the waters of Babylon. A curious story was told to the present Duke de Frias, by his father, of a Jewish family in Africa, in which the tradition had been handed down from generation to generation that at a certain time, known only to the head of the house, the family should return to their home in Toledo. The probation expired during the lifetime of the late duke. The Hebrew father confided the family secret to his eldest son, giving him a key which had been treasured for centuries, and bade him go to Toledo and destroy a wall in a situation which he minutely described; a door would thus be disclosed, which the key would open, and the Jew would have access to the home of his ancestors, which had been lost to sight and to the memory of all men save one since they were driven out, in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella. The Jew went, and found the wall, the door, the keyhole, and the concealed house, but what more he found the deponent saith not.

Two or three hours slipped away as I wandered among the pillars, trying to guess the date and nationality of some of them, or to disentangle the devices of the arabesque tracery, and I would

gladly have idled as many days there; but in my pocket there was a coupon-ticket, as fatal in its nature as Balzac's *peau de chagrin*; each pleasure curtailed its surface, and warned me to make the most of its limited capability. So I took the afternoon train for Madrid, glad of a chance to see the country over which I had previously passed at night. The day was cloudless, and earth and sky wore the vernal smile of a new-created universe, although the temperature was that of June. At first we glided through gardens, orange-groves, and olive-orchards, inclosed in straggling hedges of huge cactus or aloes. Here and there a small white house gleamed amidst cypresses, myrtles, and a tangle of roses; so small that it could hardly be more than a laborer's cottage, so pretty and elegant that it had the air of a miniature villa. By degrees the gardens and groves gave place to grain fields of vivid green, and meadows where the grass was hidden under sheets of flowers, — plots of yellow, pink, light blue, dark blue, or all mingled; there was a warm purple species which I saw several times set in a border of white, with the most splendid effect. As the afternoon wore on, a few clouds drifted slowly across the sky, and their shadows, followed by sweeps of sunshine, made the flowery fields sparkle like beds of jewels laid bare to the light. The railway banks blazed with poppies; in the distance there were low, fawn-colored towns, with embattled walls; at long intervals a ruined castle on a hilltop. The river wound through the landscape red as blood. The sun was sinking when we passed Javalquinto, the site of a great battle with the Moors. The emerald meadows in the foreground rolled gently upward as they receded, hiding the Guadalquivir; beyond lay a zone of land, striped like a tiger-skin, at the foot of steep heights covered with dull green cork forests; above them towered the peaked and serrate mountain ridge, first

the color of amethyst, then changing to a delicate pink, finally glowing with a deep peach-color, while the ravines were veiled by shadows too soft for a name. The aloe hedges were no more to be seen, but here and there a single gigantic plant brandished its spiked, sword-like leaves and uplifted its tall flower stem, which in form and color recalls the golden candlestick of the temple at Jerusalem. The lovely hues and velvet down of springtime softened the severity of the outlines, which, as in all the Spanish landscapes that I saw, were stern and grand rather than beautiful; it was a scene never to be forgotten. In a few moments the sun had set; before an hour was over the last vestige of tropical vegetation had vanished, and we had drawn nearer to the mountains, so that their rugged sides and broken pinnacles were visible through the gathering gloom. For a short time there was darkness; then a glorious full moon rose above the rocky gorge of the Despeñaperros just as we plunged into the first of eight long tunnels, which robbed us of half the savage grandeur of the pass. Emerging for a brief time, we saw far above us tremendous natural embrasures and battlements of dark crag against the clear, pale night sky, black masses of foliage clinging to the walls of the cliffs, and below us flashed the swift rush of a mountain torrent. It was the Gateway of the Lost Dogs, so called from a retreat of the vanquished Arabs, and it is the passage between Andalusia and La Mancha. As we issued from it we found ourselves in a different region; wide, uninhabited, treeless plains, strewn with rocks, opened before us for long hours, lying as clear as day under the tranquil moon. The temperature grew colder constantly, until I was obliged to walk to and fro in the railway-carriage to avoid becoming thoroughly chilled. From midnight until daybreak the country offered only a spectacle of the most despairing sterility

and desolation, increased by the pallid light of the setting moon in her struggle with dawn. Suddenly, across the dreary waste, a dark expanse of woodland came in sight, and presently we began to pass fine groups of oaks, elms, and beeches, reminding one of an English park, intersected by wide, straight avenues and formal canals and ponds, emptying into two pretty streams winding about this sylvan realm. The noble forms of the trees were undisguised by verdure, but their branches and twigs were fringed by bursting buds and tiny leaves, making a dark lace pattern against the sky, which was now beginning to redden; through the boughs we caught glimpses of stately buildings and monumental gateways. The place had a royal and storied aspect befitting its name, for it proved to be Aranjuez. The trees were brought from England by Philip II., and have been witnesses to three centuries of historical romance, from the days of Schiller's Don Carlos and that one-eyed Venus the Princess of Eboli to the more recent adventures of the ex-Queen Isabella. It has been deserted of late years, and is not open even to the people of Madrid, for whom it would make a delightful holiday resort. The Tagus kept us company for a little while after we left the groves and brooks of Aranjuez; then bent its course away, and left us to traverse the stony wilderness which surrounds Madrid. In an hour more the city rose above the horizon, and my Spanish trip was at an end. The remaining days of the month were but as the last sands of an hour-glass, and my Cook's ticket gave me leave to go back to Paris, with no further privilege than to stop at the frontier.

I have a word or two of advice for readers who have followed me through these pages, and who may some day follow in my footsteps. As luggage is charged very high in Spain, the amount allowed to a first-class passenger scarcely reaching the weight of the lightest

trunk, it is well to travel with as little as possible. Books are burdensome companions, as I found to my cost, having taken a traveling library for reference, — Augustus Hare, Gautier, and Amicis, besides Murray's guide-book. Gautier's letters, although written forty years ago, are so true to-day that there can be no better proof how little the country has changed; but in this volume he is only the most brilliant and original of newspaper correspondents, and his information about ways and means is valueless, as he traveled before the days of railways and hotels. His *Voyage en Espagne* is a book to read before going to Spain, or after coming back, or by all means if you do not go at all, but not to take with you. Amicis, although he went to Spain very lately, traveled in Gautier's track, and his *Spagna* is scarcely more than a free translation of

Gautier's book, with the addition of a few whimsies and personal adventures and much verbiage of his own. Hare, who begins his *Wanderings in Spain* with a lengthy introduction and itinerary of what he *meant* to see, made the most cockney tour; keeping to the beaten track, and scarcely visiting a place of capital interest not mentioned by Gautier. He, too, cribs unconscionably from the Frenchman, and pads his poor book with ill-translated quotations from French letter-writers of the seventeenth century and trite legends or historical anecdotes. It is stale, flat, and unprofitable, and bad English into the bargain. Murray's guide-book is a full, entertaining, and accurate manual, as far as my experience goes, and that, or O'Shea's, is the only one needed on a journey where every ounce must be taken into account.

DINKY.

I.

THERE was a tradition that his mother had been a "yaller free nigger." The children who lived in Jail Alley were seldom provided with fathers of any color.

Dinky and Spot were comrades. They were always seen together, and shared alike the scraps thrown them by the neighbors. During the daytime they roamed through the city, going where they pleased, and accountable to no man. When the days were warm and sunny they rejoiced in the gladness of nature, and leaving behind them the hot bricks and dusty houses of the city the two vagabonds would wander off to the green, untenanted fields, and lie for hours under some leafy shelter, blinking up in the sky, or sleeping the summer

hours away. When aroused by hunger they stole if they could, and if there was nothing to steal, Dinky would beg for food; but this he hated to do, and never importuned save where the houses were small and their inhabitants almost as poor as himself. During the chill and cheerless days of winter — which, thank Heaven, are but few and far between in Richmond on the James — Dinky and Spot kept close together in their home; for Jail Alley, that narrow and ill-smelling beehive of human misfortune, was the only home the two friends knew.

Aunt Sally, who lived in the tumble-down hovel at the corner, might have been called their patroness, for it was beneath her broken and trembling shed that they were permitted to sleep in peace during the winter months. It

was whispered in the alley that she knew what had become of Dinky's mother, when she had disappeared five years before; and, wonder of wonders, it was also said that Aunt Sally could tell, if she chose, the name of Dinky's father. She was kind by fits and starts to her two *protégés*; sometimes giving Dinky a very ragged garment that she had found while plying her trade, and sometimes beating the two friends cruelly with a short, thick chair-round which she kept convenient for the purpose. She was very old and very black. She had but one tooth left, which projected and gave her an ugly nickname among her associates. She was a rag-picker, a fortune-teller, and a vender of drugs. This last means of support was reserved for a night-business, and a very dark night-business it generally proved to be. Girls in shawls and veils stole guiltily down the dark and slippery alley, and knocked with trembling fingers at Aunt Sally's worm-eaten and blistered door, "to have their fortunes told." When the old crone had been rewarded, the fortune was carried off in a black bottle. Aunt Sally was her own mistress. She hired herself from her master, and paid him fifty dollars a year for the privilege of earning her living.

One morning in late October a report was circulated around the alley that Dinky was ill, and that Aunt Sally had put him in her own bed and was nursing him. The "nursing" consisted of a good deal of shaking, many hard words, and repeated doses of camomile tea and senna. Spot sat beside the bed, a living and muddy embodiment of faithful distress. The sun was shining very invitingly outside, and Aunt Sally's chair-round was in frequent juxtaposition to Spot's back, within doors; but Spot never wavered in that allegiance which he owed his sick friend, and sat like a sentinel at his side. Frequently he was driven away from his post by the chair-round; but he always promptly came

back, showing his white teeth in what he meant as a reassuring smile for Dinky's encouragement.

Before many days Dinky was able to be up and about, and tempted by a fireman's parade, one morning, the two friends walked up the main street to see the play of the engines. When the glittering display was over Dinky stood weak, but exultant, leaning on a fire-plug. Spot spied two big dogs fighting over a tempting bone which lay unclaimed between them. The little fellow had been shut up for a week, and was wild with curiosity, acquisitiveness, and the new-found sense of freedom. He started off to join the two contestants. Dinky saw something terrible come rumbling around the corner. It was a large black iron cage on wheels, drawn by fiery black horses, in which numberless dogs were howling, fighting, and barking. Two brawny negroes, carrying nets on long poles, preceded the cart to gather up all peripatetic curs lacking medals and masters. With a cry of anguish Dinky darted away to claim and protect his only friend. But alas for poor Spot! before Dinky's trembling legs had accomplished half the distance the negroes had hurled their nets at the three unfortunates, and thrown them all together in the cart, which disappeared in a cloud of dust.

Desperate and weeping, Dinky made his way to Aunt Sally.

"De dog-ketchers dun took Spot. Please, please, Aunt Sally, gie me de money ter git him out!"

"Git long, lazy-bones. I'm glad dat pesky dog is whar he orter bin long ago."

"Oh, Aunt Sally, I'll wuk—I'll wuk fer you day en night! Gie me de money."

"Whar you tink I gwine ter git two dollars en a haf? Git long," and the old woman hobbled after the chair-round. Dinky fled to his own corner

of the shed. There was the place Spot had occupied so lately. Here they had been hungry; here they had rejoiced over some windfall of fortune, in the shape of cheese rind and knuckle-bone; here Dinky had so often slept with Spot curled in his arms; here Spot's had been the only breast on which the little outcast's head had ever been pillowed. With streaming eyes Dinky remembered each charm of his lost companion: how long and black the little terrier's hair was, and how warm a comforter during the long chill nights: his faithful eyes, brown as a berry, sometimes so mournful, and often fairly snapping with delight; and that beautiful white spot on his nose! Oh! Dinky felt that he could stand silence and inaction no longer. "I'll go to Horse Heaben!" he cried aloud in his pain, and started off as fast as his poor little legs could carry him.

Horse Heaven, the place where all unpaid-for dogs caught by the dog-catchers were put to death, lay a short distance east of Poor-House Hill. When Dinky left Jail Alley he had to pass a spot where there was a lively negro auction going on. As he approached, Dinky could hear the auctioneer's stentorian voice chanting the praises of the slaves of which he was disposing, and the voices of the traders in reply. Soon Dinky saw the auctioneer exhibiting his merchandise, and the buyers and traders examining their new-made property. Near the auctioneer stood a tall, handsome man, who seemed to be taking no active part in the sale. A brilliant thought struck Dinky. He hurried forward through the dusky crowd, and grasping the auctioneer by the hand said, —

"Mars, mars, put me on de block nex; please put me on de block, en sell me fer two dollars en a haf."

"Sell you, child! To whom do you belong?" inquired the auctioneer.

"I belongs ter myself. I'se a free nigger. Sell me quick, mars, befo dey

kills Spot!" cried the little yellow boy, with swollen and flushed face.

"Who is Spot?"

"Spot's my dog, en de dog-ketchers took him. Sell me quick, en gie me de money, and lemme go to Horse Heaben. I'm right smart, gentlemens," said Dinky, addressing the crowd. "I kin dance, en sing, en crack bones, en play de Jew's-harp. See me cut de pigeon wing;" and climbing up on the block, Dinky began, and tried to "jump Juba" as he sang: —

"De cotton is a blowin',
De nigger is a hoein'
De lowlan groun'.
De yaller gal is waitin',
De tomtit 's matin',
De sun 's goin' down.

"Molly Cottontail is settin'
Crackin' nuts, en bettin'
Nobody nigh.
De flat boat 's comin',
Wid de rowers hummin'
'Heaben bimeby.'

"De cotton done pickin',
Nigger start deir kickin'
On de kitchen floo.
De fiddle am scrapin',
De crowd am gapin'
At de open doo.

"Jump Juba, high en higher,
De yaller gal 's a flyer,
Mornin' comes prancin',
De sun 's in de sky.
Hear de horn fer de pickin',
Nigger 'll git a lickin',
If daylight cotch him dancin'
'Root hog er die.'"

II.

Mr. Joseph Chace lived in Newtown, Rhode Island. A republican, a well-to-do lawyer, a man of education and ideas, he had been traveling through the South. Actuated by curiosity, he had gone that morning to witness a negro slave market. Mr. Chace felt his heart swell with pity for the seven years' old child, who was sobbing and dancing, and offering his freedom in exchange for his little dog's life. The auctioneer had his business to

attend to. He waved Dinky away, and soon the waif was pouring his woes into Mr. Chace's friendly ear.

Mr. Chace's only child, a boy of twelve, was a hopeless cripple. His father had done everything in his power to relieve the suffering which he could not remove. While Dinky was relating his story, his life in Jail Alley, his friendless and woe-begone condition, the thought of the pleasure which his son Arthur might find in Dinky struck Mr. Chace very agreeably, and the philanthropist wished that he might educate the boy, and make him the Moses of his enslaved people.

"Here," said Mr. Chace, — "here are five dollars. I will go with you to Horse Heaven."

Dinky, ignorant of the forms of a polite civilization, threw himself into the stranger's arms and embraced him rapturously.

A convenient carriage was found, and soon the street Arab and the well-dressed Northern lawyer were seated side by side in pursuit of Spot. It was late in the afternoon when the carriage reached Horse Heaven. In the centre of the ring lay a heap of newly slaughtered victims. Several negroes were busy dispatching their prey, and their dying yelps smote the ear of the stranger. With a bound Dinky left the carriage, and not seeing his treasure among the living began to search for him among the dead. There he lay in the middle of the pile, dead, but not yet cold. Screaming with impotent rage, and wild with grief, Dinky hugged Spot to his heart. Then, as though felled by unseen hands, Dinky dropped senseless at Mr. Chace's feet.

What was Mr. Chace to do with his self-imposed protégé? He could not leave him at the mercy of those dog-killers, and would not take him back to Jail Alley. He dared not carry him to the hotel, and place him in his bed; for in 1847 that would have been a procla-

mation of abolition sentiment, meriting the rough handling of a mob, perhaps.

Mr. Chace held a long colloquy with the negro hackman. The result was that Dinky was lifted into the carriage and securely covered with a shawl. Mr. Chace went to his hotel, paid his bill, and drove straight to the railroad station. The Northern-bound train started a few minutes after he entered the car. No one's attention was specially directed to the child, who lay swathed in the shawl. When Dinky recovered consciousness he ate ravenously of the food which Mr. Chace had thoughtfully secured; and then he sank into a heavy sleep which lasted many hours. When they had passed through Baltimore Mr. Chace breathed more freely. He had no desire to be arraigned for kidnapping. In Philadelphia he stopped long enough to provide Dinky with clothes and more food. The child was stupid with illness, fatigue, and the unwonted excitement of travel. A few days after his arrival in Newtown, when he was somewhat recovered from his illness, Dinky was presented to Arthur Chace, who had been pining to see the child his father had rescued from the wretchedness of Jail Alley.

Mr. Chace's household consisted of himself, his motherless boy Arthur, and Miss Aurelia Chace. Miss Aurelia was aged sixty; was high-nosed, high-minded, bigoted, dogmatic, skinny, and spectacled, Mr. Chace's sister and housekeeper.

To Arthur, Dinky at once became the source of an endless succession of delights. Such tales as Dinky told Arthur about Jail Alley! How Arthur's eyes sparkled, and how he loved his yellow sprite!

Dinky stole everything he wanted, it is true, and had not the slightest regard for the truth; he had not the first idea of law or order. What a subject to be introduced into a prim, well-ordered Yankee family! One day the handsom-

est vase in the parlor was found smashed. Who did it? Dinky, of course. Why? To gain possession of a large painted red rose, its central ornament. He broke the eighth commandment whenever he saw anything that he thought Arthur would fancy; and he presented his stolen treasures with graceless innocence of virtue and ignorance of vice. Dinky's most skillful depredations were committed upon the neighbors. Woe betide the housewife who left her jelly cooling in the basement window, or put her custard out to freeze itself in the snow! The spirit of mischief was rampant in Dinky, who was as slippery as an eel, as adroit as Cartouche, and as unrepentant as — Dinky.

To Mr. Chace, he was the incarnate representative of a national enigma; to Arthur, a deep delight; to Miss Aurelia, the object she had been chosen to convert. To Mr. Chace, Dinky was affectionately respectful; to Arthur, an adoring slave; but to Miss Aurelia's admonitions he turned a deaf ear and a smiling face. When Miss Aurelia began to read the Bible to him, and tried to teach him the difference between right and wrong, he was not very attentive; but when Arthur relieved his aunt of her pupil, Dinky became all alive with attention and regard. Every morning for two hours Arthur struggled with Dinky, teaching him his letters, reading to him, and trying to interest him.

It was indeed some time before Dinky grew really interested in Arthur's reading from the good book. One morning Arthur chanced to read that canticle of Solomon's which begins, "Black am I, though comely, ye daughters of Jerusalem." When Arthur had finished his reading Dinky gave a sigh of pleasure and relief. "Mars Arty," he said, "I 'se mighty glad you read me 'bout dat Bible nigger dat was king of de Jews. Aunt Sally said dere was no place in de Bible fer niggers, an now

I 'se monstous glad ter hear you read out of de white folks' Bible 'bout de nigger king."

Every day after that he listened attentively; and when, under Mr. Chace's direction, Arthur read those portions of the New Testament most intelligible and interesting to children, Dinky was really impressed, and, to quote Miss Aurelia, "showed a more moral disposition."

Some time previous Miss Aurelia had lost a ten-dollar gold piece. She had taxed Dinky with the theft, and he had rolled his eyes up and sworn that he did not have the money. Miss Aurelia turned his pockets inside out, and found nothing. "You little wretch, you will never go to heaven," she said, as she banged the door behind her.

"Mars Arty," said Dinky confidentially, when he found himself alone with the lame boy, "is Miss 'Rely gwine ter heaben?"

"Yes," replied Arthur, "of course she is."

"Den I does n't want ter go," replied Dinky firmly.

"Oh, Dinky, dear!" said Arthur, patting Dinky's curly head, which lay against the bed as he crouched beside it. "I hope that I am going to heaven, and there are many little children there."

"What, nigger chillun?" inquired Dinky.

"Yes, indeed," replied Arthur eagerly; "all sorts of children."

"I specks de colored chilluns hev ter pick up trash en run roun waitin on de quality. I reckon I'll stay here wid Mars Joe. Does you speck Miss 'Rely gwine ter start soon? Mars Arty," continued Dinky reflectively, "Miss 'Rely all de time 'cusin me o' sumthin'. Dis time 't is de money. Now I nebber stole dat money. I was jes a-standin by de table, en de little yaller thing kept up sech a shinin' I jes put my finger on it, en all at onct de shiny piece pintedly riz up en stuck ter my hand."

"Oh, Dinky! give aunt Aurelia her money. It is not right for you to keep it."

"Mars Arty, I hopes I may nebber fall down ef I 'se got Miss 'Rely's money," and Dinky walked away from Arthur's pleading eyes and entreating hands.

Months afterwards Mr. Chace heard accidentally that Dinky had given the money to Sady Small, the poor, half-starved, wretched daughter of a drunken cobbler. Mr. Chace also heard the reason of Dinky's usual hatless and shoeless condition, and how the child was always ready to distribute his clothes among the poor children in the neighborhood. Generous, warm-hearted, undisciplined Dinky, — Dinky, who had never entirely recovered from the fever, which had left him with a hollow cough; Dinky, who told stories, and smiled sweetly as he gave his last stolen treasure away; Dinky, whose big black eyes got bigger and blacker as his little yellow face became thin and worn; Dinky, who came home weekly almost naked through frost and snow, to which his feet were little accustomed, and refused to account for the lack of vesture; unquiet, restless Dinky; Dinky, on whose little frame the Northern winter was telling hardly; in a word, naughty Dinky, whom everybody loved.

There was a large colored photograph of Christ blessing little children which hung beside Arthur's bed. Dinky always arranged his little chair so that he might face the picture during his lessons and the Bible reading.

"Mars Arty," he said one evening, when everything was quite still, and only the flickering wood fire lent its light to the room, "dat's a monstous pitiful-looking gentlemun up dar in dat picture frame. I likes him mightily, 'specially sence you dun tole me he nebber slighted poo folks. I specks I knows what he's a-t'inkin' ter hisself dis minute, while his hans is a layin' on dat white boy's head."

"What do you believe him to be thinking of, Dinky?"

"I specks he's a-t'inkin' of Jail Alley, en a-wishin' de little chilluns dere was es clean en white es dese in de picture frame."

Arthur smiled and sighed.

One cold, bleak day in March Arthur had been feeling very unwell, and to amuse him Dinky had been playing all sorts of tricks, and turning somersaults on the wolfskin which lay beside the bed. All at once the child stopped, and put his hands to his lips, from which the red life blood was pouring.

Arthur's cries summoned Miss Aurelia, and Dinky, at Arthur's earnest entreaty, was made comfortable on a sofa pushed close to the bed. When the hæmorrhage was stopped the physician administered an anæsthetic, and Dinky slept undisturbed for some hours. The household came in and went out with cat-like tread, and Arthur was almost afraid to breathe, fearing to disturb the little patient. Mr. Chace looked very sad and nervous.

About sunset Dinky awoke, bright-eyed, flushed, delirious; and the nervous fingers went restlessly picking about the bright squares of Miss Aurelia's satin quilt.

"Hey, Spot, ole dog; hey, Spot, come long. Aunt Sally ain't dar, — no, no. I dars n't steal de pie. Mars Arty say dat's wrong. Heylo, Spot! de green trees; oh! de nice runnin' water. Lady, gie a poo nigger a cent, — one cent, lady, ter buy a flower fer Mars Arty, lame Mars Arty, lady. Don't hit so hard, Aunt Sally. I wish I was dead. Ha-ha-ha, who put de skeercrow on de fence? Nice, nice gentlemun." The child babbled on, picking at the quilt, and gazing intently at the far corner of the room. "Dinky's sorry. Miss 'Rely say ef I come home barefoot agin she gwine ter lock me up. I could n't keep de money. Sady's foot was all bloody in de snow. Mars Arty, Mars Arty!"

"Dear, dear Dinky, I am here, and so

is papa," cried Arthur, sobbing and trying to catch Dinky's fluttering fingers.

"Oh, gentlemun, nice gentlemun!" Dinky said, still gazing into the corner, and stretching out his hands. "Whar you come fom, wid Spot? Thankee, mars, thankee. Spot, Spot, I'se glad. I'se so glad. Miss 'Rely got heap ov goodies in de pantry. No, no, Miss 'Rely, I won't steal. I gwine ter ax you 'er sumptin. Gie Spot a dollar — fer Aunt Sally — poor Aunt Sally in Jail Alley — she don't know you, gentlemun — but — Mars Arty say you is so pitiful you lub her all de same. What Mars Arty say? 'When your fader and your mudder forsake you de — Lord — will — pick — you — up.' Dinky got no mudder, gentlemun. Is you my fader? You is n't de Lord come a-standin by a yaller chile like dis? Who is you? I ain't stole nuthin' ter-day. I ain't stole

nuthin sence — Nobody ebber told Dinky befo. Marster, I'm sorry," and Dinky's eyes looked pleadingly at his invisible friend. Miss Aurelia had taken off her spectacles, and was crying softly, ashamed and contrite. The little negro boy was teaching the bigot that there are many paths leading to the house of God.

Simple, well-meaning Mr. Chace! He had hoped to be the humble instrument of giving a Moses to his people. Poor man, his eyes were blinded with tears, but "it was well with the child."

"Oh, papa, he won't look at me, he won't speak to me!" sobbed Arthur. "What is he looking at? What does he see?"

"Spot," cried Dinky rapturously, "I'm coming wid de gentlemun. Spot, my Spot" — and he fell back on the pillow.

Mary Beale Brainerd.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

SEVENTEEN years ago Willis was laid at rest in Mount Auburn. It would almost seem as if his books had been buried in the same grave with him. One small collection of his poems remains in circulation, and that is all. The present generation knows him not, or knows him vaguely. At the period of his death Willis had already outlived his best inspiration; between him and his sparkling work the war had drawn that red line which had the effect of giving an air of obsolescence to everything on the further side. New men and new literary fashions had sprung up: only the fittest of the old survived. It was natural that so delicate a talent as Willis's should fall into neglect. I think that some of the neglect is undeserved, and is therefore temporary. There are many persons still living who have not quite

outgrown a feeling of attachment for that bright personality which at one time did so much to influence our unformulated social and literary tastes. Certainly, Willis was too individual a figure in our literature, too peculiarly American in spite of all his foreign airs and acquaintanceship, and too richly endowed with that rare faculty of interesting and attaching readers to himself, to be permanently passed by. His very faults and foibles are engaging, and should not blind us to the real manliness beneath the surface. He has a distinctive literary quality, a tone and manner entirely his own. There is in all that he has written a rich personal flavor, which affects one as a charm, and makes the man a part of his most trivial production. The reader comes at last to feel as if he had known the writer, and

been taken into his very confidence. He had a rare gift of communicating his individual standpoint of thought and feeling, and could invest even trifles with a living and familiar interest. This was more than the effect of his swift, light stroke, as it was also more than a mere literary trick. Rather, it was a native facility and inborn instinct of approach, which gave him ready entrance to the heart. He was always sure of a response, — too fatally sure, too cruelly favored by fortune in all his beginnings, to be equally certain of his best achievement. Nature might have done more for him if she had done less. Like Leigh Hunt, whom in some respects he resembled, he lacked the early discipline of rebuff and patient labor done in privacy. His flowering was premature, and the instant pressure of demand to which the undergraduate glory of *Scripture Sketches* subjected his powers put silent preparation out of the question.

Hence, at times, a certain extravagance and want of proportion in his work, a general lightness of tone that often amounts to deliberate injustice to himself and to his subject. Hence, too, an inability, which at last became constitutional, to undertake and carry on any systematic and sustained labor, together with a frankly confessed indifference to the peculiar consideration and rewards of such a course. His jaunty reply to the friends who begged him to concentrate his powers and write something for posterity but partially tells the story of Willis's apparent insensibility to fame. Doubtless he was sincere when he said that he would be glad to do so if posterity would make up a purse for him, — as sincere, perhaps, as his English contemporary *Praed*, when he thus sings of himself to the same purpose: —

"For he was born a wayward boy,
To laugh when hopes deceive him;
To grasp at every fleeting joy,
To jest at all that leave him;
To love a quirk and loathe a quarrel,
And never care a straw for laurel."

But circumstances as well as temperament had conspired in his case to bring about the short-sighted result. As Willis himself clearly shows, there was peculiar temptation for a facile pen like his to devote itself to popular work, when as yet American publishing had made little or no headway against the deeply felt need of an international law of copyright, and American journalism was beginning to offer prices which well might seem to him "extravagant." Naturally enough, to quote his own words, will "necessity plead much more potently than the ambition for an adult stature in literary fame;" nor does one wholly wonder at that "difficult submission to marketableness" which led him to "break up his statues at the joints, and furnish each fragment with head and legs to walk alone."

But this method of spontaneity, which so well fitted his gifts in prose, became the fatal limitation of his poetry. With no lack of native equipment, Willis never got beyond the promise of his early successes in versification, although he continued to enjoy the reputation of a poet during his lifetime. The *Scripture* poems, published while he was yet a student at Yale, had an instant and cordial reception. Henceforth we find little advancement upon the standard thus fixed by this immature fruitage of his youth. The hasty touch could hardly be expected to suffice for the wider reputation and riper demand of middle life, and we seem to see in much of the poetical work which followed only another case of arrested development. An occasional happy effect in some of the minor pieces still keeps the tradition of his power alive, even while the more exacting tests of to-day have ruled out the larger share of his poetry. Neither Willis nor John Pierpont succeeded in justifying the attempt at a modern reproduction of *Scripture* narratives.

Unevenness of workmanship and want of painstaking toil to supplement his un-

doubted aptness also kept Willis from the rank he might otherwise have reached among the acknowledged masters of English society verse. Willis never attained that airy firmness of touch so native to Praed, Locker, Dobson, and our own Holmes, which fairly imprisons a thought or fancy without effort or apparent intention. Nowhere is shown more consummate tact and skill than in the cutting of these exquisite jeweled bits called *vers de société*, which reflect, without a line too much or too little, the fleeting lights and shadows of graceful sentiment. Even in his more serious flights of fancy Willis too often skirts the dangerous line that divides sentiment from sentimentality. His Dedication Hymn and the Death of Harrison will live, and there is still a pathetic power in the Reverie at Glenmary and that Invocation he addresses to his mother on bringing home his English bride. But we are after all forced to look beyond his poetic achievement for the secret of Willis's undoubted capacity for holding the popular heart.

Willis himself had none of the common affectation of authorship, and took no pains to create an atmosphere of reserve or secrecy as to the sources of his power. He was the frankest of *littérateurs*, and barely escaped being a hack by the independence of his pen. He disarmed criticism at the outset by the unblushing confession that the readiness of the public to read and reward him for his work constituted his best excuse for writing at all. And somehow, in reading Willis, one never thinks of abusing so flattering a mark of confidence on his part.

This power of making others feel with him, this free, fresh charm of engaging familiarity, is nowhere better shown than in the little sketch To the Julia of Some Years Ago, supposed to have been written from Saratoga. The thing is perfect and quite inimitable in its way. I can call it nothing but sympathetic, so

swift and sure is it to enlist the feeling of the reader. And then the little undercurrent of pathos that flows so gently beneath the sparkle and apparent trifling of his manner! It all makes one think what a Thackerayan mastery of the sadder sides of sentiment our author might have had, with something more of constructive skill and genius for labor.

Whatever else he was, Willis was first of all a journalist, with a trained and instinctive equipment in some respects second to none this country has ever produced. With no taste for Franklin's thrift, and none of that genius for political leadership which has marked the other great masters of the art in this country, Willis always had the feeling of a correspondent and the judgment of an editor. His knowledge of the public taste was unerring, and his faculty of instant adjustment to its demands something phenomenal. Indeed, it almost amounted to another sense, this instinctive adaptation to just the degree of the solid and soluble it is well to mingle in pabulum designed for the multitude. For he never sacrificed to any audience his moment of serious aside, nor the classical allusion of which he was so fond, while at the same time no one could more gracefully beat a retreat from the threatening danger of things abstruse or profound. With his sensitive appreciation of the public appetite, he could tell precisely how far to go, — could make a spurt or a dash, and appear to have exhausted a subject which he had in reality hardly more than touched in passing.

There was a strong inherited journalistic flavor in Willis's blood. At the time of his birth, in Portland, January 20, 1806, his father, Nathaniel Willis, was editing the Eastern Argus; and ten years later we find him in Boston, — where he died May 26, 1870, at the ripe age of ninety, — continuing the work which was to link his name with the early his-

tory of journalism in this country. To him will always belong the credit of establishing, in 1816, our first religious newspaper, the *Boston Recorder*; as well as of founding, in 1827, the *Youth's Companion*, that first of the many periodicals since devoted to the interests of the young. Before the son had fairly finished his course at Yale, in the year last mentioned, the availability of the rising collegian had been marked by the versatile Peter Parley, and his path made easy from the university benches to an editorial chair. Immediately upon graduation, Willis assumed the charge of the *Token and Legendary*, which inaugurate that long list of journalistic ventures which have been connected with his name, beginning with the *American Monthly Magazine*, afterward merged in General George P. Morris's *New York Mirror*, and ending with the *Home Journal*. Here was the familiar rôle of pioneer newspaper work in which his father before him had been so conspicuous, only in his case it was enlarged and individualized by a keener insight, a broader culture, and a readier literary gift. Always reaching out for something novel and attractive, Willis had finally added to instinct an experience which made him easy master in this by no means easy field of writing.

"It is a voyage," he says, in speaking of the launching of a new periodical, "that requires plentiful stores, much experience of the deeps and shallows of the literary seas, and a hand at every halcyon. . . . No one who has not tried this vocation can have any idea of the difficulty of procuring the light yet condensed, the fragmented yet finished, the good-tempered and gentlemanly yet highly seasoned and dashing, papers necessary to a periodical." It is also interesting to us now to note that he thinks Edward Everett "the best magazine writer living," and considers Crittenden and Calhoun of the Senate capa-

ble of brilliant results in this direction; while he goes on to say that there is "a younger class of writers, — among them Felton and Longfellow, both professors at Cambridge, and Sumner and Henry Cleaveland, lawyers of Boston, — who sometimes don the cumbrous armor of the *North American Review*, but who would show to more advantage in the lighter livery of the monthlies."

Willis was himself a consummate illustration of this art, a born magazinist, and able to live up to its most exacting demands. What a fine little specimen of what he calls his "babble" is this! "I was sitting last night by the lady with the horn and the glass umbrella at the *Alhambra*, — I drinking a julep, she (my companion) eating an ice. The water dribbled, and the moon looked through the slits in the awning, and we chatted about *Saratoga*. My companion has a generalizing mind, situated just in the rear of a very particularly fine pair of black velvet eyes, and her opinions usually come out by a little ivory gate with a pink portico, — charming gate, charming portico, charming opinions! I must say, I think more of intellect when it is well lodged."

Willis was often called upon to defend this choice of the lighter tone, about which, he maintained, there was no real choice in the then condition of American literature. His reply to the remonstrance against his "wasting time upon trifles" is still very good reading; and many will agree with him that, in the abundance of encyclopædias and books of reference, "few things are easier or more stupid than to be wise — on paper." One can readily see that it would indeed be less difficult, to quote his own words again and apply them in his own case, "to go to the ship chandler for a cable than to find a new cobweb in a much-swept upper story." Then that little clincher by way by close, that "Parthian fling" from Addison, which he so gayly "tosses under the nose" of his

critics : "Notwithstanding pedants of a pretended depth and solidity are apt to decry the writings of a polite author as flash and froth, they all of them show upon occasion that they would spare no pains to arrive at the character of those whom they seem to despise."

Willis was the first in this country to work that vein of society-writing which affects the present literary tone, and was already in vogue in England under the fitting appellation of "polite literature."

But with all his easy deference, however, Willis was never blind to the weaknesses and follies of fashion. Society never seemed so dear to him as when he could get away from it and enjoy or criticise it at a distance. See how, upon the first page of his *Inklings of Adventure*, he could prick the puffball of American aristocracy with the feathery point of his sarcasm! Nor can any one accuse him, with all his social currency of sympathy, with shoddyism or snobbery in any of its forms. His taste here was as fine as his imagination; and however he may sometimes fail in absolute truthfulness to nature, his divergence never endangers a principle.

This one may admit without forgetting the comment rife in Willis's lifetime, and even while confessing a certain sympathy with it so far as many of the personal passages in *Pencillings by the Way* are concerned. But so many distinguished travelers before and since have been guilty of a similar violation of taste that familiarity has somewhat dulled our sensitiveness; while the rapid development of this general tendency in our later journalism has made it sometimes rather difficult for us to understand the storm of indignation Willis's letters encountered in England. The personal element seems almost to have usurped the place of honor in current writing. It is a time of undress, with a constant emphasis upon the confidential and familiar attitude. The gossip of

the great, the unblushing chronicle of passing speech, appearance, and opinion, is so far tolerated in almost any literary company as to pass for the most part without either challenge or apology. Where once Willis accorded a hostile meeting to Captain Marryat, in justification of his course in this direction, the luckless correspondent of to-day has only to answer the more prosaic summons of the court. This drawing aside the veil that protects private sanctity has made personal detail the most readily negotiable of all literary wares; and certainly those who indulge and defend the right to this plain speaking can find no better answer to their critics than the sparkling prefaces which Willis put at the beginning of his books. He, at least, was shrewd enough to see that the point at issue was a temporary one, while every year of distance which intervened between the reader and the personages of whom he wrote would necessarily add to the value of the delineation. We can now afford the frank confession that nowhere else is it possible for one to gain so graphic a picture of the writers of his day as from Willis's *Pencillings by the Way* and *Ephemera*. Both author and subjects being now dead, no question of taste, happily for us, comes into controversy. With unmixed delight we can give ourselves up to those vivid sittings in Gore House, where Lady Blessington gathered the wits and intellectual wonders of London.

Willis was the first literary American ever lionized in England, and, however we may criticise the use he made of his opportunities for distinguished intercourse, they were certainly great. His exceptionally fine address and the fact that he was so thoroughly imbued with the literary spirit made it naturally follow that his pages should become a sort of magic mirror for reflecting the faces of many the world would not willingly forget. The pictures are done to the life; perhaps colored a little too highly

now and then with individual prepossession, but still so spirited and distinct as to affect the mind with an almost atmospheric power. One enters sensitively into the author's mood, and feels the flutter of trembling expectancy with which he crosses the threshold, and stands at last in the presence of those so long "worshiped from afar." It is well to have his introduction and the stimulation of a nature so readily responsive. One almost comes to fancy at last that it is himself instead of Willis who is following in the footsteps of Irving and Cooper, that earliest brace of literary favorites which America sent across to stir the curiosity of Europe. He hears their movements reported on the Continent, but everywhere misses them, all the time that his heart is thrilling with that first sweet praise which the Old World is according to our literature. He goes in and out with Bulwer, Barry Cornwall, Disraeli, and Tom Moore; grows confidential with Rogers, Lamb, Lord Jeffrey, and Joanna Bailie; dines with Jane Porter, or breakfasts with Landor or Kit North,—catching now and then a glimpse of that shadowy genius Count D'Orsay, half painter and half dandy, whose elegant person was not visible to the general public except in that interval between twelve o'clock Saturday night and the same hour on Sunday, when the debtor's law was not in force. Surely, in Willis's own language, these sketches may be pardoned "their lack of what an English critic cleverly calls the 'ponderous goodness of a didactic purpose,' " in consideration of that which he has in view, their "truthfulness to life." Rather than trust ourselves to the daily mercies of a moralizer, most of us would prefer to go traveling with one who, when he finds himself in the same room with the hero of Waterloo, can "feel his blood creep as if he had seen Cromwell or Marlborough," even while he asserts that if Cornelius Agrippa were

redivivus, and would show him his magic mirror, he would "as soon call up Moore as Dryden, Wordsworth or Wilson as soon as Pope or Crichton."

This we may say of Willis without assuming any undue subserviency to English models and canons of taste, such as was at one time falsely charged upon him. We are now at a safe distance from which to estimate the quality of his appreciation of foreign culture and refinement. Having been subjected to so much grosser forms of Anglomania, we go back to Willis to be impressed with his Americanism at every point. In one of his Letters from under a Bridge he unbosoms himself to the epistolary "Doctor"—whom he makes the target of so many happy fancies and allusions—on this danger of our depending upon English standards and English approval. "Where then shall be our nationality?" he asks, reflecting upon the possible result of the triumph of steam navigation that it shall turn London into a centre of American literature. Yet he was himself the first to see the temporary advantage, as well as the dangers, of the transatlantic standpoint. A large share of his own immediate popularity had come from this accident of an international ground of observation, at the same time that it was the native flavor which gave his reproductions of European scenes and manners their distinctive charm. The touch and tone were of the New World; the canvas and colors of the Old. The photographic vividness was his own, and the spirit throughout that of a pleased observer. But despite his cosmopolitanism, Europe in reality serves him only as a background and illustration, and he always returns to what is native with the taste and feeling of the true American.

Indeed, Willis seems to me always charming when he deals with our own scenery and life. I know of no one so enthusiastically in love with what is na-

tional in our landscape as he, and no one so capable of communicating his enthusiasm to others. It was all newer and more inaccessible fifty years ago than it is now, but no difficulties of travel could daunt one with so genuine a delight as his in objects of natural wonder and beauty.

It is in his little journeys that Willis shows at his best; he is so much at home in the world, so confident in his bearing and so irresistibly happy. He is the very prince of travelers, — one of those privileged souls who find the ideal and the romantic in ordinary places and prosaic experience. To be sure, he will be likely to spice the splendor of every scene with a flavor of social attractions. One must not be surprised to find him spellbound before the wild beauty of forest, river, or falls, with a lady upon his arm; for he will assert that one kind of sentiment flows naturally and without detriment into another. This is partly genuine and partly an impulse of art, suggested by the fact, to which he is keenly alive, that appreciation of natural beauty had as yet only imperfectly awakened in this country. He knows the added value in a sketch which a distinctively human element lends to the more general qualities of description. Lover of landscape as he is, he yet never omits the living figure from his picture. But take him off his guard, when the professional harness no longer binds his humor, and nothing could be more simple, more unaffected, than his characterizations of natural scenery. One hesitates to call them descriptions, for they are more than that, — actual, living embodiments of a delight in nature which, unfortunately, few are fresh enough to carry into maturer years.

No one who was not at heart native to the soil could have done those *con amore* sketches of life along the Susquehanna, entering as Willis did into the wild, adventurous experience of the

lumbermen, who often risked their lives upon its waters. Then how vividly he makes one see his raftsmen of the Delaware, who outdid even his rival of the Susquehanna in abandon and general untamableness, whirling down the swollen river with the first March thaw in huge arks, built of trees felled the previous winter, and dodging the low branches of the forest as he steers his ungainly craft between the shores and eddies! Of all natural objects Willis most affects a river, and among his happiest efforts are his pictures of well-known American streams. The strain of his description catches their very movement, and blends at last with the ever-varying hue of their scenery.

One wonders if the original builder of the bridge from under which he wrote those famous letters ever dreamed of the flow of thought and fancy it was destined to span in those still, bright summer days he so happily describes. That gentle current of his discourse, now dallying with the delights of nature, now faintly stirred by that echo of the world's affairs which finds him out in his retirement, moves on as gentle and unbroken as the stream beneath. It almost seems as if one might hear the exclamation of the idle rustic who hangs upon the fence, "How you do spin it off!" or again that wondering query as to whether he could be writing to the "folks at hum," or only making out a lease. Certain it is that the facile pen found nowhere freer and more graceful movement than among these simple surroundings of native rural life.

We come with something of surprise upon this unlooked-for independence in a man of such easy and conspicuous citizenship. It is as if we had not suspected him of these rugged resources, and like him none the less for this ability to dwell apart without any loss of his customary poise. To be sure, Willis as a farmer seems incredible, yet the fact remains that so he was happiest and

most truly himself. He confesses that the life at Glenmary suits his disposition and better nature, and as a writer we nowhere find him at greater advantage than here. Writing has become a pure labor of love, and this spontaneous and outspoken quality of address has all the charm of an impulsive confidence. The pressure of compulsory toil has been laid aside, and now he communes with his readers in as happy specimens of literary good-fellowship as one can readily find. Clearly he is no mere drawing-room moth, no mere diner-out and setter of metropolitan fashions, but a man of native resources, whose ultimate capacity far transcends the common measurement of the street. He can laugh with Broadway, or at it, but is best contented away from it altogether. None better typify the great city's taste and refinement than he; none more positively insist upon its most exacting standards of etiquette. Nevertheless, one always has this relief of stumbling upon him in all the gay abandon of the Bridge, and of forgetting at will this part of *bon vivant* he has so successfully played.

It is not every one who is privileged to find the poetic side of farming, and when Willis is forced to return to the city one's sympathies are keenly touched at the loss of so much bucolic blessedness. In Letter XVIII. from under a Bridge — by the way, an admirable specimen of the general letter; ripe, readable, with a substance of its own, and yet as light and warm and breezy as that perfect day upon which it was penned — one sees how sportively it was possible for him to trifle with this outdoor life of toil. Surely rural *insouciance* never had a better chronicler. "I have sold some of my crops for the oddity of the sensation," he writes; "and I assure you it is very much like being paid for dancing when the ball is over. The barrel of buckwheat not only cost me nothing, but I have had my uses of it in the raising, and can no

more look upon it as *value* than upon a flower which I pluck to smell, and give away when it is faded. Why, consider the offices this very buckwheat has performed! There was the trust in Providence in the purchase of the seed, — a *sermon*. There was the exercise and health in plowing, harrowing, and sowing, — *prescription* and *pill*. There was the performance of the grain, its sprouting, its flowering, its earing, and its ripening, — a great deal more amusing than a *play*. Then there was the harvesting, threshing, fanning, and grinding, — a sort of pastoral collection, publication, and purgation by criticism. Now, suppose your clergyman, your physician, your favorite theatrical corps, your publisher, printer, and critic, threshed and sold in bags for six shillings a bushel! I assure you the cases are similar, except that the buckwheat makes probably the more savory cake."

His narration of his neighbor's method of keeping hogs out of his corn is inimitable. What could be finer than that last letter of them all, flung bravely out from the great pain of his parting with this haven of refuge from the world? — To the Unknown Purchaser and Next Occupant of Glenmary. With a touch of pathos, easily perceptible, though veiled beneath the terse English of as perfect a piece of *persiflage* as ever was written, Willis begs the privilege of making his will, and entrusting the trees and birds and squirrels he has watched and loved so long to the one who should own them in his stead. "Sir," he writes, "in selling you the dew and sunshine ordained to fall hereafter on this bright spot of earth, the waters on their way to this sparkling brook, the tints mixed for the flowers of that enameled meadow, and the songs bidden to be sung in coming summers by the feathery builders in Glenmary, I know not whether to wonder more at the omnipotence of money, or at my own impertinent audacity toward nature.

How you can *buy* the right to exclude at will every other creature made in God's image from sitting by this brook, treading on that carpet of flowers, or lying listening to the birds in the shade of these glorious trees, — how I can *sell* it you, — is a mystery not understood by the Indian, and dark, I must say, to me. 'Lord of the Soil' is a title which conveys your privileges but poorly. You are master of waters flowing at this moment, perhaps, in a river of Judea, or floating in clouds over some spicy island of the tropics, bound hither after many changes. There are lilies and violets ordered for you in millions, acres of sunshine in daily installments, and dew nightly in proportion. There are throats to be tuned with song, and wings to be painted with red and gold, blue and yellow; thousands of them, and all tributaries to you. Your corn is ordered to be sheathed in silk, and lifted high to the sun. Your grain is to be duly bearded and stemmed. There is perfume distilling for your clover, and juices for your grasses and fruits. Ice will be here for your wine, shade for your refreshment at noon, breezes and showers and snowflakes, — all in their season, and all 'deeded to you for forty dollars an acre! Gods! what a copyhold of property for a fallen world!'"

Happily for that dream, so rudely shattered, the step from Glenmary to Idlewild was natural and easy, and again the household gods were gathered about an altar of rural peace. Willis was to have his wish at last, and die amidst the stillness of green fields, although without Glenmary and her presence for whom the earlier estate had been named.

All in all, Willis must remain a not insignificant figure among the earlier influences of American literature. His work was largely formative, and many traces of his stimulating presence may still be marked in the later and more perfected tendencies of our time. The literary period upon which he had en-

tered was one of reaction from the stilted and self-conscious models of the past. He was in sympathy with this tendency, and fitted to welcome — a by no means unimportant service at that time — the new and unbefriended names of those then struggling up to the places of power they were to create as well as to fill. Entering generously, as he did, into the plans and prospects of every budding genius that came in his way, the prominence of his own position made it possible for him to bring out in others, as well as to exemplify in himself, the newer literary forces that were beginning to make themselves felt. Certain it is that Willis enjoys the credit of having done more than any other author for the introduction of well-known literary names. One does not willingly forget his encouragement of the obscure apprentice, Bayard Taylor, whom Willis and his partner, General Morris, afterward helped to start upon his travels, and who from the first profited by the former's frank, outspoken words of praise. Besides his patronage of a number of minor writers, like J. G. Holland, Fanny Forrester, and Grace Greenwood, his advance notices of such men as Whipple and Lowell display prophetic insight and professional unconsciousness. "His mind," he writes of Whipple, then a young business man of Boston, whose lecture on the habits and characteristics of literary men had begun to attract attention for its force and its freshness of view, "is of the cast and calibre of the writers for the English magazines of ten years ago, and I consider him a mine to be worked with great profit by the proprietors of the reviews. His kind is rare." Long before praise of Lowell had become the fashion, Willis fully recognized his genius and attempted an estimate of his poetic gift. He complains somewhere of being "tied to the tail" of Landor's immortality by the unfortunate complication of his name in the projected American edition of that author's works, and

it seems as if his generosity toward literary contemporaries might tie him to the tail of many other well-known reputations. If sometimes, as would naturally be the case, the ardor of his welcome and approval fails of later vindication, we need not forget the spirit which prompted it, nor the still more frequent accuracy of his insight.

It is, in fact, out of this very freshness of interest in public persons and events, this keenness of sympathy and zest of life, that much of his best work has come. Without intending it, he is all the time writing history. With the simple aim of amusing his readers, he unconsciously transcribes the social economy of his time. His notes and sketches are a revelation of the life, the men and the manners, of half a century ago. With a large, swift movement which we can call nothing but panoramic, he sweeps the trifles of the day into organic living relationships, letting us into the by-play of his neighbors' hopes, fears, illusions, in a surprisingly effective manner. He first introduces us into the social life of a New England college town like New Haven, in the days when the hot, impulsive blood of the South was striving to mingle with the cooler currents of Northern thought and feeling. We have then a passing flavor of elegant country leisure in a Knickerbocker mansion; or a dash at Niagara or Trenton, with a spice of the Thousand Islands or Nahant thrown in. But it is the Springs that Willis most lovingly describes, in the days when Lebanon and Ballston divided the honors with Saratoga, and shared with it a native population of only fourteen millions. Whatever the reality we are wont to find, his experience at the Spa is always fascinating. We heartily enter upon the journey, with all its plans and appointments of travel. The lumbering conveyances of that time, the long, tedious hours of forced companionship with strangers, enlivened by the chance acquaintance of beautiful wo-

men and men of eccentric genius, made possible a fund of adventure denied to our swifter modern methods of roaming. So slow, indeed, is our progress that we catch the tone of public sentiment as we pass. We feel the stirrings of that spirit of enterprise and improvement with which we have since become so familiar, and note the signs of local interest in the great centres of life from which we have come. We hear the name of some noted singer or actress whispered along the road, and share in the curiosity once felt in a now almost forgotten career. Then we have that racy summing up of the great city's life in *Ephemera*, that bird's-eye view of the time, which will richly repay the study of some future historian. Without purporting to be deliberate work, it yet seems to blend unconsciously the fashion and amusements of the hour with thoughtful comment and serious discussion.

With all his genius for good living and easy access to the entertaining side of life, Willis never quite received due credit for earnestness. There is always a faint suspicion of the didactic about his dilettanteism. His practice of the virtues is homœopathic, his moral is always sugar-coated. Nevertheless, he cannot altogether escape the shadows that mingle even in metropolitan gayety, nor refrain from slight occasional lapses into preachment. But his seriousness seldom oppresses, and for the most part speedily passes into that jaunty Horatian manner of the man-about-town which he has made so famous. With equal unconsciousness he can sparkle in table repartee, or seize just that fine shade of after-dinner sadness which so naturally follows the contemplation of burnt-out ashes and empty shells. Whatever he touched shone. And if he sometimes forgot old-fashioned distinctions between glitter and steady gleaming, we must still gladly accept the degree of illumination that comes in our way. His abundant vitality dulls the edge of

much of our possible criticism. When all has been said, the surface of life is too proverbially still not to be gratefully affected by so breezy and stirring a

presence. He will long remain the most picturesque figure in our literature, with a gift second to none in the arts which gently stimulate, adorn, and please.

Edward F. Hayward.

THE EDDA AMONG THE ALGONQUIN INDIANS.

WHEN Mr. Longfellow declared that the Manobozho legends of the Chippeways formed an Indian Edda, he spoke as a poet, not as an ethnologist. In the same spirit they might with as much justice have been termed an Indian Iliad or Nibelungenlied. But in fact the expression was so inaccurate that even the usually far from careful Schoolcraft hastened to correct it, since in the beginning of his introduction to the Hiawatha Legends he declares, "Of all these foreign analogies of myth lore, the least tangible is that which has been suggested with the Scandinavian mythology. That mythology is of so marked and peculiar a character that it has not been distinctly traced out of the great circle of tribes of the Indo-Germanic family. Odin and his terrific pantheon of war-gods and social deities could only exist in the dreary latitudes of storms and fire which produce a Hecla and a Maelstrom. From such a source the Indian could have derived none of his vague symbols and mental idiosyncrasies, which have left him as he is found to-day, without a government and without a God."

And yet, strangely enough, there was in existence all the time in New England — and at Mr. Longfellow's very door, poetically speaking — an Indian Edda, and there was carefully preserved among the Penobscots and Passamaquoddies of Maine "a myth lore," "the analogies of which with the Scandinavian mythology" were very much closer than those of the Edda with the Kale-

vala, to which it is so nearly and so incontestably related. In fact, after the most careful perusal and study of every line of the stupendous Finnish epic, I find that where it has one incident or point of resemblance with the Edda, or with other Norse poems, the Indian legends of New England and New Brunswick have a score. Rasmus B. Anderson, in the notes to his translation of the Younger Edda, declares that as regards the origin of the Asa system, that is of the Norse mythology, it is chiefly composed of Finnish elements. But all that there is to be found of the Finn in the Edda is feeble and faint compared to what there is of the Edda in the legends of the Wabanaki Indians.

The Algonquin subdivision of the six or seven stocks of American Indians includes, as J. H. Trumbull has shown, forty principal tribes, speaking as many different dialects of what was once a common or root language. Of these the Wabanaki, or Abenaki, deriving their name from *Wa-be-yu*, *white* or *light*, are to us the nearest and most interesting. The word *light* is applied to them as living to the east. The St. Francis Indians, who call themselves specially the Abenaki, and who all speak French, translate their generic name as *point du jour*. They embrace in addition to the St. Francis tribe the Micmacs of New Brunswick; the Passamaquoddies, chiefly resident at Pleasant Point, or Sebayk near Eastport, Maine; and the Penobscots of Oldtown, in the same State. The last two tribes can converse to-

gether, but it is almost or quite impossible for them to understand Micmac. Yet all of them have in common a mythology and legends which as a whole are in every respect far superior to those of the Chippeways, or, so far as I know them, to those of any of our Western tribes.

I have collected directly from the Indians themselves more than one hundred of these legends. The Rev. S. T. Rand,¹ of Hantsport, New Brunswick, the original discoverer of Glooskap, — “the Hiawatha of the North,” but a creation inconceivably superior to Hiawatha, — has very kindly lent to me eighty-five Micmac tales, forming a folio volume of one thousand pages. In addition to these I am indebted to Mrs. W. Wallace Brown for a small but extremely valuable collection of stories from the Indians living near Calais. I have also two curious Anglo-Indian manuscripts: one a collection of tales, with a treatise on Superstitions in Indian and English; the other a Story of Glooskap, a singular narrative of the adventures of the great hero of the North, composed in Indian-English of the obscurest kind. Mr. Jack, of Fredericton, N. B., has very kindly communicated to me legends and folk-lore, Malisete and Micmac, while I am specially obliged to Miss Abby Alger, of Boston, for aid of every kind, including a small collection of tales of the St. Francis tribe. Some idea of the immense extent of this literature may be inferred from the fact that, while I have duplicates of almost every story, I never received one which did not in some important respect amend the others. All of these tribes in their oral or wampum records tell of Glooskap, a superior heroic demigod. I say demigod, since there is no proof of the existence among our Indians of a belief

in a Great Spirit or in an infinite God before the coming of the whites. Glooskap was, however, more than a Hercules or a Manco Capac, for he created man and animals before teaching agriculture, hunting, and language. He was a truly grand hero; his life was never soiled with the disgraceful, puerile, and devilish caprices of the Manobozho, whose more creditable deeds were picked out and attributed by Mr. Longfellow to the Iroquois Hiawatha. A singular admixture of grandeur, benevolence, and quiet, pleasant humor characterize Glooskap, who of all beings of all mythologies most resembles Odin and Thor in the battlefield, and Pantagruel at home.

Glooskap was born of the Turtle *gens*, “since it is on the Turtle that all rests.” He had a twin brother, Malsum the Wolf. Before birth the pair conferred as to how they would enter the world. Glooskap preferred to be born as others, but the Wolf in his wicked pride tore through his mother’s armpit and killed her. In the Iroquois version of this tale, the two are called the Good Being and the Evil One. The Wolf is therefore the type of evil, or the destroyer.

Malsum asked Glooskap (who subsequently appears distinctly as the sun god) what would kill him. He replied that of all created things the bulrush alone could take his life. So Malsum tried to kill him with it; but the bulrush would take his life only *for an instant*. So, recovering, he slew the Wolf. The resemblance between the bulrush, cattail, or, as one version says, “a ball of soft down,” and the mistletoe, the softest of all plants, which kills Balder in the Edda, is here apparent enough. The same tale is told, but in a broken and abbreviated form, among the Hiawatha Legends.

and in recording the Micmac and Malisete languages, as well as for his earnest work as a clergyman. He has now in MS. grammars and dictionaries of these tongues.

¹ The Rev. S. T. Rand, of Hantsport, New Brunswick, is a Baptist missionary to the Micmac Indians. This gentleman can write twelve languages. Great credit is due to him for his incredible industry as a scholar in collecting Indian lore,

Glooskap proceeded to create the dwarfs or fairies, and then man. He made him from an ash-tree. Man was in the ash-tree as a principle or as a being, but lifeless. First the dwarfs were created from the bark, and then mankind from the wood. Glooskap shot his magical life-giving arrows into the tree, and men came forth. In the Edda man existed as the ash; the elm was added as woman; but as in the Indian tale man was without consciousness till the three gods

"Found on Earth
Ask and Embla,
nearly powerless,
void of destiny.
Spirit they possessed not,
Sense they had not,
blood nor motive powers,
nor goodly color.
Spirit gave Odin,
Sense gave Hœnir,
Blood gave Lodur,
and goodly color."

(*Völuspa*, 17, 18.)

In the Edda, the first created on earth are two giants, born from their mother's armpit. Their father, who is an evil Jötun, has feet male and female. The next beings created are the dwarfs, and then man from the ash-tree. Every one of these details corresponds step by step with the Wabanaki mythology, except that in the latter it is Lox, the evil principle of fire, who has feet male and female. This Lox, the Indian devil, is no specific man or animal, but he is like Loki in every respect.

That the ash alone was the primitive tree of life or of man appears from the account of Yggdrasil in the next verse (*Völuspa*, 19). To hunt and draw his sled Glooskap took the Loons. But they were too often absent. So he had, like Odin, two attendant wolves, one black and one white. There can be no doubt of the accuracy of this statement, for the Indian is still living who actually met Glooskap a few years ago, "very far north," and ferried him over a bay. His black and white wolf dogs were at the landing before them, when all mysteri-

ously vanished. In the Edda two wolves also follow, one the sun, another (*Manogarm*) the moon.

In one legend Glooskap is described as directing and guiding the course of the seasons. He has always by him a being named Kool-pe-jo-tei, meaning in Micmac "rolled over by handspikes." He lies on the ground; he has not a bone in his body. He rests under the heaven all the year. He is rolled over with wooden handspikes in the spring and autumn. This was very clearly explained by the Indian narrator as referring to the course of the seasons. Glooskap's sledge is drawn by wolves. In the Elder Edda Odin is described as riding a wolf. Odin has, however, two pet wolves, Gere and Freke, whom, like Glooskap, he feeds from his own hands (*Younger Edda*, c. xiii.). To recapitulate, Odin and Glooskap have each two attendant wolves. They use wolves as steeds; those of Glooskap are black and white, corresponding to the day and night, or sun and moon wolves of the Edda, termed Skol and Hate.

Gylfe, the great sorcerer (*Younger Edda*, c. ii.), when he went to Asgard to see if the gods were really so mighty as he had heard, disguised himself as an old man. Glooskap, going with a similar intention to see the wicked giant magicians, who dwelt by North Conway, N. H., or in the Intervale, also went as an old man, but made himself so like the father of these monsters that the sons could not tell one from the other. If it should ever be definitely proved that there was a common source for the Wabanaki tales and the Norse, we shall find much that has been lost from the latter in the former. It has often seemed to me that these Indian traditions contained incidents wanting in their Norse counterparts.

Glooskap has a canoe which is, when he wishes it to be large, capable of carrying an army, but which also contracts to the smallest size. At times it is made

into an ordinary birch *akevédun*, but when not in use it is a rocky island, covered with trees. Odin, or Frey (Younger Edda, c. xiii.), has a ship, *Skidbladnir*, so large that all the Asas can find room in it, "but which, when not wanted for a voyage, may be folded by Frey like a napkin and carried in the pocket."

Glooskap has a belt which gives supernatural strength. This belt is often mentioned. Thor possesses the *megin-jarder*, or belt of strength (Y. Edda, c. viii.), which doubles his might when he puts it on. The little old woman who typifies old age in the Indian tales puts on a similar magic girdle when she wrestles with the Micmac Hercules. This belt has passed into all fairy lore, but in the Wabanaki legends it is still distinctly mythical or heroic.

The gods in Valhalla feed on the boar *Sahrimnir*, which is inexhaustible. "It is boiled every day, and is whole again in the evening." (Y. Edda, c. xii.) Glooskap sets before his guests a small dish, in which there is very little food. But however hungry they may be, the dish is always full.

As all these coincidences cannot be given within the limits of an article like this, I would say that the tale of Idun and her apples does not contain a single incident which does not occur in unmistakably ancient form in the Wabanaki legends. The only part which I have believed came in from Canadian French or modern European influence is the apples themselves. There is an Indian tale of such magic apples (Micmac); but then the fruit did not grow of old in this country, and the story cannot therefore be pre-Columbian.

There is a very ancient Wabanaki legend, originally a poem, and which, like most of these narratives, has been transmitted for generations, word by word. The Rev. S. T. Rand has recorded his astonishment at finding that the Indians would always readily resume the narra-

tive which had been discontinued, at the very word where they had left off. I made the same discovery when I observed that my friend Tomaqu'hah would often pause to recover the word which led the sentence. I mention this because in this tale there are not only incidents but verbal passages almost identical with some in the Elder Edda. In it Glooskap went with his host Kitpooseagunow (Micmac), a mighty giant, to fish for whales. The guest carried the canoe to the water, and asked, "Who shall sit in the stern and paddle, and who will take the spear?" (that is, who will fish?). Kitpooseagunow said, "That will I." So Glooskap paddled, and his host soon caught a great whale. In the Edda (*Hymiskriða*, 25) Thor asks,

"Wilt thou do
half the work with me:
either the whales
homewards carry,
or the boat
fast bind?"

"Thor went,
grasped the prow
quickly with its hold-water,
lifted the boat
together with its oars
and scoop,
and bore them to the dwelling.

"The mighty Hymir
he alone
two whales drew up." (21.)

In both the Edda and the Indian tale stress is laid on the fact that the guest rowed. The Norse Hymir grudgingly admits that Thor does this well, but declares that he wishes to see further proof of his abilities. Then, going home, Hymir and Thor have a great mutual trial of strength and endurance; that is to see if Thor can break a cup against Hymir, the ice giant's icy head. The two Indian Titans try to see which can freeze the other to death. If we go to the direct meaning of the Norse myth, this after-contest amounts to the same thing in each case. In both the Norse and Indian myths, the heart or the head of an ice giant is represented as being

made of "ice harder than the hardest stone," to express the intense coldness of his nature. In each it is a contest with cold.

The Wabanaki as well as the Chipeways and others, call the Milky Way the spirits' road or the ghosts' highway. In the Edda, Bifrost the rainbow (Y. Edda, c. v.) is the bridge over which the gods pass; but Mr. Keary (Northern Mythology) has shown that in many old Norse and German tales the Milky Way is the spirits' path, while in the Vedas both rainbow and Via Lactea are described as roads or bridges for supernatural beings.

In Norse mythology, Jötunheim, inhabited by giants of ice and stone, lies far in the North Atlantic. Its stone giants dwell in Stony-town. They are all sorcerers. Hrungrir with the flint heart is their chief. In the Wabanaki tales the same North Atlantic has the same land of precisely the same inhabitants. Hence came "the stonish giants" of the Iroquois, which Mr. Schoolcraft avowed his inability to explain (Indian Tribes, vol. i.), but which are explained in minute and remarkable detail by the Wabanaki. Hrungrir with the flint heart is the counterpart of the cannibal giant Chenoo of the Micmacs, and Keeawahqu' of the more southern Wabanaki, who has a heart of "ice, harder than the hardest stone." It is the principal business of Glooskap to fight these beings, which are identical with Jötuns and Trolls.

Once Glooskap sent a great sorcerer (*megūmawēssū*) to this land of the Booöin. (Micmac, *powwow*, a sorcerer.) They made him run a race with one of them. But it was not a man, but the Northern Lights disguised as a man. Yet the giants were deceived, for he who visited them was the Lightning, and he conquered. In the Edda, Thiasse is made to race, on a precisely similar visit to the same people, with Thought (Huge) disguised as a man. In the

Edda, Thor wrestles with a little old woman (Elle), the foster mother of the giant Ganglere. In the Micmac and the Passamaquoddy story of the Culloo, a man of miraculous strength, an Indian Hercules, wrestles with a little, feeble-looking old woman, who has previously defeated all the strong men of the world. He, it is true, overcomes her. But the point lies in this: that old age (Elle) is incarnate among the Indians as a little old woman. In the very wild Passamaquoddy tale of the Dance of Old Age, a young sorceress in an Indian waltz grows a year older at every turn, and at the hundredth falls dead as a small, shriveled, wrinkled old squaw.

When Glooskap's envoy visited the giant sorcerers, he was required by his host to kill a dragon as a task. The American Wabanaki had the dragon long ere the whites told them of it. It was a being like a monstrous wingless serpent, with horns and scales like shining copper, or a kind of brown-golden gleaming fish. The Micmacs call it *che-pitch-calm*, the Passamaquoddies *wee-wil-l-mecqu'*. The Indian killed it by putting a log across its hole, and when it was half out chopped it in two. In the Edda, Sigurd, visiting Regin, was instigated by his host — also as a task — to kill the dragon Fafnir. He dug a pit, and when the monster crawled over it thrust his sword up and slew him. (Fafnismal, I.) The Norse dragon left a treasure which brought ruin to all who received it. The invaluable horns of the dragon (described as such in other legends) were brought to the host by the victor, but they proved to be his bane or death, for the dragon was his *téomul* (Micmac; in Passamaquoddy, *pou-he-gan*; in Norse, *ham*); that is, his tutelary beast or guardian angel. When this dies, the *protégé* also perishes. This narrative is as Norse in its general tone as in the details. Like most of the older tales, it has evidently been a poem. The

death of Fafnir also caused the death of Regin. In every important part the two stories are the same. I have only one entire long legend which is as yet all a real song. But nearly all have passages from which the gilding of metre (if I may so call it) or *euphony* has not entirely disappeared, or in which verses still remain.

The Edda tells us that the wind is caused by a giant clad in eagle's plumes, and when he flaps his wings the wind blows: —

“Hræsvelg he is called
Who sits at heaven's end,
A giant in eagle plumes,
from his wings comes
All the wind.”

This is in every detail identical with the account of the Wabanaki, who say that the wind is raised by a giant, who is also an eagle, who sits at the extreme north on a high rock. In Passamaquoddy he is called *Wut-chow-sen*, or the Wind-Blower. With the Western tribes there is a thunder bird; but as in all the cases which I have met of coincidences between Indian and Norse myths, that of the Wabanaki is most like the latter. Once the wind blew so terribly that Glooskap tied the Wind-Blower's wings. Then there was no air for months; the sea grew stagnant. He untied one wing: then there was a wind, but since then there have been no tornadoes like those of the olden time. I have a vague recollection of a Northern myth in which Thor, or some strong god, conquers Hræsvelgar, but cannot speak with certainty of it. I have long and detailed accounts of this legend from both Micmac and Passamaquoddy Indians.

Glooskap left the world, promising to return, but did not. From an old squaw, who could not speak a word of English, Mrs. W. Wallace Brown recently obtained the following, to which I add a few details gathered from other sources: —

“Glooskap is alive. He lives in an

immense lodge. He is making arrows. One side of the lodge is now piled full of them. They are as close together as that:” here she put her fingers closely together. “When the lodge shall be full, then he will come out and make war, and all will be killed. Then he will come in his canoe; then he will meet the great wolf, and all the stone and ice and other giants, the sorcerers, the goblins and elves, and all will be burned up; the water will all boil away from the fire.”

This is not from any Christian source. It is simply the account of Ragnarok, when Odin is to come and fight the Fenris wolf, or the destroying type of evil, and all be consumed. But the Indian woman, when closely questioned, drew a sharp distinction between the Wabanaki Day of Judgment and the account of it in the Bible. And after much experience of these legends and traditions, I cannot help believing or feeling that one acquires an almost unerring *flair* or faculty of perceiving in them what is Eskimo, what Norse, what Indian, and what is French Canadian fairy tale. Add to these a few of Æsop's fables, very strangely Indianized, and we have almost all there is in them. The Eskimo element, which is very important, is simply indubitable. The French Canadian stories are apparent enough, with their coaches and horses, kings and swords, gunpowder, God, and the devil.

The next character to be considered is Lox, the “Indian devil.” The word Lox is not, I believe, Indian. This character includes the wolverine, badger, and raccoon, though strangely enough not the fox. Collectively he forms a character, — a man who is so much like Loki of the Edda that I have often been amazed at the likeness. There is not a Wabanaki Indian who would not recognize the latter as an old friend. Yet, although the incidents of the lives of Lox and Loki are so much alike, the

real resemblance lies in their characters, style of tricks, and language; in their mutual infinite blackguardism and impudence, and their greed for devilish mischief, for mere fun's sake.

Loki is fire, and Lox, as it appears from many instances, is a fire spirit; both are distinctly described as the fathers of the wolves. Lox dies by cold and water, but when dead is revived by heat. In the Edda, Loki is carried about and grievously punished by a giant in the form of an eagle. Lox is treated in the same way, for having played the following trick. Entering a house, he was rather coolly treated by a woman; the slight to his vanity was of the most trifling kind, but he revenged it by cutting her head off and putting it into the pot with the rest of the dinner to boil, to give the family a surprise on returning. All of this is related in one of Dasent's Norse tales. The head of the family was a Culloo, a kind of giant eagle or roc, and he punished Lox by carrying him up to the top of the sky and letting him drop.

In the Edda there is a scene between Thor and Harbard, the ferryman, in which Thor is sadly chaffed and abused. How it is that any critic could have mistaken Harbard for Odin, or for any one but Loki, is really incomprehensible. That the name could have been assumed does not occur to any one. In an Indian tale Lox satirizes and insults the crane — the ferryman — so effectually that the latter drowns him when pretending to pass him over. This legend has manifestly been a poem.

Lox is a fire spirit. Mr. Keary, in his work on the Norse Mythology, has asserted that in many old German and Norse legends fire is typified by thorns, prickles, nettles, stings, and the like. In one Indian tale, Lox, "the Indian devil," is thrown on a bed of thorns, falls into a mass of briars, steps into a wasp's or hornet's nest, and is rolled on sharp flints; while in another, in conse-

quence of eating itch berries, he scratches himself almost to death.

On one occasion, the Indian devil, after cruelly burning two old women in jest, dies of delight, and being then in the form of a raccoon is put into a pot to boil. The touch of scalding water gives him life again, and he springs out of the pot. But at the very instant of revival his sense of mischief awakens, and as he leaps from the kettle he gives it a kick; the hot water falls into the ashes; the ashes fly up and blind an old woman. Compare with this a passage in the Finnish Kalevala, the elder sister of the Edda. When, by evil magic, a stag or elk was created for mischief, the first thing the creature did on coming to life was to run at full speed. But it had hardly started ere it went by a Lapland hut, and as it ran it kicked over a kettle, so that the meat in it fell in the ashes, and the soup was dashed over the hearth. Surely this never came to the Indians through a French fairy tale. Once, when the Indian devil is drowned and is then revived by his brother, he says, "It seems to me that I have been asleep." In the Kalevala, likewise, the completely drowned Lemmekäinen, brought to life by his mother, makes the same remark. In a Samoyede tale a dead man's bones are picked up by a *half man*, with one leg and one arm. Of these *unipeds* I shall speak anon. He burns the bones; his wife sleeps on them; the dead man comes to life, and makes the same remark. As we go on it begins to seem as if there were some world-old Shamanic root for half the Norse tales, and all the Finnish, Samoyede, Eskimo, and Indian. No one has raised the veil of the mystery as yet, but it will be lifted.

In a Micmac story the Indian devil runs a race with a stone giant; that is, an immense rock. Loki is chased by the stone giant Thiasse, but as an eagle, both having wings. In another Indian legend an evil sorcerer, who is evidently

a form of the Indian devil, flies in a race with another man, who is, for the nonce, a hawk.

It came to Lox's mind to change himself to a woman, to make mischief. Loki did the same thing in Fensal. The Indian devil's trick got him into trouble, and he took refuge in a waterfall, where, through being over cunning, he perished. Loki's tricks of killing Balder, which are incidentally like the Indian as to the mistletoe, led to his being chased to *Franangurs fors*, "the bright and glistening cataract," where he was caught and came to his ruin. Finally, Loki in this waterfall turns himself into a salmon, and also catches a salmon and an otter before his capture. In another Indian story Lox the devil perishes just as he catches a salmon. And in another Passamaquoddy tale, an evil sorcerer, who is the veritable devil of a village and perfectly identified with Loki and Lox by certain sinful tricks, dies in consequence of catching an otter; this otter being, exactly like the otter of the Norse tale, not a mere animal, but a goblin, a human otter, or, as the story expressly declares, a *pou-he-gan* (Norse *ham*). In this same story two girls go to sleep in a cabin. A man's neck bone lies by the door. The younger, being told not to touch it, gives it a kick. All night long the bone abuses her. In a Norse tale an old woman brings home a human bone, and till morning it disturbs her by talking and howling. The Indian story is unquestionably a very old one.

A passage in the Edda which has been a stumbling-block to all commentators, of which Grimm could make nothing, and Benjamin Thorpe said, "I believe the difficulty is beyond help," is this:—

"Loki, scorched up
In his heart,
Found a woman's
Half-burnt thought-stone.
Loki became guileful
From that wicked woman;
Thence in the world
Are all giantesses come."

In Norse this is, "Loki of hiarta lyndi brendu fann hann halfs vithinn hugstein Kona." In the Indian tales, a man may become a misanthrope, and then a Chenoo, a being at once ghou, cannibal, and sorcerer. Then he acquires incredible swiftness, and may grow up to be a giant at will. His heart now turns to ice, harder than any stone. But he still does not become utterly devilish until he overcomes in battle a female Chenoo, and swallows her heart. The Indians, when they kill a Chenoo, take great pains to burn the heart. Should they leave it half burned, another Chenoo would find and swallow this "thought-stone," and become twice as terrible as before. This story explains of itself that the heart, not the head, is supposed to be the seat of the thought or intellect. All of these details I found originally in the tale of the Chenoo: first, from the Micmac, by Rev. S. T. Rand; and again, in a much more detailed form, from the Passamaquoddy, told me by an Indian. In the latter, the heart is said to be a miniature human figure of the owner.

Loki is the father of the wolves, and Lox is represented as the same. On one occasion they give him a charm by which he can make three fires, — one for each night of a three days' journey. But in his impatience to be warm he burns them all out the first morning, and then freezes to death. What can this typify if not fire, — its raging impatience and the manner in which it dies by its own indulgence?

At another time Lox found many women making bags of fine fur. "You have a very slow way of doing that," he observed. "In our country the women manage it much more rapidly." "And how, then?" inquired the good-wives. "Thus," replied Lox; and taking a fine piece of fur he buried it beneath the ashes, and then heaped on coals, after which, with great style, he drew from under it all a very fine bag.

Having done this he ran out of town. Whereupon the women put all their furs under ashes and coals, but when they took them out, what remained was ruined. This is a fire trick, again.

It is true that the fire test is not infallible as an indication of the devil; for once Odin himself was obliged by his host Geirrod to sit eight days and nights between fires, roasting. The atrociously wicked sorcerer Porcupine obliged Glooskap in like manner to sit in a cave full of fire. But as he had far greater power of resistance, it was the host who perished, as he does, indeed, in the Norse tale, though not by fire. But the whole of this Indian legend sings like an Icelandic tale. In it the hero is obliged to pass on a roaring rapid through a sunless cave, in midnight blackness, till he emerges on a broad, quiet river in a lovely land. As this is repeated in different narratives of different heroes, it appears to be a regular ordeal or ceremony of initiation.

The Cold is a distinct personage in Northern Indian tales. But he is with the Wabanaki much more like the Pakkaren, or Cold incarnate of the Finns and of the Kalevala than that of the Western tribes. In the same epic there is a supernatural being who cuts down a tree at a single blow with an axe. Among the Passamaquoddies, Atwakenikess, the Spirit of the Woods, always does the same thing. When a tree is heard to fall afar in the wilderness the Indian says, "There is Atwakenikess!"

But it is not from the Indians alone that we learn their myths. Among the Wabanaki, as well as among the Eskimo, there are strange tales of half men, lengthwise. These were also known to the Eskimo of the European side; that is, to the Samoyedes and Lapps. The Norsemen seem to have regarded them as American. "In 1009 Karlsefne went around Cape Cod, and sailed along the coast, until off Boston he 'raised' the Blue Hills, when he returned to

the settlement in Rhode Island, appearing unwilling to venture up the coast of New Hampshire and Maine on account of the unipeds, or one-footed men fabled to live there."¹ Karlsefne, as it would seem from the story, picked up his information as to unipeds in Boston. It would be interesting to be able to prove that Boston had begun at so early a date to influence the religious opinions and philosophy of its visitors. One of Karlsefne's men was killed by a uniped, and they made up a song on it. Charlevoix assures us that the celebrated chief Donnaconna told him that he had seen these one-legged people, and that an Eskimo girl brought to Labrador, or Canada, in 1717 declared they were well known in Greenland. While writing this paper, I have received from Mr. S. T. Rand a long story entitled *Esluman the Half Man*. The Abbé Morellet, in his work on the Eskimo, cites from the Sagas an account of a Norse sea-rover, a great hero, who, having been wrecked on the icy coast of Greenland, was attacked by two ravenous giantesses, but conquered them, and returned to tell the tale at home. It is said that two giantesses were the last of the race left in Scandinavia. (Vide Thorpe's *Northern Mythology*, vol. ii.) These monstrous women cannibals are the female *Kiawaqu'* or *Chenoo* of the Micmacs. They form the subject of many tales. They belong to the post-Jötuns.

Though the story of the Swan or Sea-Gull maiden, who, having laid her wings aside, was caught by a youth, is known all over Europe, it is for all that probably of Norse origin. The Northern races are more familiar with such birds than the men of the South. In the story the girl lives with her husband until finding one day her wings, she flies away with her children. This legend occurs not once, but many times, among the Wabanaki, and it did not come

¹ The Northmen in Maine. By Rev. B. F. De Costa. Albany, 1870.

to them through the Canadian French. It is imbedded as an essential part in their oldest myths. It begins the tale of Pulowech, which is evidently one of the earliest, most serious, and most thoroughly Indian of all the legends of New England and Canada.

I have gathered in conversation from several Indians, and I have it recorded in several written-out tales, that it is a very ancient belief that beings which correspond exactly to the Trolls of the Edda often attack brave men by night. If the latter can only prolong the fight till the sun shines on the fiend, it turns to stone or a dead tree immediately, *and all its strength and wisdom pass into the conqueror*. In the Edda (Alvissmal, 36), where a dwarf or Troll contends in argument with Thor, the wily hero prolongs the contest until daybreak, when the dwarf is petrified by the light.

“By great wiles thou hast,
I tell thee, been deluded;
Thou art above ground,
Dwarf, at dawn!
Already in the hall
The sun is shining!”

The same is said in the Helgakvida, where Atli tells the giantess Hrimgera, “It is now day; you have been detained to your destruction. It will be a laughable mark in the harbor, where you will stand as a stone image.” At the corner of Friar’s Bay, Campobello, is the ridiculously so called “Friar,” a rock thirty feet high, which the Indians in one tradition say is a petrified woman. It is certainly both a petrified Troll and a harbor mark.

Dead men made to live again by sorcery are very common in Wabanaki, Eskimo, Finnish, and Samoyede tales. They occur in the Norse, but are by no means frequent. A study of Shamanism in all its phases from the Accadian or Turanian Babylonian, through the Tartar or Lapland, the Eskimo, and so on to the American Indian, must result in the conviction that there has been a regular “historical” transmission of

culture from a very ancient common source through all of these.

It is to be remarked that when the Wabanaki kill a bear they always beg his pardon, and in fact many other Indians address long speeches of apology or of excuse to the dead Bruin. When the Laplanders do the same they sing to him:—

“Kittulis pourra, kittulis iiskada!
Soubi jalla zaiti
Iii paha talki oggio
Ii paha talki pharonis!”

“We thank thee for coming hither,
That thou didst not harm us,
Nor break the clubs and spears
Wherewith we killed thee.
We pray thee do not raise tempests
Or do any other harm
To those who slew thee!”¹

But in the Kalevala an entire *runot* is devoted to the songs of apology and ceremonies incident to killing a bear. The French translator Le Duc loses himself in bewildered conjectures as to the meaning of it all. It is fully explained in three of my Passamaquoddy stories. The she-bear was the grandmother or foster-mother of both Glooskap and Manobozho. This was as sacred a relation as that of mother. The she-bear was as the mother of their god, and when her son leaves her she exacts that a bear shall never be slain without certain ceremonies or under certain conditions. There is a Norse story which is identical in minute detail with an Indian one of a girl marrying a white bear and of a boy reared by bears.

There is one Indian legend which is throughout so Norse, so full both of the Icelandic folk tale and the Edda, that if no other link of union existed between the Wabanaki and Europe this would almost establish it. It is the one already alluded to as a Micmac song, communicated by Mrs. W. Wallace Brown, of Calais. It is a tale of Three Strong Men. In it a starved-looking little elf

¹ History of Lapland. By John Scheffer. London, 1704.

eats the food of three men, and fights all day long with a man of incredible strength, the son of a white bear. In an entirely Norse tale, a very small elf fights a white bear all night long ere he is conquered. The wife of the hero invokes the Wind-Blower or Giant Eagle to send a wind. When her husband leaves her, she, fearing a rival sorceress, warns him that if, when he approaches his place of destination, a small whelp should lick his hand he will forget her. In the Edda, to dream of whelps is the most evil of all Atli's many bad dreams. (Gudrun, II. 41.) In the Atlamal in Groenlenzku (Edda), Högni is warned against going (Gudrun, 24), and he takes a potion which causes oblivion. Broken and bewildering as this is, there is at every step in both the Indian tale and this particular part of the Gudrun song something which recalls in one the other. We are told in the Norse that to dream of a white bear means a great storm; that is, a startling event. It rarely occurs in a Wabanaki tale that the white bear's skin is brought in unless there is at hand some startling magic transformation. I had observed this long before any connection between Indian and Norse stories suggested itself.

In the Edda, Odin takes Mimir's head, and prepares it by magic, so that it answers all his questions and gives him advice. In three Indian stories the head of a magician does the same thing, and, as in the Edda, it is constantly kept as an oracle. But in the Wabanaki it is eventually reunited to its body, and the man thus formed runs *amok*, killing every one he meets. It may be conjectured that in the old Norse tale, now lost, Mimir will, at the last day, regain his head, and fight madly. Without this the Edda is at present manifestly defective, since in it Mimir, the source of all Odin's wisdom, that is of all wisdom, has no share in the final revival.

There are not in the Chippeway or any other Indian tales known to me such in-

dications of culture as are found among the legends of the Wabanaki. Regarded as literature, the latter are marvelously accommodated to the European style and standard. There is a large-hearted, genial spirit of strength, health, and humor in them which is, one may say, Norse, and nothing else, — the spirit of Rabelais and of Shakespeare. Glooskap, the Lord of Men and Beasts, the sublime American Thor and Odin, who towers above Hiawatha and Manobozho like a colossus above pigmies, the master of the mighty mountains, has still a wonderfully tender heart. He has one ever-repeated joke, — his canoe, which he lends, always saying, "I have often lent it, and everybody has promised to bring it back, but I have always been obliged to go after it myself." It is his umbrella. He often sends certain friends to the land of the giant sorcerers. There they have terrible adventures; they slay giants and serpents. One invariable and dreadful trial awaits them at the last station, returning. A giant skunk, big as St. Paul's, standing on the shore, opens on them his battery. Of course the monster is triumphantly slain by the hero. But this skunk forms no part of the devices of the enemy. It is a little private trick of Glooskap's own, — a genial potent delusion, a joke.

It may naturally be inquired how it came to pass that there is so much in common to the Wabanaki and Norse. The latter were in Greenland for three centuries. They left there the ruins of fourscore churches and monasteries. In their time the Eskimo are believed to have ranged as far south as New York. The Wabanaki or Algonquin live to-day in Labrador. When I wrote recently to the Rev. S. T. Rand to know if the Micmacs ever visited the Eskimo, he did but go to his next Indian neighbor, a woman, who told him that her husband had passed seven winters with Eskimo, — four among the "tame," and three among the heathen. The Indians

do not appear anywhere or at any time to have told stories to the Iglesmani, — that is, English or Americans, — or to have listened to any of theirs. The ordinary American, as for instance Thoreau, listens to their tales only to ridicule them. He immediately proceeds to demonstrate to the Indian the “folly” of his belief; that is, his own moral supremacy. This was not the case with the French Canadians, who emptied out on the Indians in full faith all their *contes des fées*. With the Eskimo and half-pagan Norsemen there was an even greater sympathy. The Indian had his *téomul*, his *pou-he-gan*, his animal fate or spirit; the Norseman had his *ham*, or *fylgia*, which was precisely the same thing.

It has been objected to me that these Greenland Norsemen were all Christians. So are the Indians, every one good Catholics. Once there was one Sunday morning (I am assured that this is really true) a small church full of Christian Wabanaki Indians. They were all at prayers. The church was surrounded by their enemies, the Megwech or Mohawks. They were marched out to die. But there was among the Christians a *K'chee medéoulin*, a great sorcerer. He asked the Mohawk chief if he might, ere he was slain, walk thrice round the church. This is an old Norse magical formula. (Vide Thorpe.) The request was granted. He walked and sang. He invoked the tempest. It came, and the lightning killed all the wicked heathen Mohawks, who were at once scalped by the good Christian Micmacs. Doubtless the Norsemen were equally pious. It was only a few years before Karlsefne visited Boston that Thaugbrand, the pirate bishop, converted so many to Christianity in Iceland by splitting with a cross the heads of the heathen who would not believe, — *pour encourager les autres*.

There has been as yet very little study of the Shamanic mythology, folk-

lore, and poetry of the early world. The commentators on the Edda should study more closely the races with the magic drum. There is some mighty mystery behind it all, as yet unsolved. I cannot admit of our Indian legends that popular tales are the same the world over. Were this apparent Norse element not in those of the Wabanaki, what remains would be French or Eskimo fairy stories, every one easy to recognize. I would add to this a conviction that the Chippewas drew their legends from the East. Thus, for instance, the Toad Woman of Schoolcraft and many others are imperfect and distorted, compared to the versions of the same stories as told in the East. The Iroquois Book of Rites, edited by H. Hale, and the early accounts of that race indicate that it was gifted with a high sense of justice, that it had men of great genius, that while savage it developed elements of culture such as we cannot at all understand as coexistent with barbarity. This appears to have been to a striking degree the case with the Algonquin or Wabanaki, whose culture, however, while not inferior to that of the Iroquois, was very different from it. It was a little more Eskimo, and very much more Norse. I have here given only the minority of the proofs of resemblance. The majority consists of the genial, hearty, and vigorous Norse feelings which inspire these wonderful and beautiful legends, and the ever-continued evidence that in some utterly strange way both drew their life from the same source.

The Lay of Grotti, or the Mill-Song of the Edda, which tells how the sea became salt, is also known to the Indians. As they give it with the same additions which appear in the common fairy tale, I do not cite this as proving that it came from old Norse narration. But it is remarkable that in all cases the Indian tales and incidents incline to the Eddaic, and that they have much more of it than of modern stories.

The best of these legends have utterly perished. What I have recovered has been from old squaws, from old men, or here and there a clever Indian. The great chroniclers are all dead. But I learn every day that the work of collection should have begun, especially in New England, at least a century ago.

I have recovered, thus far, twenty-seven legends or sagas relative to Glooskap, forming a connected series, and many more of Lox, the rabbit, etc. All of the old Indians can remember when these were sung, and declare that till within fifty years they were preserved with sacred care. I believe that the most ancient and important myths still exist among the Algonquin of the *far* north, and that our historical societies or the government would do well to employ a scholar to collect them. Such as I have been able to get together are now in press, and will soon appear in a volume entitled *The Algonquin Legends of New England*. Unfortunately, there is perhaps no subject of so little general interest to the American as the

Indian, — unless it be, indeed, the art of extirpating him. There was a time when every rock and river, hill and headland, had its legends, — legends stranger, wilder, and sweeter than those of the Rhine or Italy, — and we have suffered them to perish. Indians have made a fairy-land for me of certain places in New England; and there is not a square mile in the country which was not such to them. When the last Indian shall be in his grave, scholars will wonder at the indifference of the “learned” men of these times to such treasures as they have allowed to perish. What the world wants is not people to write about what others have gathered as to the Indians, but men to collect directly from them. We want, not theories, but material. *Après nous la théorie*. There are four hundred books on the gypsies, but in all not more than ten which tell us anything new or true about them. There will be speculators in abundance, and better than any now living, through all the ages, but then there will be no Indians.

Charles G. Leland.

THE THUNDER-CLOUD.

(MARYLAND, 1863.)

ALL hushed the farm-lands, with a listening air;
 Silent the straggling suburbs. In the warm,
 Paved street hoof-wakened echoes suddenly swarm.
 A turn, and lo! — still, black, before you there,
 As noiseless as a picture, in the square
 A thousand horse drawn up in marching form,
 And at their head, as sun-gleam to the storm,
 A fair-faced boy, with long, bright-streaming hair.
 Not a breath sounded nor a trooper stirred,
 And yet you saw how fierce would leap and flash
 The lightning of a thousand sabres, heard
 How all the elements would clang and clash,
 The thunder-riven valley quake and crash,
 When Custer turned his head and gave the word!

James T. McKay.

BUGS AND BEASTS BEFORE THE LAW.

It is said that Bartholomew Chassenée, a distinguished French jurist of the sixteenth century, made his reputation at the bar as counsel for some rats, which were put on trial before the ecclesiastical court of Autun on the charge of having feloniously eaten up and wantonly destroyed the barley of that province. On complaint formally presented by the magistracy, the official, or bishop's vicar, who exercised jurisdiction in such cases, cited the culprits to appear on a certain day, and appointed Chassenée to defend them. In view of the bad repute and notorious guilt of his clients, Chassenée was forced to employ all sorts of legal shifts and chicane, dilatory pleas and other technical objections, hoping thereby to find some loophole through which the accused might escape, or at least to defer and mitigate the sentence of the judge. He urged, in the first place, that inasmuch as the defendants were dispersed over a large tract of country, and dwelt in numerous villages, a single summons was insufficient to notify them all. He succeeded, therefore, in obtaining a second citation, to be published from the pulpits of all the parishes inhabited by the said rats. At the expiration of the considerable time which elapsed before this order could be carried into effect and the proclamation be duly made, he excused the default or non-appearance of his clients on the ground of the length and difficulty of the journey, and the serious perils which attended it owing to the unwearied vigilance of their mortal enemies, the cats, who watched all their movements, and with fell intent lay in wait for them at every corner and passage. On this point Chassenée addressed the court at some length, and showed that if a person be cited to a place to which he cannot come with safety he may exercise the right of ap-

peal and refuse to obey the writ, even though such an appeal be expressly precluded in the summons. In the report of the trial given by Berriat-Saint-Prix, on the authority of the celebrated President De Thou, the sentence pronounced by the official is not recorded. But whatever the result may have been, the ingenuity and acumen with which Chassenée conducted the defense, the legal learning which he brought to bear upon the case, and the eloquence of his plea enlisted the public interest, and established his fame as a criminal lawyer and a forensic orator.

Chassenée is said to have been employed in several cases of this kind, but no records of them seem to have been preserved. The whole subject, however, has been treated by him in a book entitled *Consilium primum, quod tractatus jure dici potest, propter multiplicem et reconditam doctrinam, ubi luculenter et accurate tractatur quæstio illa: De excommunicatione animalium insectorum*. This treatise, which is the first of sixty-nine *consilia*, embodying opinions on various legal questions touching the holding and transmission of property, loans, contracts, dowries, wills, and kindred topics, and which holds a peculiar place in the history of jurisprudence, was originally published in 1531, and reprinted in 1581, and again in 1588. The edition referred to in the present paper is that of 1581.

This curious volume originated, as it appears, in an application of the inhabitants of Beaune to the ecclesiastical tribunal of Autun for a decree of excommunication against certain insects called *huberes* or *hurebers*, probably a kind of locust or harvest-fly. The request was granted, and the noxious creatures were duly accursed. Chassenée now raises the query whether such a thing may be

rightfully and lawfully done, and how it should be effected. "The principal question," he says, "is whether one can by injunction cause such insects to withdraw from a place in which they are doing damage, or to abstain from doing damage under pain of anathema and perpetual malediction. And although in times past there has never been any doubt of this, yet I have thought that the subject should be examined, lest I should seem to fall into the vice censured by Cicero of regarding things which we do not know as if they were understood by us, and hence rashly giving them our assent." His method of investigation is not that of a philosophic thinker, but that of a lawyer, who quotes precedents and appeals to authorities. He scrupulously avoids all psychological speculation or metaphysical reasoning, and simply aims to show that animals have been tried, convicted, and sentenced by civil and ecclesiastical courts, and that the competence of these tribunals has been generally recognized.

This documentary evidence is drawn from a great variety of sources: the scriptures of the Old and New Testament, pagan poets and philosophers, patristic theologians and homilists and mediæval hagiologists, the laws of Moses, the prophecies of Daniel, and the Institutes of Justinian are alike laid under contribution. All is fish that comes to his net out of the deeps of his erudition, be it salmon or sea-urchin. He weighs testimony as a grocer weighs tea, by the pound avoirdupois. If twelve witnesses can be produced in favor of a statement, and only ten against it, his reason bows to the will of the majority, and accepts the proposition as proved. It must be said, however, to his credit, that he proceeds in this matter with strict and impartial rectitude, and never tries to pack the witness-box.

The examples he adduces afford striking illustrations of the gross credulity to which the strongly conservative, prece-

dent-mongering mind of the juriconsult is apt to fall an easy prey. The habit of seeking knowledge and guidance exclusively in the records and traditions of the past, in the so-called "wisdom of ages," renders him peculiarly liable to regard every act and utterance of the past as wise and authoritative. In proof of the power of anathemas, Chassenée refers to the cursing of the serpent in the Garden of Eden, David's malediction of the mountains of Gilboa, and the withered fig-tree of Bethany. The words of Jesus, "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire," he interprets as implying a punishment of the tree, and adds, "If, therefore, it is permitted to destroy an irrational thing because it does not produce fruit, much more is it permitted to curse it, since the greater penalty includes the less."

An English professor of divinity, Richard Chenevix Trench, justifies the withering of the fruitless fig-tree on the same ground. "It was punished not for being without fruit, but for proclaiming by the voice of those leaves that it had such; not for being barren, but for being false." According to this exegesis, it was the telling of a willful lie that "drew on it the curse." The guilty fig was also conscious of the crime for which it suffered: "almost as soon as the word of the Lord was spoken, a shuddering fear may have run through all the leaves of the tree which was thus stricken at the heart." As regards the culpability and punishableness of the object, the modern divine and the mediæval jurist occupy the same standpoint; only the latter, with a stricter judicial sense, insists that there shall be no infliction of punishment until the malefactor has been convicted by due process of law, and that he shall enjoy all the safeguards which legal forms and technicalities have thrown around him.

Coming down to more recent times,

Chassenée mentions several instances of the effectiveness of anathemas. Thus a priest excommunicated an orchard because its fruits tempted the children and kept them away from mass. The orchard remained barren until, at the solicitation of the Duchess of Burgundy, the excommunication was removed. In like manner the Bishop of Lausanne freed Lake Lemman from eels, which had become so numerous as seriously to interfere with boating and bathing. By the same agency an abbot changed the sweet white bread of a Count of Toulouse, who abetted heresy, into black, mouldy bread, so that he who would fain feed souls with corrupt spiritual food was forced to satisfy his bodily hunger with coarse and unsavory provender. Egbert, Bishop of Trier, anathematized the swallows which disturbed the devotions of the faithful by their chirping and chattering, and sacrilegiously defiled his vestments whilst officiating at the altar. He forbade them to enter the sacred edifice on pain of death; and it is still a popular superstition at Trier that if a swallow flies into the cathedral it immediately falls down and gives up the ghost. It is also related of St. Bernard that he excommunicated a countless swarm of flies which annoyed the worshippers in the abbey church of Foigny; and lo, on the morrow they were, like Sennacherib's host, "all dead corpses." The rationalist, whose chill and ruthless breath is ever blasting the tender buds of faith, would doubtless suggest that a sharp and sudden frost may have helped the malediction. The saint resorted to this severe and summary measure, says the monkish chronicler, because "no other remedy was at hand." Perhaps this may refer to the "deacons with fly-flaps," who, according to a contemporary writer, were appointed "to drive away the flies when the Pope celebrateth."

In his First Counsel Chassenée not only treats of methods of procedure and gives useful hints to the pettifogger in

the exercise of his tricky and tortuous profession, but he also discusses many legal principles touching the jurisdiction of courts, the functions of judges, and other characteristic questions of civil, criminal, and canonical law. Animals, he says, should be tried by ecclesiastical tribunals, except in cases where the penalty involves the shedding of blood. An ecclesiastical judge is not competent *in causa sanguinis*, but can impose only canonical punishments. This is why the church never condemned heretics to death, but, having determined that they should die, gave them over to the secular power for condemnation, usually under the hollow form of recommending them to mercy. Another point which strikes us very comically, but which had to be decided before the trial could proceed, was whether the accused were to be regarded as laity or as clergy. Chassenée thinks that there is no need of testing each individual case, but that animals should be looked upon as lay persons. This, he declares, should be the general presumption; but if any one wishes to affirm that they have *ordinem clericatus* and are entitled to benefit of clergy, the burden of proof rests upon him, and he is bound to show it. Possibly our jurisprudent would have made an exception in favor of the beetle, which entomologists call *clerus*; it is certain, at any rate, that if a bug bearing this name had ever been brought to trial, the learning and acuteness displayed in arguing the point would have been astounding. We laugh at the subtleties and quiddities of mediæval theologians, and the silly questions they so seriously discussed. But this was the mental habit of the age, the result of scholastic training and scholastic methods, which tainted law no less than divinity.

Sometimes the obnoxious vermin were generously forewarned. Thus the grandvicars of Jean Rohin, Cardinal Bishop of Autun, having been informed that slugs were devastating several estates in his

diocese, on the 17th of August, 1487, ordered public processions to be made for three days in every parish, and enjoined upon the said slugs to quit the territory within this period under penalty of being accursed. On the 8th of September, 1488, a similar order was issued at Beaujeu. The curates were charged to make processions during the offices, and the slugs were warned three times to cease from vexing the people by corroding and consuming the herbs of the field and the vines, and to depart; "and if they do not heed this our command, we excommunicate them and smite them with our anathema." In 1516, the official of Troyes pronounced sentence on certain insects which laid waste the vines, and threatened them with anathema unless they should disappear within six days. Here it is expressly stated that a counselor was assigned to the accused, and a prosecutor was heard in behalf of the aggrieved inhabitants. As a means of rendering the anathema more effective, the people are also urged to be prompt and honest in the payment of tithes. Chassenée, too, indorses this view, and in proof of it refers to Malachi, where God promises to rebuke the devourer for man's sake, provided all the tithes are brought into the storehouse.

Felix Malleolus, in his *Tractatus de Exorcismis*, states that in the fourteenth century the peasants in the electorate of Mayence brought a complaint against some Spanish flies, which were accordingly cited to appear; but "in view of their small size and the fact that they had not yet come to their majority," the judge appointed for them a curator, who "defended them with great dignity;" and although he was unable to prevent the banishment of his wards, he obtained for them the use of a piece of land to which they were permitted peacefully to retire. How they were induced to go into this reservation and to remain there we are not informed. In 1519,

the commune of Stelvio, in Western Tyrol, instituted proceedings against the moles on account of damage done to the fields "by burrowing and throwing up the earth, so that neither grass nor green thing could grow." But "in order that the said moles may be able to show cause for their conduct by pleading their exigencies and distress," a procurator, Hans Grinebner by name, was charged with their defense, "to the end that they may have nothing to complain of in these proceedings." Schwarz Minig was the prosecuting attorney, and a long list of witnesses is given who testified that the injury done by these creatures to the crops rendered it quite impossible for tenants to pay their rents. The counsel for the defendants urged the many benefits conferred by his clients upon the community, and concluded by expressing the hope that, if they should be sentenced to depart, some other place of abode might be assigned to them, suitable for their sustenance and support. He demanded, furthermore, that they should be provided with a safe conduct securing them against harm or annoyance from dog, cat, or other foe. The judge recognized the reasonableness of this request, and mitigated the sentence of perpetual banishment by ordering that "a free safe conduct of fourteen days be granted to each of them, and an additional respite of fourteen days be allowed to those which are with young."

A Bernese curate, named Schmid, thus solemnly warned and threatened a kind of vermin called inger: "Thou irrational and imperfect creature the inger, of which there were none in Noah's ark, by the authority of my gracious lord the Bishop of Lausanne, in the name of the ever-lauded and most blessed Trinity, through the merits of our Saviour Jesus Christ, and in obedience to the Holy Apostolic Church, I command you, each and all, to depart, within six days, from all places in which

food for man springeth up and groweth." In case no heed was given to this injunction, the aforesaid inger were summoned to appear "on the sixth day after midday, at one o'clock, before his grace the Bishop of Losann gen Wivelsburg," and there to answer for their conduct. The advocate who defended them detected a technical error in the proceedings, which made it necessary to issue a second summons, wherein the accused are denounced as "ye accursed uncleanness of the inger, which shall not even be called animals." Finally, the inger persisting in their obduracy, "Benedict of Montferrand, Bishop of Losan, at the entreaty of the high and mighty lords of Berne," laid upon them his exterminatory curse and ban, "that nothing whatever of them remain save for the use and profit of man." The Bernese government ordered a report to be made of the results. But the episcopal anathema appears to have proved mere *brutum fulmen*; nothing more was heard of it, says Schilling, "owing to our sins."

In Protestant communities, the priest as exorcist has been superseded mostly by the professional conjurer, who in some parts of Europe is still employed to save the crops from devastation. A curious case of this kind is recorded in Görres Hist. Polit. Blätter for 1845. A Protestant gentleman in Westphalia, whose garden was being rapidly consumed by worms, after having tried various vermicial remedies, resolved to have recourse to a conjurer. The wizard came and walked about among the vegetables, touching them with a wand and muttering enchantments. Some workmen, who were repairing the roof of a stable near by, made fun of this hocus-pocus, and began to throw pieces of lime at the conjurer. He requested them to desist, and finally said; "If you do not leave me in peace I will send all the worms up on the roof." This threat only increased the hilarity of the scoff-

ers, who continued to ridicule and disturb him in his incantations. Thereupon he went to the nearest hedge, cut a number of twigs, each about a finger in length, and placed them against the wall of the stable. Soon the vermin left the plants, and crawling in countless numbers over the twigs and up the wall took complete possession of the roof. In less than an hour the men were obliged to abandon their work, and stood in the court below covered with confusion and with cabbage-worms. The writer who relates this incident believes that it actually occurred, and ascribes it to "the force of human faith, the magnetic power of a firm will over nature." This, too, is the theory held by Paracelsus, who maintained that the effectiveness of a curse lay in the energy of the will, the wish being thereby transformed into a deed, just as anger directs the arm and actualizes itself in a blow. By "fervent desire" merely, without any physical effort or aggressive act, he thought it possible to wound a man's body, or to pierce it through as with a sword. He also declared that brutes were more easily exorcised or accursed than men, "for the spirit of man resists more than that of the brute." Similar notions were entertained nearly a century later by Jacob Boehme, who defines magic as "doing in the spirit of the will;" an idea which finds more recent and more scientific expression in Schopenhauer's doctrine of "the objectivation of the will." Indeed, Schopenhauer's postulation of the will as the sole energy and reality in the universe is only the philosophic statement of an assumption upon which magicians and medicine-men, enchanter, exorcists, and anathematizers have acted more or less, in all ages.

It is natural that a religion of individual initiative and personal responsibility like Protestantism should put less confidence in theurgic machinery and formularies of execration than a religion

like Catholicism, in which man's spiritual concerns are intrusted to a corporation, to be managed according to traditional and infallible methods. We have an illustration of this tendency in a decree published at Dresden, in 1559, by "Augustus, Duke of Saxony and Elector," wherein he commends the "Christian zeal" of the "worthy and pious parson Daniel Greysser" for having "put under ban the sparrows, on account of their unceasing, vexatious, and great clamor and scandalous unchastity during the sermon, to the hindrance of God's word and of Christian devotion." But the Dresden parson, unlike the Bishop of Trier, did not expect that his ban would cause the offending birds to avoid the church or to fall dead on entering it. He relied less on the directly coercive or withering action of the curse than on the human agencies which he might thereby set at work to accomplish his purpose. He put them out of the pale of public sympathy and protection, and gave them over as a prey to the spoiler. He enjoined upon the hunter and the fowler to lie in wait for them with guns and with snares; and the elector issued his decree in order to enforce this duty as imperative on all good Christians.

Not only were insects, reptiles, and small mammals, such as rats and mice, legally prosecuted and formally excommunicated, but judicial penalties, including capital punishment, were also inflicted upon the larger quadrupeds. In the *Report and Researches* on this subject, published by Berriat-Saint-Prix in the *Memoirs of the Royal Society of the Antiquaries of France*, numerous extracts from the original records of such proceedings are given, and also a list of the animals thus tried and executed, extending from the beginning of the twelfth

to the middle of the eighteenth century. The culprits are a miscellaneous crew, consisting chiefly of caterpillars, flies, locusts, leeches, snails, slugs, worms, weevils, rats, mice, moles, turtle-doves, pigs, bulls, cows, cocks, dogs, asses, mules, mares, and goats. Only those cases are reported in which the accused were found guilty. Three belong to the twelfth century, four to the fourteenth, twenty to the fifteenth, seventeen to the sixteenth, thirty-seven to the seventeenth, and one to the eighteenth century. It would be incorrect to infer from this list that no judicial punishments of animals occurred in the thirteenth century, or that the seventeenth century was particularly addicted to such practices. During some periods the registers of the courts were very imperfectly kept, and in many instances the archives were entirely destroyed.

Beasts were often condemned to be burned alive; and strangely enough, it was in the latter half of the seventeenth century, an age of comparative enlightenment, that this cruel penalty was most frequently inflicted. Occasionally a merciful judge adhered to the letter of the law by sentencing the culprit to be slightly singed, and then to be strangled before being burned. Sometimes they were condemned to be buried alive.¹ Such was the fate suffered by two pigs, in 1456, "on the vigil of the Holy Virgin" at Oppenheim on the Rhine, for killing a child. Animals were even put to the rack in order to extort confession. It is not to be supposed that the judge had the slightest expectation that any confession would be made; he wished simply to observe all forms prescribed by the law, and to set in motion the whole machinery of justice before pronouncing judgment. "The question," which in

We are not informed whether this sacrifice proved a sufficiently "powerful medicine" to stay the epizootic disease; the noteworthy fact is that it was prescribed, not by an African fetich-priest, but by an official of the French republic.

¹ In the summer of 1796 a murrain broke out at Beutelsbach, in Würtemberg, and soon carried off many head of cattle. By the advice of a French veterinary doctor who was quartered there, the bull of the borough was buried alive at a cross-road in the presence of several hundred persons.

such cases would seem to be only a wanton and superfluous act of cruelty, was nevertheless an important element in determining the final decision, since the death sentence could be commuted into banishment provided the criminal had not confessed under torture. The use of the rack was therefore a means of escaping the gallows. Appeals were sometimes made to higher tribunals, and the judgments of the lower courts annulled or modified. In one instance a sow and a she-ass were condemned to be hanged; on appeal and after a new trial they were sentenced to be simply knocked on the head. In another instance an appeal led to the acquittal of the accused.

In 1266, at Fontenay-aux-Roses, near Paris, a pig convicted of having eaten a child was publicly burned by order of the monks of Sainte Geneviève. In 1386, the tribunal of Falaise sentenced a sow to be mangled and maimed in the head and leg, and then to be hanged, for having torn the face and arm of a child and caused its death. Here we have a strict application of the *lex talionis*. The sow was dressed in man's clothes and executed on the public square, near the city hall, at an expense to the state of ten sous and ten deniers, besides a pair of gloves to the hangman. The executioner was provided with new gloves in order that he might come from the discharge of his duty with clean hands, thus indicating that, as a minister of justice, he incurred no guilt in shedding blood. He was not a common butcher of swine, but a public functionary, a "master of high works" (*maître des hautes-œuvres*), as he was officially styled. In 1394, a pig was found guilty of "having killed and murdered a child in the parish of Roumaygne, in the county of Mortaing, for which deed the said pig was condemned to be drawn and hanged by Jehan Pettit, lieutenant of the bailiff." The bill presented by the deputy bailiff of Mantes and Meul-

lant, and dated March 15, 1403, contains the following items of expense incurred for the incarceration and execution of a sow:—

"Item, cost of keeping her in jail, six sols paris.

"Item, to the master of high works, who came from Paris to Meullant to perform the said execution by command and authority of our said master, the bailiff, and of the procurator of the king, fifty-four sols paris.

"Item, for a carriage to take her to justice, six sols paris.

"Item, for cords to bind and hale her, two sols eight deniers paris.

"Item, for gloves, two deniers paris."

This account was examined and approved by the auditor of the court, De Baudemont, who "in confirmation thereof affixed to it the seal of the Chattellany of Meullant, on the 24th day of March in the year 1403."

There is also extant an order issued by the magistracy of Gisors in 1405, commanding payment to be made to the carpenter who had erected the scaffold on which an ox had been executed "for its demerits." Brute and human criminals were confined in the same prison and subjected to the same treatment. Thus "Toustain Pincheon, keeper of the prisons of our lord the king in the town of Pont de Larche," acknowledges the receipt of "nineteen sous six deniers tournois for having found the king's bread for the prisoners detained, by reason of crime, in the said prison." The jailer gives the names of the persons in custody, and concludes the list with the "item" of "one pig, kept from the 24th of June, 1408, inclusive, till the 17th of July," when it was executed for "the crime of having murdered and killed a little child." For the pig's board he charges two deniers tournois a day, the same as for boarding a man. He also puts into the account "ten deniers tournois for a rope, found and delivered for

the purpose of tying the said pig that it might not escape."

A peculiar custom is referred to in the *procès-verbal* of the prosecution of an infanticidal porker, dated May 20, 1572. The murder was committed within the jurisdiction of the monastery of Moyen-Montier, where the case was tried and the accused was sentenced to be "hanged and strangled on a gibbet." The prisoner was then bound with a cord and conducted to a cross near the cemetery, where it was formally given over to an executioner from Nancy. "From time immemorial," we are told, "the justiciary of the Lord Abbot of Moyen-Montier has been accustomed to consign to the provost of Saint-Diez, near this cross, condemned criminals, wholly naked, that they may be executed; but inasmuch as this pig is a brute beast, he has delivered the same bound with a cord without prejudicing or in any wise impairing the right of the lord abbot to deliver condemned criminals wholly naked." The pig must not wear a rope, unless the right to do without it be expressly reserved, lest some human culprit, under similar circumstances, might claim to be entitled to raiment.

In the case of a mule condemned to be burned alive at Montpellier, in 1565, as the animal was vicious and kicky the executioner cut off its feet before consigning it to the flames. This mutilation was an arbitrary and extra-judicial act, dictated solely by considerations of personal convenience. Hangmen were often guilty of supererogatory cruelty in the exercise of their bloody functions. Writers on criminal jurisprudence repeatedly complain of this evil and call for reform. Thus Damhouder, in his *Rerum Criminalium Praxis*, urges magistrates to be more careful in selecting persons for this important office, and not to choose notorious violators of the law as vindicators of justice. Indeed, these hardened wretches sometimes took

the law into their own hands. Thus on the 9th of June, 1576, at Schweinfurt, in Franconia, a sow, which had bitten off the ear and torn the hand of a child, was given in custody to the hangman, who, without further authority, took it to the gallows green and there "hanged it publicly, to the disgrace and detriment of the city." For this impudent usurpation of judiciary powers, Jack Ketch was obliged to flee, and never dared return.

On the 10th of January, 1457, a sow was convicted of murder, committed on the person of an infant named Jehan Martin, of Savigny, and sentenced to be hanged. Her six sucklings were also included in the indictment as accomplices; but "in default of any positive proof that they had assisted in mangling the deceased, they were restored to their owner, on condition that he should give bail for their appearance should further evidence be forthcoming to prove their complicity in their mother's crime." About a month later, "on the Friday after the feast of the Purification of the Virgin," the sucklings were again brought before the court; and as their owner, Jehan Bailly, declined to be answerable for their future good conduct, they were declared forfeited to the noble damsel Katherine de Barnault, Lady of Savigny. Sometimes a fine was imposed upon the owner of the offending beast, as was the case with Jehan Delalande and his wife, condemned on the 18th of April, 1499, by the abbey of Josaphat, near Chartres, to pay eighteen francs "on account of the murder of a child named Gillon, aged five years and a half or thereabouts, committed by a porker, aged three months or thereabouts." The porker was "hanged and executed by justice."

Nothing would be easier than to multiply examples of this kind. The records of mediæval courts and the chronicles of mediæval cloisters are full of them. That such cases usually came under the

jurisdiction of monasteries will not seem strange, when we remember that these religious establishments were great landholders, and at one time owned nearly one third of all real estate in France. The frequency with which pigs were adjudged to death was owing in great measure to the freedom with which they were permitted to run about the houses as well as to their immense number. They became a serious nuisance, not only as endangering the lives of children, but also as generating and disseminating diseases; so that many cities, like Grenoble in the sixteenth century, authorized the carnifex to seize and slay them whenever found at large. Sanitary measures of this kind were not common in the Middle Ages, but were an outgrowth of the Renaissance. It was with the revival of letters that men began again to love cleanliness and to appreciate its hygienic value. Little heed was paid to such things in the "good old times" of earlier date, when the test of holiness was the number of years a person went unwashed, and the growth of the soul in sanctity was estimated by the layers of filth on the body, as the age of the earth is determined by the strata which compose its crust.

But although pigs appear to have been the principal culprits, other quadrupeds were frequently called to answer for their crimes. The judiciary of the Cistercian abbey of Beaupré, in 1499, sent a bull to the gallows for having "killed with fury a lad of fourteen or fifteen years of age;" and in 1389 the Carthusians at Dijon caused a horse to be condemned to death for homicide. The magistrates of Bâle, in 1474, sentenced a cock to be burned at the stake for the heinous and unnatural crime of laying an egg. The *œuf coquatri* was supposed to be the product of a very old cock and to furnish the most active and effective ingredient of witch ointment. When hatched by a serpent or by the sun, it brought forth a

cockatrice, which would hide in the roof of a house, and, with its baneful breath and "death-darting eye," destroy all the inmates. Naturalists believed in this fable as late as the eighteenth century; and in 1710 the French savant Lapeyronie read a paper before the Académie des Sciences to prove that the eggs attributed to cocks owe their peculiar form to a disease of the hen.

Animals, also, bore their full part of persecution during the witchcraft delusion. Pigs suffered most in this respect, and were assumed to be peculiarly attractive to devils, and therefore particularly liable to diabolical possession, as is evident from the legion that went out of the tomb-haunting man and were permitted, at their own request, to enter into the Gadarene herd of swine. Indeed, the greatest theological authority of the Middle Ages, Thomas Aquinas, maintained that beasts are but embodiments of evil spirits. Chassenée quotes this opinion, and adds that in excommunicating animals the anathema "is aimed inferentially at the devil, who uses irrational creatures to our detriment." Still more recently, a French Jesuit, Père Bougeant, set forth the same view in a philosophical treatise.

It was during the latter half of the seventeenth century, when, as we have seen, criminal prosecutions of animals were especially frequent and the penalties inflicted extremely cruel, that Racine caricatured them in *Les Plaideurs*, where a dog is tried for stealing and eating a capon. Daudin solemnly takes his seat as judge, and declares his determination to "close his eyes to bribes and his ears to brigue." Petit Jean prosecutes the case, and L'Intimé appears for the defense. Both address the court in high-flown rhetoric, and display rare erudition in quoting authorities. The accused is condemned to the galleys. Thereupon the counsel for the defendant brings in the puppies, *pauvres enfants qu'on veut rendre orphelins*, and appeals

to the compassion and clemency of the judge. Daudin's feelings are touched; as a public officer, too, he is moved by the economical consideration that, if the children are deprived of their father, they must be kept in the foundling hospital at the expense of the state. To the contemporaries of Racine a scene like this had a significance which we fail to appreciate. To us it is simply farcical and not very funny; to them it was a mirror reflecting a characteristic feature of the time and ridiculing a grave judiciary abuse, as Cervantes had already represented in *Don Quixote* the *reductio ad absurdum* of chivalry.

Lex talionis is the oldest kind of law and the most deeply rooted in human nature. To the primitive man and the savage, tit for tat is an ethical axiom. No principle is held more firmly or acted upon more universally than that of literal equivalents, — the iron rule of doing unto others the wrongs which others have done unto you. Hebrew legislation demanded "life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe." In the covenant with Noah it was declared that human blood should be required "at the hand of man" and "at the hand of every beast;" and it was subsequently enacted that "if an ox gore a man or a woman that they die, then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten." To eat a creature which had become the peer of man in blood-guiltiness and in judicial punishment would savor of anthropophagy. The Kur'an holds every beast and fowl accountable for the injuries done to each other, but reserves their punishment for the life to come. Among the Kukis, if a man falls from a tree and is killed, it is the sacred duty of the next of kin to fell the tree, and cut it up and scatter the chips abroad. The blood of the slain was not thought to be thoroughly avenged until the offending object had been effaced from

the earth. A survival of this notion was the custom of burning heretics and flinging their ashes to the four winds. The laws of Drakôn and Erechtheus required weapons and all other objects by which a person had lost his life to be publicly condemned and thrown beyond the Athenian boundaries. This was the sentence pronounced upon a sword which had killed a priest, the wielder of the same being unknown; and also upon the bust of the poet Theognis, which had fallen on a man and caused his death. Even in cases which might be regarded as homicide in self-defense no such ground of exculpation was admitted. Thus the statue which the Athenians erected in honor of the famous athlete, Nikôn of Thasos, was assailed by his envious foes and pushed from its pedestal. In falling it crushed one of its assailants; it was brought before the proper court, and sentenced to be cast into the sea.

In the Avesta, a mad dog is not permitted to plead insanity, but is "punished with the punishment of a conscious offense," by progressive mutilation, beginning with the ears and ending with the tail. This cruel and absurd enactment is wholly inconsistent with the kindly spirit shown in the Avesta towards all animals recognized as creatures of Ahuramazda, and especially with the legal protection vouchsafed to dogs. Indeed, a paragraph in the same chapter commands the Mazdayasnians, as regards such a dog, to "wait upon him and try to heal him, just as they would attend a righteous man."

A curious example of imputed crime and its penal consequences is seen in the custom of the Romans of celebrating the anniversary of the preservation of the Capitol from the Gauls, not only by paying honor to geese, whose cackling gave warning of the enemy's approach, but also by crucifying a dog, as a punishment for not having been more watchful on that occasion. This,

however, was really no more absurd than to visit the sins of the fathers on the children, as prescribed by many ancient law-givers, or to decree corruption of blood in persons attainted of treason, as in modern legislation. They are all applications of the barbarous principle which, in primitive society, made the tribe responsible for the acts of each of its members. According to an Anglo-Saxon law, abolished by King Knut, in case stolen property was found in the house of a thief, his wife and family, even to the child in the cradle, though it had never taken food, were punished as partakers of his guilt. Cicero approved of such penalties for political crimes as "severe but wise enactments, since the father is thereby bound to the interests of the state by the strongest of ties, namely, love for his children." When the prefects Tatian and Proculus fell into disgrace, Lycia, their native land, was stricken from the list of Roman provinces, and its inhabitants were disfranchised and declared incapable of holding any office under the imperial government. So, too, when Joshua discovered some of the spoils hidden in the tent of Achan, not only the thief himself, but also "his sons, and his daughters, and his oxen, and his asses, and his tent, and all that he had," were brought into the valley of Achor, and there stoned with stones and burned with fire. At a later period these holocausts of justice were suppressed among the Jews, and no man was put to death save for his own sin. Yet, at the request of the Gibeonites, whom it was desirable to conciliate, David did not scruple to deliver up to them seven of Saul's sons, to be hanged for the evil which their father had done in slaying these foes of Israel. It is as if Bismarck had sought the favor of the French by giving into their hands the descendants of Blücher, to be guillotined on the Place de la Concorde.

The horrible mutilations to which

criminals were formerly subjected resulted from an endeavor to administer strictly even-handed justice. What could be fairer than to punish perjury by cutting off the two fingers which the perjurer had held up in taking the oath? It was the popular belief that the fingers of an undetected perjurer would grow out of the grave, seeking retributive amputation, as a plant seeks the light, and that his ghost would never rest until this penalty was inflicted. The Carolina, or criminal code of Charles the Fifth, required that incendiaries should be burned alive; and an old law, cited by Döppler in his *Theatrum Pœnarum*, condemned a man who dug up and removed a boundary-stone to be buried in the earth up to the neck, and to have his head plowed off with a new plow. Ivan Basilowitch, a Muscovite prince, ordered that an ambassador who did not uncover in his presence should have his hat nailed to his head; and it is a feeble survival of the same conception of fit punishment that makes the American farmer nail the hawk to his barn door.

That the feeling in which such enactments originated still lies scarcely skin-deep under our civilization is evident from the force and suddenness with which it comes to the surface under strong public excitement, as when Cincinnati rioters burned the court-house, because they were dissatisfied with the verdicts of the juries.

The childish disposition to punish irrational creatures and inanimate objects, which is common to the infancy of individuals and of races, has left a distinct trace of itself in that peculiar institution of English law known as *deodand*, and derived partly from early Jewish and partly from old German usages and traditions. "If a horse," says Blackstone, "or any other animal, of his own motion kill as well an infant as an adult, or if a cart run over him, they shall in either case be forfeited as

deodands." If a man, in driving a cart, tumbles to the ground and loses his life by the wheel passing over him, if a tree falls on a man and causes his death, or if a horse kicks his keeper and kills him, then the wheel, the tree, and the horse are deodands *pro rege*, and are to be sold for the benefit of the poor.

Blackstone's theories of the origin of deodands are exceedingly vague and unsatisfactory. His statement that they were intended to punish the owner of the forfeited property for his negligence, and also his assertion that they were "designed, in the blind days of popery, as an expiation for the souls of such as were snatched away by sudden death," are both incorrect. In most cases the owner was perfectly innocent, and very frequently was the victim of the accident. He suffered only incidentally from a penalty imposed for a wholly different purpose, just as a slaveholder endures loss when his human chattel commits murder and is hanged for it. The primal object was to atone for the taking of life in accordance with certain crude conceptions of retribution. In hierarchies the prominent idea was to appease the wrath of God, who otherwise might visit mankind with famine and pestilence and divers retaliatory scourges. For this reason the property of a suicide was deodand. Thus the wife and children of the deceased, the very persons who had already suffered most from his fatal act, were punished for it by being robbed of their rightful inheritance. Yet this was by no means the intention of the law-makers. Ancient legislators uniformly considered a *felo de se* as a criminal against society and the state, a kind of traitor. The man had enjoyed the support and pro-

tection of the civil and political body during his infancy and youth, and, by taking his own life, he shook off the responsibilities and shirked the duties devolving upon him as a member of the commonwealth. This is why self-murder was called felony, and involved forfeiture of goods. Calchas would not permit the body of Ajax, who died by his own hand, to be burned. The Athenians cut off the hand of a suicide and buried the guilty instrument of his death apart from the rest of his body. In some communities all persons over sixty years of age were free to kill themselves, if they wished to do so; and the magistrates of Marseilles, in ancient times, kept on hand a supply of poisons to be given to any citizen who, on due examination, was found to have good and sufficient reasons for committing suicide.

It is true, as Blackstone asserts, that the church claimed deodands as her due, and put the price of them into her coffers. But this fact does not explain their origin. They were an expression of the same feeling that led the public authorities to fill up a well in which a person had been drowned, not as a precautionary measure, but as a solemn act of expiation; or that condemned and confiscated a ship which, by lurching, had thrown a man overboard and caused his death.

Deodands were not abolished in England until the reign of Queen Victoria. With the exception of some vestiges of primitive legislation still lingering in maritime law, they are, in modern codes, one of the latest applications of a penal principle which in Athens expatriated stocks and stones, and in mediæval Europe excommunicated bugs and sent beasts to the stake and to the gallows.

E. P. Evans.

AN OLD NEW ENGLAND DIVINE.

EZRA STILES, the friend of Jefferson and Franklin, was one of the literary men of the Revolutionary period, who, debarred by the duties of his position from any active participation in the tumult, distress, and victory of those days, sat at his desk and jotted down, in forty volumes of manuscripts, his reflections on men and events, his economies and harmless vanities, his religious doubts and fears.

I remember the awe with which, in my childhood, two large green wooden chests were invested, lest the pious written exhortations contained therein should take bodily shape and frighten us into eternal silence, overcome by a sense of our hereditary and present guilt. Once there came a stern old Calvinist, who talked of sin and waylaid a timid child in a corner of the parlor where she had taken refuge. He extended his long, bony arms as prohibition against her escape, and, in sepulchral tones, exclaimed, "Thoughtless child, do you love God?" "Oh, the chest! the chest!" she screamed, and rushed past him up to the attic, and there paused, half expecting to see the lid of the coffer open, and the manuscripts, arrayed in flesh, come forth for the Judgment Day.

Years afterward Yale College became the depositary of thousands of those portentous closely inscribed pages. It already held President Stiles's Literary Diary, a curious, valuable medley of notes on incidents that occurred within his lifetime, written in a crabbed hand which American annalists still gladly decipher. The Diary, however, does not give such a picture of the daily thought of the man as can be obtained from the more personal papers which were retained in another ancestral chest. These show a life of minute literary activity; a man of strength and versatility,

candid and independent in action and thought, condescending in manner, ludicrously punctilious in details; a patriot in sentiment, a fond father and husband, and a just, liberal, and reverent teacher.

His father, Isaac Stiles, born in Hartford in 1697, is frankly described by his son as having had "a piercing black Eye, which at Times he filled with Flame and Vengeance. On occasion none could be more cheerful and merry in company, but when alone with his Family he was gloomy and perpetually repining. He read much, but digested almost nothing, and his Ideas, rich and valuable, were classed in no order, owing to his volatility of Genius. His preaching varied, though none could give a more animated description of Heaven and Hell."

In 1740 Mr. Whitefield "opened the Deluge of New Lightism on the churches." Isaac was an Old Light, and a violent opposer of the new doctrine, yet some twenty persons in his own parish were caught in the new heresy. "In the summer of 1741," writes Ezra, "the New Lighters visited my Father incessantly, and he conversed with them from Breakfast till 12 o'clock at night; that is, when one company was gone away, another came. Sometimes he reasoned with them coolly, but generally with heated zeal, for he was not calculated to convince Gainsayers with Gentleness. For four or five years he preached boldly against the Whitefieldian Excesses and the madness of Exhorters and Separate meetings, and though intemperately warm and zealous, yet he herein signally served the Camp of Christ." As these troubles closed, there came the days of Arminian difficulties. Isaac and his son Ezra freely read what were called the Arminian books, and, "in a general way, were much pleased with them," though Ezra

was confident, from his intimate personal acquaintance with the leaders, that "many of them believed in the Universal Depravity of Human Nature." Even then ministers apparently held to the wisdom of the non-utterance of all they thought. Isaac was called an Arminian, though, says his son, "he lived and died a firm believer even beyond what most of the Orthodox pretend to. The change of his Reputation was really due to the Hocus pocus of political New Lightism. The depreciation of paper money and Scantiness of Salary was truly the Source of the only difference of any consequence between my Father and his people during his whole ministry."

Ezra's mother was Ruth Wyllys, of Hartford, who was not lacking in those social graces and that noble bearing for which her ancestors and descendants even to the present generation are noted. In a vellum-covered book belonging to his grandfather, which contains Isaac's and Ezra's quaint estimates of their family relations, the latter describes his mother as "ingenious to a great degree in Needlework and several other things of a mechanik Nature, in painting and cutting Flowers and Escutcheons on Paper. She had an insinuating social and affable Turn to make herself agreeable to rich and poor, and was exemplarily religious, sincere, devout, and pious."

The boy who thus writes of his mother from hearsay, for she died at his birth, was prepared to enter college at twelve, but, on account of his age, waited till he was fourteen. He graduated with honor, and delivered the "cliosophic" oration, a collegiate term for the Address on Arts and Sciences. He became a tutor at Yale; and, in connection with some of his friends, and with the aid of an apparatus sent by Dr. Franklin, he performed some of the first electrical experiments ever made in New England. He long wavered between the bar and the pulpit, in his choice of

a profession. Religious doubts assailed him, and though "early prepossessed against diaries as hypocritical," it is from his Birthday Reflections that we gather much knowledge of his state of mind.

At the age of forty he thus reviews his life: "From the time I was seven years old I have generally maintained daily secret prayer to the Most High God, A. M., P. M., besides ejaculatory intervening addresses. The burden of my prayers has consisted of Adoration of his glorious Majesty. If predestined to misery, that misery would be less the less I sinned; so I vigorously resolved to refrain from sin, if not to obtain heaven, at least to mitigate the torments of damnation. I have earnestly sought to obtain a clear belief of the Being and Attributes of God. A slight conversation with a young gentleman caused me to doubt whether the whole of the Scriptures were not a delusion, nor could I unbosom myself to any for relief. I had begun to preach 1749, and, my doubts increasing till 52, I determined to lay aside preaching, and actually adopted the study of the law, and took the atty's oath in 53. At the same Time I most assiduously applied myself to the study of the Evidences of Revelation till I became satisfied that the Scriptures were genuine. In 52 I sustained a vigorous application to take Episcopal orders, with views held up to me of one day becoming a bishop myself, but I knew Diocesan Episcopacy was not instituted by Christ and his disciples. I journeyed to New York, Boston, and Philadelphia to see different churches, and at last became happily established in the Religion in which I propose, by the Grace of God, to live and die. During the Rise, Height, and Decline of my Scepticism I was so highly delighted with Pope's Essay on Man that I got the first Epistle and large parts of the other Epistles by heart, and repeated portions of it frequently by myself in my chamber, and when I

walked and rode abroad. I read and admired Cicero's works, Young's Night Thoughts, which I read through twice, Shaftesbury's Characteristics, Butler's Analogy, Bolingbroke, Hume, Newton, &c." His skepticism was manly and intelligent, and closely resembled the honest hesitation of many in our own day, who are not perplexed by the doctrines of the damned, but by far greater and more sweeping doubts.

In 1775 he was ordained a minister at Newport, his father Isaac preaching the sermon, with something of David's joyful emotion at the coronation of his son Solomon. He speaks of him as "the Person whose solemn separation to the service of the Sanctuary is now before us;" bids him "hold Bigotry in abhorrence and behave respectfully toward the several Denominations of professing Christians who don't happen to view things in just the same Light that we do, for Bigotry is the Poison and Bane of social Virtue." He tells the church to be friendly to his son, "for the Work, take it in all the Compass, more than any other Kind of Labor tends to exhaust the radical Moisture, waste and drink up the animal Spirits, dry the Bones, Consume the Flesh and Body, break the vital Cord, and deprive Men of the Residue of their Years. Properly support him, for Ministers cannot live upon the air nor command that Stones be made Bread for the Work."

Ezra Stiles married Elizabeth, daughter of Colonel John Hubbard, who made it her life-work to relieve her husband of domestic care. Mr. Stiles, in return, dutifully informed his father-in-law of all the various births and sicknesses in the family; but what modern wife would allow her husband to write thus to an aged parent:—

NEWPORT, May 31, 1773.

HONOURED SIR, — This acknowledges your kind Letter to my Wife. It was very agreeable to find under the Decay of Nature such a specimen of the

Continuance and Strength of your Mental Powers, and that you enjoy the Comforts of Religion amidst your Infirmities of the Outward Tabernacle. We all unite in our Duty to you and to Mother.

Yr dutiful son, EZRA STILES.

He closes another letter with the words, "Melancholy news from Boston, some of the fruits of Military government. A general civil war will take place in the colonies before two generations are passed."

When his wife died, he wrote of her that "she was an Honour to her Sex, and it will be an honour to posterity to have descended from a Woman of such Merit and Excellence."

His "Way of Life" at Newport was very orderly. The day began and closed with family and secret prayers and Bible reading in Greek or Hebrew. Then he walked abroad and visited his flock before and after dinner, and in the intervals studied and wrote innumerable Latin letters and diaries. Nothing more plainly shows his valuation of a godly life than his words in a letter to a friend on receiving the degree of D. D. from the University at Edinburgh: "What is the honor of being registered in those archives to that of having our names written in the Lamb's Book of Life?"

When forty-two years old he reflects: "I have made little progress in the divine life, though I have endeavored daily to surrender myself up to God, but an annihilation of myself and entire submission to the infinitely holy will of God is not [yet] thoroughly effected. The most of last winter I spent in compiling the Ecclesiastical History of New England and English America. The Summer and Fall have been perhaps too much consumed in making observations upon the Transits of Venus and Mercury and the Comet and numerous mathematical calculations upon them. God has mercifully spared to me my wife. May she be long continued a Blessing

to me and my Family. I have all along continued to read a chapter in course in the Hebrew Bible. For my amusement I have translated into English from the original Arabic. I have altered my sentiments as to the Time when to begin the 2300 Evenings and Mornings and the 1290 Days in Daniel."

"Ætat 45. My whole life is filled up with the experience of the Divine Care and Beneficence. My children were taken with the Measles and carried happily through them. In August it pleased God to send the small-pox into town, but it has pleased Him to preserve me and my family hitherto."

Bitter days of heresy and revolution came to trouble him, and the record runs:—

"Ætat 46. A Year of singular Trials. Last spring I became acquainted with a Rabbi and gained much Knowledge. I wrote him several letters in Hebrew, one of 22 pages on the Divinity of the Messiah. Being absent on a journey, a London silk weaver preached in my pulpit to great amazing acceptance. On my return I found his character doubtful, and greatly discountenanced him. He holds universal salvation; as a faithful Shepherd I have opposed him openly. I expected to have disgusted most of my families, but perhaps a dozen are irreconcilably offended. I had thought when I entered the Ministry that a Minister with prudence and condescension could secure the affections of his people, but I am convinced that God has holy Ends in view in letting loose the Adversary. I cannot recollect any material imprudence in my own conduct; nor was it charged upon me. It is a dark day with me. I commit myself and my flock to God, and desire to walk humbly, yet testify the truth undauntedly."

The next year he writes, "The State of my Flock is more composed and comfortable, though it has not quite recovered from the shock it received. My son Ezra is now 15 $\frac{3}{4}$. I have initiated

him into some acquaintance with the Oriental languages. He has translated 100 psalms in the Hebrew psalter and learned some Chaldee, Syriac, and Arabic. By reading myself the Targums of Onkelos and Jonathan and in the Syriac N. T. and in the Zohar I have gained great Lights in Divinity."

When the evacuation of Newport took place he stayed in town, and with his "orphan family spent a dreary Winter amidst Poverty and Distress." Finding the Parliament resolved to prosecute the war, he removed to Dighton in March. From that place he went to Portsmouth as minister, and there in 1777 received his call to the presidency of Yale College. He replied that a general free acquiescence with other openings of Providence would have great weight in determining his acceptance. He employed every precaution to find out what the public and Providence thought; he asked counsel of the ministers of his association, of judicious and Christian friends, and of God,—feeling for his own part that as he had "a whole eternity in which to rest, why should he not now gird up his loins and assume the laborious office?" He spent days in fasting and prayer, but finally he writes, "I am convinced that another door of usefulness has been opened to me. Providence has so ordered things that I scarcely have an option as to secular Motives." He goes to New Haven, believing that his "election is agreeable to the Ministry, the General Assembly, the State, and to God, and deeply impressed with the responsibility of taking charge of a college which was primarily designed as a school of the prophets to train up pastors for the churches;" for as he had become "less a Newtonian and more a Christian," preaching was to him a serious duty. As a pastor he had "always disliked public censures, and thought most matters could be settled in a private way without hazarding brotherly love."

His Reflections tell us that such was the liberality of his Portsmouth congregation that they more than paid all his debts; and he adds, "I was enabled to relieve the uneasiness of my conscience by the Liberation and Manumission of my Negro Servant. Like Onesimus, by the grace of God I had made him a Christian. He was the best of Servants. It was only my conviction of the Injustice and Barbarity of the African Slave trade in which I had imported him from Guinea, in 1757, in exchange for a hogshead of whiskey, that determined my conduct." In spite of the negro's liberation, he followed Mr. Stiles of his own choice, and died in the service of the family.

At Yale, President Stiles was received with "Demonstrations of Honour and Affection." His first official act on arriving, June 20th, was the offering of evening prayers in the chapel, when the students were ordered to submit to him. On the following Saturday he began an exposition of the Savoy Confession of Faith, which practice he maintained till his death. On July 8th he was formally inducted into office, amid many Latin orations and addresses. The Savoy Confession never prevented him from employing scientific rather than religious knowledge as a quietus to fear; for if a thunderstorm arose during class recitations, it gave opportunity for an explanation of the theory of electricity. The famous Dark Day he viewed as a phenomenon, "accounting for it by the laws of nature without having recourse to anything miraculous or ominous, and improving the occasion as a Christian by leading the thoughts of others up to the Author of Nature." His natural love for science had been increased by his intercourse with the French officers at Newport, who had also developed his inclination for good dinners.

His life at Yale was crowded with work. Besides filling the office of president, he occupied the chairs of divinity,

ecclesiastical history, philosophy, and astronomy. Twice a week he had a class in extemporaneous and forensic disputation, gave three theological discourses on Saturdays, and taught the Seniors metaphysics, ethics, history, and civil policy. He would never receive a direct or indirect gift from the students, and if gratuities were sent by the parents he credited them with it in the quarter's bills. He helped the poor collegians, — always giving away a tenth of his income, — visited them when sick, and was particularly successful in bringing together different temperaments. One year some thirty or forty scholars, living in town, held morning and afternoon prayers by themselves, which the president often encouraged by his presence. The college church grew in membership, and when eighteen members of other classes joined the Seniors as professing Christians there was holy joy over the wonderful work of grace.

At the age of fifty-seven he learnt French, because it might be of value to him in connection with Yale; and for family reasons he began the culture of the silkworm. Mindful of heavenly affairs also, when he wrote to Dr. Franklin for his portrait for the university he requested him "to state his opinion concerning Jesus of Nazareth."

Let his Birthday Reflections again tell his own story:—

"Ætat 51. God was pleased to carry me and all my family successfully through inoculation for the small-pox; a mercy which will ever demand a grateful remembrance and indelible gratitude."

His fifty-third birthday fell on Sunday. He says, "It being Lord's Day, and the service of the college chapel devolving upon me, I have no leisure for the reflections proper at this time. The college has been studious, orderly, and also religious. In the important and momentous conflict for public Liberty, our Bow has abode in strength the year

past, by the strength of the hands of the Mighty God of Jacob. . . .

"1781. We had a public and splendid Commencement in September, altho' with fear and trembling, as the English had lately burned New London and threatened us; there hath been no public Commencement since 74. We have had no tumults in the college. I take great pains to look carefully into the interior state of the college and to converse with the students, *seorsum* (apart), both scientifically and religiously. I am principally concerned lest I should instil some errors into the numerous youth, for we have 224 undergraduates.

"Ætat 57. I have been very happy in college affairs, and the University has been nearly in as good an Estate as to Literature, Religion, Peace, and good Order as could be reasonably expected.

"Ætat 58. My moral state much as for several years past, great mixtures of sin and imperfection with some enjoyment of God. I have been very happy in college affairs. My whole life is such an incessant labour that I have scarcely time to be religious. I hope I have not disobliged an extensive and numerous acquaintance."

His self-restraint in speaking of his own griefs and joys is noticeable: his eldest son dies, and he feels a "most pungent and tender distress in this event." Kezia dies, and he says, "I was renewedly called to mourning. Old Age is now come upon me. I enter on my 60th year."

When sixty-three he married his daughter Polly to the Rev. Abiel Holmes, and "parted with them both for the distant and dangerous climate of Georgia." This son-in-law, the father of Dr. O. W. Holmes, wrote a dignified biography of Dr. Stiles, and appended to it a full account of the origin and growth of Yale.

The last birthday words are of the beloved college, concerning which only

once had Dr. Stiles been obliged to record that he had had "any severity of discipline to administer which gave him sensible distress."

"Ætat 64. God has enabled me to purchase a house to leave to a bereaved Family when God shall take me to Himself. All my children about me at my Table in Health. The General Assembly added Lieutenant Governor and six Senior Assistants to the Corporation of Yale College, with a donation of about \$30,000, appropriating £2500 for building a new college, the rest to lie for funds for Instructors. This will make my Presidency less burdensome and more comfortable. I have had 15 years of great Difficulty and weighty cares."

He worked for five more years, and then, after an illness of a few days and "a passing dread of appearing before Infinite Purity," he bade good-by to his friends, and sent the college his prayers for its happiness and success under a better president than he believed himself to have been.

President Stiles's last years had been as busy as his earlier ones. He had assisted in forming an antislavery society, and with fourteen others had signed its constitution, and he had published his history of the Three Judges of Charles I., who had fled to America. He was always indignant that the Episcopal minister annually preached in commemoration of the martyrdom of Charles I. "If observed at all," he said, "it ought to be celebrated as an anniversary thanksgiving that one nation on earth had so much fortitude and public justice as to make a royal tyrant bow to the sovereignty of the people." He wrote most stately letters of inquiry to Sir William Jones about the Jewish colony at Cochín China, and a letter of seventy pages quarto to the Asiatic Society at Calcutta; hoping thereby "to recover the original principles of first-derived knowledge." The chronology of the

Pentateuch, information about the ten tribes, whom he believed still existed, and the discovery of the original Hebrew copy of the Bible were subjects of constant anxiety to him. Though naturally delicate in health, he indulged in "antelucane studies," and, with paper and pencil always in his pocket, noted down points of observation and knowledge.

His industry was truly amazing. His Literary Diary of conversation or reading comprises fifteen quarto volumes, each volume consisting of over three hundred pages. When Franklin gave him Fahrenheit's thermometer, he made observations with it from 1763 till within two days of his death, which are contained in six quarto volumes. At forty years of age he began to learn Hebrew and Syriac, and in one year translated the Psalms, Genesis, and Exodus, read considerable Arabic, and dipped into the Persic, Coptic, and other Oriental languages. He was eager to obtain a map of the Russian empire, published at St. Petersburg, showing the junction of the two continents, — a wonderful fact to him, if true. He wrote a Latin letter to the Jesuit college in Mexico and to the Greek bishop in Syria, asking about the Samaritan Pentateuch. These inquiries in no way affected his zeal as a Congregationalist (the title of Dissenter he refused, for he was "under no obligation to return to the mother English church, though in South Britain he would have gloried in the name"); nor did they lessen his foresight, as when, after the capture of Montreal, he wrote, "It is probable that in time there will be formed a Provincial Confederacy and a Common Council standing on free provincial suffrage, and this may in time terminate in an imperial diet, when the imperial dominion will subsist as it ought in Election." Under all his sturdiness shines his liberality. "Thanks to God," he says, "in every denomination in the church universal I can read of partic-

ular persons and churches and some clusters of churches eminent for piety as well as soundness in the faith. With all these my soul unites and harmonizes."

Combined with all these great qualities of mind there was a curious vanity, which showed itself in the minute directions that he gave for his portrait. He is represented in a teaching attitude, one hand on his breast, the other holding a Bible. Behind him are conspicuous certain learned books; around him are various emblems, among others that of the intellectual world. In a central glory are the letters JHVVH, surrounded with three white spots, also representing worlds. The three ascending hair lines refer to the Trinity. The motto is, All Happy in God; "for as there are only two worlds known to have revolted, they count as infinitesimal compared with other dominions." Such emblems, he judged, would serve as descriptive of his mind, even if the portrait did not correspond with his face.

Most quaintly does this vanity appear in his Family Constitutions. Years after he abandons them, and writes on the last sheet, "All this is vanity; I intend to destroy most of these papers when I have reviewed them. All I would for my posterity of a secular nature is that they keep a Family Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths for an example of the Diffusion of Blood and Growth of the Family. To all whom I recommend the Christian religion according to the Congregational Way. Aug. 29, 1772. Ezra Stiles."

Yet so fully, at one time, did he believe in his plan that he made a feoffment of about forty acres to his "son Ezra and his heirs for the fulfillment of this purpose." He wished "to unite and cement his offspring by transfusing to distant generations certain common and influential principles, that it may increase in number and grow up to distinguished private, social, and public

virtue." The income of the estate left for this purpose is to be devoted to the purchase of family medals with appropriate devices; also to the maintenance of family records and to the benefit of the poor of the family, and of those who have read the Bible or made scientific discoveries. During his wife's lifetime, she is to be president; after that, the eldest male or female. At the regular meetings every four years, the Family shall walk to church on Sunday in procession. All those connected by marriage shall vote at these times, except those born of Indians or negroes, who may not even be enrolled, though illegitimate white children shall rank as voters. In a special book is to be entered "a true but short record of any singularly wicked conduct of the offspring, such as murder, treason, theft, ill-treatment of wives. Swearers are to be entered as such." Every one on marrying shall be furnished with a copy of all these ancestral institutions. Dates shall be registered as "in such a year J. C. or Familia Condita, or in such a year of 1, 2, &c. Stylesian Olympiad."

He desires it to be a custom among the family, that a member on marrying should plant half an acre of black mulberry-trees for each child as it is born. He thus continues: "If any Issue should be brought up in Politeness it may not be beneath them to retire into the Country and have a genteel and comfortable subsistence with but little labor, for one man can tend worms eno' in 6 weeks to gain £200. Avoid riches. In general I would recommend for the family Farming and the Employments of the rural Life. Delight not to reside in populous towns and debauched cities, where there is danger of degenerating, or at least of the Diminution of the Increase of Species. Let all the Family be well taught in reading English and in the necessary rudiments of arithmetic — and perhaps a little mathematics, eno' to know the contents of Land and

keep domestic accounts; but always be Friends and Encouragers of the Sciences and the College. As a Family, avoid politics. Never solicit lucrative offices at the price of embroiling the family. Let landed estate be sufficient for Subsistence and depend not on offices for a living; then if called to office unsolicited, Providence bids you act.

"Seek very little acquaintance; there are but few of mankind worth being acquainted with. One of the greatest Inconveniences accompanying public acts of Beneficence is being too much known.

"Let the Family marry young, both for securing their chastity and accelerating Increase. Never adopt the polite principle of tarrying till you can maintain a Family in Splendor, but foresee that you can live by your Occupation, then marry. And in marriage consult the Emendation of the Species. Choose more than $\frac{2}{3}$ of the Marriages out of the Family, and choose of a large, healthy, and robust Breed both for Husbands and Wives. Avoid Families noted for their love of Drink. . . . If I should have ten children, $\frac{1}{2}$ of them should marry and become parents, and at a medium each of the Family, who should have children, should bring up 5 at a medium for marriage and maturity, and as the sexes are nearly equal, there would be by the 10th generation 18,000,000 souls; and as New England will never exceed 20,000,000 of people my descendants will be connected by blood with almost all N. E. Ultimately when J. C. descends from heaven, I hope he will find the Family prepared for some distinguished Notice and Felicity, from himself, Jesus, if they have been a Means of preparing others for his grand appearance."

All this planning, which it must be remembered he later condemned, seems hardly compatible with his sturdy maintenance of Congregationalism. As he was its eager champion he consequently had his enemies, and mentions the frus-

tration of their malicious designs as an illustration of a kindly interposing Providence. "My sermon on the Christian Union disobliged them by showing their numbers in N. E. a trifle compared with the Dissenters, and they ascribed to me all the violence committed here Aug., 1765, in which I had not the least part, and sent to London an accusation and capital charge against me; but a merciful God by the repeal of the Stamp Act brought about the deliverance of me and my country." The sermon referred to is one of an hundred and twenty-eight pages, forty of which, fortunately for his hearers, were not delivered in preaching.

Turning from this earnest defense of Congregationalism, we see another curious side of the president's character in his bold play with logic. He seems to have amused himself with formulating propositions "which ought never to be made by Man, although provable by Reasoning to strict demonstration." Some of them are as follows:—

"God is the intentional efficient Author of Sin.

"Sin is Good. Vice is Virtue. Moral Evil is a Holy Good.

"It is the duty of the Damned to rejoice in their own Damnation.

"It is of the Essence of Holiness and true Submission to God to be willing to be damned.

"Regeneration may as well be effected when you are asleep as awake.

"Self, the highest Principle proved by Christian Rule, do to others as ye would have them do to you.

"Positions now given up, 1741:—

"The Bible to an unconverted Man is no better than an old Almanack.

"The Generality of the Ministers in N. E. unconverted."

Quite as amusing and instructive as these records are the items of daily expenditure. These were kept in uncovered paper books, three inches wide by five long, and run somewhat as follows: "To Lemons, charity, 9 gold buttons,

my leather breeches; To keeping Cousin Peggy one week, Shaving, Postage of letters, 1 Gal. Wine; Hhd. rum for Guinea (in exchange for slave); To ticket in Phil. Lottery, 3d class 2170. Sold $\frac{1}{2}$ above ticket, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. figs, Pair of furred Pumps, Scarf, Gloves, Ring. 1759, Nov. 4. Bought for Father Negro Boy Slave, Prince, aged 14 or 15, price 90 dollars, paid." Among other items is the "wedding fee from Mr. Holmes, £8." Presents from the ladies include "1 quire paper, Lambskin Jacket, 3 bottles Matheglin, 4 Bands," etc.

One memorandum book is devoted to receipts of salary, which was paid in installments from fifteen to twenty times a year, the rate of exchange being constantly redetermined. President Stiles states that in "1759 Old Tenor was £ sterling as 24 to 1. £6 Old Tenor was equal to \$1.00 in specie." Another little book has all the baby weights, measures, and growths.

The almanacs contain on blank leaves curious data. One of the earliest is, "Went to see the Stocking Frame Knitting. The Newport Congregation at their meeting to-day voted me £12 for Sabbath preaching and £30 for Horse Hire and Journey."

Again, "June 13, 1744. About 8 o'clock in the morning, the same day King George's Proclamation of War against France was proclaimed in New Haven, Ruth Stiles was born in the Afternoon." This little girl, who inherited all her father's piety, was the mother of Rev. Ezra Stiles Gannett. Through her it almost seems as if the grandfather's favorite texts had been transmitted to the grandson. In 1787 President Stiles preached the ordination sermon for Rev. Henry Channing at New London, and in 1824 Dr. Gannett was ordained as colleague to Dr. William Ellery Channing, nephew of Henry Channing.

In 1754 President Stiles wrote in his almanac, "Went to Boston and was

waked with the melodious Ring of Bells in Dr. Cutler's, alias North, alias Christ Church. Went to Cambridge to Commencement. S. Quincy Sal. Orator. M. Saltonstall Val. Orator. Took Degree A. M. Dined with Mr. Prof. Winthrop. The next day Dined (with) at Dr. Wigglesworth's. Waited on President, returned thanks for degree. In Eve. waited on Mrs. Edwards in Boston and heard her play on Spinnet. Borrowed 2 dollars."

'Again, "Counted and find 44 Bottles Claret and 77 Bottles Cyder in cellar. We have drank $5\frac{1}{2}$ doz. Cyder in two months.

"Inoculation in April, 1761. Dr. Adam Thompson of Maryland published in Gazette himself as Author of New Inoculation. Dec. 1769, a physician at Williamsburg thinks himself the author, as do many others. I, Ezra Stiles, think Dr. Muirson the first, and before 1750.

"1761, August. The Comedians opened a Playhouse in Newport and acted for the first Time.

"1762, Jan. 27. Two Whales came into Narragansett Bay within the Dumblin's.

"1762, Feb. There are now 4 Prisoners for Capital crime, in Newport Gaol. Sherman for Burglary. 2 Indians for Murder, and the Negro the same.

"July 5. Begun to make cocoons. By 20th all the cocoons took down and had wound 5 Run Silk.

"Aug. 23, 1769. Sally had 103 fits last 24 hours. Infamous Governor Bernard embarked Aug. 1 and sailed for London. Vale."

On another page is given the total of the sermons preached by himself from the year 1756 to 1774 as 1157; the text was often in Greek or Hebrew characters. Those were the days of long prayers. In this connection he cites the example of Dr. Cheever, of Chelsea, but whether as warning or encouragement is doubtful: "When Mr.

Cheever was very aged, above 80, he was wont to forget himself, especially in family prayers, continuing in it for hours. Once he began family prayer at 10 o'clock at night, and continued praying and standing till day next morning, a long winter's night; his wife was obliged to force him to desist and sit down."

The almanac for 1769 gives the time of the arrival of the various posts, as, "The Post from the Southward, which comes along the sea coast, arrives on Sat. Eve. The bag is closed at the post office on Monday at one o'clock forenoon: the post puts up at Mr. Sylvester's at the sign of the Black and White Horse. Between Boston and Salem a chaise passes and repasses 3 times a week, and puts up at Mrs. Bean's, King St."

In March of that year "occurred the first Moravian Wedding in Newport and New England."

Under date of February 22, 1770, he says, "Young Snider, ætat 11, in Boston murdered by Eben Richardson, an informer in the Custom House.

"Feb. 26. Buried from Liberty Tree, preceded by 500 Boys followed by about 2000 persons of all Ranks.

"The first Martyr of American Liberty."

Again, "Jan. 15, 1770. Brethren and sisters of the Church met at my house for religious Exercise.

"Jan. 20. We have seven cords Wood.

"1771, Feb. Negro meeting at my house. Catechised 20 Boys, 30 Girls.

"June Gen. Assembly granted a charter to my church. Religious meeting of married people of my congregation at Judge Pitman's."

With this last entry the old chest ceases to bear witness to his actions. Almanacs, Expense Books, Birthday Reflections, Propositions, Family Constitutions, — through them all runs the undercurrent of his life, the glory of God; a glory to be heightened by each

new scientific discovery, by each fresh bibliographical item, or by sad or joyful family events. Jehovah, Congregationalism, the College, were his triad of interests. To them he gave the service of his years, helped by his broad and fearless mind to use profitably every department of knowledge, his sense of humor enlivening his studies and duties,

perhaps even his morbid self-consciousness. His personal manuscripts present a picture, almost home-like in its details, of the punctilious, scholarly, upright life of a New England divine, and help us to realize how important a part thought and pedagogy played in those days which we are accustomed to regard as filled chiefly with patriotic virtues.

Kate Gannett Wells.

THE ANATOMIZING OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

III.

SHAKESPEARE worked his wonders in the old way. He invented nothing; he created nothing but character. The greatest of dramatists, he contributed to the drama nothing but himself; the greatest of poets, he gave to poetry not even a new rhythm or a new stanza. He ran not only on the old road, but in the old ruts. Like others born to fame, he did his early work in imitation and in emulation of his immediate predecessors and older contemporaries; unlike most of those who, although inferior to him, were of the superior grade in art, he did not, after the rapid development of his power, contrive for himself new forms, nor did his genius lead him into new methods. The structure of his dramas is simply that of his time, which seems to have been determined by an unexpressed consensus of all the principal playwrights who between the years 1590 and 1613 (the date of his last work) were, like him, earning their bread by writing for the London theatres. In this respect his later dramas show no advance upon his earlier. Indeed, his latest works, *Timon of Athens*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Henry VIII.*, are inferior in constructive art to those of his middle period, and are not only inferior, but marked by a return to the

formless structure of the loose, ill-proportioned, unsymmetrical, and purposeless dramatized tales and acted stories that filled the stage in his earlier theatrical life. His thought became grander and stronger, his style more splendid as well as subtler and more delicate; his conception of character was certainly not weaker nor less vivid when he imagined *Cleopatra* and *Imogen* than it had ever been; but he seems to have been absolutely without a purpose or an ideal in his art, and almost as ready to do a theatrical job after he had written *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello* as he was before he had written *Romeo and Juliet*. In all literature, where is there another work so formless, so huddled and heterogeneous, so chaotic, as *Cymbeline*? In all literature, where is the woman whom even her creator would dare to place by the side of *Imogen*?

This lack of originality in form, this absence of high art-purpose, is, however, no evidence in derogation of the creative force or the individual newness of his genius. Endeavor for originality is no more than ambition of fame evidence of natural endowment in art, literary or other. Rather, indeed, are they both indications of innate weakness than of innate power. They have oftener been the motives of the feeble than of the

strong. Distrust the poet, the painter, the musician, who has determined to be original, who means to give the world something new. Above all, distrust him whose avowed purpose is to elevate his art. Him trust, hope in him, who is urged by inborn impulse to utter that which springs within him, and which in utterance takes form, he knows not how, he asks not why nor wherefore. He who seeks to elevate his art is an egoist, who of the two, he and art, thinks himself the greater. Beethoven, not most inspired, but most individual, self-asserting, and peculiar, if not most original and creative, of the masters of his art, remained not only during his most active and energized period, but during the period of his grandest and most original conceptions, within the forms which dominated the art when he entered it. The strongest and most characteristic works of the latter part of his second period, when he was in the unimpaired plenitude of power, do not vary in form from those which he produced when he had but just left the inadequate tutelage of Haydn, and was emulous of Mozart. The eighth symphony (op. 93) is as "regular" in form not only as the first or the second (op. 21 and 36), but as either of the string trios, which are among his very earliest work (op. 9). And indeed the third of this set (in C minor) is not only in its harmony and movement of parts, but in its treatment of themes, one of his most characteristic works; yet as to its form it might have been written by Haydn;¹ but this is also true of later works. A theory and a purpose never quickened creative power, never aided conception of the beautiful, which alone produce

that which lives. Every one of the few phrases of Gluck's music that live in the world's memory (for example, *Che farò* and the Choruses in *Iphigenia*, and the like) might have been written quite as well if he had had no theory. *They* are born of delight in the beautiful, not of a theory.

Shakespeare was led astray into no vagaries of originality, but went on pouring out the wealth and beauty of his thought through the old channels, — channels cut not by this man or by that, but worn gradually by the course of natural forces. Whether he had impulses toward originality we do not know; but I am inclined to the belief that he had not, and that in this respect, as in some others, he was not only careless, but even thoughtless, about his art. What engaged him chiefly seems to have been the feeling and the thought suggested by dramatic situation; and this he expressed just as it came into his mind at the moment (of which there is evidence, as we shall see), not only without elaboration of any kind, but with little or no concern as to the correctness or the logical consistency of his language. It was the significance of his words and of his phrases in the whole that he looked at; and he was content if these conveyed his meaning vividly and forcibly. His success is a perpetual rebuke to the whole tribe of purists and precisians in language, grammarians, rhetoricians, and insists upon "authority" and the law of best usage and what not; and it defies the efforts of all language classifiers and labelers. His recklessness in this respect led him not unfrequently to clothe the children of his brain in tattered and grotesque array. But his

¹ These trios those of my fellow amateurs who may not know them (and I have found many such) will thank me for bringing to their attention. They are among Beethoven's most delightful minor works; and that in C minor carries weight enough in some passages for a symphony. They would be better known to amateurs if there were more amateur players of the viola, an instrument for

which, in private quartette-playing, a professional musician must usually be engaged. It deserves more attention from amateurs of the higher music, to the enjoyment of which it will introduce them at an expenditure of time and practice which is small to that demanded by the violin or the violoncello: and amateur viola-players are in great demand.

daring and his genius for expression, working together, enabled him, with rare — comparatively rare — exceptions, to triumph over difficulties which cramp the utterance of the devotees of decorum. It is the weight and worth of the thoughts thus put forth in ragged splendor, the gold of which these extravagant paper promises are the sign, upon which the appreciative reader of Shakespeare fixes his attention.

Nevertheless, although Shakespeare is sententious, although his lines are beauty made fruitful by strength, and are pregnant with truth and wisdom, there is in him a notable absence of all endeavor to be sententious. He never shows that conscious effort to be equal to the occasion which is apparent, for example, in Faust, and which is wholly absent in the Iliad, the Odyssey, and the Divina Comédia. His inclination to play with language, and his facility in doing it, lead him sometimes into infelicitous antithetical conceits, which are the great blemishes of his writing, and at others into a shower of figures which makes us feel as if we were beaten about the brains with tropes and stoned with epithets. These, however, are exceptional extravagances; and in his better moods, when he is most radiant, he shines with an unconscious light, and without that labored brilliancy and sententiousness which makes the reading of Taine, and sometimes of Carlyle, as wearisome and exhausting as if we shared their fruitful but audible pangs of travail.

There is no doubt that much of Shakespeare's power and more of his allurements lie in what has been recognized as his universal sympathy. He does not hold himself aloof from men. As we know him in his writings, he, the strongest, can feel with the weakest; he who can breathe the highest and purest moral atmosphere does not look down upon those in the lowest and foulest. As a writer he was no respecter of persons; and therefore the whole world is his.

But we may be no less sure that in great measure this sympathy was a sympathy of indifference. As a man he may have had inclining to good; as an artist he had no revulsion from evil. His touch lingers as fondly upon reprobate Falstaff, who shares the fruits of his followers' thievery, as it does upon Cassio, the most completely admirable and lovable of his men. He sympathized as thoroughly with Cleopatra as with Imogen. He does not seem to shrink even from that most contemptible of all his creatures, Parolles. He did not believe enough in the underlying principles of damnation to make an *auto da fé* of sinners.

Hence we must exempt him from personal responsibility for the utterance of his creatures. It is never safe to assume that "Shakespeare has said" thus or so. He merely puts into the mouths of his personages what it seemed to him fitting that they should say in the circumstances in which they are placed. It is not he who, after describing a virtuous and lovable woman, says that she is only fit "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer;" it is that sneering reprobate Iago. Nevertheless, we feel that he had a certain fellowship, if not with the speaker, with the callous cynicism which found utterance in the speech. There is only this one fault (if it really be a fault) that censoriousness can find with Shakespeare's treatment of character: that by representing it thus without favor or disfavor, according to nature, he wins some sympathy from us with even the lowest forms of humanity, and presents us very few personages — perhaps only Imogen, Hermione, Antonio, and Cassio — who are in all things to be approved. Shakespeare's dramatic morality was world-wide; as wide as the firmament, and as deep as the waters underneath the firmament.

It is to this complete, unquestioning sympathy with his personages — all of

them — and to his matchless genius for expression that we owe that introduction of living character into literature which took place in his dramas. Even in Dante we really find little of the complexity and subtlety of organic human nature. We see his figures looming awfully through misty gloom or misty glory; we hear their sins and sorrows grandly told. In Shakespeare they sin and sorrow and joy before our eyes. Hence it is that, although the course of his dramas, and not only his personages but their characters, are found in the old tales, the *novelli*, the chronicles, and the old plays, — like Falstaff “of intolerable entrails,” — which he worked up, or worked over, for his stage, they become in his hands the ministers of immortal wisdom and immortal joy. To illustrate this briefly, — with, to me, disappointing brevity: although in the old story of Romeus and Juliet Romeo finds Juliet at her window, leaning her cheek upon her hand, as in the play, it is only Shakespeare who makes the enamored youth exclaim, —

“O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!”

Although in the old story, as in the play, the Nurse praises Paris, and counsels Juliet to marry him, she being already Romeo’s wife, it is only Shakespeare who makes the young wife turn her eyes upon the retreating beldam, and utter those two words, “Ancient damnation,” that so tell us what the Nurse is and what Juliet. The Cleopatra of Shakespeare is the Cleopatra of Plutarch; — in character, no more, no less; but it is only from Shakespeare that we know that

“Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.”

It is only in Shakespeare that the vanquished queen, not forgetful of her rival in the midst of her despair, says, —

“If knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes

And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.”

Twinkling specks plucked out of Shakespeare’s dazzling dome of glory, these instances yet show how it was that he changed death into life and darkness into light.

To be Shakespeare, what was it? — to be this man, before whose usual daily vision the world lay open like a map spread out; who saw men’s secret motives and secret impulses as we see gleams of light in darkness; to whose inner eye all that is beautiful and all that is bad in this beautiful, bad world was as plainly manifest as to his bodily eye were the flowers and the mire about his feet; and who, peasant-born and theatre-bred, was, in Vergil’s phrase, so happy as to know the causes of things, and so fortunate as to gain comfortable livelihood and unlooked-for wealth by telling what he saw and knew in words that charmed his hearers then, and since then have been discovered to be treasures of joy and wisdom, enriching all humanity? What manner of man was it that did this? What, in his very self, was this miracle of men? For I take it that Shakespeare was the most nearly miraculous manifestation of the all-forming power that the earth has ever seen. We know very little of him; but if we are hero-worshippers, and he is our hero, that little is too much. There was in the man Shakespeare, as I see him, much to admire and something to like, but nothing to worship. I once asked a friend, whose instincts and perceptions I had learned to respect, without always finding them conclusive, for an opinion upon Shakespeare as a person. The reply was, “I have none, — never have formed one; but,” after a pause, “I suppose he was rather a coarse, vulgar fellow.” To my astonished look of inquiry, the answer came, “How could he have been otherwise, born in the very lowest condition of rustic life, bred among ruffling players, whose very

profession was then a reproach and a condition of vagabondage? What he wrote is no sign of what he was."

What surprised me in this hastily uttered opinion was, not so much the opinion itself as its independence, and the application, even in the freedom of friendly intercourse, of such a phrase as "coarse, vulgar fellow" to William Shakespeare. Nevertheless, although I could not accept it, or accord with it, I could not but see that for it there was much reason. That a man of Shakespeare's origin and Shakespeare's life in the reigns of Elizabeth and James should have been personally coarse and vulgar, conforms to all the probabilities. That Ben Jonson was coarse and vulgar according to our present standard of manners is hardly doubtful; and if he, why not Shakespeare? Of the two, Jonson was certainly much the better educated, probably the better bred, and had seen largely more of the world. Yet we may be sure that Shakespeare was, if not in character, in his external personality, notably the superior man, much more in appearance and in manner "a gentleman." Not, indeed, because of the incomparable superiority of his writing to Jonson's; for in this respect the opinion which I have cited is beyond all question sound. Between what a man is and what he writes there is no necessary likeness, no connection of cause and effect. Intellectual perceptions of the finest quality united to the power of expressing them fitly and impressively do by no means imply a corresponding personality in morals or in manners. Goldsmith, we know, "wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll;" and not only so, but that he sometimes acted like Poll's rival, the monkey. The author of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, of *The Citizen of the World*, and of *She Stoops to Conquer*, had not only the most charming style in which modern English has ever been written, but a knowledge of the world which was the

result of a singular and almost unequaled union of purity and sagacity. He was, of all the writers of genius known to our literature, the freest from any taint of intellectual vulgarity. His views of life, as presented in his writings, are distinguished by soundness, simplicity, and a good taste which gives them an air of elegance more genuine than Addison's. And yet all that we know of him — and we know much — points him out as a man who, in his personal bearing, was chiefly notable for the absence of tact, of good taste, and of good breeding. He was lovable, and he was loved, but in spite of his awkwardness, his blunders, his vanity, his egoism, his imprudence, and his bad manners.

In our own day an eminent writer in Europe is an obtrusive example of this incongruity. I have never seen him; but a New York lady, who had found great delight in his writings because of their purity and elevation of tone, and a certain atmosphere of serene elegance that breathes through them, and chiefly because of his equally lofty and charming ideal of womanhood, told me that, having brought it about that he should call on her, she was shocked at the appearance of a man ignoble in every way: slovenly in dress, unclean in person, coarse in manners, and altogether so uncouth, sordid, and repulsive that she rid herself of his company as soon as she could do so with civility, and sat down in sorrow to mourn over her shattered ideal.

That Shakespeare's personality was of a very different order from this man's and from Goldsmith's, we may safely infer from even the little that has come down to us in relation to him. The tradition that he was "a handsome, well-shaped man" is confirmed by his effigy in Stratford church, although that shows him middle-aged, fat-faced, and portly. But what he was in manners and in bearing we know chiefly from a trait in

his character which presents him in a light which must make him appear to those who judge by Thackeray's (literary) standard somewhat unamiable and not entitled to reverence; hardly to admiration. His social tastes and likings led him to seek the society and the friendship of those above him in social position; and his person and manner were such that in this respect, as in most others, he attained his desire. No sooner did he begin to achieve distinction as a writer and to thrive in purse, than this son of a Warwickshire peasant began also to set up to be a gentleman and the associate of gentlemen. This in the England of Queen Elizabeth was something very different from what it would be in the England of Victoria; it implied a very much greater presumption. But that Shakespeare had a certain warrant for his presumption is shown by his speedy success.

Our first knowledge of his London life shows him to us in 1592, — only six years after his flight from the sordid obscurity of Stratford, to find an inferior place in a profession then regarded as one of disreputable vagabondage, — in favor with people of high social position. Greene's attack upon him (and Greene, although a very "deboshed fish," was a scholar and a man of talent), as "an upstart crow," a bombaster of blank verse, and a pretender to the honors that belonged to others, showed how he was rising. It was one of those shafts of malice and envy which little souls launch at their superiors who have attained a certain eminence, but one not so high that there is no hope of injuring them by poisoned stings. This, however, touched Shakespeare merely in his literary, or rather his play-writing, function, and is evidence only of his rising reputation as a writer. It gave offense, however, to Shakespeare's friends; and from an apology published for it by Chettle, Greene's editor (Greene was dead), we learn that among those

were persons "of worship;" that is, men of recognized social rank as "gentlemen." Chettle says, too, that he himself had seen Shakespeare's "demeanor no lesse civil than he exclent in the qualitie he professes." It was about this time, also, that the young playwright dedicated his first literary work, *Venus and Adonis*, to the Earl of Southampton, using language which, although discreet and reserved, — notable, indeed, for dignity and good taste, — showed that he was on easy terms with his patron; as easy as at that time could obtain between a player-poet and a peer.

What tact, what social craft, what personal fitness, what clear fixedness of purpose, there must have been in the Stratford exile, to bring about so early such relations with such men! To attain this position, and to have the means to support it, was the sole object of his life, the one great end of his labor. From the way in which he is spoken of and the manner in which he is approached by his old Stratford countrymen, we gather that he had a certain dignity and reserve of manner which — after he had become prosperous; not before — were tolerated and recognized as becoming. He was plainly a man who knew and practiced the art of "getting on" socially, which, although it is rarely consistent with independence of character and a high moral tone, is, like lowliness, "young ambition's ladder."

Shakespeare was manifestly one of those men who, by a union of prudence and pleasant manner and thrift, are well fitted to attain social success. He was a prosperous man, and in his person, his manners, and his bearing "a gentleman." It went hardly with him however, that he was not really a gentleman according to the standard of his time and country; that he could not, like his own Justice Shallow, "write *armigero* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation." He set himself to work diligently to remedy this defect in the

article of his gentry. We have not direct testimony as to the fact, but there is not the slightest moral doubt of it. He, however, did not wish to be made a gentleman in his own person, and to be pointed out by his fellow actors as not only a literary but a social upstart. Too crafty for that, his endeavor was to have his father, the poor old bailiff-hunted Stratford peasant, made a gentleman of coat armor; the consequence of which would have been that he, William Shakespeare, would have been a gentleman by birth. Money did such things then as it has done since; and the Herald's College went so far as to design and prick out arms for John Shakespeare, accompanied by a draft of a patent containing utterly false assertions as to his origin and that of his wife, which could have had but one source. Here, however, Shakespeare failed. The arms were not confirmed. But as they belonged to no one else, the rich actor and Stratford tithe-owner assumed them and the status which they implied. It must have been a proud day for the author of *King Lear* and *Hamlet* when he saw himself described in a law document as "William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon in the county of Warwick, Gentleman."

This is not, from the Thackeray (literary) point of view, a very admirable attitude in which to contemplate him whose fame is the greatest in all literature. But Shakespeare being personally the man he was, having the tastes, the character, and the means to sustain the position that he sought, and the customs and habits of his time being what they were, it would be a hard, harsh judgment which condemned him without reserve for this proceeding. For then to be by birth a gentleman of coat armor brought a consideration of a kind which is grateful to the taste and the feelings of any man of gentlemanly habits of mind and life (which Shakespeare certainly had), and which was attainable

in no other way. Let those who have never done a "snobbish" thing cast the first stone at his memory. My hand shall not launch the missile; but as I am seeking and setting forth facts, this one must be recorded and held up in its true light.

Again, what manner of man was Shakespeare in his inner life—morally? How can we tell? What do we know of the inner life, the real moral entity, of men with whom for years we have had personal relations? How often do we find that we have misjudged them, wronged them grievously! Not all of us are noble and tender enough to be capable of remorse. If we were, how many of us would in this way know its sting! And upon this man, of whom we know so little and at whom we must look back through the obscuring remoteness of nearly three centuries, how shall we dare to sit in judgment! Yet we are not without some means of knowing pretty surely, although within a narrow range, what kind of man this Shakespeare was.

It has been assumed by many of his admiring critics, commentators, anatomists, that, having been a great poet, he must therefore have been a good man. This is a view likely to have general welcome. Laudation of the great is always welcome to the worshipers of greatness. Many men, perhaps most men, seem to feel that they themselves become admirable by praising that which is praiseworthy. They see their own faces in the brightness that they look upon. Again we have the old story which Shakespeare himself told by the lips of the snarling cynic Jaques,—of giving the sum of more to him which hath too much. Because a man has many things, therefore shall he have all. Because he has little, let us take from him some of that little. Has he nothing? Let him be damned to eternal poverty and eternal friendlessness. We all know the monstrous magnification of Mr. Charles Knight's

biography of Shakespeare, in which a few meagre facts were expanded and impudently until they could bear up an huge octavo volume, in which all Elizabethan England was made a great intellectual and social system revolving around Shakespeare, — a man of whom comparatively few of those in-figuring personages knew anything, and those few only that he was a successful playwright and a pleasant, well-mannered man; a book whose leaves are all rose-tinted, whose language is all eulogy.

But it is not necessary to come down so far as the middle of the nineteenth century to find personal praise of Shakespeare. Upton, who wrote a century before Knight, and whose little volume shows that he was not only one of the most learned but one of the most perceptive and discreet of Shakespeare's critics, will have it that he is an "undoubted example" of the truth of Ben Jonson's view of this question. Now Jonson declared that "if men will impartially, and not a-squint, looke toward the offices and function of a poet, they will easily conclude to themselves the impossibility of any one's being a good poet without first being a good man," — a most shameless piece of self-eulogy; for that Ben was sure that he was not only a good poet, but a great poet, who that knows him can doubt a moment? But Jonson could be generous when he set out to be so; and he says, in his eulogy prefixed to the folio of 1623, —

"Looke how the fathers face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeares mind and manners brightly
shines
In his well torned and true filed lines:
In each of which he seemes to shake a lance,
As brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance."

But eulogies in verse of recently departed merit, or demerit, may profitably be scanned with doubt and discrimination by those who would know the truth in regard to their subjects. If Shakespeare's mind and manners were, in Jonson's opinion, to be judged by the man-

ner in which he turned and filed his lines, an appeal from Jonson drunk with the flow of eulogy to Jonson sober on the bench of criticism would make sad havoc with the character of the "sweet Swan of Avon," as we shall see hereafter. As to carefulness and elaboration in writing, Jonson was Shakespeare's severest censor. Nor is it credible for a moment that Jonson believed what he said (referring to Shakespeare's *armes parlantes*, or punning arms) when he declared that the spear-shaker shook his lines in the eyes of ignorance. No one knew better than Jonson that the dramas of the uneducated Shakespeare, filled as they are with wisdom and the evidences of a power of assimilating knowledge which is unequaled and, without hyperbole, marvelous, are in many passages only splendid monuments to their writer's ignorance, — ignorance of that of which Jonson would have regarded a knowledge as almost elemental in an educated man.

It is much more to the purpose of showing that Shakespeare was loyal, amiable, and good-natured when Jonson says, in his Discoveries, "I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature." Here "honest" means much more than merely truthful and trustworthy. It does mean loyal, ingenuous, *generosus*; and this testimony is the most important and significant that we have to the admirable and lovable side of Shakespeare's personal character. All the more is it so when the rough, gruff, and even quarrelsome and envious nature of the eulogist is considered.

Shakespeare, it would seem, had in a notable degree the attaching quality; which is sometimes found united with great intellectual power, but which quite as often is found, and at least in an equal degree, in those who are far from being distinguished either for wisdom

or for knowledge. Nor, indeed, is this quality always or necessarily accompanied by truthfulness, or purity, or honesty, or kindness, or moral goodness of any kind. Bad men, selfish men, often have it: men of the highest moral excellence, men who are unselfish even to self-sacrifice, are often wholly without its charm. It seems to be the result of a union of manner and tact, and to be quite as often as not the result of purpose, of determination and skill in the art of "making friends." Its most common methods and indications are a delicate way of flattering the vanity and serving — generally in small matters — the interests of those around us. Shakespeare himself knew this, as he appears to have known by intuition everything about man's moral nature; and his greatest villain, the blackest-hearted human fiend in imaginative literature, — it is needless to name Iago, — has it in a greater degree than any other personage that appears in his dramas. Nor was Iago, in seeming (and in social relations, if not in personal, seeming is reality), without the other qualities which Jonson found in Shakespeare. Until the catastrophe of the great tragedy is close at hand, we have the testimony of every person involved in it that Iago was indeed honest and of an open and free nature. To the noble Moor he was to the very end "honest, honest Iago;" and Cassio believed unto the last that Iago loved him.

Let me not be misunderstood or misrepresented. That Shakespeare was no such hypocrite and fiend as Iago was needs not be said. All that we have to remember is that, according to the very showing of the great master of the human heart, the light-giving sun of worldly wisdom, Jonson's testimony does not prove that he might not have been so, — does not even prove that upon sufficient provocation and good occasion he might not have put such hypocrisy and fiendishness in practice. Jonson's testimony

tells us merely what Jonson thought. It does, however, make it highly improbable that Shakespeare was untrustworthy or unscrupulously selfish; it does make it certain that he appeared to those who were in constant and intimate association with him a man of an honest, frank, lovable nature.

A careful consideration of what we know about Shakespeare the man leads to the conclusion that he was one of those who play to win; — always, the game of life or any other game. Success, the getting and keeping of his own, were the ends he kept constantly in view. To this he brought an unequalled knowledge of men and things, and an ability in affairs which (considering the limited field of his action in this respect) seems to have been not inferior to his other personal gifts. He presents to us the strange and admirable union of a good manager and a great poet, an economist and a writer of fiction, a player and a man of thrift. Like many other men, — can we not say like most other men? — vastly his inferiors, he had two natures: Shakespeare the poet was one man; Shakespeare outside the realm of poetry was another man. The two orbits in which his dual nature revolved did not overlap; they did not even touch. Unlike and far above all the rest of the world in some things, in this he was like many of the humblest of his worshippers.

Now it is sadly sure that success in life, the success which consists chiefly in rising from poverty to wealth, is, with very rare exceptions, the accompaniment and the consequence of a certain hardness of nature. Successful men are those who make hard bargains with the world, and hardly hold to them. If to this quality they add tact, the power of managing, the power of personally pleasing those with whom they are brought in contact; and if, moreover, they have brilliant talents, their success attains the point of splendor. All these

qualities seem to have been Shakespeare's; all this success he certainly did attain.

The notion that a good poet must be a good man may be dismissed without further consideration, notwithstanding the respectability of the names by which it is supported. Indeed, all general rules of moral judgment, all opinions of men formed upon classification, are futile and untrustworthy. A man is an individual, and must be judged by himself. The interesting question remains, Was this great poet a good man? We don't know. We only know that he was civil in his demeanor; that his conduct united with his great mental gifts to win him, standing in the lowest social position, the favor of those who were in the highest; that Ben Jonson loved him (his recognition of the merit of *Every Man in his Humour* brought Ben into notice) and thought him honest and of a free and open nature; that, being only an actor and a playwright, he rose rapidly from absolute poverty to very considerable wealth; that to please the coarse tastes of a considerable part of the public, by pleasing which he prospered, he who when he spoke judicially denounced indecency as bad in morals and bad in art made his plays more copiously, more grossly, and more ingeniously indecent than any others known to modern literature; that he sued one of his Stratford townsmen for £1 15s. 10d, and another for £6, and getting judgment against the latter, and not being able to arrest him, he proceeded against his surety; that he did not save his father from similar prosecution on the part of his creditors, but that he did buy from the Herald's College a coat-of-arms for that father, and a patent of gentry full of falsehood, of which he, at least, was cognizant; and that when William Combe, the squire of Welcombe, projected the inclosure of a large part of the common-fields at Stratford-on-Avon, and there was great opposition in the interests of

such men as Shakespeare's father and the poor agricultural laborers, he, notwithstanding entreaty, stood by the rich, grasping squire.

We may be sure that Shakespeare's life was, according to the manners and morals of the time, decorous, — considering his profession, notably decorous; that his manners were ingratiating; and that above all things else he was prudent: that after his first bitter experience at Stratford of the consequences of youthful imprudence the guiding rule of his life was, "*Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia*;"¹ that he was at the least prudently just; that he was prudently kind in his actions, and perhaps more; that it probably was agreeable to him to be more than prudently courteous; that he manifested imprudently no personal resentments or dislikes; and that he brought, with notable discretion, all his great faculties and all his intuitive knowledge of the world not only to his task of play-writing, but to the advancement of his fortunes and the elevation of his social position.

The condition of life in which he found himself was one from which his taste revolted. He loathed his profession, acting, and looked upon his occupation, play-writing, only as a means of getting money. This he tells us himself in two of those sonnets (the 110th and 111th) which he circulated among his private friends. The passages are well known to all students of his life and writings, but they will bear repetition here. They are mingled with others which refer to that bewildering personal story which seems to be told in those fascinating verses. As to his profession, he says in the second of these sonnets, —

'O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners
breeds.

¹ If prudence be present, no divinity is absent.

Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

Most sad, most touching ; in expression almost beyond just admiration. Was bitterness of soul, was the anguish of a man who eats his own heart in secret, ever told with so much of abasement and so much of reserve ? Knowing himself to be so far by nature above most of the grand people he saw around him, he felt every hour how much, in their eyes and in position, he was beneath them ! And then his means were public. He could not conceal from others the stigma of his caste : he must parade it daily, and daily suffer from its contamination. Then as to his play-writing he says in the other sonnet, —

"Alas, 't is true ; I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is
most dear,
Made old offences of affections new ;

Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely."

Sad, sad again : this revelation not only of his consciousness that he was deliberately coining his soul into money, but that for money's sake he *had* "looked on truth askance and strangely ;" that for money's sake he *had* morally been reckless of his own rede ; that in his counsel he could say *meliora probo*, but in his action *deteriora sequor* ; and this not from waywardness, or wantonness, or heat of blood, but in the way of "business," — which, by the way, as the common shield of all abomination has become the most loathsome word in the English language. But Shakespeare being the man he was, his position was one of constant suffering and sore perplexity, and his only relief from it was by the attainment of wealth. We need not shut our eyes to the truth as we confess that it becomes very few of us to judge him harshly.

Richard Grant White.

WHERE IT LISTETH.

THERE is, on a certain sylvan estate of my thought, a little area where only the anemone grows, year after year holding the ground in undisturbed tenure. Whenever the wind blows, though never so rudely, bloom runs rife over the anemone bank ; then I mark a swift unfolding and buoyant stirring of petals on which the sun shone and the rain dropped gentle persuasion in vain. I gather at random a handful of these blossoms, well pleased if any lover of the wild-garden recognize a familiar species.

I remember a kinship we have with the wind : *Anima*, the wind ; also the breath or life of man. Sometimes, on a listless summer day, a sudden gust sweeps the dust of the road into vertical form, bears it along for a few seconds,

then mysteriously disperses it. When this happens, it seems to me that I have seen a vague type or semblance of humanity, — dust and spirit imperfectly compounded by some unimaginable ambition in the earthy atoms goaded into momentary, troubled activity.

Air in motion, says the old standing definition. The sailor, who surely should know best, recognizes twelve phases of the wind, of which the first in the series is called "faint air," the last "storm." Science informs us as to the traveling records made by each : the hurricane's speed ranges from eighty to one hundred miles an hour, while even gentle air, whose rate is but seven miles an hour, more than keeps up with your average roadster.

Elizabethan Davies, whose verse has touch both of the savant and the transcendentalist, inquires, —

"Lastly, where keep the Winds their revelry,
Their violent turnings, and wild whirling hays,
But in the Air's translucent gallery?
Where she herself is turned a hundred ways
While with those maskers wantonly she plays."

We may thank what we call "poetic license" for the permission it gives us to make the vowel long in the word "wind:" this pronunciation admirably preserves the prime idea of the sinuous and subtle force exerted by the wandering air. Homer mentions a river, called Ocean, encircling the earth. The true Ocean River, — what is it but the mad stream of the winds forever beating the terrestrial shore? Homer's epithets descriptive of the sea instantly come into the mind: the wind, too, is an earth-shaker, is many-sounding; full of sea tones, hungry-voiced as the sea itself. Here its current may be running with halcyon smoothness, spreading out in a gentle lake or pool of despond; elsewhere, at the same moment, it courses in rapids, spins cyclones, and buffets the heavens with its huge billows. It may almost be said to have its tides, like the sea; to encroach upon one coast, eroding it by stealthy pinches, while it temporarily builds up another. This upper ocean stream moulds as it will the under watery plain, and its crafty deity completely overrules the bulky Neptune.

Upon sand and snow the wind leaves an imprint of its wave-like motion, with record of the direction in which it traveled. This invisible swift stream furrows the level snow, and carves a drift as a river does its banks. I almost forget that the wind is not palpable to the eye, so evident is the motion which it everywhere imparts. As a medium of expression, a deep meadow in the month of June will do. Once walking along the edge of such a field, I experienced a slight giddiness, as though I had been looking down on water from a ship's

deck. As the fresh breeze swept over the luxuriant meadow, the long swell and endless succession of waves seemed to me excellent counterfeit of the sea's surging; even spray was not lacking, for such I counted the gray bloom of the grass marking the crest of each wave. The birds that flew over the field, or dipped under its blossom-spray, by an easy hyperbole of vision became seabirds, and something in their free, abandoned flight gave the fancy countenance. When I hear the wind in the tops of great trees, my first impression is that if I look up I shall see its strong current drawing through them, and, far above their leafy periphery, the broken crests and white caps of the airy sea, — flecks of light, detached cloud driving on or past some shrouded island or main shore, cloud also, but denser, and slower in its drifting. As a child, I thought the stars and the wind were associated; the higher the wind, the brighter shone the stars. Still, on a breezy night, I find it easy to imagine that their brilliance comes and goes with the wind, like so many bickering flames of torch or candle.

As a description of the long flow and reflux of the wind, the air's voice with the circumflex accent, I know of no combination of words surpassing in beauty this passage from Hyperion: —

"As when, upon a tranced summer night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave."

This is the breathing of enchanted solitude, but immeasurable desolation finds a voice in these lines from *Morte d'Arthur*: —

"An agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world."

The tumult of sound, half heroic prophesying, half mournful reminiscence, that runs through the forest roof at the be-

gining of a storm is heard in the following:—

“A wind arose and rush’d upon the South,
And shook the songs, the whispers, and the
shrieks
Of the wild woods together.”

Something stormy in the soul rises to applaud the storm without, and cheer on the combatants, with a “Blow, blow, thou winter wind,” or a “Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!” As I listen, on a December night, to this traveler from the uttermost west,—whose wing, for aught I know, carries siftings from the old snow of Mount Hood or St. Helen,—I am put in mind, now of the claps and shocks of great sea waves, of the panting breath of wild herds driven by prairie fire, of the whizzing of legion arrows; but softly! now, by a magical decrescendo, the sound is reported to my ear as merely a mighty rustling of silken garments,—audible proof of invisible *éclat* at this state levee of the elements. I know how the trees thrill with excitement, swaying to and fro and nodding deliriously, as though the tunes of Amphion were even now tickling their sense for music and dancing. Especially I figure the ecstasy of the pine and the hemlock, whose rocking motion suggests that of a skiff moored in unquiet waters: they would perhaps like to snap their rooty cables, and go reeling away on the vast wind-sea! If there is anything in heredity, the pine-tree must have an instinct for maritime life; so, I fancy, it foresees and sings a time when it shall become the “mast of some tall ammiral.”

Each wind has its own weather significance quite constant in value. “When ye see a cloud rise out of the west, straightway ye, say, There cometh a shower; and so it is. And when ye see the south wind blow, ye say, There will be heat; and it cometh to pass,”—prognostics that still hold good. The world around, the east wind is known as a malicious dispenser both of physical

and spiritual ill. Beyond question, he would be hailed as the benefactor of his race who should invent some method of hermetically sealing the east wind; yet, could this be done, immediately some one of the other three would undertake the discharge of its suppressed neighbor’s duties. It is said that at Buenos Ayres the wind from the north is the most dreaded. During its continuance, citizens who are compelled to be out-of-doors wear split beans upon their temples to relieve the headache which it causes, and a special increase of crime is noted.

Why does the world’s literature teem with fond reference to the south and the south wind’s amenity? The poets are all in the northern hemisphere! Had there been bards in Patagonia and New Zealand, it is safe to say that the balmy north wind would have wandered through the gardens of their rhetoric, or the nipping and eager south wind would have scathed their flowers. Who is quite able to fancy that the weather of the South Pole is every whit as frosty as that of the North?

Formerly the winds were thought to be amenable to the will of magicians, or of other mortals superhumanly favored. Not to go back so far as *Æolus* Hippotades and his gifts to Ulysses, we may find in the Anatomy of Melancholy an interesting account of a certain king of Sweden, who had an “enchanted cap, by virtue of which, and some magical murmur or whispering terms, he could command spirits, trouble the air, and make the wind stand which way he would; insomuch that when there was any great wind or storm the common people were wont to say the king now had on his conjuring cap.” Once the credulous vanity of man could be persuaded that the elements were agitated at the approach of calamity to himself. On the 19th of May, 1663, Sir Samuel Pepys made the following entry in his immortal diary: “Waked with a very

high wind, and said to my wife, 'I pray God I hear not the death of any great person, this wind is so high!' fearing that the queen might be dead. So up and by coach to St. James's, and hear that Sir W. Compton died yesterday." It would be edifying to know something more about the wind-gauge used by old Pepys in making his necrological calculations; for instance, the exact volume of disturbed air corresponding with the demise of a person in any given rank of the nobility. Presumably, an English yeoman might have died, and not so much as a zephyr have troubled the good old chronicler's slumbers with intelligence of the fact.

The *idle* wind? How so sure that it is idle? Though it pipes in the key-hole and sighs in the boughs of the roof-tree, that is not its main employ. The brown-studying mortal, who hums or whistles a tune while engaged with the solution of some vast mechanical or ideal problem, I should not call idle. Because I am unadvised of its affairs, shall I presume to call the west wind a vagrant?

Though I lack the conjuring cap, as also knowledge of the whispering terms by means of which I could make the wind stand according to my pleasure, perhaps I can induce it to do me a good turn. Given a small crevice between the two sashes of a window; a couple of wedges (of pine let them be); a waxed thread of silk stretched between them in the crevice, through which the stream of the wind glides, as water in a race to serve some skillful enterprise of man: and now I have a musical instrument, simpler in its construction, and yet not unlike that from which "the God of winds drew sounds of deep delight," to charm the dwellers of Castle Indolence. It is pleasing to know that the last of the minstrels still lives, and may be won to come and play at your casement, if you will but provide a harp for his use. As soon as the thread is stretched in the

crevice, and the wind comes upon it, I seem to listen to the smooth continuation of an old-time or old-eternity music which I have not heard before, only because my ear lacked the true sense of hearing. The wind bloweth where it listeth; and these sounds, breathed through a trivial instrument, are always coming and going between earth and heaven, free, elemental, mysterious, born of a spirit unsearchable. Yet they seem to admit of human interpretation, and I hear in them both requiem and jubilate, the canticle of comforted sorrow and the voice of hope. Sometimes, with the ebbing of the wind, a cadence just fails of completion,—like a bright gossamer, that, running through the sunshine, presently dips into shade and becomes invisible. But the inner ear keeps a vibration, and imagination fills up the interval until the wind returns. Then I prove that

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter."

This harp of the wind is also, by turns, flute and shrill fife, silver bells and the "horns of elfland faintly blowing." Occasionally it emits a strain of exquisite purity, resembling the highest and clearest of violin tones prolonged under the bow of a master. The minstrel strikes many varying notes of the music of nature,—the faint tinkling of a small brook, the far-away cheer of migrating birds, the summer-afternoon droning of bees in the hive, and even the guttural tremolo of frogs heard in the distance. Under a sudden violent stress of the wind the strings of the harp (for I sometimes add a second string) shriek with dissonant agony. Each discordant sound, I imagine, is but the strayed and mismated fragment of some harmonious whole, of which nothing now remains except this solitary wandering clamor. All these remnants of wrecked musical unities, perhaps forced together by secret compulsion, seem bewailing in unknown tongues their per-

petual alienation from harmony. Of such character might all discord be said to be.

Following the slim thread of this Æolian rivulet I find the way to sleep. My dreams are mingled and tempered sweetly by the bland spirit of the harp, that through the dark, oblivious hours plays on, unweaving all evil spells of the night.

"Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises,
Sound, and sweet airs that give delight and
hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes
voices,

That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again."

To which may be added the pleasant consideration that I "have my music for nothing."

Edith M. Thomas.

LODGE'S HISTORICAL STUDIES.¹

THESE Studies are a collection of the Essays heretofore contributed by Mr. Lodge to sundry reviews and magazines. Their permanent value and interest are amply sufficient to make this re-publication desirable. For example, the paper on Timothy Pickering is a wonderful piece of character-drawing. Some masterly touches, scattered generously through its forty pages, depict to the life, with infinitely more vividness than all the four great volumes of the Upham biography, the stern, unflinching, narrow, opinionated, uncompromising, honest, indefatigable, stubborn, intense statesman, the characteristic product of the mature youth of the old Puritan province. To appreciate this striking portrait is to make a long stride towards the comprehension of the singular and strongly marked people who grew into something like an individual race in New England. Pickering was a better exemplification of them than John Adams, who is so often spoken of as the typical Puritan and New Englander of that day; for Pickering was limited and colonial, and therein closely resembled his fellow citizens, whereas Adams had a breadth and liberality which few of them had then ac-

quired. Gloomy, almost repellent, as those bygone generations seem in comparison with the gayer tints of modern times, Hawthorne has long since taught us that our forefathers were picturesque. But no other writer has ever been able to draw the picture, and Hawthorne dealt mistily with fabled beings. Now, however, comes Mr. Lodge, and, sketching for us sundry real people, shows not only that he has caught the spirit, life, and character of the cisatlantic Puritan, but that he can, by a happy power of description, get these upon paper before us with the combined truthfulness of the photograph and of the painting.

In this connection, also, should be mentioned the article happily entitled *A Puritan Pepys*, wherein are reviewed the three large octavos of the famous Sewall Diary. This is altogether the pleasantest bit of reading in the book. Gleaning in fields full of stubble, Mr. Lodge has yet gathered a delightful sheaf, and presents it to us so fragrant with the antique atmosphere that while we read we seem to be living two hundred years ago. We at once sympathize with and are diverted by that strange, hard, earnest life, wherein, after long wintry hours of prayer and sermons, the God-fearing flock partook of the sacra-

¹ *Studies in History.* By HENRY CABOT LODGE. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

mental morsels, frozen so that they rattled on the plate. The paper is in Mr. Lodge's best vein; he deals faithfully with a grave topic, yet constantly illuminates it with a humor that enlivens without falsifying the picture of a community in which "the great and really the sole regular diversion was found in going to funerals." Sewall himself, the worthy and pious magistrate, as Mr. Lodge says, "regarded his offspring chiefly as conspicuous and instructive examples of original sin;" yet nothing could be more charmingly human than his amorous temperament, or more exquisitely amusing than his persevering efforts to escape the miseries of single life. His first wife lived with him forty-four years. Five months after her death he was courting Mrs. Winthrop, who received him so coldly that he "turned to Mrs. Dennison, whose husband's will he had lately probated." But trouble about the settlements turned him from this quest, though "his bowels yearned to" the lady, and though she actually visited him and begged him to carry the matter through. But he would not, and married the widow Tyley. Her, too, he buried in less than a year, and then returned again to Mrs. Winthrop. He kissed her and held her hand, persuading her to allow him to draw off her glove by seductively arguing that "'t was great odds between handling a dead goat and a living lady." But since he could not be induced either to keep a coach or to wear a wig, Mrs. Winthrop would not have him; neither would Mrs. Ruggles; and he was at last made happy by Mrs. Gibbs, who married and finally buried him. In this same paper occurs an admirable sketch of the old-time prayer: "The wider range of subjects is the most striking feature of the practice, and it is this quality which is so highly characteristic and instructive. . . . Every topic of interest, personal and public; the thousand and one purely temporal mat-

ters, which to-day are discussed in the newspapers or around the dinner table; the affairs of the state and of foreign nations, all alike met with due attention in the prayer of the Puritan."

The contrast between these bygone days and our own time will be made to stand out boldly if, after reading the Puritan Pepys, we turn to the last two articles, Colonialism in the United States, and French Opinions of the United States, 1840-1881. These are historico-social essays, so to speak, dealing chiefly with the habits of life and thought of our people in the present and the next preceding generation; witty, picturesque, full of wisdom and good sense, with sound and courageous criticism of certain of our now prevalent ways and manners.

The real reason, however, why this collection deserves a place in a well-chosen library lies not in the good sense or cleverness of the articles taken singly, — although they were originally written without connected design, — but in the fact that a large proportion of them, all which are of substantial value, are strung upon one thread. It is not as "studies in history" generally, but as studies in the history of the United States, that they merit preservation. The volume would have lost little by the omission of *The Puritans* and the *Restoration*, a paper somewhat brilliant and in the style of Macaulay, but which any clever essayist in England or in this country might easily have written. The same remark is true of *The Early Days of Fox*, and in a less degree of the paper on William Cobbett, though the latter has of course in parts a close bearing on American history. But if Mr. Lodge had nothing better than these to offer, his papers, good as they are, might have slept in peace with their comrades on the pages where first they fell. It is in dealing with the history of the United States, and especially of New England, that Mr. Lodge does work

which has not yet been equaled by any writer. A few others have acquired a knowledge as extensive as his, but no other has manifested such a capacity for observing the connections between remote facts; for forming sound generalizations; for conceiving and producing in accurate relationship all the parts of a broad picture; for sketching typical individuals; for appreciating the traits, sentiments, and motives of the several American communities; and for tracing the changes without losing the continuity running through the modes of thought of successive generations.

In expressions of judgment Mr. Lodge is a trifle too dogmatic, announcing his opinions with the air of a chief justice of a court of last resort, whereas in fact there is no such tribunal in the domain of history. Fortunately, however, he is always conscientious, and in the main is fair, moderate, and dispassionate. He is a thorough-going Federalist, of course. Probably he is so by original nature; but certainly, with his education and training, his personal and hereditary affiliations, he could not fail to sympathize with the most intellectual political party which ever existed in this or any other country,—a party, too, in the second ranks of which his great-grandfather occupied a somewhat prominent position. He is less than just in dealing with Jefferson. All true Federalists have undervalued Jefferson's real ability in every respect except as regards his adroitness as a politician; and they have been even more unjust in their strictures upon his moral character and his honesty. Jefferson was far greater, broader, sounder, and vastly more honorable than has been yet admitted by Mr. Lodge or any writer of his school. But on the other hand, perhaps by way of striking a fair average, Mr. Lodge offsets his disparagement of Jefferson by almost equally undeserved praise of Gallatin,—a man who never climbed above mediocrity

in statesmanship, of meagre resources, scant courage, and with no principles so fixed that a little pressure would not induce him to replace them with others of precisely the opposite purport. If one wishes to be liberal in praising opponents, let him at least select those who furnish some fair basis for admiration, and show magnanimity by speaking well of the heroes who have hurt his friends rather than by building pedestals for the little fellows who never hit a hard blow. Occasional allusions to John Adams, also, in the volume, show only his faults; and though this is in part due to the connection, the blunders of that great man playing a prominent part in the crisis under discussion, yet in the absence of a kind or modifying word the general impression left is unpleasant, derogatory, and imperfect. Pickering, on the other hand, is complimented somewhat over-highly when he is ranked beside Adams and Hamilton as a rival "third leader" of the Federalists.

Mr. Lodge, though a young man, has already written much, and it is to be expected and hoped that he will write much more. His manner, therefore, as well as his matter, demands consideration, and his style as a writer is, in a way, of public interest. He has many good points: his English is pure; his pages are free from those inelegancies which Englishmen call "Americanisms," and equally so from those other inelegancies, not less disagreeable though hitherto less talked about, which Americans should pluck up courage to brand by their well-deserved name of "Anglicisms." He has the advantage of earnestness of manner, of vigor, often of animation; he has a good vocabulary, and chooses his descriptive words very well; but he has the very serious fault of constructing a large proportion of his sentences very ill. They are involved; they appear to have been rapidly written, and not to have been re-shaped with the aim of giving access to their mean-

ing by a steady logical evolution, expanding through a clear advance from the first to the last word. The continuity is broken by interjectional bits, misplaced in the sentence. He constantly is obliged to help his reader to his meaning by the poor aid of punctuation. It is singular that this lack of lucidity in arrangement should disfigure his style, since the general framework of his essays and the construction of his paragraphs manifest a careful regard for clearness, logical sequence, and precision of thought. If this criticism seems too minute, it at least involves a subtle compliment; it would not be applied to men from whom we expect less and who can give us less than can rightfully be demanded at the hands of Mr. Lodge.

Of the book as a whole it may be truly said that not a dozen living Americans could produce its peer. Moreover, it is patriotic work. It is impossible not to observe with gratification the growing tendency of American writers to deal with American topics, and of American readers to find pleasure in such subjects. In the article on Colonialism

in the United States Mr. Lodge is more generous than just when he praises Motley and Prescott as members of a new national school. They were not; they had abundance of American material at their disposal, and had they been free from colonialism they would have turned to this and embellished the annals of the American Provinces or of the United States rather than those of the Netherlands, Spain, Peru, or even Mexico. The same difference would have marked the demands of readers, had not they also suffered from the same taint. But that foolish prejudice against our own history is now happily moribund, if not altogether dead, and each such essay as we have in this volume is another stitch for the shroud. It is most encouraging to see that American historians to-day like to study and to write the history of their own land, and that American readers will not only buy, but will read and discuss, such volumes, with an eagerness and interest which the like material could by no means have awakened even a score of years ago.

A MODERN PROPHET.

MR. FORD MADDOX BROWN, in a large picture entitled *Work*, which he exhibited in London about twenty years ago, introduced two figures, whom he thus described in the entertaining catalogue which accompanied his exhibition: "These are the brain-workers, who, seeming to be idle, work, and are the cause of well-ordered work and happiness in others. Sages, such as in ancient Greece, published their opinions in the market square. Perhaps one of these may already, before he or others know it, have moulded a nation to his pattern, converted a hitherto combative

race to obstinate passivity; with a word may have centupled the tide of emigration, with another have quenched the political passions of both factions,—may have reversed men's notions upon criminals, upon slavery, upon many things, and still be walking about little known to some. The other, in friendly communion with the philosopher, smiling, perhaps, at some of his wild sallies and cynical thrusts (for Socrates at times strangely disturbs the seriousness of his auditory by the mercilessness of his jokes—against vice and foolishness), is intended for a kindred and yet very dis-

similar spirit: a clergyman, such as the Church of England offers examples of, — a priest without guile, a gentleman without pride, much in communion with the working classes, ‘honoring all men,’ ‘never weary in well-doing;’ scholar, author, philosopher, and teacher, too, in his way, but not above practical efforts, if even for a small amount in good, deeply penetrated as he is with the axiom that each unit of humanity feels as much as all the rest combined, and impulsive and hopeful in nature, so that the remedy suggests itself to him concurrently with the evil.”

The former of these two characters, who in the picture stand watching some navvies at work, was Thomas Carlyle; the latter, Frederick Denison Maurice. The painter, with that insight which belongs to his art, associated two men who were, in point of fact, not very closely connected in society, yet who are likely to be mentioned in the same breath by any one hereafter who takes into account the individual spiritual forces of modern England. It has been the fashion to call Carlyle a new John the Baptist, and it has been cleverly said that he led Englishmen into the desert and left them there. If one chooses to push the comparison farther, and to say that he who is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than John the Baptist, he will find in Maurice an exemplar of the prophets who belong distinctly to the new dispensation. Indeed, an enthusiastic disciple has declared that the great distinction of Maurice was that he rediscovered the gospel of the kingdom of heaven. Herr Brentano, the professor of political economy at Strasburg, was of the opinion that Maurice “was evidently marked out by his whole nature to exercise the influence of an apostle.” It is a more exact description of his function in modern English history to call him, as we do, a prophet.

In using this term we bear in mind that conception of prophecy which Mau-

rice himself did so much in his writings to reclaim. The difference between the large idea of prophecy which prevailed in his mind and that restricted notion which makes Mr. Vennor or Zadkiel the chief of the prophets was the difference of a single letter. The popular view of a prophet is of one who *fore tells*; that of Mr. Maurice, of the English theologians of the seventeenth century, and therefore of the translators of the Bible, was of one who *for-tells*. The prophet, in their conception, is one who speaks for God; and the great function of the Jewish prophets was not to furnish predictions which should at some future time come true and astonish skeptics, but to declare that mind of God which rests in eternal righteousness and expresses itself through the workings of human will. That prophecy should have its predictive side is a consequence of the immutable properties of the divine nature and the freedom of the human. The word of God must have its final expression in man’s conduct; but it is not a thaumaturgic word, and the process by which it accomplishes its ends is a process in time.

It is the first condition of true prophecy that the prophet himself should be conscious of his vocation, and therefore of the God who uses him for a mouthpiece. Out of this consciousness of an immanent God springs that double sense of profound humility and unfaltering courage. The prophet is not a passive instrument, a pipe for God’s fingers to sound what stops he pleases; and yet the highest expression of prophetic power is accompanied by the most perfect subjection of the will. Now Maurice was at once the most humble of men and the most confident in the delivery of his message from God to man. The whole course of his life reveals him as utterly indifferent to his own fame, social position, or personal advantage; as wholly occupied with the great truths of God of which he was the recipient.

Woe is me, he seems always to be declaring, if I preach not the gospel; but, unlike some who take up the same strain, it was not the gospel of woe which he felt constrained to preach.

What, then, was the message which this modern prophet delivered to men? It is discovered in every page of the books which he published, and is still further illustrated in a variety of forms in the *Life*, based upon his correspondence, which his son, Colonel Maurice, has recently issued.¹ "His whole conception of preaching," says his biographer, "was the setting forth of Christ as the manifestation of the divine character; as the revelation, unveiling, or making known to man the actual righteousness and love of God. This was the gospel or good news which he believed that he had to preach. He believed that in proportion as men in private life or in history came to have a higher ideal of any kind, that ideal was in itself a more perfect knowledge of the nature of God, arrived at through the manifestation of the Son, the Word, in life or history." "I know I was formed," says Maurice himself, "in the image of God. I believe if I could behold God I should reflect his image. But I cannot behold him. God, I am told, is a spirit, and I am of the earth, earthy. I cannot, and would not if I could, abandon my belief that he is a lofty spiritual being; I cannot throw aside my own earthliness. Now this seems to me the most important practical question in the world. I cannot put up with a dream in place of God. He is a spirit, but he is a reality; a true being in the highest sense. As such I must behold him, or not at all. To behold him, therefore, in that way in which they could alone understand him, in which they could converse with him, namely, as a man, was, I see more and

more clearly, the longing desire of every patriarch, prophet, and priest, from Adam downward. It was the desire of Moses, of Job, of David, of Solomon, of Isaiah; they were practical men, and they wanted a practical revelation,—a revelation which they could understand and grapple. God, they knew, must be forever the unsearchable, the mysterious. They would not for worlds he should be anything else; for it was the glory of Judaism that their God was not a visible, intelligible idol, but an incomprehensible spirit. Yet they longed to behold him, and to behold him so that they could understand him."

This concentration of his belief in God rather than about God, and the intensity of his conviction that God was revealed in the incarnation, made Maurice a prophet, and explains the whole course of his life. It explains his personal character, for the habit of direct intercourse with his Deliverer afforded a test of conduct far more potent than any code of ethics, however lofty. It explains his attitude toward the church, the Bible, and, above all, toward the men and women about him. It was impossible for him to regard his personal relation to God as an exclusive one. The very intensity of his belief in God as the Father and in Christ as the head of man made him have a passionate longing for a unity in the visible relations of men to one another which should correspond to the eternal unity which subsisted in the divine order. Hence his extreme sensitiveness to any course which would identify him with party in church or state constantly isolated him from men with whom he worked most cheerfully. It led him into an almost morbid suppression of himself, lest he should seem to be a leader. "I am a cold-blooded animal," he writes to Mr. Ludlow, who had reproved him in his

¹ *The Life of Frederick Denison Maurice, chiefly told in his own Letters.* Edited by his son, FREDERICK MAURICE. With portraits. In two

volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

hasty way for checking the ardor of an associate; "very incapable, I know, of entering into the enthusiasm of better men, and often likely to discourage them greatly. The consciousness of this often keeps me aloof from them, as I feel I am doing them harm. But I have sometimes thought that I might be of use in warning those for whom I feel a deep and strong interest against a tendency which I feel in myself, and which I have seen producing most melancholy effects. I mean a tendency to be quick-sighted in detecting all errors in the schemes of other men, and to set up their own in opposition to them. Oh, the bitter scorn which I have seen Newmanites indulging at the schemes of Evangelicals! — scorn in which I have been well inclined to join; and now the frost which has come on themselves, their incapacity of all healthy action! I could get the goodwill of you all very soon by flattering that habit of mind, and I am very often tempted to do it. But God will not let me, and therefore he will not let me ever be the leader or sub-leader of any school or party in this land. For the only condition of the existence of such a school or party is the denunciation and execration of every other. I find myself becoming more and more solitary. I see that I am wide as the poles from Hare about the baptismal question. He wishes to make every one comfortable in the church; and I want no one to be comfortable in it, so cross-grained am I. Yet I seek for unity in my own wild way." "I have laid a great many ad-dled eggs in my time," he said once to his son, "but I think I see a connection through the whole of my life that I have only lately begun to realize; the desire for unity and the search after unity, both in the nation and the church, has haunted me all my days."

The ideal which a man sets before him is the measure of his life, if that ideal is never shattered by the man's own loss of faith. In Maurice's case, this

search for unity was carried on to the end, in spite of apparently overwhelming odds. His early days were spent in a religious society which was falling to pieces about him. His father's family went through a process of disintegration of faith which is dramatic in its singular rapidity and completeness. The figure of the Rev. Michael Maurice, deserted in succession by all the members of his household, is a most pathetic one. Yet all this experience lay at the basis of Frederick Maurice's passionate devotion to his ideal. It was out of this chaos that there arose in his mind a conception of order which never failed him. It centred in God, and found its expression in those terms, the Word of God, the Family, the Nation, the Church, which were to be constantly charged with a meaning in his writings and speech that made them a stumbling-block to men who were ready enough to use shibboleths as expressions of their creed. Scarcely had Maurice found his foothold in that large place, from which he never was moved, before he was brought into contact with a church which appeared to be breaking up into schools and parties, and with a society which was avowedly atheistic, as well as one more dangerously pharisaic. These conditions never shook his faith in unity, and his prophetic function was to declare a church and a nation which were witnesses to God. "If ever I do any good work," he writes, "and earn any of the hatred which the godly in Christ Jesus received and have a right to, it must be in the way I have indicated: by proclaiming society and humanity to be divine realities *as they stand*, not as they may become, and by calling upon the priests, kings, prophets, of the world to answer for their sin in having made them unreal by separating them from the living and eternal God, who has established them in Christ for his glory. This is what I call digging; this is what I oppose to building. And the more I read the Epistle to the Corin-

thians, the more I am convinced that this was St. Paul's work, the one by which he hoped to undermine and to unite the members of the Apollos, Cephas, Pauline, and Christian (for those who said 'We are of Christ' were the worst canters and dividers of all) schools. Christ the actual foundation of the universe, not Christ a Messiah to those who received him and shaped him according to some notion of theirs; the head of a body, not the teacher of a religion, was the Christ of St. Paul. And such a Christ I desire to preach, and to live in, and die in."

It is not surprising that Maurice, attempting, in his happy phrase, to undermine and unite all parties, found himself outside of all and attacked by all. He would not have been a prophet if he had not been driven into the wilderness more than once. That did not stop his prophesying, and every time that he was thus expelled multitudes followed him. His biographer, in speaking of the burst of recognition which Maurice's services received after his death, says, "It was said to me, by more than one man, at the time, that the spontaneity and universality of the feeling was so marked that there did not seem to them to have been anything like it in England since the Duke of Wellington's death." Similar outbursts came during Maurice's lifetime,—on the occasion of his expulsion from his theological professorship in King's College, for example; but for the most part he was misrepresented and reviled by the religious press. For it was against the bitter exclusiveness and arrogance which found their worst expression in these journals that Maurice waged an untiring warfare. The truth which he maintained was sharper than a two-edged sword, and made many divisions. He would not have been a prophet, again, if he had not possessed a fiery indignation against all who shut up God in any one of the cages of human insolence, or who would make traffic of

divine things. Colonel Maurice cites a striking instance of this indignation. His father was present at a club when the question under discussion was the subscription of the clergy.

"In the course of it a member of Parliament, a strict adherent of the religion of the hour, had been emphatically insisting upon the necessity of tightly tying down the clergy to their belief in the current dogmas of the day, and of his particular school; assuming throughout that just the creed of him and his friends was that which had always and everywhere been held by all. Pointing out the shocks which this form of faith had been of late receiving from many quarters, and suggesting a doubt whether the clergy were really giving their money's worth of subserviency for the money paid to them, he had said, 'Sometimes one would like to know what the clergy do believe nowadays!'

"Every sentence had added fuel to the passionate indignation with which my father listened. It seemed to him just that claim to bind the clergy at the chariot wheels of public-opinion against which he believed that the creeds, the articles, the fixed stipends of the clergy, the order of bishops as fathers in God, were so many protests. It seemed just that convenient getting rid of all belief in a living God, and safely disposing of him under a series of propositions, to be repeated at so much an hour, which he looked upon as the denial of the day. His growing excitement became so manifest that a note was passed up to Mr. Kempe by one of those sitting by, begging Mr. Kempe to call next on Mr. Maurice. My father rose, as all those who saw him say, 'on fire.' 'Mr. — asks what the clergy believe in nowadays. I believe in God the Father Almighty,' continuing the Apostles' Creed. Then he went on passionately to declare that because he so believed he was bound by his orders to protest against all appeals to money, to the praise of

men, to the bargaining of the market, to the current run of popular feeling, as so many direct denials of truth, so many attempts to set up idols in place of the teaching of the living God. From all sides I have heard men say that it was one of the most striking things they had ever witnessed. Every one felt as if the place was in a blaze. No one else felt in any condition to speak, and the discussion abruptly ended."

"There were times," says his biographer elsewhere, "when he could make his words sting like a lash and burn like a hot iron. The very nature of his appeal, always to a man's own conscience, to his sense of right within the scope in which the man himself clearly discerned what was right and what was wrong, the full recognition of ability when he complained that it was being abused, the utter absence of any desire to dictate in details or to require any conformity to his own opinions, seemed, as it were, when he spoke indignantly, to carry the man addressed, then and there, 'unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,' before the tribunal with which rests 'the ultimate and highest decision upon men's deeds, to which all the unjustly condemned at human tribunals appeal, and which weighs not the deed only, but motives, temptations, and ignorances, and all the complex conditions of the deed.' There were some to whom he so spoke who never forgave him. The marvelous thing, considering the depth to which he sometimes cut, is that there were so few.

"Whenever something that he looked upon as morally wrong or mean excited his wrath, he began in a most violent manner to rub together the palms of his two hands. The fits of doing so would often come on quite suddenly, as a result of his reflections on some action, as frequently as not of the religious world, or of so-called religious people. He appeared at such moments to be entirely absorbed in his own reflections, and ut-

terly unconscious of the terrible effect which the fierce look of his face and the wild rubbing of his hands produced upon an innocent bystander. A lady, who often saw him thus, says that she always expected sparks to fly from his hands, and to see him bodily on fire. Certainly the effect was very tremendous, and by no means pleasant."

This indignation appears more than once in Maurice's correspondence, but the prevailing impression upon the reader's mind is rather of the singular charity which he showed to all men, by virtue of which he frequently disconcerted those who were in opposition to him. For he would accept what his opponent said, place himself on the same side, and begin to argue the whole matter from a standpoint apparently inimical to himself. An amusing story of his gentleness and of his determination to recognize the good is told apropos of his inability to manage a number of wild colts in the lecture room of King's College. A boy was disturbing the lecture. Maurice looked up, and after watching him for a few moments said, "I do not know why that gentleman is doing what he is, but I am sure it is for some great and wise purpose; and if he will come here and explain to us all what it is, we shall be delighted to hear him." This shows a habit of mind which even in sarcasm falls into its natural form of speech.

The actual contribution which Maurice made to the development of philosophic or theologic thought does not consist in any treatise which may serve as an armory for polemic uses. He wrote a great many books, but they were all, with possibly one exception, tracts of greater or less length, written to serve an immediate purpose; his books were always a means to an end, never an end in themselves. The great power which he exercised over the minds of men was in his varied application of a few simple, profound truths.

His distinction, for example, of the idea of eternal from that of everlasting, while not original with him, was in his hands a candle with which he lighted many dark passages. His controversy with Mansel showed him inferior to his antagonist in logical fence; but what with Mansel was a philosophic position was with Maurice a terribly practical truth, and he was constantly expressing it, not in terms of philosophy, but in terms of history, politics, and ethics. It was the illuminating power of truth which Maurice knew how to use. Many a student of his writings has gone to them for an exegesis of some passage of the Bible, and come away with a revelation which put to shame his small measures of textual truth. It is a favorite advice of commentators, Study the context; but Maurice's context was likely enough a piece of current English history, or an extract from Plato. No theologian of recent days has so broken down middle walls of partition in the minds of men.

It has rarely been given to men to see a few large truths so vividly as Maurice saw them, and at the same time to apply them to conduct and study with such vehement energy. Nevertheless, the very width of his vision may have led him to overlook a very present and near truth. In his anxiety to divest the idea of eternity of any time element, he missed, we think, that instinctive, or if not instinctive, then highly educated, conception of another world as a future world. He was right when he called back men from the postponement of moral consequences to a consideration of them in their essential properties, but he made too little of that reinforcement of the idea of eternity which comes through the sense of futu-

rity. That sense is so imbedded in the consciousness as to revolt at last against the exclusive terms of Maurice's definitions. After all, the predictive function of the prophet belongs to him, even if it be subordinate, and that Maurice should have disregarded its operation in his own case is all the more singular, since hope was so emphatically the keynote of his gospel.

Colonel Maurice tells us that his father maintained that no man's life should be written until he has been dead twenty years. Maurice died ten years ago, but for American readers the half score is as good as a score. We are sufficiently removed from the smoke of the battle in which so much of his life was spent to be able to view the combat with serenity, and the figure of this remarkable man becomes one of the most conspicuous in the scene. He was not a leader of a party; he was a leader of men. Some one remarked a short time since that there were now only two out-and-out Maurice disciples in London. The remark might easily be accepted as truth. Maurice himself would be eager to dissuade the two from fancying that he carried any banner under which they could be marshaled. It is equally true, and more important, that Maurice's thought has influenced a vast number of minds in England and America, not in theology alone, but in the interpretation of history and politics. The inspirer of Tennyson, Kingsley, Hughes, Ludlow, to name no others, was and remains a power. The life which presents him, under the manly guidance of his son, to multitudes on both sides of the Atlantic, who never saw him, will unquestionably reinforce his influence, for it will associate his teachings with a large, distinct, and luminous personality.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I HAVE been denied through life the satisfaction of some of my reasonable wishes for things I should greatly have enjoyed, could I have had them. I count among my smaller solaces for these deprivations the pleasure I have always taken in the companionship of my dogs. The best individuals of this species give proof of so much of what, if we were speaking of persons, we should call "heart" and "character" that I find it hard not to believe in a future and higher existence for the dear beasts. I feel sure that their intelligence is capable of more development than most people suppose. I do not care for the two-penny "tricks" that dogs are so often taught to perform, and have never tried to draw out my dogs' latent talents in this direction; but I have noticed with regard to my own and other persons' dogs that their general intelligence is educated or not according to the manner in which they are treated. Behave habitually toward a dog as though you expected him to conduct himself as a sensible creature, of good-breeding and discretion, and ten to one he will arrive at an understanding of your mind about him, and endeavor to meet your expectations. Treat him, on the other hand, as a mere helpless lady's pet, and he becomes a toy, a canine nonentity. Tease him, or bully him, and he turns a cringing coward. I have a fancy that dogs sometimes come to partake of the dispositions of the people they live with. One instance, at least, occurs to me immediately of a dog whose traits are noticeably similar to those of his owners. Many persons profess a fondness for dogs whose actions toward them prove to me that they do not really know what it is to care for the animals in the way of a genuine dog-lover. I shall not forget how grateful I found the sympathy of

an elderly lady, a friend of our family, who on the occasion of the tragic death of our beautiful shepherd dog wrote us a letter of heartfelt condolence. *She* knew what the loss meant to us.

I heard a true story, not long ago, of a lady, fond of dogs and accustomed to them, who went to visit a friend, the owner of a splendid but most formidable animal, — a mastiff, if I remember rightly. The visitor did not happen to meet with the dog till she suddenly came upon him in a doorway she was about to pass through. It chanced somehow that she did not see him, and, stepping hastily, she unfortunately trod upon his foot or his tail. The huge fellow instantly laid hold of her; but before the dog's master, a short distance off, could hasten to the rescue the lady had looked down, exclaiming quick as thought, "Oh, I beg your pardon!" whereupon the mastiff as quickly let go his grasp. It is plain that this lady had a proper respect for the feelings of dogs in general, prompting to an habitual kindly treatment of them, and instinct led her to apologize at once for the inadvertent injury, as she would have done to a person.

I confess that it is difficult for me to think really well of those who are averse or even indifferent to dogs; there is something lacking in the moral constitution of such persons, I am convinced. When I think of the way in which my dog lives with me; of the value he sets upon my society, so that liberty to range abroad with his canine acquaintance counts for nothing in comparison with the pleasure of a short walk with me; of the confidence he has in me, and the impulse to tell me in his fashion all he can of his inner sentiments, troubles, and satisfactions, I find in this something that not only pleases but touches me very much.

Scott, we know, considered the companionship of his dogs indispensable to his comfort; Dr. John Brown has given us life-like descriptions of his own pets, as well as of fine old Rab; and Blackmore, the novelist, shows the right genuine appreciation of these dear dumb friends. There is a dog in Christowell of which he says, "No lady in the land has eyes more lucid, loving, eloquent; and even if she had, they would be as nothing without the tan spots over them."

The before-mentioned shepherd dog we once owned had eyes large, soft, and brown, containing such a depth of pathetic expression as made us believers in the doctrine of the preëxistence and transmigration of souls.

— I once saw an absent-minded countryman get into his wagon, gather up the reins, and urge his team forward, no progressive movement resulting. He was about to lay on the whip, when he made the discovery that his horses were still tied. Looking rather foolish, he dismounted, and removed the difficulty caused by haste and carelessness. This circumstance might have passed without my giving it a second thought, had it not happened that just then I was prepared to furnish from my own experience a parallel passage. That very morning I had determined to spend a day of unusual industry, and so dispatch a certain piece of work which for some time had weighed upon my conscience, and which I was very impatient to see concluded. Like the absent-minded traveler, I set out, drawing a taut rein (resolution) and cracking a hard-braided whip (necessity), bent only upon getting over a good stretch of ground before the day ended. Fatuous driver! how soon, and deservedly, I came up short! I had neglected to loose my fine steeds: fancy, feeling, humor, and relish of work were still ridiculously tethered, and I every moment growing more wroth at the delay. On reflecting, it became

clear to me that no work is superlatively well done without the mind and heart consentient, in free play and mettlesome good health. Your begrudged task, like those persons who receive unwilling charity, commonly turns and rends you. You may be persuaded that you have only to "put duty before pleasure" in your consideration, and all will go well. But this invidious discrimination, it is reported, is not sanctioned by the council of graces and virtues, who announce that, duty and pleasure being of equal rank, to give the one or the other preference can only be offensive to the court; hence they should be suffered to walk side by side in our regard. The judicious heed some such rule as the following: Do in life what you like to do; or, if this be impossible, take care to like what you have to do. If you would know the good music there is in this unpromising score, mind the expression mark. The wrinkles we have gathered, this surprise of unlovely age come upon us, — may they not be due quite as much to the chill disaffection and half-heartedness with which we have gone about our affairs as to the actual toil or disaster which fell to our lot?

— In the year 1000 the continent of America was discovered by the Norsemen, who gave to it the name of Vinland the Good. The narrative of the different voyages thither is preserved in two separate versions: one emanating from the north of Iceland, the other from the west. Both accounts correspond in essential points, but are different in many of their details; and each has apparently been derived, independently of the other, from oral tradition, which, for several centuries before they were written down, was the means of transmitting them from generation to generation. The northern version is preserved in the Flatey-book, a manuscript written between 1387 and 1395, a century before the discovery of Amer-

ica by Columbus. The western version is contained in two manuscripts, which are even older: the Hauks-book, written in the first half of the fourteenth century, and a manuscript of about the same age, Number 557 in the University Library at Copenhagen. The western version is in every way the better; in detail it is particularly rich, and introduces episodes entirely lacking in the ruder version of the north. Among these incidental narratives one is especially interesting, both from its subject and from the vividness with which its principal character is drawn: it is the story of Thorhall, the earliest American poet.

The first discoverer of America according to the western version of the Saga, and the real discoverer according to both, was Leif, the son of Eirik the Red. Eirik was a Norwegian, who went to Iceland with his father when the latter had been banished for homicide. In the year 982, having, in his turn, been exiled for three years for the same offense, Eirik went from Iceland to Greenland, where he remained during the period of his banishment. When this had expired he returned to Iceland, but, having induced others to join him, he again went to Greenland, where he settled at a place called Brattahlid. From Greenland Leif, in 998, made a voyage to Norway. The date is distinctly given in the Flatey-book, which says, "When sixteen winters had passed from the time that Eirik the Red went to Greenland, then went Leif, the son of Eirik, out from Greenland to Norway." Upon his arrival in Norway, Leif went immediately to the court of the Norwegian king, Olaf Tryggvason, and met with a cordial reception. He returned that same year to Greenland, but the following year he went again and remained during the winter. In the spring of 1000, after consenting, in accordance with the desire of the king, to undertake the introduction of Christianity into

Greenland, he set sail from Norway. He met, however, with extremely rough weather, and for a long time was driven before the wind and lost his bearings. He finally found himself in sight of a coast which he did not recognize. Wheat was growing wild; there were grape-vines in plenty, and maple-trees. He brought away with him specimens of these; among them pieces of maple wood so large that they were afterward used in house-building. Leif reached Greenland in safety, and spread abroad the news of his discovery. A year or two later an expedition was organized to rediscover the country found by Leif. It consisted of one ship, with a crew of twenty men, commanded by Thorsteinn, the brother of Leif; but stormy weather was encountered, and, after drifting here and there, they were glad to put back to Greenland, without having accomplished their object. Several years went by before another attempt was made. In the autumn of 1006 two trading ships came from Iceland, each with a crew of forty men: the one commanded by Karlsefni and Snorri, and the other by two brothers, Bjarni and Thorhall, all Icelanders. Eirik the Red entertained the crews of both ships during the winter, and in the succeeding spring it was decided to undertake again an expedition to Vinland. In addition to the two Icelandic vessels a third, commanded by Thorvald, a son-in-law of Eirik, was fitted out, and, with one hundred and sixty men all told, they set sail together in the summer. Many of the men were accompanied by their wives, and that it was their intention to form a permanent settlement is seen from the fact that cattle were also taken. Two days out from Bjarney (an unknown island to the west of Greenland), with a north wind, they found a coast covered with large flat stones. To this land, evidently some part of the Labrador coast, the Norsemen gave the name of Helluland, the Land of Flat Stones. Again they

put to sea, and again, after two days with a north wind, they found land, this time covered with forest. To it they gave the name Markland, or Woodland, and an island off the coast, where they found a bear, they called Bear Isle. Two days from Markland they once more saw land, and doubling a cape, with the land on the starboard, they sailed along the coast, which they found a succession of barren stretches of sand. To this coast they gave the name of the Marvel Strands. It is, perhaps, to be identified with Nova Scotia. Beyond the strands the land was cut up by bays, and, anchoring in one of them, a Scotch man and woman, whom Karlsefni had on board as thralls, were sent to the south, with instructions to return at the end of three days and report what they had seen. At the end of the appointed time the messengers came back with bunches of grapes and ears of wheat, which they had found growing wild. They again set sail toward the south, and ran up into a fiord, at the mouth of which was an island, which they called Stream Isle, from the currents which swept around it. Upon the island so many birds nested that one could scarcely step without crushing the eggs. On the shores of the fiord, called by them Stream Fiord, they decided to settle, and unloaded their ships. "There were mountains there," says the Saga, "and it was fair round about to see." Where Stream Fiord really was is scarcely to be determined from the meagre details furnished by the Saga. It may have been on the coast of Maine or of Massachusetts.

In the account of the setting out of the expedition the only one of the party whose personality is described at all in detail is one Thorhall, who bore the additional title of "the huntsman." Thorhall had been for a long time in the service of Eirik as huntsman and house-steward. "He was a man," says the Saga, "of great stature, dark and uncanny. He was rather old, morose in

disposition, melancholy, usually taciturn, double-dealing, foul-speaking, and ready to take the wrong side. He had associated himself little with the true faith since it came to Greenland. Thorhall was not very popular, although Eirik had long taken his advice. He was upon the ship with Thorvald, because he was well acquainted with the uninhabited parts of Greenland." Thorhall has evidently fared worse at the hands of the Saga-teller than he deserves, and the reason is doubtless that he had refused to accept Christianity with the rest. That he was trustworthy is shown by the confidence reposed in him by Eirik, and by the fact that he was afterward entrusted with the command of a ship to go on an exploring expedition. In the description of him here given there is little to conform to one's ideal of a poet.

After the Norsemen had settled for the winter at Stream Fiord, they did nothing but explore the land. They found plenty of grass for their cattle, but a hard winter came on, for which they had made no provision, and food became scarce, and both hunting and fishing failed. Hoping to better their condition, they went over to the island opposite the fiord, with the expectation of there finding food of some kind; but they met with little success, although the cattle fared well. "Afterward," continues the Saga, "they called upon God to send them something for food; but the answer came not so quickly as they wished." At this juncture Thorhall suddenly disappeared, and men were out three days looking for him. On the fourth day Karlsefni and Bjarni found him on a crag. He was gazing up into the air; eyes and mouth and nostrils were stretched wide open; he scratched and pinched himself, and recited something whose purport they could not catch. When they asked him why he was there, he replied, curtly, that it was no concern of theirs; that they need not

be astonished, and that he had lived so long that there was no necessity for them to give him advice. They, however, induced him to return with them. A short time after, a whale of an unknown species drifted ashore, and the men cut it up and cooked it for food; but all except Thorhall were made ill by it. He evidently considered the whale a gift of the gods, for he exclaimed, "Is it not so that the Red-Bearded is mightier than your Christ? This I now have for the poem which I made about my patron, Thor. Seldom has he failed me." When his comrades heard this, however, they cast the whale meat away in horror, and, in the quaint words of the Saga, "turned for help to God's mercy." Their prayer seems to have been answered, for there was henceforth no lack of food until spring. On all sides they obtained plenty to eat: on the mainland by hunting, and on the sea by fishing.

After the winter was ended it was decided to continue their journey. Thorhall was to go north, and endeavor in that way to find Vinland, which, it seems, they considered not yet to have been discovered. Karlsefni, on the contrary, was to go further south, as it was thought that the further they went in that direction the more land they would find. Thorhall, accordingly, prepared to set out with a crew of nine men. One day when he was engaged in carrying water from the land to the ship, he stopped to drink, and recited this verse, which he doubtless composed on the spot:—

"Quoth they when hither I came,
Wielders they of the clashing weapons,

¹ The requirements of the versification are that every couplet shall contain one set of alliteration and two sets of assonance. The alliterative set consists of the threefold use as initial either of the same consonant or of any vowel. The alliterative sound must occur but once in the first member of the couplet, and twice in the second member; the only requirement as to position being that the first word of the second line of the couplet must begin with it. Assonance consists in the repetition of a vowel or diphthong before the same consonant or consonantal combination. In the first set

Here could I find drink of the best.
(Foul to speak of my folk little beseems me.)
Yet the god of the helmet becomes
Bearer of water-butts here.
It is truer I creep to the spring
Than wine o'er my beard has e'er trickled."

They afterward put to sea, but before they hoisted the sail Thorhall again recited a verse:—

"Let us fare back again where
Live our own lands-men;
Let the sea falcons knowing
Seek the ship courses broad;
While, fear-shy, yet here bide
Warriors cooking the whale-steak,
Men they who lands here find
Mete to them on the Marvel Strands."¹

They then separated from Karlsefni, and sailed along the Marvel Strands; but a storm carried them out into the Atlantic toward Ireland, where Thorhall lost his life.

Thorhall's two verses are the first recorded poetry composed on American soil. Though they were not written down for several centuries after they were spoken, there is no reason to doubt their genuineness, or the fidelity of the tradition which transmitted them. They are curiosities of literature rather than valuable elements, but both for their age and their connection deservedly lay claim to recognition.

—It was a curious and delicate piece of work, exquisitely moulded and finished: the material was neither satin nor velvet, but some unpriced luxurious stuff, suitable for a goddess' wear; its color was a rosy pink, perhaps of the same tint that glowed in the cheek of its owner; it had ribbon-like lace strings, and a grotesque ornament representing the large head and bulging eyes of

of assonance the assonant sound occurs in any word, but only once in the first member of the couplet, and in the first word of the second member. In the second set the assonant sound occurs in the last word of the couplet and in any preceding word of the line, excepting, of course, the first. It is not quite true, as Hallam asserts, that "the assonance is peculiar to the Spaniard." It is still used in modern Icelandic poetry. The translation retains the alliteration, but does not attempt the assonance.

a beetle. How this dainty slipper, or moccasin (some say slipper, some moccasin), came there by the path in the dark, cool woods was the first question of the saunterer to whom luck gave the prize. The slipper may have been either a "right" or a "left;" it had no mate, — at least none was to be seen in that place; it was not lying on the ground, like something worn out and carelessly flung away, but was rather coquettishly perched on the top of a slender green wand, which now and then swayed slightly, as though to at-

tract attention to so much beauty. Possibly the divinity to whom this elegant foot-gear belonged would soon be passing and would reclaim her own. Close examination discovered a hole in the toe, and still closer prying revealed the probable mischief-worker, a small bee or fly, leisurely wandering about the white-lined interior. Doubtless a drop of ambrosia, which he might have for the finding, was hidden somewhere in the depth of this slipper, — lady's slipper, moccasin-flower, *Cypripedium*!

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Travel, Geography, and Nature. Mr. Edward Walford, who was one of the editors of *Old and New London*, has now begun the issue of *Greater London*, a work projected on the same plan. (Cassell.) His method is to give anecdotal and antiquarian accounts of the district which lies outside of London proper, yet really belongs to what De Quincey used to call the nation of London. The work is abundantly illustrated, and when completed will furnish a treasury of historical information upon the greatest centre of the modern world. This is one of the books which should be placed on the lowest shelf in the library, so that young people can browse in it. — Round the World, by Andrew Carnegie (Scribners), follows the same author's lively and agreeably egotistical *An American Four-in-Hand in Britain*. Mr. Carnegie took the proper course, and went westward round the world. His unflinching cheerfulness and his shrewdness make him a good traveling companion for those who do not ask very much more. Indeed, one might go farther and fare much worse, for Mr. Carnegie's observations, which are made with great readiness, are often such as commend themselves to a more thorough-going student. — Over the Border, Acadia, the Home of Evangeline (Osgood), is by an author who writes for a company of eight who make an excursion to Nova Scotia. They are primed with the necessary historical knowledge and with the text of *Evangeline*. The story is pleasantly told, if one does not exact too much, and there are some interesting heliotypes printed in disagreeable tints. Eliza B. Chase is a name printed on the cover, but not on the title-page, and the reader not unreasonably guesses it to stand for the author. — Summer, from the *Journal of Henry D. Thoreau*, edited by H. G. O. Blake (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is in continuation of the selections previously made by Mr.

Blake, and published as *Spring* in Massachusetts. Like all of Thoreau's work, it offers itself for further selection by the individual reader. Thoreau suffers far less than Hawthorne by this kind of posthumous publication; or rather — for Hawthorne does not suffer — there is less sense of the matter being raw material. Thoreau's confessed books never had any constructive art. They were all a series of notes, and the reader is thus well satisfied with each successive selection, even though Thoreau himself did not make it. An excellent map of Concord gives Thoreau's haunts, and will be equally serviceable for other of Thoreau's writings. — At Home in Italy, by Mrs. E. D. R. Bianciardi (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a very readable report, by an American lady who is domesticated in Italy, of those matters which her friends and neighbors would be likely to ask her about, if they could question her. Mrs. Bianciardi is a good traveler, also, and writes of Italian scenery, history, and life as one who has both the native gift of observation and the advantage of residence. — Henry Irving's *Impressions of America*, narrated in a series of sketches, chronicles, and conversations, by Joseph Hatton. (Osgood.) Here is the interviewer taken to one's bosom and carried about wherever one goes. The idea makes one at first shudder, but if one's interviewer was a friend before he was an interviewer the idea becomes a trifle less appalling. Think of the courage of the interviewer, however, and of his rare devotion to his calling, when he follows it at the extreme risk of sacrificing friendship! The book is outside of literature, but it is an entertaining medley, and will give those who heard and saw Irving something of the feeling that they have heard and seen him and shaken hands with him. — The *American Horsewoman*, by Mrs. Elizabeth Karr (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a handbook for the use of ladies.

It is direct in its statements, goes into minute details, even to the buttons on one's habit, and altogether is the most sensible book which has appeared on this subject. It can hardly stimulate horsemanship, but it can free it from some of the vague terrors which it has had for American women. One excellence of the book is in its strict adaptation to the needs of women in America. — *Day-Dawn in Dark Places*, a story of wanderings and work in Bechwanaland, by Rev. John Mackenzie (Cassell), is a book of travels and missionary experience. The period embraced is from 1858 to 1882, and the writer is a plain, honest writer, who tells his story simply and without pretense. — Mr. W. D. Howells gives us a charming little volume in his *Three Villages*. (Osgood & Co.) The villages in question are Lexington, Shirley, and Guadenhütten. Whether among the Puritans, or the Shakers, or the Moravians, Mr. Howells does not lose his picturesque touch, or falter for a moment in his fine observation. All the papers in the book have been printed before, and are destined to be reprinted many times. — One looks to a guide-book for information rather than for entertainment; but in Cassell's *Illustrated Guide to Paris* (Cassell & Co.) the matter is presented in so agreeable a manner that the reader who goes to it to be instructed remains to be amused. The illustrations are, for the most part, excellent, and where they fail in being no better than they ought to be they are sufficiently truthful for their purpose, — that of helping the stranger to identify the public buildings and points of interest described in the text. — Under the title of G. T. T., *Gone to Texas* (which title, by the way, is "conveyed" from one of Edward E. Hale's clever books), Mr. Tom Hughes has published a collection of amusing letters from some young kinsfolk of his who migrated to Texas in 1878. (Macmillan & Co.) The letters have no literary merit whatever, but they are full of pluck and good sense, and make one feel very warmly toward the healthy young English lads who penned them. Perhaps more literary skill would not have enabled the writers to give a better picture of ranch life.

History and Government. Norman Britain, by William Hunt, M. A., is a volume in the series of *Early Britain*, published by the S. P. C. K. (E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York.) It is a compend, following the lead of Stubbs and Freeman, and is furnished with a good map. — *Short History of the Reformation*, by John F. Hurst (Harpers), is a dry, meagre statement of a great historic fact; it is by no means so valuable as Seebohm's *Era of the Protestant Revolution*. — Samuel Adams, the Man of the Town-Meeting, by James K. Hosmer, is one of the excellent series of *Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science*. (N. Murray, Baltimore.) This pamphlet is a study for a large work, and if Mr. Hosmer carries out the same general plan upon a large scale he will make an interesting contribution to our history. — *Representative Government: the true method of reaching concerted action and of finding the will of a concurring majority in the election of representatives of the*

people; the remedy for the evils of the delegate system and the evils of permanent party organization; the civil service evil and its remedy. By Thomas D. Ingram, M. D. (F. S. Hickman, Westchester, Pa.) This full title-page gives the contents of a small volume in which the author in a temperate manner sets forth the evils which most people who are not party politicians now admit, and seeks a remedy. The book is worth consideration, because it holds fast to the idea that the people should in some way elect persons to represent them, without the entanglement of party and platform. — It must be said of Professor Ten Brook's translation of Anton Gindely's *History of the Thirty Years' War* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) that the work is interesting in spite of the translator. The two volumes are written throughout in the loosest English. The reader is constantly coming upon such ill-constructed sentences as these (vol. i. p. 34): "*Ferdinand, combination as he was about half of monk and prince*, was, as to person, of middle stature," etc.; "*His first marriage was with his cousin, a sister of Maximilian of Bavaria, who (?) was about four years older than himself, bore him several children, and died prematurely*," etc. Lasting histories are not written in this style. — M. de Maupas's story of the *Coup d'État* (D. Appleton & Co.) is an elaborate account of that event, written from a novel and interesting point of view. M. de Maupas performed an important part in the affair of the 2d December, which of course he defends, and defends ingeniously. The collapse at Sedan must have made the writing of such a book a matter of some difficulty. M. de Maupas, however, proves that the last word has not been said on the Second Empire. He writes with coolness and ability, and if he overstates the measure of his late master, we can forgive the examiner: loyalty to the king when he can bestow no more favors is a rare and edifying spectacle. The present volume deals with only the earlier days of Louis Napoleon's administration; the author purposes to bring his narrative down to the conclusion of the Franco-Prussian war. The work in the original is entitled *Mémoires sur le Second Empire*. Mr. Vandam's translation is very unequal; in the text, and especially in his own illustrative foot-notes, he provides us with some exceedingly queer English.

Biography. The Mothers of Great Men and Women, and some Wives of Great Men, by Laura C. Holloway. (Funk & Wagnalls.) This volume selects the great men and their mothers, and makes out a very good account. We would not be supposed to question the fact that great men have had good mothers, — we have been reminded of it too often; but we would put in a plea for an occasional father. Mrs. or Miss Holloway has done her work, however, more simply and with greater variety of illustration than one might have expected. — *Biographies of Workingmen*, by Grant Allen. (S. P. C. K., London; Young, New York.) The workingmen are Telford, Stephenson, Gibson, Herschel, Miller, Garfield, and Edward, only one of whom, Edward, remained a workingman, in the strict sense. The mistake of books of this class is in making so much of the greatness of the

man. Garfield is put down as a canal-boy, but if he had been only an honest, faithful canal-boy, who never misused the horses and never fell into the canal, his life as a workingman would have been of greater value to other canal-boys. The first lesson to workmen is surely not that they can get rid of being workmen. — Chinese Gordon, a succinct record of his life, by Archibald Forbes (Funk & Wagnalls), does not profess to be more than a compilation by a man who is especially qualified to make a good one. The portrait frontispiece is also a succinct portrait; the nose is made of three lines, the eyes of a similarly economical number, and the whole effect is enough to make El Mahdi think he had met the Cardiff Giant in uniform. — Lee & Shepard have published in a pamphlet Wendell Phillips's oration on Daniel O'Connell. — A History of the Bank of New York, 1784-1884, compiled from official records and other sources at the request of the directors, by Henry W. Domett (Putnams), necessarily includes also something of general financial history. The bank is the oldest in the State. — Government Revenue, especially the American System, an Argument for Industrial Freedom against the Fallacies of Free-Trade, by Ellis H. Roberts. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Mr. Roberts was invited to lecture before Cornell University with the distinct understanding that he should present the argument contained in this book, and he has preserved his lectures in an attractive form. Whatever may be the creed of the reader, he will be indebted to Mr. Roberts for much interesting information freshly grouped. — The Problem of Negro Education, by George R. Stetson (Cupples, Upham & Co.), is a thoughtful essay by a gentleman who has resided at the South; the chief factors in the solution are in his judgment government aid industrial schools and common-sense teachers for every hamlet, but he does not clearly point out who are to administer the educational appliances. — Every Seventh Soul, by Rev. Morgan Callaway, president of Paine Institute, Augusta, Georgia (Harrison & Co., Atlanta), is another contribution to the same subject. Mr. Callaway sees the remedy in the Methodist church, acting through such representatives as the Paine Institute. — Repudiation, by Geo. Walton Green, is an economic tract issued by the Society for Political Education, New York. It is a historical summary, and has immediate reference to state repudiation since the war. — Suggestions for a Commercial Treaty with Spain, with especial reference to the island of Cuba, by Adam Badeau, of Jamaica, New York, is the result of studies made by the author when consul-general at Havana.

Society and Economy. Property and Progress, or a Brief Enquiry into Contemporary Social Agitation in England, by W. H. Mallock. (Putnams.) Mr. Mallock represents the man of breeding and taste, who recognizes the existence of poverty and its evil, but who is still more keenly alive to the logical inaccuracies of Mr. Henry George. — What to Do and How to Do It is a manual of the law

affecting the housing and sanitary condition of Londoners, with special reference to the dwellings of the poor. It is issued by Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., for the Sanitary Laws Enforcement Society, and while of local usefulness chiefly contains food for thought for those Americans who wonder if, under popular government, cities and States may not do something like what the government of Great Britain is doing in the manipulation of society. — The Guild of Good Life, a narrative of Domestic Health and Economy, by Benjamin Ward Richardson, M. D. (S. P. C. K., London; Young, New York.) Dr. Richardson is always sensible, and he takes a very rational interest in sanitary reform. In this little book he has used the trite expedient of a club of working men and women, by means of which to enforce some simple considerations of health and decent living. The book is calculated for the latitude of England, but one would not get out of his course who followed its directions in America. — Mothers in Council (Harpers) also resorts to the fiction of a club, but carries it out more completely. In a town, presumably of collegiate interests and culture, a dozen mothers meet, talk, read papers, and listen to passages from good authors upon those topics which are near to the heart of conscientious women. There is little attempt at distinguishing the personality of the speakers, but there is not a foolish one among them, and a community governed by them ought soon to be able to dispense with their conciliary wisdom. Not so society at large, which will find these mothers most excellent advisers. — Thrift and Independence, a word for workmen, by the Rev. W. L. Blackley (S. P. C. K., London; Young, New York), contains general principles with applications suited especially to English middle and lower class people.

Music. The History of Music from the Christian Era to the Present Time, by Dr. Frederic Louis Ritter. (Ditson, Boston.) Dr. Ritter has rewritten in this form his History of Music in the form of lectures, and has given in a compendious and agreeable form a narrative history. The book is quite as entertaining to the general reader as it is useful to the student. — My Musical Memories, by H. R. Haweis (Funk & Wagnalls): a volume of reminiscences and musical anecdotes by a clergyman who has a passion for music. Wagner is the theme for a number of chapters, and Mr. Haweis gives at some length analyses of the Baireuth operas.

Criticism. Did Francis Bacon write Shakespeare? is the persistent question which turns up just when every one thinks he has answered it. The editor of Bacon's *Promus* of Formularies and Elegancies asks it again, and gives thirty-two reasons for believing that he did. The little pamphlet containing the answer is, the author says, only a sketch of the most outward circumstances, and intended only to present portable arguments. She invites correspondence from Shakespearean students. (W. H. Guest & Co., 29 Paternoster Row, London.)

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IN WAR TIME.

XVII.

THE Morton household soon settled down to its new and on the whole more happy life. Edward's change from unrestful discomfort to the peace of soul which a growing love of books and of the pursuits of the naturalist brought him struck his mother with astonishment, and filled her with a hopeful pleasure which what Arthur called "our Ned's melancholy sweetness" could not destroy. In fact, Edward was suffering from the effects of a great moral shock on a system incompetent to bear the blow; and with it, unfortunately, had come to the tender-hearted young man some self-reproach. "Why," he asked himself, "should I, a wretched cripple, have dared even to dream of fastening this strong, wholesome life to my morbid wretchedness?" How wrong it would be even if it were possible! And now it was not possible; but the worst of the bitter of it had been tasted, and use had dulled the palate of despair. For a nature like Edward Morton's there was nothing left except to smoothen the way for Arty. The love which had been cherished because it had seemed only a tender friendship was now clearly defined to him, its real nature made but too plain; for moral analysis, like chemical analysis, sometimes destroys what it explains.

The widow, delighted to be relieved in many ways by Mrs. Morton's return, left her very willingly to wind up the affairs of the Sanitary Commission office, and to keep Mrs. Grace and her kind in order. She felt also that it was no longer so clearly her business to watch certain young folks, and as sometimes happened to this woman she lapsed for a season into a fit of absolute idleness, checkered with many visits from Wendell; for in fact Mrs. Westerley was fast making up her mind, and, tired of defense, was becoming indifferent as to what her friends or neighbors might say.

The happy leisure of home life suited Captain Arthur Morton well. He was young, had won his spurs honestly, and found it pleasant to dine out and be made much of.

With Ann Wendell, the young captain was a welcome guest, and this also suited him. There was about him a certain grimness of purpose which Ann liked, but that this was accompanied by a never-ending good-humored amusement at and with everything in life seemed to her at times unnatural, and, if she had been able to think it out clearly, contradictory. It was of course not in the nature of things that any woman should long have doubted as to what brought him to the Wendells' so often. But Ann was slow in seeing the by-play

of life, and Arthur had a hundred excuses.

On the morning of April 16th, Arthur walked slowly down the main street of Germantown. He was thinking deeply, as were millions of men and women North and South, of the dark news of Lincoln's assassination. As he went along, people were already closing their window shutters and hanging black draperies on the shops, and on all faces were awe and a terror as of something yet to come.

But now Hester came walking up Church Lane, whither she had been as the messenger of some of Ann's modest charities, and presently saw him; and as she was becoming consciously shy in these days, she would have run away had she been able. All she could do, however, was to delay her steps, and think with amusement of how she would walk down the main street behind him. But suddenly Captain Morton's eyes were on her, and throwing away his cigar he joined her.

"Oh, Miss Hester, what awful news!"

"How can men be so wicked!" she returned. "And now Dr. Wendell says that of all the things that could happen this is the worst for us, — for the South."

"Yes, nothing could be worse for the South."

"And will it make more war, more blood?"

"I think not, but who can say! Let us not talk about it now. I have seen so many men killed — I have seen so many killed while I was talking to them, killed while they were laughing, struck out of life like numerals rubbed off a slate — that I do suppose I don't feel this as I ought to."

"Why, Mr. Morton!"

"Yes, that seems strange to you, does n't it? Still I believe it will be a long while before I get to thinking life, just mere life, so very valuable."

They walked on a little in silence.

Then he added, musingly, "I think I have a soldier's feeling about it all, and I should n't wonder if he had that, also."

"You said a little while ago, Don't let us talk of it; and I would far rather not. But — but," she added, "you won't ever say it was the South?"

Arthur colored. He had declared as much at breakfast. "Whatever I may feel or think, I shall never say what will hurt you. Much I care for the rest of the South!"

Hester felt that the reply was rather more ample than she had asked.

"Thank you," she returned, and there was a moment of silence, when presently they came to the doctor's door. Miss Ann, being now assured of the truth of the news, stood at a window, the shutters of which she was closing as for one dead in the house, and listened gravely to the sound of cannon from one of the camps at the foot of the hill, where men used the voice of war to tell the story of despair.

"Come in," said Ann, opening the door. "Have you heard the last news? Johnston has surrendered; and to think of this death between these two joys! Was it really at a theatre, Arthur?"

"Yes."

"I wish it had n't been there," she rejoined sadly. "And is it true that the man tripped on the flag?"

"Yes; that is true, I believe. But let Miss Hester in, Miss Ann;" and when she had passed, he said, "I think it has troubled her as a Southern woman. She feels it dreadfully."

"And well she may," exclaimed Ann, bitterly for her, and went away upstairs, saying to Hester, who had gone into the parlor, "Come up as soon as Mr. Morton goes. I have got some work for you."

"Shall I come now, Miss Ann?"

"No, I am in no hurry."

"Of course you cannot go," said Captain Morton. "Am I not a bronzed vet-

eran, and shall I not be entertained on my return from the wars?"

"Duty first," cried Hester, laughing.

"Oh, Miss Gray, I hope you don't forget the rest of that wise saying; and as Miss Ann has let you off the duty, I may presume there is nothing else but to realize the other end of the proverb."

"I think you are very saucy," she returned; "and in fact you are quite too fond of making inferences."

"Is that what keeps you away from our house, Hester?"

"No; it is not that — but" —

"But what? Ned is n't well, and he must miss you awfully. He does nothing but growl about your staying away. Why do you?"

"I think he will get on very well without me. Come in here; I want to show you the doctor's new rhizopod. He is so proud of it."

"Now," said the bronzed veteran calmly, "that was a very feeble bit of diplomacy! Why do you not come to the Laurels as you used to?"

"Don't you think," she replied, "that when one shows a disinclination to answer it were just as well to infer that you are answered?"

He looked up at her, surprised at the ingenuity and truth of the defense, and charmed with the womanly dignity which of a sudden seemed to envelop her.

How old she gets! he thought; but then he saw she was flushing a little. There had come to her a sudden apprehension that what she had said might be misunderstood, so she added quickly, a little angry at being forced to explain herself, —

"Miss Ann thinks that your mother will ask me when she wants me, and as you have many guests I have kept away. Is that very mysterious?"

He had an instinctive sense that this was not quite all; but he said, "That is Miss Ann all over; but I have vexed

you." Hester shook her head. A fidgety gesture is probably to be regarded as the mildest form of untruth.

"But I did vex you; and one word more. I was not quite correct in what I said about Lincoln and the South. I had said something about the South at breakfast that would have made you furious. I want to say now that I shall never so speak again. I mean — Hester Gray — I mean because of you!"

"I think you should obey your own conscience," she said, proudly standing by the mantel, and facing him. "No friendship ought to control that."

"I have two consciences now," he replied, looking up and smiling kindly.

"Two?" she returned, a little eased at the turn of the talk, — "two? How queer!"

"And one is Hester Gray."

"Nonsense!" she cried, laughing and embarrassed. "I cannot accept the charge. I have quite enough trouble as it is. Besides, you would be so oversupplied with conscientiousness, you could n't turn around without crying; and as for me, I should have to share your conscience, also, and if I am to have two I shall try Miss Ann's. I think it is more of a bronzed veteran than yours."

"But after all, I never meant to ask you to share my conscience. I only wanted to keep the respect of yours."

"As if you ever had it!" she cried, merrily, well pleased to be off dangerous ground again.

"But I shall hope to have it, and to keep it too."

Then Miss Ann called, as was her way, from the stair-case: "Are you soon coming, Hester?" Miss Ann was, as we know, calmly unconventional.

"I must go," said Hester.

"Just a moment, Hester," begged Arthur. Then, as she stood, he took her hand.

"Don't keep me," she exclaimed. "Really, I must go."

"Not yet," and looking her straight in the eyes went on: "I shall want your respect, Hester, because I want your love — and — and — shall I have it, Hester?" and a great eagerness of purpose came over his strong face. He felt her tremble and saw her eyelids fall to hide the tender terror of the moment, but yet she did not move. Many times in these few days she had gotten away from this, and now it was come. "Speak, Hester," he implored, hoarsely. There was some gentle instinct in him that made him feel a deep and unselfish pity for the orphan girl. "But if, dear," he added, "it cannot be, don't be afraid to tell me. I shall try hard to bear it."

And then Ann was heard again: "If Arthur Morton stays any longer, Hester, he must help pare the apples for the pies."

Hester looked up, smiling, through fast-filling eyes. Then the captain also smiled. Then they both laughed, while, glad of this diversion, she made a swift and shameful flight for the door; but this flank movement was unsuccessful, and he caught her by the wrist with his hurt hand.

"Don't!" she cried. "I must go."

"But you hurt my arm."

"I don't care — I don't care at all! Mr. Morton, let me go!"

"And may I peel those apples with you, Hester?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"And may I always peel apples with you, Hester?"

"Yes," she murmured, faintly.

"Are you never coming?" asked Ann, quite close to the door.

"Yes, yes," returned Hester, very red, and opening it abruptly.

"Oh, Miss Ann, and I am going to help her!" said Arthur.

Then and there it was all only too suddenly made clear to Ann, and leaving them she went upstairs into her room, and sitting down groaned aloud, "What am I to do? How blind I have been!

And does she dream that her father was killed by his father?"

It had been a horrible story to Ann as first she heard it, and her last interview with Captain Gray, when he was dying, had so set it in her mind that it would have been utterly impossible for her to disbelieve it. In fact it was, as she felt, a dying man's statement. The law accepted such statements, and how could she do other than accept them also? All through these years it had influenced her feeling, at least, and had made her look with content discomfort on the kindness shown to Hester by the Mortons. When she knew that Colonel Morton was responsible for a part of this kindness, it seemed to her as if he were thus seeking to atone to the child he had made fatherless. Her brother had told her that the whole matter was absurd, and that, if true, it was only what must happen in war. He had better not have said "if true." The still left in Ann's mind a dark and unpleasant doubt; and now at last the time had come when, as a woman fearing God, she must face the matter with some practical decision. Ann tried hard to think it all out to a satisfactory conclusion. She felt that this time, at least, she could not quite trust Ezra. How could he decide anything fairly where the Mortons were concerned, and who else was there, and who could tell these glad young people, and why was this misery of duty put upon her? "Had I been less blind, I might have seen it in time," she cried. Then she began to realize how far Hester had grown into her affections, and to think with an increasing pain of Arthur, for whom her heart was strangely open. There was some New England vigor in him, she said, liking to explain her admiration on impersonal grounds. If Dr. Lagrange had been within reach, she would have wished to talk with him about it all. His supreme exactness gave Ann a strong belief in his conscientiousness,

and probably she would have been set at rest by his dictum. But Dr. Lagrange was far away in the Mississippi Valley, and was just then lamenting over divers returns of hospital stores conveniently "expended in service," or captured, and was miserably unhappy over wars which were carried on in this unmethodical fashion.

Nevertheless Ann took some comfort after having written to him. She felt that she must do something, and now, having done something, could rest tranquil for a few days; and if then nothing came to her in the way of hopeful counsel, there at least was Alice Westerley.

But just yet she would say nothing to Ezra. If Arthur mentioned his love affair to him, as was likely enough, she might have to speak as to what was on her mind. She did not like the concealment, but events had been too strong for her.

XVIII.

The spring buds filled up despite the wars and griefs of men, and where the latest snow was melting the trailing arbutus made the Wissahickon hills delicious with its perfect fragrance. It was such a day as always brought Mr. Wilmington to the country for a little sunning. He was yet lingering in his town house, loath to leave his club and the evening whist-table; but the evening whist had been rather broken up of late, owing to great events outside, and as a consequence the little, precise, ruddy face was looking displeased, its owner's enjoyment of life being temperately made up of a regular succession of many small things. He got out of his train at Fisher's Lane, and sauntered along until he came to the old graveyard at the corner of the main street. Here he paused in the lane, and resting his arms on the crumbling stone wall looked over at the neglected stones, slanted

this way and that, and tried to decipher some of the nearer inscriptions. He was wondering what some other old fellow would say, a century hence, when he came to read the words in which his demise would be recorded in Christ Church burial-ground. "At least," reflected the comfortable old sinner, "I sha'n't know." And then he chuckled at the idea that it would not be well to have Mrs. Westerley write that inscription.

"Good-morning, Mr. Wilmington," said Wendell, approaching him. "What mean these meditations among the tombs?"

"I was thinking," said the old gentleman, "how much more amusing graveyards would be if comments were added to the inscriptions by others than one's heirs."

"Good heavens!" said the doctor, shuddering. "I should decree myself a nameless, dateless grave, like the Quakers." The idea struck him as unpleasant. If he died that day, what might not be said of him? "Are you going up Main Street?"

"I am wandering," answered Wilmington. "I shall probably wind up at Mrs. Westerley's."

Wendell was glad of company. He had learned lately the worst news of his new investment, and he had bought some gold, thinking thus to help himself, and then, to the amazement of all, when Lee surrendered gold fell. That day had come a letter from Henry Gray, dated in London a month back, in which he desired Dr. Wendell to hold ready for his call nine thousand dollars, as he saw a way of making for his cousin Hester a better investment of it than could possibly be made in the North. Like most Confederates abroad, he was utterly unable to see how fast the power of the Southern States was crumbling, and still wrote with a confidence in their integrity which to Wendell seemed little less than ludicrous. "Would the doc-

tor and his sister be so good as to keep the remaining thousand as a slight proof of Mr. Gray's gratitude, which he hoped to show later in some still more substantial way?"

Wendell did not like this letter, for many and obvious reasons; he walked on, talking, and at times thinking of it anew.

"Disagreeable business, all this!" said Wilmington, vaguely, — "death of Lincoln, and all that. There is a passage in the Spectator which applies to it, — something about rebels; but it might be in Milton."

"I don't recall it," replied Wendell.

"Nor I. My memory is n't at all what it was. Bless me, how sharp the air is!"

"Yes, it is rather biting for the season. And how is the gout, Mr. Wilmington?"

"Well enough, if I don't drink madeira. But you see, doctor, if you don't drink madeira, why, life really is n't worth much in the latter part of the day, you know."

"I would n't take a great deal, or habitually," said Wendell.

"No, I dare say you would n't. But upon my word, is n't that old Grace's barn? He has taken off his weather-cock; and how on earth does he suppose I can dress myself without a weather-cock in sight? It's no use on one's own house."

The doctor, much amused, condoled with his friend, and suggested mutual weather-cocks, which seemed a satisfactory solution, and Mr. Wilmington went on for some time in silence, apparently comforted.

This gave Wendell a little time for reflection, which resulted in this wise: —

"I have had a letter from Hester's cousin, and perhaps you may be willing to advise me in regard to it, as you did about the first letter."

"I shall have great pleasure," returned Wilmington. He liked to be

asked for advice, and in matters of business, or purely worldly affairs, there were few more clear-headed counselors. He put on his glasses, and pausing tranquilly in the street read the letter. Then he read it again.

"Queer hand he writes. What's that word? Oh, it's 'investment,' is it?"

"Indeed," said Wendell, "I agree with you fully about the writing. I wonder people are not ashamed to write so badly. It is n't considered an accomplishment to stammer so as to be incomprehensible. But how does the letter strike you, sir?"

The old gentleman raised his eyelids, which were in general very nearly shut, and this unclosure of two large gray eyes had the effect of the sudden lighting up of a disused house.

"I am afraid he has an idea of putting the money in Confederate bonds. But of course that is his business, and not ours. It is his own money."

Wendell was not greatly pleased with the inference to be drawn from this advice, and said, "In a measure it is his own; but if he throws it away, and the rest of his property, too, where will Hester be? Does n't it strike you that she should be considered a little?"

"You have no right to think that he is n't considering her, and of course my guess is just only a distrustful old fellow's guess. Perhaps he has some really good investment; and after all, when you come to act, you cannot afford to assume any rights."

"And you would advise me" — continued Wendell, with hesitation.

"Oh, you can't need advice! When he draws you will send him his money."

"But it will be rather hard on Hester."

"That may be, or it may not. Perhaps he won't draw at all, and I rather think that he will hesitate now about Confederate paper. It must be a stupid rat that does n't know that ship is sinking."

"I didn't think of it in that light. Things have certainly changed a good deal since he wrote. But don't you think if I found that he had drawn soon after writing me, it would be a kindness to be in no haste to act? A little time might" —

"I said nothing like that, Dr. Wendell," broke in the old gentleman, with unpleasant accuracy of articulation, and opening his eyes again very wide. A dim shade of suspicion had entered his mind.

"I was rather making an inference than repeating anything you said," replied Wendell, quickly. "I need hardly say that he will instantly find his draft honored. As a mere matter of business I should have no choice, but one can't help speculating as to the desirable."

"Speculation with or about other folks' money is — well, is undesirable; and, by the way, Hester must have a nice little sum over and above her ten thousand, or his ten thousand. Those bonds have gone up like a kite."

Wendell shuddered. "Yes," he assented, "you gave me good advice as to that. Poor Hester!"

"Why poor?" growled the old man. "Is any one poor who has eyes like hers? Only age is poor; and it gets poorer, sir, — it gets poorer, till it ends in the poorhouse of the grave. But I think that young person will be taken care of. I suspect my friend Arty is going to have a say in her future."

"Indeed?" said Wendell, annoyed. "I have had that idea myself; but do you suppose Mrs. Morton would ever dream of allowing Arthur?" —

"'Dream,' 'allow!'" exclaimed Wilmington. "You don't know the men of that breed. He will marry the girl if he wants to, doctor, — make your mind easy on that subject," and the old gentleman chuckled gently. "But I must leave you. I am going into this shop. Good-morning."

Wendell said good-by, and walked away. He felt unhappy and displeased with himself, and had an odd sense of an injustice done him in the taking of Hester out of his life; it would be so much sunshine gone. And then over and over he thought, till thought was a wearying pain, of what he could do. There were now at least three thousand dollars to replace; and even if he sold his sister's stock and his own, at a sacrifice which would be ruinous, how should he tell Ann? — how account for the portion of Hester's bonds he had sold? Death would be easier than to face Ann's pure face, and say, "I have stolen. I am a thief." Amidst the gathering horror of all this anticipated torment, he went feebly through several visits, and then wandered about, until at last he came to Mrs. Westerley's gate. He felt none of the fear of her insight which experience had taught him in regard to Ann's, who had instinctively studied him through the long years of their changing fortunes; but the thought was ever present to him that he loved Alice Westerley purely and for herself, and must marry her to be clear of his pecuniary load. He wanted to marry her, and yet not to have to think he had or might have a bad background of urgent motives. He wished to have all this lovely sweetness of longing free from taint and pure as childhood. Only a sensitive man and a poet in temperament could have kept himself on such a rack. He took off his hat as he stood at her door, struck his forehead with his palm, moved his fingers like one in pain, and at last rang, and presently went in.

He wanted to be alone with Alice, but to his annoyance he found Arthur, and saw at once from their faces that some talk of unusual interest had taken place. Alice rose, and greeted him warmly.

"Ah, you are the very man we wanted. I have just been saying to Arty that he must tell you and Miss Ann

that Hester has promised to marry him. And what a wicked thing, Dr. Wendell," she added, archly, "to promise to marry a man; and she is so young, too, to be so wicked!"

Wendell was pleased at her little bit of gay allusiveness, which he felt flattered to know was meant for him alone to understand.

"It is so, Dr. Wendell," said the sun-browned captain; "and I feel as if now I might be going to be some kind of a relation of yours, and that is n't an unpleasant part of it, either."

Mrs. Westerley liked this well.

"Indeed?" returned Wendell, not quite so warmly as such occasions demand. "I congratulate you, Arthur. In fact, I suppose I should have expected it. But does your mother know it yet?"

"No," replied Arthur, "but Ned will settle that. He means to talk to her to-night. I wanted to do it myself, and at once; but he said no,—that he wished to have the pleasure himself. Of course there will be a row, but it won't last. And now I am off. I think—oh, I ought to say I know—that Miss Gray has told Miss Ann. Good-by!"

"Why did you take it so coolly?" asked Alice of Dr. Wendell. "I don't think Arthur was enough himself to notice your manner, but I did. You must have had some expectation of it. I should have really supposed you did not like it, if I had not known better."

"It seems like losing a child to lose Hester. I do not see how life would be possible without her."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Westerley, and picking up a book began to cut its leaves with great precision.

"Why did you say Oh?" queried Wendell.

"That should be an easy riddle," she answered.

"Alice, Alice," he returned, "none of your riddles are easy! You mean, do you not, that I should lose the child's

life when a dearer life becomes one with mine; that I was comparing the two loves, which are both so sweet and so unlike?"

"I did not say so."

"But you meant it, and yet you must know what you are to me. Oh, no, you cannot know how you fill my life with a sense of calm and content! You cannot know that you alone rise to the level of understanding my ambitions, and believe that under happier circumstances I may come to be worthy, at least in achievement, even of you. A brook flowing into a dry land could not more surely find and fill its depths of craving thirst than you my secret longings! Why do you still keep me waiting?"

"I do not know. Cannot you, to whom I have given so much and said so much, be contented, for a while at least? I know what I am to you. I think I know what I can do to give you freedom from all that now weighs down your life, and I have said—I have said—I loved you."

"But, Alice"—

"Oh," she went on, "you men are all selfish! Do you wonder I should pause and delay? I wonder women ever do anything else. For you it is no great change; for us—for me, it is total. I give up my ways, my plans, my right to be alone or not, to go, to come, and I gain a master," she said, smiling at him. "Oh, you must not think of me as like Hester, like a young girl! I must think,—I must think."

"And I must wait."

"Yes. But you know how it will end. You must know, and when you have me, and I have said that one fatal word, perhaps you will not find me quite all that you choose to dream in your poet heart."

"I have no fear," said Wendell, taking her hand. How cool and soft it was! He kissed it, once, twice. "Oh, I love you, little hand, and I should like well to keep you a close prisoner."

"And do jailers kiss their prisoners?" she said, smiling. "Let them go," she added, for now he had both hands. "Let them go, and I will do something very nice for you."

"What will you do? Will you say yes?"

"No," she replied, with set lips and an air of the tenderest mutiny, "not yet! But I will do what I have never done — I — I — will once — or twice — only once or twice — I will call you — Ezra — I think I like it — Ezra!"

It was a strange shock to Wendell. He disliked his homely name, and was ashamed that he disliked it. At first, for a moment, he really thought she was using it with a humorous sense of its oddness; but he saw this was not so, and then was pleased that she had conquered this difficulty, which he felt must be, for her as for him, an enormous one.

"Thank you," he said, releasing her hands. "Don't you think it an odd name?"

"I never thought about it at all," she returned. "But now you must go. I expect Miss Clemson here, and Mrs. Morton. It is well that walls tell no tales, sir. Don't come here to-morrow, — don't come for a week, please!"

"And how am I to stand that?" said he. "A week? Not a whole week?"

"Yes, that, — all of that."

"And shall I have my answer then?"

"I do not know. I think not. I do wish you would go!"

"Good-by, then."

"And you will see me in a week? I shall expect you."

"And at what hour?"

"Oh, you must take your chance! Now do go!"

Mrs. Grace's letter to Colonel Fox bore fruit in due season. It found him at midday on the march. He read it, and as he crumpled it into his pocket, ejaculated one or two brief words not

known to the language of Friends. Then he rode along, musing, sitting tall in the saddle, a fresh-colored man, with a straight, large nose, of a good leathery tint just now, curly-haired and clean-shaven, — a face apt enough to be stern, but with eyes that seemed ready with gentle apologies for his graver features; altogether the fair figure of a cavalier. Until his father's time all of his race, since Penn sold them lands in Merion, had been Friends of the strictest sect, unto whom Thomas Hicks was an abomination; but of late, although they still held with the meeting and used the Quaker language, they had ceased to affect a rigid plainness of attire. After a rather unruly boyhood, George Fox had taken, when quite young, the small capital his father had left him, and had gone to live on some iron lands he owned in Allegheny County, and there had so prospered that when the war broke out it found him a rich and independent man. To the annoyance of his family he at once entered the army, and there brought to bear the energy, sagacity, and power over men which he had shown in his business, as well as a cool and ready courage, for which in his previous life there had been but small chance of use.

Three weeks went by amidst the shock of armies in their final grapple, and at last he had found himself free again for a few days. There had been little time to think calmly, but now he reflected, and before long reached a conclusion altogether characteristic of the man. He obtained a week's leave of absence, and came home. What he there heard casually made his purpose more firm, and with his usual decisiveness he at once wrote to Mrs. Westerley: —

"Dear Mrs. Westerley, I want to see you, and to be sure to find you alone that I may talk with you a few minutes. You need not fear that it will be about myself; but there is something not very pleasant which I feel I must say to you,

and which I would be glad — honestly glad — not to have to say.”

Then he added that her reply would reach him at the city headquarters.

Mrs. Westerley was made rather uneasy and intensely curious by this note, and hastened to answer that she would be at home to him at one, the next day.

A few minutes before the hour set for his call, Mrs. Westerley went into her drawing-rooms and began to walk about, not at all as the male being does when in thought or annoyed, but hither and thither, from table to table, with what would have seemed to the man-minded immeasurably small purposes, in the way of moving a book, or setting back a chair, or turning a vase around. Then deciding that it was cool for May to be so close at hand, she ordered the fire to be lighted; and as the yellow flames of the hickory shot up, she appeared at last to be satisfied, and sat down for a moment, only to rise again in order to move from her fireside table a book of antique look which Wendell had sent her the day before, that she might look at certain passages which he had marked. What subtle woman's instinct caused her to lay the volume away out of sight on top of the cottage piano she herself might have been puzzled to state. For indeed the motives which induce these petty actions are often so faintly registered that we may fail to discover them at all, and the doing of a thing may leave us with nothing but a slight surprise at what we have done.

As almost automatically she obeyed her woman's instinct, she suddenly seemed to perceive herself as an uninterested observer might have done, and, smiling, colored faintly as she moved away; when catching sight of herself in the mirror as she paused before it she adjusted a rebel lock, turned her head aside, and with one critical glance sat down by the fire, and resolving to puzzle herself no further took up a paper.

She had hardly read a paragraph when the servant opened the door, and saying, “Colonel Fox, ma'am,” left them alone.

It is given to few women to be unmoved when for the first time after saying No to a man whom they profoundly respect and admire they see him again. Mrs. Westerley rose and shook hands with Fox kindly and even warmly. It was remote from her nature to hurt without being hurt herself, and she somehow recognized the depth of the wound she had given. She felt it even more now, as she noted his evident embarrassment, which lessened as he talked, but which she, of course, and very naturally, attributed to his memory of their last meeting.

“I am very glad to see you,” she said. “Sit down by the fire. How cold it is still! And the war is over at last. I know you must be deeply glad.”

“Yes, I am of all men most thankful to be done with it, and to get back to my mines and my mountain home and my books. I went out to help to do a certain needful duty, and we have done it and done it well, I think. I wish I thought the legislation which must follow it would be as temperate as we who fought would wish to have it, but we shall have no share in the making of it.”

“Oh, that is what Mr. Wilmington says,” she returned; “and I find all the soldiers I see are most merciful in their talk about what ought to be done. Arty says that the editors and the newspaper people are like the boys who held the school-books when what he calls ‘the fellows’ had a fight, and were always more ferocious than those who fought. However, I may be keeping you needlessly, but one must have a little war talk. I am dying to know why you wanted to see me. I hope,” she added, kindly, “that it is for something a friend can do for you.”

“No,” he replied sadly, “there is nothing you can do for me, — nothing;

and in justice to myself, let me tell you beforehand that what I have come here to say, will put an impassable barrier between you and me. I know this so well that I have hesitated — hesitated as I have never before hesitated in all my life — but” —

“Then why,” she asked quickly, and feeling a gathering sense of anxiety, “why do you say it?”

“Because it is my duty, clearly my duty, as I see it.”

“And — what is it?” she returned faintly.

“I will tell you in a moment,” he replied; “but first let me ask you a question or two. Do you believe that I love you, Mrs. Westerley?”

“I wish I did not. I should be happier if I did not. I am afraid that I know you do,” she continued, greatly disturbed.

“I am glad of that, because then you can understand that it must be bitter for me coldly to ruin that remnant of hope which every man who loves such a woman as you must have, do as he will, reason as he may.”

“I think I understand,” she said, looking in the fire; “at least I can try to put myself in your place. But what is it? What do you mean?”

“Be patient with me just a moment more, as with a man about to die. One question more, and do not be angry with me!”

“No; I can promise that. Go on.”

“Are you going to marry Dr. Wendell?”

Alice was certainly amazed.

“And if,” she said, proudly, “I decline to answer, — if I do not choose to answer?”

“Then,” he said, now having himself well in hand, — “then I should say what I have come to say, merely to explain my visit; and if it be untrue that you mean so to honor him, what I should say would be of no moment, and I should ask you to consider my words as for you

alone. But if, my friend, — I may call you that, may I not? — if you mean to marry Dr. Wendell, then what I have to say will have its force for you, more or less as may be.”

She reflected a moment, and then answered him gravely, “I spoke like a foolish girl. Yes, I mean to marry him. I have not positively said I would, but I shall. And now that I have spoken frankly as, on this matter, to no one else, may I ask you in mercy to do the same? You must know now that you keep me in most painful suspense.”

“When a man is signing the death-warrant of hope, he may be pardoned delay, but I will be brief. Early in the war, Mrs. Westerley, I was in West Virginia, and heard a good deal of Dr. Wendell. What I heard of him I liked well enough, and there is much to like in him.”

“Oh, go on,” she exclaimed impatiently.

“We had a fight on the Kenawha, and in falling back three of our surgeons were left at a country church, with a number of badly wounded men. They soon came under a pretty heavy fire. Dr. Wendell was in charge. I believe he had not been in action before. One of the assistant surgeons was wounded, but Dr. Wendell very soon showed signs of uneasiness, and at last left his post and followed our retreat. He was permitted to leave the army quietly, and in fact the matter was forgotten in the tumult of war; but it came to me both officially and in another way. I felt sorry for him then, and even now I wonder over it; but how, knowing this, could I let a high-minded woman, whom I love, marry in ignorance a man who is a” — He meant to say a coward, but looking at the woman who was so dear to him he hesitated, while Alice rose to her feet, overcome by a rush of emotions and broken reasonings, too hurried and too wild for analysis or easy expression.

"Stop," she said, — "stop! You have said enough, — you have said too much! I do not believe it, and I am amazed that you, of all men, should have dared to tell me such a tale! I do not believe it! It is but one more of the endless stories of this kind which have been blown about in regard to every one."

"No, it is true."

"True! How dare you tell me it is true! And is there no cowardice in repeating such a story to a woman?"

"Cowardice!" cried Fox, amazed.

"And you do not credit me, then?"

"No, it is incredible!"

"And yet," he said, feeling that she was adding horribly to the bitterness of his distasteful task, — "and yet it is true, and officially on record. Happily, it is known to few, I am sure. He is not aware that I know it. Try to feel, as you are noble enough to feel, what I must have gone through in deciding to bring to you this miserable story. If I could have told you of some noble action of the man's, of some deed of courage, on my honor, Alice, I should rather have done it! I should have been glad to do it. I have given myself pain which if I could have gauged it beforehand would have made me falter even more."

Then they remained silent and in thought. It was impossible not to believe him, — it was impossible to doubt a man like Fox; but after this — what? A man might fail once, and never again; and why must this one defect be allowed to mar a life, and follow a man with unending punishment? But then the shame of such dishonor rose up before her proud conscience, and the scene itself came blindingly into her visual sphere: men wounded, dying; a duty abandoned in terror of mere death! How petty death seemed to her! And if it should ever be widely known, what would men say, and above all Mr. Wilmington, with his old-fashioned sense of honor, and cynical Morton, and the boys? She sat slowly twisting her handkerchief. She

felt like a mariner on some wild shore, surf-bruised, helpless, the sport of rock and wave, — now ashore, now in deep water. Then at last she looked up from the fire, and saw a great tenderness of sorrow in the face of the man who looked at her.

"Pity me!" she cried, and burst into a passion of tears.

"Pity!" he repeated. "Ah, if I could but take the pain for you! Had I thought it would hurt you this way, I — I — would never have spoken."

"But why, why did you? I was so happy, and now you must speak to me — you must say more. I — I — can't think. Perhaps it was just once? He might have been ill, who knows? God alone can judge such things! Do you think I should let it break up and destroy all the rest of a good and useful life?" She spoke, as it were, fragments of thought. "Who needs to be — to be — so brave in our every-day life!"

Fox was appalled. He hesitated. How should he talk to this woman whom he loved, — how say to her that courage is the backbone of character, the life of every virtue; that in Wendell's case the lack of it made the true fulfillment of duty impossible; that the want of it had left wounded men to die who otherwise might have lived? It seemed to him a thing so simply shameful that to emphasize it with comment was absurd. But it was plain that he must answer her.

"I have said what I thought right to say. I must leave it to you now. If it be a small thing to you, I shall mistrust my judgment of a woman I honor. If you choose to condone it, that is your business, not mine; but as you love truth, I pray of you this only: to believe that no base jealousy has driven me to speak. That man is no more to me in life than the fly on your window-pane, and I end as I began, by saying that to be able to come to you and try to save a noble life from — no, I will not hurt

you more — I have paid a great price to enable me to help you, if it may be: for now I know that if you decide one way it will still be impossible for me to even dream of presuming on your freedom by a word, or ever to make use of the freedom I have given you; and if — if you decide another way, and my words remain as useless as words unsaid, even then our friendship must cease to exist, or at least to have any active being, — for surely you will never care to look upon my face again, Alice." She felt that this was true.

She was now sitting, wan and aghast, a little sideways on a low chair, her chin in her palm.

"It is so, but don't go yet. I ought to be angry, and — I was angry. I am not so now. Sit down. I am so dazed I cannot reason, and I am sure when you are gone, I shall want to have said something more."

They were silent again a moment. Then a wild pang of thought struck through her brain.

"Does he know of this visit, of your purpose?"

"Not yet, but of course he must know. I intended to tell him first."

"But you did not, you did not?" she said, realizing swiftly the pain it would be to Wendell to know that she had heard it all.

"No, I did not, but I shall. I have a letter in my pocket now, which I shall leave at his house."

"Give it to me!" she cried, sharply, rising and coming towards him.

Fox stood up. He felt powerless to resist her. "There it is," he said.

She tore it passionately, and threw it into the fire. "And you will not speak of this to him? You will not write another letter? Promise me. I insist. I have a right to insist. It is all you can do for me. You have been, ah, so bitterly cruel to me! Yes; yes, I know; duty, of course. Oh, my God! my God!"

"What!" cried Fox. "Say this of a man to a woman he loves, and — be silent to him? Possibly ruin his chances of a happy life, and hide — Oh, I cannot do that, not even for you. Then truly you might reproach me with cowardice."

"But," she returned, firmly, "if you knew it would not mar his happiness, — I mean what you have said, — then there would have been no harm done."

Fox moved back a step or two, like one recoiling from terror.

"Oh, my God," he exclaimed, "is this possible! And — and really — It is all as nothing to you? I will not tell him, — make yourself easy on that matter;" and so saying he turned and went quickly out of the room, without more words, while Alice, pale and stern, looked after him, speechless.

She had saved Wendell, — of that she was sure; but she had saved him at bitter cost to herself, and she would have given a year of life to forget the look of scorn, wonder, and disbelief which took quick possession of the soldier's face as he turned to go.

"I shall never see him again," she said, "and — he does not understand. How can he understand?"

Then the near memory of the troubled hour melted into a certain tenderness of thought about the man she loved. She loved him, — that she knew full well; and she had saved him from what would have been for both one long misery. Beyond this she could not yet go. To reason on it all was impossible, and she was shocked when, days afterwards, she saw Wendell to find that she was more undecided than before. Sometimes remembrance pleads better than any presence, and the statue which love carves has graces the model never knew. But despite her doubts she knew that she should marry Wendell, for in natures like hers the maturity of a love once born is as certain as the growth of morning.

Colonel Fox went away sick at heart, and for a time disgusted. Never before had he so laid bare his soul, never fought so stern a fight for self-subdual. He had failed, he felt, — failed alike in his purpose and in command over himself; for in a crisis of passionate anguish like this the individualities of men, repressed by decorous usage, break loose as they did in the early days of the Renaissance, and the true natures of men and

women clash like sword blades in the fury of unchecked realities.

He went home and wrote briefly to Mrs. Westerley, "Pray God to forgive me, dear friend. I knew not what I did;" and then he returned to camp, and hid his trouble in the active work of breaking up his regiment, and in trying to take some thought of those of his men who needed help or lacked immediate employment.

S. Weir Mitchell.

MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN PUNISHMENT.

A STRIKING and significant indication of the remarkable change that has come over the spirit of legislation, and more especially of criminal jurisprudence, in comparatively recent times, is the fact that whereas, a few generations ago, lawgivers and courts of justice still continued to treat brutes as men responsible for their misdeeds, and to punish them capitally as malefactors, the tendency nowadays is to regard men as brutes, acting automatically or under an insane and irresistible impulse to evil, and to plead this proclivity, in prosecutions for murder, as an extenuating circumstance, and even as a ground of acquittal.

Mediæval jurists and judges did not stop to solve intricate problems of psychiatry. The puzzling knots which we seek painfully to untie, and often succeed only in hopelessly tangling, they boldly cut with the executioner's sword. They dealt directly with overt acts and meted justice with a rude and retaliative hand, more accustomed and better adapted to clinch a fist and strike a blow than to weigh motives nicely in a balance, to measure gradations of culpability, or to detect delicate differences in the psychical texture and spiritual quality of deeds. They put implicit

faith in Jack Cade's prescription of "hempnen caudle" and "pap of hatchet" as radical remedies for all forms and degrees of criminal alienation and murderous aberration of mind. Phlebotomy was epidemic; blood-letting was regarded as the infallible cure for all the ills that afflicted the human and social body. Doctors of physic and of law vied with one another in applying this panacea. The red-streaked pole of the barber-surgeon and the reeking scaffold, symbols of venesection, were the appropriate signs of medicine and jurisprudence. Hygeia and Justitia, instead of being represented by graceful females feeding the emblematic serpent of recuperation or holding the well-adjusted scales, would have been fitly typified by two enormous and insatiable leeches gorged with blood.

The overt act alone was assumed to constitute the crime, so that the mental condition of the criminal was never taken into account. It is remarkable how long this crude and superficial conception prevailed, and how very recently even the first attempts were made to establish penal codes on a philosophical basis. The punishableness of an offense is now generally recognized as depending solely upon the sanity of the

offender. Crime, morally and legally considered, presupposes perfect freedom of will on the part of the agent. Where this element is wanting there is no culpability, whatever may have been the consequences of the act. Modern criminal law looks primarily to the psychological origin of a deed, and only secondarily to its physical effects; mediæval criminal law ignored the origin altogether, and regarded exclusively the effects, which it dealt with on the homœopenal principle of *similia similibus puniuntur*, for the most part blindly and brutally applied.

Mancini, Zuppetta, and other Italian jurists have devoted themselves with especial zeal and acuteness to the study of obscure and perplexing problems of psycho-pathological jurisprudence, and have drawn nice distinctions in determining degrees of personal responsibility. Judicial procedure no longer stops with testimony establishing the bald facts in the case, but admits also the evidence of the expert alienist, in order to ascertain to what extent the will of the accused was free and functionally normal in its operation. It is not merely a question of raving madness or driveling idiocy, perceivable by the coarsest understanding and the crassest ignorance; but the slightest morbid disturbance, impairing the full and healthy exercise of the mental faculties, must be examined and estimated. If "privation of mind" and "irresistible force," says Zuppetta, are exculpatory, then "partial vitiation of mind" and "semi-irresistible force" are entitled to the same consideration. There are states of being which are mutually contradictory and exclusive, and cannot coexist, such as life and death. A partial state of life and death is impossible; such expressions as half alive and half dead are purely rhetorical; taken literally, they are simply absurd. It is not so, however, with states of mind. The intellect, the first condition of accountability, may be perfectly

clear, manifesting itself in its native fullness and power, or it may be partially obscured. So, too, the will, the second condition of accountability, may assert itself with complete freedom and untrammelled force, or it may act under stress and with imperfect volition. Physical violence and mental pressure are not the less real because they may not be wholly irresistible. For this reason, it involves no contradiction in terms and is not absurd to call an action half-conscious, half-voluntary, or half-constrained. "Partial vitiation of mind" is a state well recognized in psychiatric science. In like manner, there is no essential incongruity in affirming that an impulse may be the result of a "semi-irresistible force." But these mental conditions and forces do not manifest themselves with equal distinctness and intensity in all cases: sometimes they are scarcely perceptible; again, they verge upon "privation of mind" and "irresistible force;" and it is the duty of the judge to adjust the penalty to these gradations of guilt.

The same process of reasoning would lead to the admission of quasi-vitiations of mind and quasi-irresistible forces as grounds of exculpation. Thus one might go on analyzing and refining away human responsibility, and reducing all crimes to symptoms and resultants of mental derangement, until every malefactor would come to be looked upon, not as a culprit, to be delivered over to the sharp stroke of the headsman or the safe custody of the jailer, but as an unfortunate victim of morbid states and incitements, to be consigned to the sympathetic care of the psychiatrist.

Italian jurisprudents have been foremost and have gone farthest in this reaction from mediæval conceptions of crime and its proper punishment. This recoil from extreme cruelty to excessive commiseration is due, in a great measure, to the Italian temperament; to a peculiar gentleness and impressionableness of character, which, combined with an in-

stinctive aversion to whatever shocks the senses or mars the pleasure of the moment, are apt to degenerate into shallow sentimentality and sickly sensibility, thereby enfeebling and perverting the moral consciousness and the strict sense of justice. To minds thus constituted the cool and deliberate condemnation of a human being to the gallows is an atrocity, in comparison with which mere killing in the heat of passion or under strong provocation seems a venial transgression. This popular sympathy with the guilty living man, who is about to suffer, to the entire forgetfulness of the innocent dead man, the victim of his anger or cupidity, pervades all classes of society, and has stimulated the ingenuity of lawyers and legislators to discover mitigating moments and extenuating circumstances, and other means of loosening and enlarging the meshes of the penal code, and has finally provided in psycho-pathology a scientific basis for this pitying and palliating feeling to plant itself upon.

But although the Italians have been pioneers in this movement, it has not been confined to them; it extends to all civilized nations, and expresses a general tendency of the age. Even the Germans, those leaders in theory and laggards in practice, whose researches and speculations have illustrated all forms and phases of judicial procedure, but who adhere so conservatively to ancient methods and resist so stubbornly the tides of reform in their own courts, have yielded on this point. They no longer regard insanity and idiocy as the only grounds of exemption from punishment, but include in the same category all "morbid disturbances of mental activity," and "all states of mind in which the free determination of the will is not indeed wholly destroyed, but only partially impaired." In order to realize the radical changes that have taken place in this direction within a comparatively recent period, one need merely

compare the present criminal code of the German empire with the Austrian code of 1803, the Bavarian code of 1813, and the Prussian code of 1851; and these changes have been effected in spite of the preponderance of Prussia, which has always exerted her influence in favor of severe penalties, and shown slight consideration for individual frailties and criminal idiosyncrasies.

The chief difficulty encountered by framers and administrators of penal laws in this respect arises from the fact that no one has ever yet been able to give an exact and adequate definition of insanity. However easy it may be to recognize the grosser varieties of mental disorder, it is often impossible to detect it in its subtler forms, or to draw a hard and fast line between sanity and insanity. An eminent alienist affirms that very few of the persons whom we meet in the counting-room or on the street, or with whom we enjoy pleasant intercourse at their firesides, are of perfectly sound mind. Nearly every one is a little touched; some molecule of the brain has turned into a maggot; there is some topic which cannot be introduced without making the portals of the mind grate on their golden hinges, — some point at which we are forced to say, —

"O, that way madness lies; let me shun that."

It is possible, however, that this very opinion may be a fixed idea or symptomatic eccentricity of the alienist himself. The theory that all men are monomaniacs may be merely his monomania.

A madman, says Coleridge, is one who "mistakes his thoughts for persons and things." But here the frenzies of the lunatic intrench on the functions of the poet, who, "of imagination all compact," takes his fantasies for realities,

"Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

Coleridge's definition includes also the mythopœic faculty, — the power of projecting creations of the mind, and endowing them with objective and inde-

pendent existence, which in the infancy of the race peopled heaven and earth with phantoms, and still croons over our cradles and babbles of brownie and fairy in our nurseries and chimney-corners. No progress of science can wholly eradicate this tendency to mythologize. In the absence of better materials, it seizes upon the most prosaic of practical improvements, and clothes them with poetry and legend. The imaginative child of New York or Boston converts the modern gas-pipe into the abode of a dragon, which puts forth its fiery tongue when the knob is turned. The Suabian peasant still regards the railroad as a device of the devil, and believes that his satanic majesty is by contract entitled to a tollage of one passenger on every train. As the church has uniformly consigned great inventors to the infernal regions, the prince of darkness could have had no lack of ingenious wits to advise him in such matters.

Another consideration, which did not disturb the minds of mediæval jurists, nor stay the hand of strictly retributive justice, is in the fact, now generally admitted, that crimes, like all other human actions, are subject to certain fixed laws, which seem to some extent to remove them from the province of free will and the power of individual determination. Professor Morselli has shown conclusively that suicide, which we are wont to consider a wholly voluntary act, is really dependent upon a great variety of circumstances over which man has no control: climate, season, months, days, state of crops; domestic, social, political, financial, economical, geographical, and meteorological influences; sun, moon, and stars, all work together, impelling the individual to self-destruction. Suicide increases when the earth is in aphehion, and decreases when it is in perihelion. Race and religion are also important factors in aggravating or mitigating the suicidal tendency, Germans and Protestants being most prone to it. Suicide,

in fact, is the resultant of a vast number of complicated and far-reaching forces, which we can neither trace nor measure. To a very considerable degree, it is a question of environment in the broadest sense of this term; "an effect," says Morselli, "of the struggle for existence and of human selection, working according to the laws of evolution among civilized peoples." The same is true of crime.

The recent growth of sociology and especially the scientific study of the laws of heredity also tend, by exciting an intelligent and philosophic interest in such questions, to render men less positive and peremptory in their judicial decisions. The intellectual horizon is so greatly enlarged, and so many possibilities are suggested, that it is difficult for conscientious persons, affected by these speculations and honestly endeavoring to make an ethical or penal application of them, to come to a prompt and practical conclusion in any given case:

"And thus the native hue of resolution

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

If it be true, as Mr. Galton affirms, that legal ability is transmitted from father to son, criminal proclivity may be equally hereditary, and the judge and the culprit may have reached their relative positions through a long line of ancestral influences, working according to immutable and ineluctable laws of descent.

Schopenhauer maintained the theory of "responsibility for character," and not for actions, which are simply the outgrowth and expression of character. The same act may be good or bad according to the motives from which it springs. This distinction is made both in ethics and in jurisprudence, and determines our moral judgments and judicial decisions. Yet the chief elements which enter into the formation of a person's character lie beyond his control, or even his consciousness, and in many cases have done their work before his birth. Besides, evil propensi-

ties and criminal designs are punishable only when embodied in overt acts. The law cannot deprive a man of life or liberty merely because he is known to be vicious and depraved. There are also instances on record in which it is impossible to trace the culpable act to any marked corruption of character.

The recent death of an inmate of a Genevan prison calls to mind a trial which took place about sixteen years ago, and which deservedly ranks high among the *causes célèbres* of the present century, both as a legal question and a problem of psycho-pathology.¹ Marie Jeanneret, a Swiss nurse, took advantage of her professional position to give doses of poison to the sick persons confided to her care, from the effects of which seven of them died. In the commission of this monotonous series of diabolical crimes the culprit does not seem to have been animated either by animosity or cupidity. On the contrary, she always showed the warmest affection towards her victims, and nursed them with tender care and untiring devotion, as she watched the distressful workings of the fatal draught; nor did she derive the slightest material benefit from her course of conduct, but rather suffered pecuniary loss by the death of her patients. The testimony of physicians and alienists furnished no evidence of insanity. Monomaniacs usually act fitfully and impulsively; but Marie Jeanneret always manifested the coolest premeditation and self-possession, never exhibiting the least hesitation or confusion, or the faintest trace of hallucination, but answering with the greatest clearness and presence of mind every question put by the president of the court. Even M. Turretini, the prosecuting attorney, in presenting the case to the jury, was unable to discover any rational principle on which to explain the conduct and urge the conviction of the ac-

cused; and after exhausting the common category of hypotheses, and showing the inadequacy of each, he was driven by sheer stress of inexplicability to seek a motive in *l'espèce de volupté qu'elle éprouverait à commettre un crime*, or what, in less elegant but more vigorous Western vernacular, would be called "pure cussedness." Not only was such an explanation merely a circumlocutory confession of ignorance, but it was also wholly inconsistent with the general character of the indicted.

Indeed, the persistent and pitiless perpetration of this one sort of crime by Marie Jeanneret, under circumstances which should have excited compassion in the hardest human heart, seems more like the working of some baneful and irrepressible force in nature, or the relentless operation of a destructive machine, than like the voluntary action of a free and responsible agent. M. Zur Linden, the counsel for the defendant, dwelt with emphasis upon this mysterious phase of the subject, and thus saved his client from the scaffold. The jury, after five hours' deliberation, rendered a verdict of "Guilty, with extenuating circumstances;" as the result of which Marie Jeanneret was sentenced to twenty years of hard labor.

After fifteen years' imprisonment the convict died. During this whole period she showed not only great intelligence and integrity, but also remarkable kindness and helpfulness towards all with whom she came in contact. She instructed her fellow-convicts in needlework and fine embroidery, loved to attend them in sickness, and by her general influence raised very perceptibly the tone of morals in the workhouse. If it be true, as asserted by Mynheer Heymanns, one of the latest expounders of Schopenhauer's ethics, that "a man is responsible for his actions so far as his character finds expression in them,

¹ At the time when this trial occurred, I directed attention to the peculiar and perplexing fea-

tures of the case in *The Nation* for January 7, 1869.

and is to be judged solely by his character," what shall be done in cases like the aforementioned, in which the particular crime, so far from being symptomatic of the general character, stands out as an isolated and ugly excrescence, an appalling abnormality?

There hardly can be a doubt that the Swiss nurse was a toxicomaniac, and that she had thus become infatuated with poisons partly by watching their effects on her own system, and partly by reading about them in medical and botanical works, to the study of which she was passionately devoted. Did not Mithridates, if we may believe the statements of Galen, experiment with poisons on living persons? Why should she not follow such an illustrious example, especially as she never hesitated to take herself the potions she administered to others; the only difference being that habit had made her, like the famous King of Pontus, proof against their venom? She often attempted analyses of these substances, and in one instance was severely burned by the bursting of a crucible, in which she was endeavoring to obtain atropine from *atropa belladonna*. It was especially this terrible poison of which she appears to have had an insane desire to test the virtues. She had read and heard of devoted scientists and illustrious physicians who had experimented on themselves and on their disciples, and become the benefactors of mankind; why should she not adopt the same method in the pursuit of truth? However preposterous such reasoning on her part may appear, it offers the only theory adequate to explain all the facts, and to account for the almost incredible union of contradictory qualities in her character. The enthusiasm of the experimenter overbore in her the natural sympathy of the woman. She observed the writhings of her poisoned victims with as "much delight" as Professor Mantegazza studies the physiology of pain in the animal "shrieking and

groaning" on his *tormentatore*. "The physiologist," says Claude Bernard, "is no ordinary man. He is a savant, seized and possessed by a scientific idea. He does not hear the cries of suffering wrung from creatures, nor see the blood which flows. He has nothing before his eyes but his idea and the organisms which are hiding the secrets he means to discover." Marie Jeanneret was a fanatic of this kind. She, too, was a woman possessed with ideas as witches were once supposed to be possessed with devils. Had she prudently confined her experiments to the torture of helpless animals, she might have taken rank in the scientific world with Brachet and Magendie, and been admitted with honor to the Academy, instead of being thrust ignominiously into prison.

The assertion as regards any supposed case of madness, that "there's method in it," is popularly assumed to be equivalent to a denial of the existence of the madness altogether. But psycho-pathology affords no warrant for such an assumption. The man who commits murder under the impulse of morbid jealousy, or any other form of monomania, is not the less the victim of a mind diseased because he shows rational forethought in planning and executing the deed. His mental faculties may be perfectly healthy and normal in their operation up to the point of derangement from which the fatal act directly proceeds. No chain is stronger than its weakest link; and this is as true of psychical as of physical concatenations. Under such circumstances the sane powers of the mind are all at the mercy of the one fault, and are made to minister to this single infirmity.

It is no easy task for penal legislation to adjust itself to the wide range and nice distinctions of modern psychopathology; nor is it really necessary to do so. *Salus socialis suprema lex esto*. Society is bound to protect itself against every criminal assault, no matter what

its source or character may be. If it could be conclusively proved, or even rendered highly probable, that the capital punishment of an ox which had gored a man to death deterred other oxen from pushing with their horns, it would be the unquestionable right and imperative duty of our legislatures and tribunals to reënact and execute the old Mosaic law on this subject. In like manner, if it can be satisfactorily shown that the hanging of an admittedly insane person who has committed murder prevents other insane persons from perpetrating the same crime, or tends to diminish the number of those who go insane in the same direction, it is clearly the duty of society to hang such persons. Nor is this a merely hypothetical case. It is a well-established fact that the partially insane, especially those affected with "moral insanity," so-called "cranks," have their intelligence intact, and are capable of exercising their reasoning powers freely and fully in laying their plans and in carrying out their designs. Indeed, criminals of this class are sometimes known to have enter-

tained the thought that they would be acquitted on the ground of insanity, and have thereby been emboldened to do the deed; and it is by no means impossible that a belief in the certainty of punishment would have acted as an effective deterrent.

The hemp cure is always a harsh cure, especially where there is any doubt as to the offender's mental condition; but in view of the increasing frequency with which atrocious and willful crime shelters itself under the plea of insanity, and becomes an object of sympathy to maudlin sentimentalists, the adoption of this rigorous measure were perhaps an experiment well worth trying. Meanwhile, let the psychiatrist continue his researches, and after we have passed the present confused and perilous period of transition from gross and brutal mediæval conceptions of justice to refined and humanitarian modern conceptions of justice we may, in due time, succeed in establishing our penal code and criminal procedure upon foundations that shall be both philosophically sound and practically safe.

E. P. Evans.

SILENCE.

O GOLDEN Silence, bid our souls be still,
 And on the foolish fretting of our care
 Lay thy soft touch of healing unaware!
 Once, for a half hour, even in heaven the thrill
 Of the clear harpings ceased the air to fill
 With soft reverberations. Thou wert there,
 And all the shining seraphs owned thee fair,—
 A white, hushed Presence on the heavenly hill.
 Bring us thy peace, O Silence! Song is sweet;
 Tuneful is baby laughter, and the low
 Murmur of dying winds among the trees,
 And dear the music of Love's hurrying feet;
 Yet only he who knows thee learns to know
 The secret soul of loftiest harmonies.

Julia C. R. Dorr.

OLD SALEM SHOPS.

I WONDER how many people have memories as vivid as mine of the quaint shops which a score of years ago stood placidly along the quiet streets of Salem. In the Salem of to-day there are few innovations. Not many modern buildings have replaced the time-honored landmarks; yet twenty years ago Salem, in certain aspects, was far more like an old colonial town than it is now. When the proprietor of an old shop died it was seldom that a new master entered. Nobody new ever came to Salem, and everybody then living there had already his legitimate occupation. The old shops, lacking tenants, went to sleep. Their green shutters were closed, and they were laid up in ordinary without comment from any one.

I remember one shop of the variety known in Salem as "button stores." It was kept by two quaint old sisters, whose family name I never knew. We always called them Miss Martha and Miss Sibyl. Miss Martha was the older, and sported a magnificent turban, of wonderful construction. Miss Sibyl wore caps and little wintry curls. Both had short-waisted gowns, much shirred toward the belts, and odd little housewives of green leather, which hung from their apron-bindings by green ribbons.

Their wares were few and faded. They had a sparse collection of crewels, old-fashioned laces, little crimped cakes of white wax, and emery balls in futile imitation of strawberries. They sold handkerchiefs, antiquated gauze, and brocaded ribbons, and did embroidery stamping for ladies with much care and deliberation. I remember being once sent to take to these ladies an article which was to be stamped with a single letter. Miss Martha consulted at some length with her sister, and then, with an air of gentle importance, said to me,

"Tell your mother, dear, that sister Sibyl will have it ready in one week, certainly."

On another occasion Miss Sibyl had chanced to give me a penny too much in change; discovering which before I was well away, I returned to the shop and told her of the mistake. Miss Sibyl dropped the penny into the little till, — so slender were the means of these old gentlewomen that I believe even a penny was of importance to them, — and in her gentle voice, she asked, "What is your name, dear?" and when I told her she replied, approvingly, "Well, you are an honest child, and you may go home and tell your mother that Miss Sibyl said so." To this commendation she added the gift of a bit of pink gauze ribbon, brocaded with little yellow and lavender leaves, and I returned to my family in a condition of such conscious virtue that I am convinced that I must have been quite insufferable for some days following.

The only article in which these ladies dealt which specially concerned us children was a sort of gay-colored beads, such as were used in making bags and reticules — that fine old bead embroidery which some people show nowadays as the work of their great-grandmothers. These beads were highly valued by Salem children, and were sold for a penny a thimbleful. They were measured out in a small mustard-spoon of yellow wood, and it took three ladlefuls to fill the thimble. I cannot forget the air of placid and judicial gravity with which dear Miss Martha measured out a cent's worth of beads.

One winter day Miss Sibyl died. The green shutters of the shop were bowed with black ribbons, and a bit of rusty black crape fluttered from the knob of the half-glass door, inside of which the

curtains were drawn as for a Sunday. For a whole week the shop was decorously closed. When it was reopened, only Miss Martha, a little older and grayer and more gently serious, stood behind the scantily filled show-case. My mother went in with me that day and bought some laces. Miss Martha folded each piece about a card and secured the ends with pins, after her usual careful fashion, and made out the quaint little receipted bill which she always insisted on furnishing customers. As she handed the parcel across the counter she answered a look in my mother's eyes. "I did not think she would go first," she said, simply. "Sibyl was very young to die."

In the following autumn came Miss Martha's turn to go. Then the shutters were closed forever. Nobody took the store. The winter snows drifted unchecked into the narrow doorway, and the bit of black crape, affixed to the latch by friendly hands, waved forlornly in the chilly winds and shivered in the air, — a thing to affect a child weirdly, and to be hastened past with a "creepy" sensation in the uncertain grayness of a winter twilight.

Another well-remembered Salem shop was the little establishment of a certain Mrs. Birmingham. This store was really a more joyous and favorite resort for children than the aristocratic precincts of Miss Martha and Miss Sibyl. One reason for this was that, while two gentler souls never lived, these ladies belonged to a generation when children were kept in their places, and were to be seen and not heard. This fact flavored their kindly treatment of young people, and we felt it. Then, too, save for the beads, their wares were not attractive to little folk; and, lastly, there was a constraint in the prim neatness, the mystic, half-perceived odor of some old Indian perfume, and the general air of decayed gentility that hung about the shop of the two old gentlewomen, which

pertained not at all to the thoroughly vulgar but alluring domain of Mrs. Birmingham.

This shop was not on Essex Street, the street of shops, but upon a quiet by-way, devoted to respectable dwelling-houses, and for this reason we were free to visit Mrs. Birmingham's whenever we chose. It was a tiny house, and I believe it had beside it a very shabby and seedy garden. There were two windows with green wooden shutters, and a green door with the upper half of glass. This was once the fashionable manner of stores in Salem. Inside the door was a step, down which one always fell incontinently; for even if one remembered its existence, it was so narrow and the door closed on its spring so suddenly behind one that there was no choice but to fall. The very name of Birmingham brings up the curious odor of that shop. There was, above all, a close and musty and attic-like perfume. Mingling with this was a perception of cellar mould, a hint of cheese, a dash of tobacco and cabbage; a scent of camphor, a suspicion of snuff, and a strong undercurrent of warm black gown scorched by being too near an airtight stove. Mrs. Birmingham's stock equaled Buttercup's in variety. Along the floor in front of the left-hand counter was always a row of lusty green cabbages and a basket of apples. A small glass show-case held bread and buns and brick-shaped sheets of livid gingerbread. If one came to buy milk, Mrs. Birmingham dipped it from a never empty pan on the right-hand counter, wherein sundry hapless flies went, like Ophelia, to a moist death. Then there were ribbons, and cotton laces; needles, pins, perfumed soaps, and pomatums. There were a few jars of red-and-white peppermint and cinnamon sticks, a box of pink corncake, — which Mrs. Birmingham conscientiously refused to sell to children, for fear the coloring matter might be poisonous, — and in season

and out, on a line above the right-hand counter, hung a row of those dismal creations, the valentines known as "comic." All these articles, though shabby and shop-worn enough, probably, possessed for us children a species of fascination. There was a glamour in the very smell before referred to, and the height of our worldly ambition was to have a shop "just like Mrs. Birmingham's."

The things for which we sought Mrs. Birmingham's were, however, chiefly of two sorts. The first was a kind of small jointed wooden doll, about three inches high. In the face they generally looked like Mrs. Birmingham, and they had little red boots painted on their stubby feet. These ugly little puppets cost a cent apiece, and were much prized as servant dolls, nurses particularly, because their arms would crook, and they could be made to hold baby dolls in a rigid but highly satisfactory manner. This flexibility of limb had also, by the bye, its unpleasant side; for my brother Tom had a vicious habit, if ever the baby-house were left unguarded, of bending the doll's joints, and leaving the poor little manikins in all manner of ungainly and indecorous attitudes. Another thing which could be bought for one cent — the limit of our purses when we went shopping, and it required six or seven of us to spend this sum — was a string of curious little beads made of red sealing-wax. They were somehow moulded on the string while warm, and could not be slipped off. We really did not like them very well, yet we were always buying them and despite our experience trying to slip them from the string.

There was a bell fastened to the top of Mrs. Birmingham's shop door, which jangled as one precipitately entered, and summoned Mrs. Birmingham from an inner room. Mrs. Birmingham was a stout Irishwoman, with black eyes, fat hands, and a remarkably fiery nose. She

wore a rusty black gown — the same, probably, which, when not in use, was always scorching before the stove in the back room — and a false front dark as the raven's wing. I believe she must have worn some sort of cap, because, without recalling just where she had them, I never think of her without a distinct impression of dark purple ribbons. She was by no means an amiable woman, and in serving us she had a way of casting our pennies contemptuously into the till which was humiliating in the extreme. She had likewise a habit of never believing that we had a commission right, and persisted in sending us home to make sure that we were sent for a ten and not a five cent loaf, or for one and not two dozen of eggs. This was painful and crushing to our pride, but the bravest never rebelled against Mrs. Birmingham. My brother used, indeed, to lurk around the corner a few minutes, and then return to the shop without having gone home; but I always feared Mrs. Birmingham's sharp black eyes, and felt that a *dies iræ* would certainly come for Tom, when all would be discovered.

In addition to the shop Mrs. Birmingham conducted an intelligence office in the back room. I never saw one of the girls, nor knew of any person's going to Mrs. Birmingham to seek intelligence; but sometimes we heard laughter, and very often Mrs. Birmingham's deep bass voice exclaimed, "Mike, be off wid yer jokin' now! Let alone tellin' stories til the gurrels!"

"Mike" was Mr. Birmingham, a one-legged man, whom I never saw. We knew that he was one-legged because Tom had seen him, and we secretly believed this to be the reason of Mrs. Birmingham's dressing in mourning. We children had asked and been told the nature and purpose of an intelligence office, and yet there was ever a sort of uncanny mystery about that back room, where unseen girls laughed, and Mr.

Birmingham was always being told to "be off wid his jokin'."

But *tempora mutantur*. Alas for Mike! he is off with all joking now for good. Alas, too, for Mrs. Birmingham! I cannot believe that she died, she was so invincible; but she is gone. The rusty black gown, the purple ribbons, and the ruddy nose have passed somewhere into the shadows of oblivion.

One more shop there was in which, at a certain season, the souls of the children rejoiced. It was not much of a shop at ordinary times; indeed, it was but a small and unnoticeable building just around a corner of Essex Street. It was only at holiday time that it blossomed out of insignificance. It was before the days of any extent of holiday decoration, and very little in the way of Christmas trimming was done by Salem tradesmen. The season was celebrated with decorous merriment in our homes, but almost no church adornment was seen, and most of the shops relaxed not from their customary Salem air of eminent and grave respectability. No poulterer sent home a spray of holly with the goose, and no Christmas cards dropped, as now, from the packages of baker or candlestick maker. It was therefore the more delightful to witness the annual transformation of the little shop around the Essex Street corner. The very heart and soul of Christmas-tide must have dwelt in the plump body of the man who kept that shop. His wooden awning was converted into a perfect arbor, under which the front of his little store showed as an enchanted cavern of untold beauty. A bower of lusty greenery, aglow at night with the starry brilliance of many candles, gay with the scarlet berries of holly, set off by the mystic mistletoe, and rich with Aladdin treasures of sugary birds and beasts, ropes of snowy popped corn, bewildering braids, twists and baskets of pink-and-white sugar, golden oranges, — a rarer fruit then than now, — white

grapes in luscious clusters, and bunches of those lovely cherries of clear red barley candy with yellow broom corn for stems. After all, though, it was not so much that the wares were more delightful than those kept by other folk. Probably the very same things could have been bought at any fruit store. It was simply that this tiny shop and its plump, red-cheeked owner were overflowing with the subtle and joyous spirit of keeping holiday. We children used always to call his place "the Christmas shop;" and I well remember the thrill of joy which ran over me when, returning from school one afternoon, I saw my own parents entering the jovial precincts. I sped home on winged feet to tell the other children that "mother and father were in the Christmas shop;" and we all sat about the fire in the twilight and "guessed" what they were buying, and reveled in the dear delights which were to result from a visit to the "enchanted bazar."

Where is he now, that child-like man who loved the holidays? The merry wight was twenty years before his time, but it warms one's heart to think of him to-day. Alas, a visit to Salem last year found his wooden awning torn away, and in his dismantled bower a dry and wizened stationer among law books and school-room furnishings. What a direful change from the halcyon days of old! I wonder that the chubby ghost of the former owner does not walk o' nights to bemoan the times that are no more.

The shop of Miss Martha and Miss Sibyl, too, seemed to be entirely done away with, and Mrs. Birmingham's, although still standing, was but a wreck. I would gladly have bought there, for old times' sake, a jointed doll or a string of sealing-wax beads; but the green wooden shutters were closed, the green door sunken sadly on its hinges, its glass half grossly boarded. The grass grew high before the doorstone. The mossy

roof was concave. The chimney was almost tottering. The little shop was drawing itself together and dying; asking no sympathy of the beholder, but

meeting its appointed fate with that gray and silent resignation which alone is considered the proper thing in Salem society.

Eleanor Putnam.

THE ANATOMIZING OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

IV.

OUR path through Shakespeare's works and life has brought us near at least to the question of his own view of the value and functions of the former, and his intentions with regard to them. Most of his critics have expressed surprise at his neglect of his plays, and many of them, including recently one of the ablest and best informed, have avowed the belief that it was his intention to prepare them for publication after his retirement to New Place at Stratford. With these opinions I cannot agree; nor, indeed, for them can I see any ground. Pope did not always tell the truth when he wrote an epigram, — few epigrammatists do tell or care to tell it; but writing half a century before the Shakespeare *cultus* was well established, he did write truly and well when he wrote that Shakespeare

"For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite."

Here in the word "roving" we have an epithet at once picturesque and finely critical; and if rhyme led the verse-writing wit to the word "despite," we have in it one of the not rare examples of the compensating results of that artificial and distracting device.

Shakespeare's exuberance of fancy is remarkable for the robust stem of common sense from which it bourgeons, — that common sense which seems, with a somewhat inexorable hardness, to have ruled his life. Of this life-wisdom there is no stronger negative proof than his

absolute indifference to the allurements of that *ignis fatuus*, posthumous fame. For this he seems to have cared nothing; of it he seems not to have thought. There is no evidence, even of an indirect sort, that it entered at all into his calculations as a part of the reward of his labor. And why should it have tempted him to give one day more to work, or one hour less to pleasure? Fame is sweet; but fame *post mortem*! — what is it? More shadowy than Falstaff's honor. I would not sacrifice one year of happy life, one substantial benefit to those I love, to leave behind me even the fame of Shakespeare. To be Shakespeare, to see what he saw, think what he thought, and feel what he felt, might have been in itself a life of highest happiness — and it might not; but be he in heaven or in hell, or be he simply nowhere, his posthumous fame, supreme and deathless although it is, is no reward to him for any grief he suffered or any joy he lost by being Shakespeare. Wherever his soul may be, whatever may have become of it, what is this fame now to him? What knows he of it? A fame which gilds the lives and lifts the hearts of a man's children is payment for much labor and sorrow; but beyond that fame is naught, — simply naught. Shakespeare saw that in these cases as well as in those to which Macbeth refers* "we still have judgment here." A man's earthly reward for his work is what he gets, and what he can give to his children; what lies beyond that is not his.

Shakespeare's indifference to the fate of his plays was partly due to this view of posthumous fame, and partly to his desire as a "gentleman" not to give prominence or endurance to his theatrical reputation. As to his work itself, my own individual opinion, slowly formed through some years of study, is that, if he had been sitting with King Lear, Hamlet, and Othello before him in manuscript, unacted, and unread but by him, and Southampton had offered him one hundred pounds each¹ to destroy them and never rewrite them, the tragedies would have flitted into the fire, and the money have been gleefully locked up in the poet's strong-box. He seems to have given up early in his career even the desire of contemporary fame in literature. Lucrece, written in 1593, when he was twenty-nine years old, was his second and last public effort in pure literature. His sonnets were private performances, for the gathering and publication of which the world owes a heavy debt of gratitude to a mysterious Mr. W. H., — letters the shadow of a dead man's name. In Shakespeare's time plays were not regarded as literature; the praise that he received, living, was almost wholly for his *Venus and Adonis* and his *Lucrece*. Had he, after writing *Lucrece*, been ambitious of higher literary fame, he could have as easily published another poem and a greater as have written those wonderful sonnets merely for his private friends; but he seems to have been content, and to have bid adieu to literature as a profession before he was thirty years old, to give himself up to the business of play-writing and money-saving. Hence, in a great measure, that heedlessness of style, that readiness to torture words and twist constructions, that we find in his plays, and in his plays only, and chiefly in the later. Anything to get his work into actable shape. As to the thoughts and the beauties that he wrought into it, they cost

¹ Nearly fifteen thousand dollars now.

him neither time nor trouble; they came by nature. His razors were made to sell; they happened to be bright and keen because he had nothing but steel of which to make them.

A fact has just been mentioned which is well known to all thoughtful students of Shakespeare's dramas, but which must be here repeated and considered, — that certain conspicuous faults in his style appear chiefly in his later plays. They are found mostly in those plays, and only in his blank verse; never in prose dialogue. We have in Shakespeare the striking phenomenon — isolated, I believe, in the history of literature and art — of a loss of the command of the methods and the material of art accompanying practice and maturing years. This was no consequence of the enfeebling influence of age or of ill-health; nor could its cause have been the weariness of overwork. Shakespeare's last play was written when he was only forty-nine years old, a period of life when a man's intellect commonly unites (as his then did unite) the vigor of maturity with the vivacity of youth; and he had then been working as a playwright only twenty-three years. Yet his later plays are, as literary work, far inferior to his earlier. This we have to say of him who was not only the mightiest intellect — intellect strongest, freshest, most original, most elastic, and most resourceful — known to the world, but also the greatest and completest master of all the mystery of the poet's art. It is as if Raphael and Titian had lost their mastery of form and color as their faculties matured; as if their technical skill had diminished with practice. Shakespeare's thought became grander, higher reaching, as he grew in years, and his conceptions, his imagination, rose with his thought. Of this he could not but give evidence; he could not be other than himself. But his writing, as literary work, fell often into slovenliness and confusion; his verse lost much of its nobil-

ity and its charm; and his muse, which once had the grandeur and the grace of a goddess, showing her divinity by her step, began to hobble and to shuffle like a worn-out jade, — this, too, when she was bearing thoughts upon her brow that might have been spoken upon Parnassus.

Need it be said that William Shakespeare at forty-five could have written blank verse with at least as much clearness and vigor and beauty as at any earlier age? It need not be said; and that he could do so we know; for he did it when he could do it with no trouble, or with little. But when his quick, thought-laden brain overdrove and over-weighted even his large capacity of expression, he sometimes huddled his words into halting verses that had but a grotesque semblance of his splendid meaning.

Here I may fitly justify an assertion made in the earlier pages of this investigation, — that the character of Shakespeare's genius, the secret of his style, and the charm and suggestiveness of his writing were understood as well as they are now in his own day, since when Shakespearean criticism has spread, but has neither mounted nor penetrated. The secret of his style is told with complete knowledge and apprehension by Ben Jonson. The passage of Jonson's *Discoveries* in which he did this has been often quoted, but, as I venture with some confidence to think, without a just appreciation of its meaning and its importance. Jonson, a scholar, a good critic, a poet, although not a great one; a playwright, like the man he tells us that he loved, and to whom he was indebted for the production of his first play, says this: —

"I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand! Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted.

He¹ . . . had an excellent phantsie, brave notions and gentle expressions; wherein he showed with that facility that sometime it was necessary he should be stop'd: *sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those things that could not escape laughter. As when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.' He reply'd, 'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause;' and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned."

The blunder here attributed to Shakespeare is not found in the play as it appears in the folio of 1623, our only text. But it is notably characteristic of him in his heedless moments; and it is at least probable that the passage, as we have it, is corrected, because of such criticism as Jonson's. It now stands thus: —

"If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without
cause
Will he be satisfied."

(Act III. Sc. 1, l. 45.)

It will be observed that the speech ends with an imperfect verse. The next speech, instead of completing this, begins with a full and perfect verse. It is quite possible, and not at all improbable, that originally, when Cæsar said, "I spurn thee," Metellus Cimber replied, in the speech which Jonson gives, but which is not found in our text, "Cæsar, thou dost me wrong;" and that the Dictator then said, "Know, Cæsar doth not wrong but with just cause." To remedy this, Cimber's speech was cut out, and Cæsar's speech was modified. But in consequence Cæsar's defense of his wrong as it stands is without provocation; and he is left in the position of one who, excusing himself, accuses himself. This, however, is only probability.

Jonson's criticism reveals the secret of Shakespeare's style; its constant richness and its often splendor, and also its frequent faults. That secret is an open

¹ Here I omit Jonson's personal eulogy, which has been already given and considered.

one. It is Shakespeare's affluence of thoughts and of words, and the headlong heedlessness with which he often wrote. His facility of thought and of expression was so great that he had to be stopped. *Sufflaminandus erat*; that is, it was necessary, in an expressive vernacular phrase, to "put on the brakes." But this characterization of Haterius by Augustus, which Jonson applies to Shakespeare, occurs in a passage the whole of which Jonson plainly had in mind, and which is so pertinent to Shakespeare and so explanatory of Jonson's criticism that it will be well to consider it in full:—

"So divus Augustus well said: Our Haterius needed to be checked. For indeed he seemed not to run, but to rush headlong. Nor had he only an affluence of words, but of facts and thoughts."¹

There could hardly be a more exact and complete description of Shakespeare's style than this criticism by Augustus of the almost unknown Haterius, who was an advocate and rhetorician of the post-Ciceronian period. The flood of utterance, the haste of words which becomes hurry, the pressure of knowledge and of thought; all this (but not the repetition of one thing) is Shakespeare to the life. This criticism might be beaten out thin, until it covered pages; it might be fine drawn, until it would serve Shakespeare's tricky spirit to put about the earth, but that would not add a grain to its weight, or increase by a carat its value. Jonson, by the help of him who could not add a word to the Latin language, has perfectly characterized and described Shakespeare's way of writing. He had an incomparable copiousness of thought and of language, and he used both with a facility which resulted mostly in an affluence of splendor, but sometimes, and too often, in brilliant confusion.

¹ "Itaque divus Augustus optime dixit: Haterius noster sufflaminandus est. Adeo non currere sed decurrere videbatur; nec verborum tantum illi copia, sed etiam rerum erat." Excerpta Contro-

Jonson considers the form and the substance of Shakespeare's poetry: we do not know who it was who revealed to his contemporaries its spirit, and told them why it was that this man's plays attracted and charmed them, both in the acting and the reading, as no other's did. In the year 1609, when Shakespeare was forty-five years old, a very new play of his was published, one that had never been acted,—a singular fortune, for Shakespeare's plays were written only for the stage, and in every other instance had become well known through the theatre before they were printed. How an authentic copy of this play was obtained, we have no means of knowing. This first edition of it was preceded by an address entitled "A Never Writer to an Ever Reader. Newes," and its first sentences are these:—

"Eternall reader, you have heere a new play, never stal'd with the Stage, never clapper-clawd with the palmes of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comical; for it is a book of your braine² that never undertook anything commicall vainely: and were but the vaine names of Commedies changde for the titles of commodities, or of Playes for Pleas, you should see all those grand censors that now stile them such vanities flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities; especially this author's Commedies that are so grained to the life that they serve for the most common Commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexteritie and power of witte that the most displeased with Playes are pleased with his Commedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings as were never capable of the witte of a Commedie, coming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there that they never founde in themselves, and have parted better witted than they came; feeling an edge of witte set upon them more then ever they dream'd they had braine to ground it on."

I do not hesitate at saying, that in this passage is told compactly, but comprehensively, the whole secret of Shakespeare's hold upon the world. Like Jonson's criticism of his form and substance, it may by beating be spread out thinner, but it cannot be added to essentially. Remark, however, first, how pre-

² That is, that brain: your brain, as in Falstaff's

"your excellent sherris."

eminent was the comedy side of Shakespeare's dramatic reputation. It is not that all dramas were then called comedies, which to a certain extent at least was the case. The "tragedy" is recommended as being passing full of the palm comical; and the reader is reminded that it is the work of a brain that never undertook anything comical vainly. The word "comedies" is, however, applied to all dramas in the most important sentence of this contemporary criticism, strangely not remarked upon hitherto, as I believe. The people of London were told two hundred and seventy-five years ago that *this* author's comedies were grained to the life. That was something; and it was then said for the first time, in print at least. But this does not yet touch the very bottom, which is reached in the declaration that Shakespeare's dramas "are so grained to the life *that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives.*" It would puzzle and pose the most effusive of Shakespeare's eulogists to do more than to dilute that sentence by adding himself to it, and then to begin exclaiming, O divine Shakespeare! O exquisite Shakespeare! O wonderful! For it recognizes the universality of Shakespeare's genius, his knowledge of man's heart, his wisdom, his sympathy, his felicity of thought and expression. And this it does in no vague, general way, but in specific terms. Consider them: Shakespeare's dramas are not only to the life, but *so* grained to the life that they serve us for daily commentaries upon all the actions of our own lives. We are told that we may go, and do go, to Shakespeare to apprehend ourselves, to learn the relation that exists between us and the world without us, to understand what we do, and why we do it, and what we are. And *this* is the secret of Shakespeare's hold upon mankind. Literature has little value except as a revelation of man to himself. In true poetry that revelation

becomes oracular; in dramatic poetry of the ideal sort it attains its highest expression. Now in this highest form of this revelation of man to himself Shakespeare stands supreme. His plays serve for common commentaries upon the actions, upon all the actions, of our lives. That is his supremacy, that his sign and token of power. It has rich garnishment and splendid trappings of beauty, but that is the substance of it; and to this setting forth of it two centuries and three quarters ago nothing substantial has been added.

Yet (it would seem) that nothing should be lacking to the perfectness of the first appreciation of Shakespeare, there was added to this exposition of his quality a setting forth of the nature of the spell which he has cast upon the world. This is contained in the declaration that heavy-witted worldlings, coming to the representation or the reading of Shakespeare's dramas, "*have found that wit there that they never found in themselves, and have parted better witted than they came.*" Let it be remembered that wit then included both wit and wisdom, as we use the words; and could there be a more comprehensive exhibit than this of the effect of the worthy reading of Shakespeare, or of its strongest allurements to the reader? We go to Shakespeare to find in him the wit and the wisdom that we have not in ourselves; and we part, or think we part, from him wiser and wittier than we came. My acquaintance with the work of the anatomists and eulogists of William Shakespeare has revealed to me nothing that is not said or implied in Ben Jonson's criticism, and in that of this prologuer to *Troilus and Cressida*.

There can be no vainer expenditure of time and of labor than an attempt to treat the works of such a writer as Shakespeare upon a system. This is true equally of the spirit of his dramas and the form of his poetry. All efforts in this direction have resulted only in

the production of theories more or less ingenious, which, after attracting little attention, or less than little, are disregarded by the mass of Shakespeare's intelligent readers, and soon become known only as a part of the huge and heterogeneous Shakespeare bibliography. It is instructively remarkable that critics of Shakespeare who work in this way never benefit either the world or Shakespeare. Of this there could not be a more striking example than William Sydney Walker, who did not live to see the effect of his work, published some twenty or more years ago. He was without a doubt a man of learning, of critical faculty, of industry. His criticism is imposing from its volume, its coherence, its consistency, and its system, and from its consciously laborious air. Much was said of it, much expected. It was textual criticism; but what service has it done to Shakespeare's text? Examine any critical edition produced since that time, and see that its effect has been, if not nothing, inappreciable.

Such work is not difficult to men with even less scholarship and insight than Walker's. Almost any clever, educated man may set to work with his Shakespeare and half a dozen volumes of commentaries before him, and, abandoning himself to conjecture, elaborate comments and suggestions which to many readers of a certain sort—a mousing sort—shall seem pleasing, and even at times convincing. It is this facility that has flooded the world with the weak wash of Shakespeareanism. Look at Walker's long, labored work, and see that in that which is not common to him and others, his predecessors or his contemporaries, there is very little of worth or weight. The impression produced by his book at first was due to its systematic arrangement: he worked by classification; what he did had a scientific look. There is nothing more imposing upon dullness, whether popular or pedantic, than this air of system and

science. Let a man arrange common-places alphabetically, or platitudes according to a system, and he surely will be looked upon and spoken of, for a time at least, as "an authority." If the contents of a junk-shop were arranged and catalogued upon a system—characteristic or alphabetical—they would be looked upon with respect. For this there is *some* reason; because classification is the first step to scientific knowledge of any subject which includes many related particulars. But it should never be forgotten that it is only the first step. The brains of many "ripe scholars" are little better than literary junk-shops; and the value of their contents is not largely increased by classification.

I have heretofore mentioned the Shakespeare Lexicon, by the erudite Dr. Alexander Schmidt, of Königsberg. How ever learned Dr. Schmidt may be (and I believe that he is a scholar of most respectable attainments), however able (and I would willingly assume that his ability is equal to his scholarship), however painstaking (and his Lexicon shows him to be most commendable in this respect), I cannot but regard that work as absolutely worthless; and not only so, but as a conspicuous example of a kind of effort the fruits of which the world might well be spared. What it is and what is its value may be very briefly told.

Shakespeare used about fifteen thousand words.¹ All of these words (except the articles, prepositions, and conjunctions) may be found in Mrs. Cowden Clarke's Concordance of the Plays and the late much-loved and much-lamented Mrs. Horace Howard Furness's Concordance of the Poems,—the latter of which has the great value given by the presence of all the words used, articles and what not. In both these works the words appear with brief context, and arranged alphabetically under play, act, and scene,

¹ This estimate is not mine. It seems to me excessive.

or poem. Any word used by Shakespeare can thus be found at once by the student, and its sense in one passage compared with its sense in all others. Now of Shakespeare's fifteen thousand words there are not more than two or three hundred of which the reader of general information and intelligence needs explanation because of their obsolescence, and little more than one hundred because of their use in a sense peculiar to Shakespeare. If any one of my readers is surprised at this assertion, let him consider the question briefly, and I think that he will see that, were it otherwise, Shakespeare could not be read in our day with constantly increasing delight by millions, young and old, educated, half educated, nay, truly uneducated. That the glossaries appended to Shakespeare's works contain a larger number of words than this — some twelve or fifteen hundred, usually — is not at all to the purpose. Again, a moment's reflection will make it clear to any reasonable person that if one tenth of Shakespeare's words were obsolete or esoteric his plays would be unreadable, except by scholars. The numerousness of the lists in the glossaries is easily explained. Opening that of the Globe edition casually, I find in the first of its brief columns that meets my eye the following words given and explained: *gaudy*, brilliantly festive, "Let's have another gaudy night;" *gaze*, object looked at with curious wonder, "live to be the show and gaze o' th' time;" *gear*, matter of business; *general*, common; *generations*, children; *gentility*, good manners; *german*, akin (as in cousin-german); *gifts*, talents; *gilt* = gold, money, bribes, "have for the gilt of France confirm'd conspiracy;" *glose*, to comment; *glut*, to swallow; *government*, self-restraint; *gracious*, full of grace; *grained*, engrained; *grange*, a farmhouse; *gratillity*, a Fool's ludicrous blunder for *gratuity*; *gratulate*, to congratulate; *grave*, to bury, put in a grave; *green*, immature, fresh;

greenly, foolishly; *grossly*, palpably; and *gentle* is given three times, and *gird* twice, and *gleek* twice, with essentially the same meaning. These words fill half the column in which they appear. Now I confess at once that I am not writing for those who do not see that such glosses are more than superfluous, — absurd. A reader who needs explanation of such words as those cited above has no business with a Shakespeare, — no business with any book other than a primer and a popular dictionary. Who needs the explanation of such words as those could not read a newspaper of higher class than a Police Gazette; certainly not a Penny Dreadful. Nor do such people read Shakespeare, or even any writer of the day who rises in thought or phrase above the level of the poet's corner or the humorous column. One reason of this glossarial superfluity would seem to be that tendency which I have before remarked upon, to obtrude explanation of word and phrase when it is the thought that eludes apprehension, and the founding of glossaries upon such notes of explanation; another, that disposition, also heretofore mentioned, to magnify the Shakespearean office, to set it off as an *ism*, to make the reading of Shakespeare a cult and the editing him a mystery.

Our brief chance examination of the Globe glossary showed us that not half the words included in it needed glosses for any person who could read an English newspaper of average grade. But even this conclusion overstates the truth. Not six hundred of Shakespeare's fifteen thousand words need glosses, — not more than two or three hundred, as I have said before. Now what the Shakespeare Lexicon does is to give in two thundering volumes, — a bulk four times as great as that of the Globe Shakespeare — all Shakespeare's words arranged alphabetically, with their various definitions in the order of the plays. I open casually the volume on which my hand

first falls, and find the page before me entirely filled with citations and definitions of the following words: *slave, slave-like, slaver, slavery, slavish, slay, slayer, sleave-silk, sledded, sleek, sleek-headed, sleekly, sleep*, not one of which, it will be seen, is obsolete or obsolescent, not one of which could not be found in any popular manual-dictionary, not one of which would trouble a common-school boy of average intelligence. Could anything be more superfluous, more absurd! As to the meaning of Shakespeare's words which every ordinarily intelligent reader understands, and without such an understanding of which Shakespeare's writings, and not only they but the general literature of the day, would be incomprehensible, — as to these, no one needs the ministrations of any special Shakespeare lexicographer, nor those of any lexicographer. Where help is needed is in words and phrases of the opposite class. If Dr. Schmidt's scholarship and his mastery of the English language had enabled him to throw new light upon these, or upon any considerable proportion of them, a brief glossological excursus to that effect by him would have been welcome; and I cannot but believe that it would have been performed by him in a thorough and scholarly manner. But here is exactly where he fails. Where definition and comparison of words and phrases is needless, more than superfluous, he is in most cases triumphantly clear and correct: it is chiefly in the case of obsolescence or obscurity that he fails to benefit the world by what has been called his "remarkable and invaluable work," his "combination of accuracy and acuteness."

That, for example, *slave* means "a person who is absolutely subject to the will of another;" *slay*, "to kill, to put to death;" *sleek-headed*, having the hair well combed; *sleep*, "rest taken by a suspension of the voluntary exercise of the bodily and mental powers," and so

forth, we hardly need the aid of scholarship like Dr. Schmidt's to know. Indeed, every reader of English blood or breeding is likely to know it better than the learned Dr. Schmidt of Koenigsberg does. But when he comes to the words and phrases about which English folk may doubt, although with some inkling of their meaning, he is generally — no, I cannot say generally, for I have yet cut but few leaves of his *Lexicon*, but generally on such an examination — in a sad muddle of confusion and ignorance. Would it not be somewhat unreasonable to expect otherwise? On the page now accidentally before me, in the passage in the first act of *Hamlet*, —

"Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice,"

because "Polacks" happens to be spelled phonetically in the folio *Pollax*, he will have it that we should read *pole-axe*; that *sledded* means having a sledge or heavy hammer on it; and that "smote the sledded pole-axe on the ice" means that the elder Hamlet in his anger smote the ice with his pole-axe. There could not be better evidence of Dr. Schmidt's superfluity as a Shakespearean lexicographer than this amazing, and I must be pardoned for saying ridiculous, explanation. The absurdity of it is *felt* by every English-minded reader more easily than it is explained. It is so laughably inconsistent with the tone of this scene, awful with the wraith of the majesty of buried Denmark, to picture the royal Dane smiting the ice with his pole-axe, like a testy old heavy father in a comedy! But on turning to Furness's variorum edition of this play, I discover, from the first sentence of his array of notes on this passage, that "German commentators have found more difficulty in this phrase than English." I should think so. It is not surprising. Dr. Furness, after gathering (as according to his vast plan he must needs gather)

a great deal of such lumber together in a compressed or abbreviated form, at last says, in regard to the exegesis of one of these learned German scholars, and one who does not insist upon *poleaxe*, "This comment paralyzes my power to paraphrase," and gives it in full thus:—

"I always regarded 'sleaded,' or, as the modern editors read, 'sledged,' as nonsense. What a ridiculous position it must have been to see a king in full armour smiting down a sledged man; that is, a man sitting in a sledge! It would rather not have been a king-like action. And it was of course not a remarkable, not a memorable fact that in the cold Scandinavian country in winter time people were found sitting in a sledge; nobody would have wondered at it, — perhaps more at the contrary. When the king frowned in an angry parle, he must have been provoked to it by an irritating behavior of the adversary, and Horatio, remembering the fact, will also bear in mind the cause of it; and so I suppose he used an epithet which points out the provoking manner of the Polack, and, following as much as possible the form *sleaded*, I should like to propose the word *sturdy*, or, as it would have been written in Shakespeare's time, *sturdie*."

And the man who wrote that undertakes to explain Shakespeare, and even to write verbal criticism on his language; nay, verily, to propose emendations of his text! Do not suppose that he is ignorant, that he is even a half-scholar, or that he is dull. On the contrary, he, like Dr. Schmidt, is a scholar and a man of ability. It is simply that he does not understand the English idiom and the English way of thinking. If our good German friends would but confine themselves to admiring Shakespeare, although in a somewhat simpler and less profound manner than is their wont, and would confine their verbal and philosophical exegesis to the second part of Faust, and "sech," it would, I venture to think, tend greatly to edification.

I cannot go at all into the matter here, and indeed as to the Shakespeare Lexicon I don't profess to be fitly acquainted with it for criticism; but turning the leaves of my copy, I find among many words already checked on its mar-

gins these: *Apply* defined as "to make use of." Now a thing applied, whether it is craft, or a poultice, or medicine, is indeed used; but *apply* does not therefore mean to make use of. To apply is to set one thing against or to another; as when a plaster is applied, or a student applies himself, or a man applies his memory. The Lexicon very misleadingly confuses two distinct although related thoughts. *Contrive*, in Taming of the Shrew, I. 2, l. 268, "please ye we may contrive this afternoon and quaff carouses," is defined as either to spend, or to pass away, or to lay schemes; which will seem strange to any Englishwoman who is in the habit of saying, "How shall we contrive to pass the time?" Here *contrive* means, merely, manage. *Buckle*, in passages like "in single combat thou shalt buckle with me," is defined "to join in close fight;" and this sense is said to be "probably derived from the phrase to turn the buckle"! Here is a mistake of the same sort as that about *apply*. *Buckle* sometimes applies to joining in fight, but it does not mean that, nor anything like it. We buckle to our work; a studious boy buckles to his lessons; and in an old song a hesitating girl says she "can't buckle to," meaning she can't bring herself to be married. *Buckle* means, merely, bend. This meaning appears in the Latin *bucca* = a cheek, *buccula* = the curve of a helmet or the boss of a shield, the French *boucle* = a curl, and our *buckle*, an implement to hold a thong. We bend (buckle) to our work; a boy bends (buckles) to his task; a soldier buckles (that is bends, gives himself body and soul) to combat. The Lexicon, defining that which to an intelligent English reader needs no definition, misleads readers who are not English and not intelligent. *Set cock-a-hoop* certainly does not mean "pick a quarrel;" so clearly does every English reader see this, although he may not know the origin of the phrase, that

further words on it would be wasted. And how it astonishes us English-tongued folk to be told by a distinguished scholar that *lapsed* means "surprised, taken in the act;" and that when Hamlet says to his father's ghost that he is "lapsed in time and passion" he means, "I am surprised by you in a time and passion fit for," etc.! Yet verily Dr. Schmidt does so tell us. *Lapsed* means lost in, given up to, abandoned to; and Hamlet says that *he* was feebly given up to procrastination and moody feeling. The notion that "lapsed" has any reference to the action or to the presence of the fancied ghost, is surely one of the most extraordinary pieces of Shakespearean exegesis that exists in that extraordinary literature. And so when the Shakespeare Lexicon tells us that in Touchstone's "Well said; that was laid on with a trowel," we have "a proverbial phrase, probably meaning without ceremony," how we are tempted into exclamatory utterances and unseemly laughter, — we who, not being scholars, have always understood it as meaning, simply, that was laid on thick, as a bricklayer lays on mortar! Nor has *pitched* in "a pitched battle" anything to do with "the custom of planting sharp stakes in the ground against hostile horse." *Pitch* (of unknown etymology) means merely to place firmly and suddenly. A man pitches upon a site for his house; a clergyman pitches upon a text for his sermon; a singer pitches upon a note; we pitch upon anything that we choose quickly and decidedly. Tents were and are pitched; and to pitch a battle was to choose the ground for it and to array the troops. The old preterite was *pight*, which is used by Shakespeare: —

"When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him *pight* to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him."

(Lear II. 1, 64.)

Here *pight* means merely fixed, set, as it does in this line of Spenser's: —

"But in the same a little grate was *pight*."

(Faerie Queene, I. viii. 37.)

And in Mandeville "a spere that is pight into the erthe" means merely a spear that is set into the earth. *Pitch* and *pight* used in regard to tents or spears or stakes do not mean more or other than when used in regard to anything else, a site, a text, a note, or what not. Nor does *sheep-biter* mean "a morose, surly, malicious fellow," or anything like that. If Dr. Schmidt had said it meant a thief, he would have had the support of good "authority" (whatever that may be). It was indeed applied to thieves, as in this line: —

"How like a *sheep-biting* rogue, taken i' th' manner!"

(Fletcher, Rule a Wife, etc., V. 4.)

and so it was to malicious persons, as in the following line: —

"His hate like a *sheep-biter* fleering aside."

(Tusser, Description of an Envious and Naughtie Neighbour, p. 112, ed. 1610.)

But it was so applied merely because it was a general term of reproach. It means merely, mutton-eater. This I suggested in my first edition of *Twelfth Night* (1857); and afterwards I found the following reference to the phrase by Addison: —

"Mutton . . . was formerly observed to be the food rather of men of nice and delicate appetites than those of strong and robust constitutions. For which reason even to this day we use the word *Sheep-biter* as a term of reproach, as we do *Beef-eater* in a respectful, honorable sense." (Tatler, No. 148.)

Addison's testimony (and he mentions that he had consulted antiquaries — in 1709 — on the subject of his paper) leaves no doubt as to the meaning of the compound, and as to its use as a general term of reproach. But I venture a dissent from his inference in regard to delicate appetites. Mutton two and three hundred years ago was looked upon as very inferior food to venison and to beef; and "mutton-eater" coarsened into "sheep-biter" corresponded to the modern "tripe-eater." But even a glance here and there at my few casual checks upon the margins of his Lex-

icon is leading me into prolixity, and I must end it, merely remarking upon the extraordinary misapprehension which gives "one who goes abroad" as the meaning of *putter-out*, in "each putter-out of five for one;" which tells us (the word, unseen before, catches my eye just as I turn the leaves) that *point blank* means "with certain aim, so as not to miss," — *point blank* having nothing to do with aim, or hitting or missing, but meaning merely, in a direct line, on a level, without elevation or depression of the gun; and finally at the ignorance which tells us that *placket* was "probably a stomacher." Now what a placket was I don't know; and therefore I say so plainly, and with no shame for my ignorance. But this I do know: that of all the articles of feminine apparel, except a shoe and a bonnet, a stomacher was the one which most surely could not have been called a placket. Placket, if originally the name of an article of dress, was plainly not that of one which had another name.¹

How "invaluable" the Shakespeare Lexicon is, how "admirable a combination of accuracy and acuteness," we may gather from this cursory glance over its mostly uncut pages. The scholarship of its compiler (and I hint no doubt as to

its amplitude and its thoroughness) is not at all to the purpose. The book plainly needs to be examined, article by article, by some competent English scholar of average common sense, and an appreciation of it set forth, before it becomes, by reason of its imposing form, its systematic arrangement, and its seeming scientific method, an "authority." Upon my casual examination, I venture merely the opinion that its erudite compiler lacks, perhaps, only one qualification for his task, — an inbred understanding of the English of nowadays and of Shakespeare's time; that so far is he from being "accurate" that not only in words and phrases which are the proper subjects of explanation, but even as to those which need none to any average reader, he has made many mistakes; and that as to the rest his work is so far from being "invaluable" that it is utterly needless even to the least learned of my intelligent readers, — a striking and characteristic exhibition and example of the superfluity of Shakespeareanism.²

And now, as it was said when brave Moore was laid to rest in his cloak,

"But half our heavy task was done

When the clock struck the hour for retiring;"

nor, indeed, will it be unexpected if I hear from

¹ Those who care to refer to passages, few here quotable, which show that a placket could not possibly have been a stomacher may turn to "She'll swap thee into her *plackerd*," Greene's *Fr. Buncy* and *Fr. Bacon*, p. 194; "Clarinda's *placket*," B. & F., *Lover's Progress*, IV. 3; "At all our crests (videlicet, our *plackets*)," B. & F., *Woman's Prize*, II. 4; "Keep thy hand from thy sword, and from thy laundress's *placket*," B. & F., *Little French Lawyer*, V. 2; "Look to your *plackard*, Madam," *World of Wonders*, 1607, p. 44; "to lend him her *placket peece*," *Idem*, p. 132. See passages which must be only referred to in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, II. 19, 20, *Ib.* III. 4, *Ib.* IV. 217, *Ib.* IV. 324; the *placket* geer, *Wit's Paraphrase*, p. 14; "quit my *placket*," *Ib.* p. 27; "from my *placket*," *Ib.* 85; "the *witches' placket*," *Ib.* p. 111. The two latter especially noteworthy. And see also passages cited in my first edition of *Shakespeare on Love's Labour's Lost*, III. 1, and *King Lear* III. 4.

² A marginal check at the word *quill* catches my eye. The exhibition is too good to be passed

over. Will it be believed? Bottom's "wren with little quill" is given as an example of the use of *quill* in the sense "the strong feather of the wing of a bird." Any intelligent English-brained school-boy could have told the erudite German professor that here *quill* means pipe, note: "little quill" = feeble note. This whole article on *quill* is wrong. So, too, I find, on the first page of vol. ii., *mad* defined as "besides one's self," — this not by misprint, as is shown by the article on *besides*; and I see that I have no less than eight checks for like blunders to these in *Much Ado*, etc. I have not looked at this Lexicon since my first hasty glance through it after its publication, nine years ago. It is a very scientific, very systematic, very elaborate performance; and, like many scientific, systematic, elaborate performances, utterly worthless because misleading. This with great respect for Dr. Schmidt's erudition and industry. The Koenigsberg scholar merely does not apprehend English idiom as if it were his mother tongue, and should therefore not have undertaken to explain Shakespeare, — of all writers!

"the distant random gun
That the foe is suddenly firing."

I have truly not touched half the points as to which I made memorandums for this brief series of articles; but I must bring it now speedily to an end, and postpone fuller exposition to a more convenient season.¹

The present result of what I cannot but feel to have been an incomplete examination of our subject seems to me to be the bringing forth, with evidence not to be gainsaid, of these truths: that most of our Shakespeare literature is a useless burden; that it is not only needless to the right understanding of Shakespeare, but largely misleading; that much of it is thus misleading because the writers wished to deliver themselves of something fine upon a great subject, and looked rather into their own "moral consciousness" than into Shakespeare himself, or to the facts and forces of which his works were the result; that the consequence of this has been a misapprehension of the character of Shakespeare's genius, although not an overestimate of its greatness; that there has been a like amiable misconception of his personal character; that he worked merely as a playwright, and not as a dramatist, with the ethnic, æsthetic aim of such men as Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; that the construction of his plays was not in any great degree his own; that he rarely gave it much thought, and that more rarely does it show much skill; that the characters of his personages were generally not of his conceiving in their elemental traits, but were determined by the old tales he dramatized and the old plays he worked over, from which in this respect they differ essentially in very few instances; that his personages are not always consistent in essence or in art; that Shakespeare wrote without any ethical purpose either in general design or particular passages,

¹ When these and other papers of their kind shall be published by themselves.

and that he himself was indifferent in his feeling as to the moral character of his personages, and no less as to the decency of his ideas and the decorum of his language; that in his use of words and phrases he was heedless of correctness and consistency, and under a combinate pressure of thought and haste would set at naught not only the grammar of his time, but that logic which is the grammar of all time; that he was neither in purpose nor in fact at any time of his life original as to structural form or spirit, either as a dramatist or as a poet.

What, then, was Shakespeare? What is it that makes Time his preserver rather than his destroyer; that causes his reputation to harden into adamant under the pressure of centuries which crumbles others into the impalpable powder of oblivion; which sets him above — yes, I shall not hesitate to say far above — even Homer and Dante, not to mention Æschylus and Euripides, and hardly to think of Goethe, — what is it? Any man may shrink, as I know that I shrink, with doubt of his ability to answer this question. But I venture to think that I do know the answer, although to give it here, at the end of an article, with any fullness or with satisfaction to myself would be impossible. Shakespeare's great and peculiar genius was not the genius of observation, of study, of cogitation, of labor: it was an intuitive, inborn knowledge of men and things in their elemental, eternal nature, and of their consequent relations, combined with an inborn faculty of expressing that knowledge such as has never been manifested in speech or writing by any other man known to history. And chiefly his genius lay in this power of expression. It is probable that many have approached him in his insight of man and of nature; those who enjoy him and understand him must approach him in this respect more or less remotely, or they would neither understand nor enjoy. But to know is one thing, and to

tell with convincing effect quite another. A man may have a stable full of horses, and not be able to drive four-in-hand.

If by power of expression I meant merely the ability to write with clearness, force, and beauty — with whatever clearness, whatever force, whatever beauty — that which is both wise and interesting, I should be saying, indeed, what is true, but I should not present any new view of Shakespeare's genius. His peculiar power in this regard was that of uniting poetical beauty, the charm of fancy and of language, with the utterance of that intuitive knowledge which, in the words of his contemporary critic, makes his writings "serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives." I can here give by examples but hints and suggestions of what I mean:

"We are such stuff

As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

"Spirits are not finely touch'd

But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor —
Both thanks and use."

"But 't is a common proof

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend."

"What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly piled
For truth to overpeer."

"O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall leave behind me!

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story."

And see that speech in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act III. Sc. 3, beginning, "Time hath my lord a wallet," etc., which in its union of wisdom, beauty, and richness of thought and utterance

is unsurpassed by any other from Shakespeare's pen. These passages are mere chance-remembered examples of a multitude like the pebbles "on the unnumbered beach" which constitute, in my judgment, their writer's peculiar claim upon the attention of the world, his peculiar charm to the world's ear. Leave him his truth and strength of characterization, his vividness of dramatic speech and action, his imagination, his pathos, his humor, his power in the tender and his power in the terrible, in all of which qualities he is unsurpassed, and in most of which he is unequaled; but take from him his specialty of using language in such a way as to make poetry a comment upon all the actions of our lives, and us conscious of wit and wisdom in his presence, — do this, and the Shakespeare supreme, the unapproachable, is gone.

Shakespeare's mind surely had in it something of the quality which, having no other name for it, we call divine; for it seems to have been an exhaustless source of knowledge, of wisdom, and of beauty. Yet something it had very human, too, and sometimes very weak and poor; mortal error and mere human dross. But let us scorn the affectation that would say, Were it not so he would be too good and great for sympathy and love. Nothing is too good and great for man to love and worship, although, like the greatest intellect the world has seen, he may sometimes weakly or wickedly fall away from what he knows that he should love and worship.

Shakespeare in his supremacy stands far above the deterioration of his weaknesses and the contamination of his faults. The high-heaved peak of his lonely genius cleaves the cool serene, no less dazzling pure, no less golden-touched with light of heaven, because of fens and marshes at its base. Around it his great thoughts sweep on mighty wings, none the less majestic because there are foul and venomous creatures creeping below. To him our eyes turn

when we need such counsel, such comfort, such delight, as surpasses that which seems mere counsel, mere comfort, mere delight, — such as transcends all other moral good and mental pleasure. The more we know him, the more we find him not quite all knowable. He is the only writer who can be to us in one brief half hour our jester, our singer, our friend, our consoler, our prophet (but never our priest), our sage, — ourselves. There is no mood of our lives that was not a mood of his mind; no sorrow or joy of our hearts that was not a sorrow or a joy of his brain. His intellect was the abstract of humanity. His is the only fame enrolled upon the ages which is not only without a rival, but which

no one would hope to rival. The chosen people had only three kings, each of whom was preëminent for certain qualities. Shakespeare in his intellectual royalty suggests them all. The Saul of literature, he stands head and shoulders above even the brothers of his kingly blood; like David, he is the poet of a race and yet of all races, and moreover one who, seeking the means of content, found the crown of immortality; like Solomon, he is wise with a wisdom which has enlightened the whole world. Like each and all of these who must be united to be his prototype, he is not without faults that would condemn him to death, were he not so great that he is above either punishment or pardon.

Richard Grant White.

UNDER THE MAPLES.

THERE is a lively interest among students of history and society in the uncovering of rubbish heaps, and the reconstruction of village communities out of institutional hints. I have found my pleasure in unearthing the villages and farms and pasture-lands and battle-fields which lie under my maple-trees. Every year the busy life goes on there, whether I watch it or not; it is a microcosm of that world which my daily newspaper reports; for here among the ants are the builders of cities, the governors and leaders, the masters of slaves, the harvesters, the herdsmen, and the mechanics. No emancipation proclamation has yet been issued, but there are wars and rumors of wars.

Failing to discover the official records of these busy creatures — too busy, may be, to trouble themselves about history — I have kept a journal of my observations. I have had, moreover, the opportunity of comparing the observations which I have made under my Northern

maple trees with what I have seen at the South, and I record with pleasure the fact that there is more common ground of pursuit between the two sections than some would have us believe. Naturalists have given us the impression that no harvesting ants are to be found at the North. They are mistaken. Familiar as I am with those of the South, I have never found a more interesting species than one at the North, *Pheidole pennsylvanica*, a large colony, whose subterranean city is beneath the spreading branches of a maple in near proximity to my house, affording an excellent opportunity to observe its habits.

The colony is composed of males and females and two sets of neuters, consisting of soldiers and workers, each set widely differing from the other in looks and occupation. The soldiers are at once recognized by their superior size and large heads, and they take no part in the ordinary work of the community. The workers are much smaller than the

soldiers, and as their name indicates they are the architects, food providers, and nurses of the community. They gather various grains and seeds, which they store in underground rooms, usually below the frost line, which indicates that the grain is housed mostly for winter use; this idea is further confirmed by the fact of the great quantity of shells and chaff of seeds which they bring out when their city is undergoing its first thorough spring cleaning.

In what way the seeds are prepared so that they may be made into available food is something of a mystery, as the ants take all nourishment in a liquid form. I have noticed that they are partial to those which yield an abundance of mucilage, such as plantain (*Plantago lanceolata*); but whether these seeds are gathered for the mucilage which they contain, or for the albumen, which is also abundant, is a question, for the ants are not confined to mucilaginous seeds, by any means, but harvest those of *Oxalis stricta*, *Spergula arvensis*, and grass-seed, which are destitute of mucilage but abound in albumen. As the embryo swells it acts upon the albumen, dissolving and chemically changing its substance into a large quantity of sugar, which seems to point to the way in which they are used for food.

But the ants also gather a great many seeds of a cruciferous plant (*Lepidium virginicum*), which contains no albumen. So instead of devoting my time to finding out the properties of the various seeds which they collected, and speculating upon how and in what way they use them, I have closely observed their habits from early spring until late autumn.

In the first warm days of April, sometimes in the latter part of March, several gates of the city are opened, and the busy inhabitants are engaged in bringing out the refuse of grain and other rubbish which has accumulated during the winter, and which they deposit in a

heap outside of the city limits. The laborers work continuously during pleasant weather, and are attended by sentinels, or perhaps street commissioners, who seem to be watching and directing their movements. When the spring cleaning is completed, all the gates are permanently closed except one, and this is shut and barricaded at all times save when the ants are actively engaged at harvest or other work.

Upon excavating a formicary in July, I found several nearly empty chambers; some near the surface of the ground, others scattered irregularly about to the depth of three feet, where I came to several small rooms or granaries stored with seed. I noticed one chamber much larger than the rest, which from all appearances was the dining-room, as it contained some partly consumed insects. The ants were in great consternation over the loss of their city, running in every direction and carrying the larvæ and pupæ, while many of them were buried beneath the ruins. It appears heartless and cruel to destroy one of these neatly built cities, doubtless the work of years and representing the labor of many thousand individuals. And in fact very little can be learned of the interior of such a formicary, even with the most careful handling, owing to the nature of the soil in which it is built. The most satisfactory way of obtaining knowledge of the interior of a formicary is to cut into one of some species that builds in wood, and take out sections that can be carried home; and at the same time secure a colony of the ants, together with the larvæ and pupæ. This I accomplished with a species of *Aphænogaster*, nearly related to the harvesting ants. The blocks were cut through several chambers, but fitted together perfectly. The ants were soon domiciled, and came out and walked timidly about among their new surroundings. I now placed dry crumbs of cake and small lumps of dry, hard sugar near the blocks,

which they soon found and carried within. Three days afterward I carefully separated the blocks, and found the dining-room, where the cake and sugar had been taken. The blocks were dry and placed where no moisture could reach them except what the ants might convey, and yet the cake and sugar were dissolved into a pulpy mass. The larvæ were in dry chambers, not far removed from the food. This indicates that the harvesting ants bring their stored seeds from the granaries to another room, as needed, and have some process unknown to us whereby they make the seed into available food.

When some reconnoitering member of the community has found an abundant harvest, the news is soon imparted, and the workers form in line and march to the spot. Here the line is broken, and the numerous individuals scatter about and collect the seeds, when they again form in line and return over the same road. Day after day this road is traversed, until the grain is exhausted, or until some enterprising member has found better harvesting-grounds, when the old field is forsaken for the new. I have never seen the soldiers in line with the laborers carrying seeds, but they are always at the front, where strength and courage are required, and they will work in case of an emergency.

In common with other ants, the harvesters are very partial to animal food, upon which, no doubt, they greatly subsist during the summer. A dead fly, several times larger than one of the ants, was placed a short distance from the gate of the city. A wandering individual from the tribe of *Lasius* discovered it at the same moment with one of the *Pheidoles*. (As our little harvester has a name and place in the scientific world, I will hereafter call it by its generic name, *Pheidole*.) The two are about equally matched in size and strength, and now a struggle ensues for the coveted prize. First one and then the other seems to

have the advantage. *Lasius* succeeds in getting it a short distance from the place of discovery in the direction of her camp, but is obliged to drop it to make sure of her bearings, when *Pheidole* hurries with it in the opposite direction, eager to place it within her gate before the other again seizes it. But *Lasius* is not to be beaten in this manner, and again struggles for the mastery, and it begins to look as if she might be successful. At this point *Pheidole* seems to be discouraged, gives up the contest, and starts for home. She enters the gate for a moment, and hastily returns, closely followed by a soldier. During this short interval *Lasius* has moved well forward in the direction of her camp. *Pheidole* reaches the spot where she left the prize only to find it gone, and now she rushes in frantic haste round and round, widening the circle as she advances, until she finds *Lasius*, and again lays hold of the fly. The soldier, meanwhile, moves more slowly, but makes the same circuit until she reaches the contending parties, and takes hold of the fly by the side of her comrade; and now the burden is easily carried, with *Lasius* clinging to the opposite side, and holding on with untiring pertinacity, occasionally preventing the rapid transit by bracing herself against some object in the path. This seems to provoke the soldier, who drops the fly, lays hold of *Lasius*, and tears her in pieces, while the smaller *Pheidole* carries the prize to the city and disappears within the gate.

I placed six freshly killed horse-flies near the city, any one of which was many times larger than one of the *Pheidoles*. Two workers soon made the discovery, and walked over and around this huge pile, as if taking its dimensions. Satisfied that it was beyond their power to do anything alone, they simultaneously started for the city, as if each were anxious to be the first to impart the news. Not a soldier was visible, but several must have been just within

the gate, for they immediately came pouring out in large numbers, and at once proceeded to this supply of food. The flies were soon carried to the city, but were too large to drag through the gate (the streets, or galleries, were much broader than the gate from which they diverged); so they were removed a short distance, and a company of laborers was employed in enlarging the gate, while the soldiers were engaged in cutting off the wings and legs from the flies. Soon one was brought back to the gate, two legs and a wing still adhering to the body. They tried to take it in head first, but it would not go; they lifted it out and turned it round, but succeeded no better until the remaining legs and wing were severed. All of the flies were managed in the same way. The legs and wings, as fast as the soldiers severed them, were borne within by the workers. Sometimes the wings were at first rejected and thrown among the *débris*, but other more provident individuals were sure to find them, and bearing them aloft like banners carried them into the city. In less than an hour all of the flies were housed, the gate closed, and not an inhabitant was to be seen.

Each tribe has its own peculiarities. *Lasius flavus* is a thieving, vagabond race, widely differing from the Pheidoles, who have regular settled homes, while the camps of the *Lasius* are scattered everywhere, and often changed. Sometimes several camps are near the city, and prove to be a great annoyance to the citizens; the strolling tribes hinder them in their work, and interfere with their funeral rites. Several workers are employed among the Pheidoles to keep the dining-room in order: they bring out the chaff of grain and shells of seeds and remains of insects after the feast, and deposit them in a heap some distance beyond the gateway. While they are thus engaged a sentinel is always patrolling around the gate to warn

them of approaching danger. The *Lasius* are the most dreaded enemy. They are sure to be on the alert when the gate of the city is open, ready to snatch prey from the returning hunters; or they rush up to the workers, to see if they are carrying out anything desirable. So the sentinel, when she meets any of this tribe, hurries to the entrance and stations herself there, and seems to whisper to each advancing worker, who hastily retreats with her burden. As long as the sentinel remains at the gate not one of the laborers passes out; but she no sooner returns to her rounds than they begin to emerge, at first slowly and cautiously, deposit their burdens, and return for more.

The *Lasius* are not only cannibals, but they will snatch the dead body of a Pheidole from its relatives when on the way to the place of interment. I was sitting near the closed gate of the city, and observed that the sticks and pebbles with which it was barricaded were being moved to make room for an individual to go through. The ants came out one at a time to the number of seven, and removed the stones and sticks to one side, leaving a free opening. And now one of their comrades came bearing the dead body of a young female. She had died while still clothed in the white filmy material in which the young are swathed, — a fitting shroud, through which her plump body was plainly visible. Her limbs were neatly folded across her breast. The bearer started alone to conceal the body in some distant place, while her comrades reclosed the gate and retired within the city. I followed the bearer, and saw, from the direction she was taking, that she would soon be in the midst of several camps of *Lasius*, of which she seemed to be unaware. No sooner had she reached the border of the camps than her footsteps were dogged by one of the tribe, who soon overtook her, seized the body and tried to wrest it from her; but finding

that her strength was not sufficient she let go her hold, and hastened to the nearest camp to tell of this desirable prize. Soon a dozen or more of the *Lasius* were on the track. She now became thoroughly alarmed, and impetuously rushed forward until she came to a deep pit. She did not drop the body, but clung frantically to the edge of the pit, until the little fragment of earth gave way, and she was precipitated with her burden to the bottom. The *Lasius* lingered a while, waiting for her reappearance; but she did not come, and they returned to their quarters.

The *Pheidole's* mode of defense when attacked by a large army is unlike that of any other species with which I am acquainted. A great troop of *Lasius* from surrounding camps came down upon the city, with the determination to take it. They scaled the fortified gate and hastily threw aside the barricade, but were met by a solid phalanx of large-headed soldiers which completely filled the gap. Defeated here, their next move was to mine into a street a short distance from the gate. But their labor was of no avail; here, too, was a phalanx of soldiers, and not a *Lasius* was allowed to pass within. But they had their revenge in another way. Every little while one of the workers, who had been away from home, returned, and tried to reach the entrance, but was invariably seized by the enemy, when one or two soldiers would come to the rescue, and the little worker would make her escape and promptly pass into the city, while the soldier was immediately surrounded by a horde of the invading foe. She fought valiantly, and killed many, but sometimes succumbed to the overpowering numbers; more frequently she freed herself and escaped, not back to the city, but by climbing the nearest object, — a stem of clover or grass, — where the enemy never followed. Several soldiers escaped in this manner, and remained concealed until

the defeated army returned to its quarters.

A good illustration of the care and sympathy which the members of a colony of *Pheidoles* have for each other was manifested in an artificial formicary, arranged by the Rev. Mr. Morris, and placed upon his study table. The formicary was in a glass jar, about two thirds full of earth. The outside of the jar, as far as the earth extended, was encircled with paper, to exclude the light, in order that the ants might build their galleries and rooms next to the glass.

The colony soon became reconciled to their strange home, learning to come out of the jar and pass down the legs of the table to visit any part of the study and return. The workers had no difficulty in ascending the glass, but the large-headed soldiers could not get up without assistance. They would go as far as the paper extended, and fall back with every attempt to scale the smooth glass. Their large heads were a detriment rather than a help in such a novel emergency as this. And now the little workers, who had always looked to the Amazon soldiers for help in all trying circumstances, came to the rescue, and assisted them over the slippery place. One would come to the edge of the paper and meet a soldier, and gently take hold of her antennæ, and walk backward up the glass, steadying and supporting her until they both passed into the formicary. This soon became a fixed habit. After a while the soldiers did not try to walk up the glass alone, but would wait at the top of the paper for the workers to conduct them over it.

Several other species of ants in the North occasionally collect seeds and flowers and foliage. I have observed a tiny black ant, a species of *Tetramorium*, gathering honey from flowers, after the manner of bees. I first observed this species in New Hampshire, in the month of Au-

gust, 1880, collected in great numbers on the golden-rod (*Solidago nemoralis*). They ascend the long stalks and enter the flowers, where they are almost entirely concealed, only the tips of their abdomens showing like black specks on the bright yellow florets. When they are satisfied they come slowly down, with their honey-sacks rounded out almost to bursting, and all follow the same path until they reach their subterranean fornicary.

The harvesting ants and their allies have nothing to do with aphides or other sweet-secreting insects. They seem to have some way of elaborating or obtaining sugar directly from plants. But many other species depend in a great degree upon their flocks and herds for subsistence. Notable among this latter class are the *Crematogasters*, — an interesting race, divided into many clans or tribes. They often keep large herds of aphides, — cows the immortal Linnaeus called them, — upon which they are greatly dependent; so the prosperity of a colony may be known by its herds. The droves are jealously guarded from marauding tribes who are less fortunate in their possessions, and who frequently try to get the control of the cows of their more wealthy neighbors.

In the summer of 1881 I witnessed an exciting contest between two colonies of the same species, over a fine herd. The pasture on which the cows were feeding consisted of tender green herbage, and they were in good condition and yielded an abundance of the saccharine fluid. Around this pasture was a space of bare ground, where the troops were marshaled to keep the neighboring colony from trespassing among the drove. Tier upon tier, a solid phalanx extended around the entire pasture, making it impossible for the invaders to break through the ranks. The assaulting army was lean and hungry-looking, but fully as large and strong as the one attacked. There was no general en-

gagement, but every little while two of the opposing forces would clinch and tumble about over the ground like two dogs, but on relaxing their hold neither party seemed to be hurt. The cows were not neglected during this skirmishing. A host of kind and gentle milkers were constantly employed in obtaining the fluid, patting and stroking the cows with their antennæ until they gave down the milk. I noticed that the soldiers often changed places, those at the front going to the rear. The cause was soon apparent. All along the rear the milkers were feeding the troops. Other milkers were constantly going to and from the subterranean city, which was situated not far from the pasture-lands. They were no doubt supplying the queens and other members of the colony who were unable to be in the ranks.

After witnessing this skirmishing for several days, I established a drove of aphides near the city of the hostile colony. Some of the invaders were always on the road between the two colonies, slowly walking back and forth, like sentinels, to watch over their city, that it might not be taken by surprise while the protectors were absent. And now one of the sentinels came upon the cows, and ran around among them in an evident state of excitement, but did not stop to obtain any milk. Apparently satisfied with the fine condition of the herd, she ran with all haste to impart the good news to the army stationed around the neighboring colony. I followed her closely, never losing sight of her amid the throng. On her way she frequently met a returning comrade, whom she stopped for a moment and touched with her antennæ. The speed of the comrade after obtaining the news was greatly accelerated in the direction of home. The sentinel reached the outer ranks of the army, and communicated with every one with whom she came in contact, and somehow imparted the same excitement with which her own

body was quivering, until the whole army was aroused and on the homeward road. Very soon there was a host of eager milkers among the drove. But a large part of the army retired within the city, where they were fed by the milkers. Now that the invading force was withdrawn, the troops of the threatened colony also disappeared, only a few sentinels remaining to watch over the milkers and herd.

A tribe of *Formica* (*F. gagates*) also makes stock-raising its principal means of support, but the herds are entirely different from those of the *Crematogasters*: they do not graze in open fields, but are stabled, and feed on the roots of various plants. Underground stables are made expressly for them. The earth is removed from around the tender roots, and the dun-colored cattle are clustered in small groups around the roots upon which they are feeding. The groups are arranged so as to enable the milkers to pass easily and freely among them.

I have often carefully opened the stables, but the owners always resented it, and carried the cows away to subterranean galleries beyond my sight. When the stables were reclosed, in due time they were brought back and disposed in the same regular order.

There are two distinct races of slave-makers among these humble creatures, who capture and hold slaves to carry on their domestic affairs. *Polyergus lucidus* is the more remarkable of the two, and it would require many pages to do it justice; but I can devote only a short space to this singular species, which is wholly dependent upon its slaves for its continued existence. These ants are very powerful warriors, and are furnished with sickle-shaped, pointed mandibles, sharp as spears, with which they can impale an enemy with great facility. Their wonderful prowess and skill in war seems to be recognized by all of the various tribes of the country. They are a ruddy race, about half an inch in

length, with bright, shining coats; a nervous haste characterizes their movements. They make slaves of but one tribe of blacks (*Formica schaufussii*), whereas the other slave-makers (*F. sanguinea*) attack any and all tribes which they can overpower.¹

From the indolent habits of *Polyergus*, and from the fact that they are never seen except on the war-path, it has been supposed that they are of rare occurrence. But in New Jersey they are quite as numerous as *Sanguineas*. By carefully observing the movements of the latter I have been enabled to detect several colonies of the former of whose existence I was before unaware. If the *Sanguineas* pass a colony of blacks without attacking it, it is good evidence that the blacks are the slaves of the *Polyergus*. This can soon be ascertained by keeping watch over the colony.

The raids of *Polyergus* are made in the months of July and August, and always in the afternoon, usually between the hours of two and four. Their march is unlike that of any other tribe in this country. A dozen or more of the advance wheel and fall back in the ranks; those coming after make the same move; and so they continue, constantly changing places, until they reach the black colony, upon which they make war and rob them of their young. When they return with their plunder they march in a direct line, — no turning back in the ranks. The slaves always remain at home during these raids; but they receive the young blacks from their masters, feed and nurse them, and rear them as slaves to wait on and serve their owners. As no slaves are born in the homes of *Polyergus*, it is needful each year to renew the stock from surrounding colonies.

In order to study the character of *Polyergus* more thoroughly, I captured

¹ A detailed account of this latter species is published by the Harpers in a number of their Half-Hour Series.

several and made them prisoners. I gave them every necessary accommodation, and placed an abundance of food before them. But they seemed to scorn the idea of labor, and would not even feed themselves. I kept them in this condition three days, until I was satisfied they would all die without their

slaves, so I put a few in the prison with them. These faithful creatures manifested joy on meeting their half-famished masters. They stroked and licked them, removing all dust from their bodies, and prepared food and fed them; finally they excavated a room for them, and took them from my sight.

Mary Treat.

A LEGEND OF INVERAWE.

IN the course of a delightful autumn on the west coast of Scotland, I found a genial welcome to various most interesting old homes, where, in the heart of beautiful and romantic scenery, all the luxuries of modern civilization have been engrafted upon the original building, the ancient gray walls and towers of which tell of days when comfort, as we understand it, was a thing unknown and undreamt of,—days when chivalrous knights and fair dames occupied such wretched little dark rooms as no modern scullion would care to sleep in, and dined in halls which, in lieu of carpets, were strewn with green rushes, a soft couch for the dogs which lay under the long tables, awaiting such half-gnawed bones as it might please their masters to throw to them.

Many a thrilling old tale could such walls as these relate, might they but be endowed with power of utterance! One of those which most fascinated me, and abides most vividly in my memory, is the strange and utterly inexplicable legend of the Ghost Chamber at Inverawe, a most picturesque old castle, which, as its name implies, stands near the spot where the river Awe enters the dark, gloomy pass where it falls into the lake of the same name. In a part of the country where all is beautiful, this place stands preëminent, so lovely are the hanging birch woods which fringe the

craggy shores of blue Loch Etive, — a sea-loch in the immediate neighborhood, embosomed in shapely hills, and along whose brink herds of shaggy Highland cattle, with wide-spreading horns and large wondering eyes, find pasture to their liking among the golden sea-weeds which lend such wealth of color to the scene. So still and peaceful is all around that often shy seals swim up Loch Etive, and lie basking on tempting rocks in the little creeks and inlets.

Till very recently, one of the distinctive beauties of Inverawe was a group of most magnificent silver spruce-trees, the finest in Scotland,—trees almost worthy to have grown in Californian forests. Alas! the wild tempest which overswept the British Isles in 1880, doing such irreparable damage to the finest timber, made a clean sweep of these silver firs, a great and abiding loss to the district.

Much of the castle has been renovated in modern days, but all is happily mellowed so as to be in keeping with the ancient hall. Above all there is one room which it would be accounted sacrilegious to touch,—a gloomy room, set with dark oak panels, and furnished with a heavy oaken bedstead and old-fashioned tables and chairs. This is the Ghost Chamber, wherein an eerie warning from the spirit world was delivered to Duncan Campbell, the laird of

Inverawe, best known to his retainers by his Gaelic name, *Macdonnochie*. The story of this warning is so perfectly authenticated, and was so widely known many years before the fulfillment of what was prophesied, that it must rank as one of the most remarkable instances of the mysterious connection between the visible and the invisible world, of which, from time to time, we obtain hints wholly inexplicable by any of the ordinary methods of accounting for such matters. There are several versions of the legend now current among the people of Argyllshire; all, however, agree in the main points of the story, which, in the form that I am now about to relate, was told to my mother by Sir Thomas Dick Landen early in the present century.

About the year 1742, the young laird of Inverawe (who had already distinguished himself as a gallant officer, having raised and commanded a company of the magnificent Highland regiment known as the *Black Watch*) was sent to the district of Lorn, in Argyllshire, to carry out the hateful work of burning the houses and effects of several gentlemen known to be adherents of Prince Charles Edward. Having fulfilled this cruel task, he had occasion to cross a wild mountain pass, on his way to some further point, and in so doing missed his track, got separated from all his followers, and as the darkness fell became unpleasantly conscious that he was lost on the rocky moorland in a country where every crag might conceal a foe. There was nothing to be done but to seek a sheltered nook among the rocks, and there watch till morning. Turning towards a narrow ravine, he was startled to find himself face to face with a fine, stalwart Highlander, whose raven black locks and piercing eyes were so remarkable that once seen they could never be forgotten. Each grasped his sword, ready for action, when the stranger paused, and asked Inverawe his errand.

He replied that he had lost his way, and claimed a guide. Then a voice behind him, as of a watchful sentinel, cried, "He is alone, else we would not have suffered him to pass."

Thus reassured, the stranger turned to Inverawe, and, addressing him by name, promised his protection to one whom he knew to be a brave man, albeit engaged in such cruel work. He refused to reveal his own name, but said that he was one of those whose home had been so ruthlessly destroyed by Campbell's men. This he knew was but the fortune of war, so he bore the laird no personal enmity, and bade him now follow as he led the way to a cave, wherein smouldered a peat fire, on whose embers some slices of venison were grilling, — a welcome sight to the hungry wayfarer. Hunger being appeased, the man of Lorn offered him a share of his couch of dried brackens, and both slept the sleep of the weary.

At dawn they awoke, and the homeless man of Lorn guided the destroyer of his hearth past his sentinels, and set him on the right track. The two parted cordially, Campbell vowing never to lose a chance of requiting the hospitality so generously bestowed on him. He afterwards learned that his entertainer was one of the small lairds of his own clan who had espoused the Jacobite cause. In those days men might be near neighbors, yet never meet.

Not many years had elapsed ere, peace being restored, Campbell claimed leave of absence from his regiment, that he might remain for a while at his beautiful castle. One night, when, according to his custom, he had dismissed his retainers, and was sitting in the old hall with no companions save his trusty dogs, these commenced barking violently, and a moment later the sound of hasty footsteps was followed by a loud knocking at the gate. Rising to see who sought admission at so late an hour, he was amazed to find Stuart of Appin,

a man to whom he and his clan bore small love, but who now, greatly exhausted and with torn garments, stood before him imploring sanctuary. Rapidly he told his tale, — a tale of blood. There had been a fray (such were common enough in Scotland a hundred years ago), and he had slain a man, and dreaded pursuit and capture. He besought Campbell to give him shelter, and to swear on his dirk that he would not betray him.

On the generous impulse of the moment, Campbell swore to protect him, and forbore to press for details. Without rousing any attendant, he brought him meat and drink, and when his guest was warmed and somewhat recovered he took him to a secret hiding-place, such as exists in many old houses whose inmates were liable to sudden alarm. Scarcely was Stuart securely hidden, when a violent knocking at the door once more summoned Campbell. These new comers were men in pursuit of Stuart, carrying blazing torches to light them on their way. They told him that Donald Campbell of Lorn was crossing the rock boulders which form the stepping-stones across the ford of the Deargan (a dark, beautiful river which flows down a romantic birch-clad glen near Barcaldine Castle), when he was overtaken by Stuart of Appin, with whom he had a mortal feud. The noise of the rushing waters, covering all sound of footsteps, enabled Appin to approach unheard, and instead of calling on Campbell to halt and meet him in fair fight, as became a true Highlander, he sprang upon him, and stabbed him to the heart.

What impulse could have impelled the murderer to cast himself on the protection of the man who, of all others, was bound to bring him to justice, as the murderer of his clansman? His act is unaccountable; and difficult must have been his flight down the rugged and at that time trackless glen, amid precipitous crags and dense overhanging woods,

with tall brackens well-nigh concealing the great fallen rocks. At one point the glen becomes wholly impassable, so that he must have climbed where no goat could find footing, holding on by roots and boughs of overhanging trees. In memory of this dark deed of blood, the lovely ravine is still known to the Highlanders as Glen Saleach, "the dirty pass," and the dark brown river received the name of Deargan, "the river of the red stain." Crossing the hills, he came down to a ford at the head of Loch Etive, and then once more breasting the hill reached Inverawe, as we have seen.

Appin's pursuers knew only that he had started down the stream, and though Inverawe was deeply moved on hearing of the murder of his clansman he could not be false to his oath. So he gave no clue which could awaken their suspicions, and when they went on their way he lay down to rest in the dark oaken bed in the paneled room. Soon he sank into a deep sleep, from which he awakened with a start of horror. A pale, unearthly light shone in the room, enfolding a tall, commanding figure, one which he could never forget. It was the man of Lorn, with the dark, piercing eyes and glossy, jet-black hair, just as Macdonnochie so vividly remembered him in the mountain cave, but now all blood-stained and awful to look upon. Trembling in every limb, he lay gazing on this spectral apparition, when clearly and distinctly he heard a solemn voice say, "*Inverawe! Inverawe! blood has been shed! Shield not the murderer!*" (In Scotland, where large districts are occupied by the various branches of one clan, all bearing the same name, such as Campbell, Gordon, Mackintosh, etc., it has always been customary to distinguish the head of each family by the name of his estate; and indeed the same general distinction was applied to all his kinsmen and retainers. Hence the title by which Donald's ghost appealed to Duncan.)

There was an intense reality about the vision, which convinced Duncan that it was no common dream, born of the fevered thoughts of waking hours; so when dawn broke he sought the hiding-place where his guest lay concealed, and told him that although, for his oath's sake, he would not betray him, he could not let him remain any longer under his roof. Nevertheless, at Stuart's entreaty, he guided him to a cave on Ben Cruachan, where he might lie concealed for a while, and there left him alone with the wild deer.

But still the memory of the vision haunted him, and, as night closed in, eerie thoughts arose, such as were not wont to trouble the bold Highlander. According to his usual custom, he sat down to read ere retiring to rest, when suddenly his favorite dog, which lay sleeping at his feet, started up, trembling and uttering low whines. Duncan raised his eyes, and distinctly saw Campbell of Lorn standing between him and the fire, with his hands outstretched in an attitude of supplication, and again he heard the warning, "*Inverawe! Inverawe! blood has been shed; and blood must atone for blood! SHIELD NOT THE MURDERER!*" Then the spectre vanished, leaving Macdonnochie to watch through dark hours of horror.

Uncertain what course to adopt, he went out at break of day, and again climbed Ben Cruachan till he came to the cave to which he had guided the murderer. But the cave was empty, and Stuart was far away. So Duncan, relieved from further responsibility of decision, returned to his castle; and when night came, worn out with his own anxious thoughts, he lay down to rest, trusting to be spared any further spiritual visitations. But a third time he was aroused by the awful vision and by the unearthly voice; and this time its message was no cry for justice, but a dread warning of doom. "*Inverawe! Inverawe!*" it cried, "*my warnings have*

been in vain. The time is now past. Blood has been shed, and blood must flow for blood. WE SHALL MEET AGAIN AT TICONDEROGA!"

Now Ticonderoga was a name that had never then been heard in Britain, or at any rate was unknown to the people of these far western Highlands. They might have heard of beautiful Lake George and Lake Champlain, but this name conveyed nothing to their minds; so when, at last, haunted by its sound continually ringing in his ears, Duncan confided the story to various friends and kinsmen, not one of them guessed whereabouts was the mysterious trysting-place.

The story, however, got noised abroad, and it became generally known that the murdered and unavenged Campbell of Lorn had summoned his clansman to meet him at Ticonderoga. The gentlemen of that day studied their classics more earnestly than do our modern lairds, and it was only natural that some one should point out a parallel between this ghostly visitation and the apparition to Brutus of the murdered Cæsar, summoning him to a final meeting at Philippi.

A quarter of a century slipped by, and Duncan's son Donald, having grown up to be a handsome lad, had received his commission in the gallant 42d Highlanders, of which his father was now major, and well known as a brave and popular officer. The ghost story was familiar to all their brother officers, who were often called upon to relate it to their friends, though I need scarcely say it was not a topic to which allusion was ever made in the presence of either father or son.

Troubles arose in Canada, which resulted in the war between France and England; and thus it came to pass that in 1758 the Black Watch was ordered to Quebec, whence General Abercrombie led his forces down the lake, to storm the fortress which stood on the

isthmus which divides Lake Champlain from Lake George, and commanded the whole region. *The name of the fortress was Ticonderoga!*

On learning this, General Abercrombie, to whom the name at once recalled the ghost story of Inverawe, called together the other officers of the Black Watch, and agreed with them to endeavour, if possible, to conceal from the Campbells this name of ill omen. "Let us call it Fort George, or Fort Hudson," they said. But they could not avert fate.

The evening before the battle, Duncan went out to inspect the ground, and the weather being wild and stormy he wore his gray regimental overcoat. He approached the rushing river, which connects the two lakes by a series of cascades, and just as he set foot on the bridge he saw a figure coming toward him, also on the bridge. The stranger wore a great-coat like his own. He could not make out his face, but he perceived blood streaming from a ghastly wound in his breast. Duncan drew near and held out his hand, as if to help the stranger, who instantly vanished; and then Inverawe knew that it was his own image, which he had discerned by the powers of second-sight (of which so many instances are recorded in the Highlands).

He immediately went to the village to ask the people the name of the river. They replied, "Carillon" (a name bestowed on it by Samuel Champlain, in his journey of discovery in 1609. He asked if it had no other name, and well was he prepared for the answer: "*Yes, the old Indian name was Ticonderoga,*" which means the musical, chiming waters, and was hence translated Carillon.

Then Duncan knew that his hour had come. He rejoined his brother officers, told them what he had seen, and entreated them to seek for his body after the battle. After that he made his will. On the morrow the fortress was assaulted, and the terrible battle was fought, in

which every officer of the Black Watch was either killed or wounded. Young Donald was numbered with the slain, while his father was mortally wounded. He was found wrapped in his gray great-coat and with blood streaming from a wound in the breast, exactly as he had described the vision on the bridge.

Duncan sent for the general, and his last words were, "General, you have deceived me. *I have seen HIM again. We have met at Ticonderoga.*" He lingered for nine days, then yielded up his spirit, and was buried beside Lake Champlain, at the foot of the hill, where many a grassy mound still shows the graves of those who fell in that sore fight. His grave was marked by a stone bearing this inscription:—

"Here lyes the body of Duncan Campbell of Inverawe, Esq., Major to the old Highland Regiment, aged 55 years, who died the 17th July, 1758, of the wound received in the attack of the entrenchments of Ticonderoga or Carillon, 8th July, 1758."

But neither his remains nor the mossy head-stone which marked them now lie near the ruins of the old fort; for after the lapse of some years both were removed, together with the mortal remains of some other members of Clan Campbell, by a family of the name of Gilchrist, who claimed kinship with the dead, and who, on removing to the neighborhood of Fort Edward, carried with them all these precious family links, and there gave them burial anew.

One more glimpse of the spirit world is connected with this history. Macdonochie had a foster-brother (the son of his nurse), to whom he was greatly attached. In many old Highland tales the foster-brother holds a prominent place, as the most devoted retainer of the chief or the laird; but in the present instance he held office on the estate, and could not possibly follow Campbell to America. On the night of the fatal battle his young son, who slept in the

same room with him, was awakened by a sound of voices, and, looking up, he beheld a soft, clear light, and saw the figure of a Highland officer approach his father's bed, stoop down, and kiss him. The sleepy and half-frightened child drew his plaid over his head and fell asleep again, when a second time he was awakened by a similar vision. In the morning he told his father of this strange apparition, and they learned afterward that it was indeed the Laird of Inverawe who had come to tell his foster-brother that there had been a great battle in America, and that he was numbered with the slain.

Thus ends the strange legend of Inverawe and Ticonderoga, a tale of the spirit world whose first and last scenes are laid on either side of the mighty ocean, connecting the Old and New World by an eerie spirit flight. The story is as wholly inexplicable as it is incontrovertible. Its every detail was familiar to many contemporaries, men of a class not readily imposed upon, nor much inclined to superstition. I can only call it an unfathomed mystery, suggestive of the great unexplored land which lies beyond the narrow border of our bounded lives,—unfathomed, yet perchance not unfathomable.

C. F. Gordon Cumming.

THE PIPING SHEPHERD.

By the river I cut a reed, and the slip
I shaped to a pipe; I puckered my lip,
And loudly I blew and clearly.
There were none to hear but the grazing flock
And a lonely cloud, and an echo to mock;
But I loved to play, most dearly.

Then I paused to rest, and, faint and clear,
Some sound as of piping reached my ear,—
The piping, the piping of Pan!
Did it come from the east, from the forest shade,
Where he played in shadow or open glade?
I threw down my pipe and ran.

In the forest I stood, and my listening ear
I bent, and breathless I waited to hear;
And the forest, too, was still,
Till a robin sang in some hidden spot,
And a dead branch cracked: but I heeded not,
For that pipe blew faint and shrill.

Was it by the river, down in the west?
I stripped the goat-skin off from my breast,
And out of the shade I ran;
Away my scrip and my cap I threw;
I tore through the long grass, wet with dew,
And followed the piping of Pan.

Whene'er I paused I heard it again ;
 It blew so sweetly it gave me pain ;
 Some words it seemed trying to say.
 It was not here, it was not there ;
 I fancied the sound was everywhere,
 But always was far away.

O Pan ! O Pan ! O piping Pan !
 Naked and breathless on I ran.
 Why did I follow him then ?
 It was but once that I heard him play,
 But never, since I listened that day,
 Have I cared to pipe again.

Katharine Pyle.

WOLFE ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

THE siege of Quebec, begun in June, 1759, by General Wolfe, with an inadequate force, was protracted till August without the slightest apparent prospect of success. At the end of July, Wolfe met a terrible rebuff in a desperate attempt to scale the heights of Montmorenci; and the French, elated by their victory, flattered themselves with the hope that the enemy would soon sail homeward in despair.

Meanwhile, a deep cloud fell on the English. Since the siege began Wolfe had passed with ceaseless energy from camp to camp, animating the troops, observing everything and directing everything; but now the pale face and tall, lean form were seen no more, and the rumor spread that the general was dangerously ill. He had in fact been seized by an access of the disease that had tortured him for some time past, and fever had followed. His quarters were at a French farmhouse in the camp at Montmorenci; and here, as he lay in an upper chamber, helpless in bed, his singular and most unmilitary features haggard with disease and drawn with pain, no man could less have looked the hero. But as the needle, though quivering,

points always to the pole, so, through torment and languor and the heats of fever, the mind of Wolfe dwelt on the capture of Quebec. His illness, which began before the 20th of August, had so far subsided on the 25th that Knox wrote in his diary of that day, "His excellency General Wolfe is on the recovery, to the inconceivable joy of the whole army." On the 29th he was able to write or dictate a letter to the three brigadiers, Monckton, Townshend, and Murray:—

"That the public service may not suffer by the general's indisposition, he begs the brigadiers will meet and consult together for the public utility and advantage, and consider of the best method to attack the enemy."

The letter then proposes three plans, all bold to audacity. The first was to send a part of the army to ford the Montmorenci eight or nine miles above its mouth, march through the forest, and fall on the rear of the French at Beauport, while the rest landed and attacked them in front. The second was to cross the ford at the mouth of the Montmorenci and march along the strand, under the French entrenchments, till a place

could be found where the troops might climb the heights. The third was to make a general attack from boats at the Beauport flats. Wolfe had before entertained two other plans, one of which was to scale the rocks at St. Michel, about a league above Quebec; but this he had abandoned on learning that the French were there in force to receive him. The other was to storm the Lower Town; but this also he had abandoned, because the Upper Town, which commanded it, would still remain inaccessible.

The brigadiers met in consultation, rejected the three plans proposed in the letter, and advised that an attempt should be made to gain a footing on the north shore above the town, place the army between Montcalm and his base of supply, and so force him to fight or surrender. The scheme was similar to that of scaling the heights of St. Michel. It seemed desperate, but so did all the rest; and if by chance it should succeed, the gain was far greater than could follow any success below the town. Wolfe embraced it at once. Not that he saw much hope in it. He knew that every chance was against him. Disappointment in the past and gloom in the future, the pain and exhaustion of disease, toils and anxieties "too great," in the words of Burke, "to be supported by a delicate constitution, and a body unequal to the vigorous and enterprising soul that it lodged" threw him at times into deep dejection. By those intimate with him he was heard to say that he would not go back defeated, "to be exposed to the censure and reproach of an ignorant populace." In other moods, he felt that he ought not to sacrifice what was left of his diminished army in vain conflict with hopeless obstacles. But his final resolve once taken, he would not swerve from it. His fear was that he might not be able to lead his troops in person. "I know perfectly well you cannot cure me," he said to his physician, "but pray

make me up so that I may be without pain for a few days, and able to do my duty: that is all I want."

In a dispatch which Wolfe had written to Pitt, Admiral Saunders conceived that he had ascribed to the fleet more than its just share in the disaster at Montmorenci, and he sent him a letter on the subject. Major Barré kept it from the invalid till the fever had abated. Wolfe then wrote a long answer, which reveals his mixed despondency and resolve. He affirms the justice of what Saunders had said, but adds, "I shall leave out that part of my letter to Mr. Pitt which you object to. I am sensible of my own errors in the course of the campaign, see clearly wherein I have been deficient, and think a little more or less blame to a man that must necessarily be ruined of little or no consequence. I take the blame of that unlucky day entirely upon my own shoulders, and I expect to suffer for it." Then, speaking of the new project of an attack above Quebec, he says, despondingly, "My ill state of health prevents me from executing my own plan; it is of too desperate a nature to order others to execute." He proceeds, however, to give directions for it: "It will be necessary to run as many small craft as possible above the town, with provisions for six weeks for about five thousand, which is all I intend to take. My letters, I hope, will be ready to-morrow, and I hope I shall have strength to lead these men to wherever we can find the enemy."

On the next day, the end of August, he was able for the first time to leave the house. It was on this same day that he wrote his last letter to his mother: "My writing to you will convince you that no personal evils worse than defeats and disappointments have fallen upon me. The enemy puts nothing to risk, and I can't in conscience put the whole army to risk. My antagonist has wisely shut himself up in inaccessi-

ble entrenchments, so that I can't get at him without spilling a torrent of blood, and that perhaps to little purpose. The Marquis of Montcalm is at the head of a great number of bad soldiers, and I am at the head of a small number of good ones, that wish for nothing so much as to fight him; but the wary old fellow avoids an action, doubtful of the behavior of his army. People must be of the profession to understand the disadvantages and difficulties we labor under, arising from the uncommon natural strength of the country."

On the 2d of September, a vessel was sent to England with his last dispatch to Pitt. It begins thus: "The obstacles we have met with in the operations of the campaign are much greater than we had reason to expect or could foresee; not so much from the number of the enemy (though superior to us) as from the natural strength of the country, which the Marquis of Montcalm seems wisely to depend upon. When I learned that succors of all kinds had been thrown into Québec; that five battalions of regular troops, completed from the best inhabitants of the country, some of the troops of the colony, and every Canadian that was able to bear arms, besides several nations of savages, had taken the field in a very advantageous situation, I could not flatter myself that I should be able to reduce the place. I sought, however, an occasion to attack their army, knowing well that with these troops I was able to fight, and hoping that a victory might disperse them." Then, after recounting the events of the campaign with admirable clearness, he continues: "I found myself so ill, and am still so weak, that I begged the general officers to consult together for the general utility. They are all of opinion that, as more ships and provisions are now got above the town, they should try, by conveying up a corps of four or five thousand men (which is nearly the whole strength of

the army after the Points of Levi and Orleans are left in a proper state of defense), to draw the enemy from their present situation and bring them to an action. I have acquiesced in the proposal, and we are preparing to put it into execution." The letter ends thus: "By the list of disabled officers, many of whom are of rank, you may perceive that the army is much weakened. By the nature of the river, the most formidable part of this armament is deprived of the power of acting, yet we have almost the whole force of Canada to oppose. In this situation there is such a choice of difficulties that I own myself at a loss how to determine. The affairs of Great Britain, I know, require the most vigorous measures; but the courage of a handful of brave troops should be exerted only when there is some hope of a favorable event. However, you may be assured that the small part of the campaign which remains shall be employed, as far as I am able, for the honor of his majesty and the interest of the nation, in which I am sure of being well seconded by the admiral and by the generals; happy if our efforts here can contribute to the success of his majesty's arms in any other parts of America."

Some days later, he wrote to the Earl of Holderness: "The Marquis of Montcalm has a numerous body of armed men (I cannot call it an army) and the strongest country, perhaps, in the world. Our fleet blocks up the river above and below the town, but can give no manner of aid in an attack upon the Canadian army. We are now here [off Cap Rouge] with about thirty-six hundred men, waiting to attack them when and wherever they can best be got at. I am so far recovered as to do business, but my constitution is entirely ruined, without the consolation of doing any considerable service to the state, and without any prospect of it." He had just learned, through the letter brought

from Amherst by Ensign Hutchins, that he could expect no help from that quarter.

Perhaps he was as near despair as his undaunted nature was capable of being. In his present state of body and mind, he was a hero without the light and cheer of heroism. He flattered himself with no illusions, but saw the worst and faced it all. He seems to have been entirely without excitement. The languor of disease, the desperation of the chances, and the greatness of the stake may have wrought to tranquilize him. His energy was doubly tasked, to bear up his own sinking frame and to achieve an almost hopeless feat of arms.

Audacious as it was, his plan cannot be called rash, if we can accept the statement of two well-informed writers on the French side. They say that on the 10th of September the English naval commanders held a council on board the flagship, in which it was resolved that the lateness of the season required the fleet to leave Quebec without delay. They say farther that Wolfe then went to the admiral, told him that he had found a place where the heights could be scaled, that he would send up a hundred and fifty picked men to feel the way, and that if they gained a lodgment at the top the other troops should follow; if, on the other hand, the French were there in force to oppose them, he would not sacrifice the army in a hopeless attempt, but embark them for home, consoled by the thought that all had been done that man could do. On this, concludes the story, the admiral and his officers consented to wait the result.¹

As Wolfe had informed Pitt, his army was greatly weakened. Since the end of June, his loss in killed and wounded was more than eight hundred and fifty, including two colonels, two majors,

nineteen captains, and thirty-four subalterns; and to these were to be added a greater number disabled by disease.

The squadron of Admiral Holmes, above Quebec, had now increased to twenty-two vessels, great and small. One of the last that went up was a diminutive schooner, armed with a few swivels, and jocosely named the Terror of France. She sailed by the town in broad daylight, the French, incensed at her impudence, blazing at her from all their batteries; but she passed unharmed, anchored by the admiral's ship, and saluted him triumphantly with her swivels.

Wolfe's first move towards executing his plan was the critical one of evacuating the camp at Montmorenci. This was accomplished on the 3d of September. Montcalm sent a strong force to fall on the rear of the retiring English. Monckton saw the movement from Point Levi, embarked two battalions in the boats of the fleet, and made a feint of landing at Beauport. Montcalm recalled his troops to repulse the threatened attack, and the English withdrew from Montmorenci unmolested; some to the Point of Orleans, others to Point Levi. On the night of the 4th a fleet of flatboats passed above the town with the baggage and stores. On the 5th Murray, with four battalions, marched up to the river Etechemin, and forded it under a hot fire from the French batteries at Sillery. Monckton and Townshend followed with three more battalions, and the united force of about thirty-six hundred men was embarked on board the ships of Holmes, where Wolfe joined them on the same evening.

These movements of the English filled the French commanders with mingled perplexity, anxiety, and hope. A deserter told them that Admiral Saunders was impatient to be gone. Vaudreuil grew Bigot says that, after the battle, he was told by British officers that Wolfe meant to risk only an advance party of two hundred men, and to reëmbark if they were repulsed.

¹ This statement is made by the Chevalier Johnstone, and, with some variation, by the author of the valuable *Journal Tenu à l'Armée que commandoit feu M. le Marquis de Montcalm*.

confident. "The breaking up of the camp at Montmorenci," he says, "and the abandonment of the entrenchments there, the reëmbarkation on board the vessels above Quebec of the troops who had encamped on the south bank, the movements of these vessels, the removal of the heaviest pieces of artillery from the batteries of Point Levi, — these and the lateness of the season all combined to announce the speedy departure of the fleet, several vessels of which had even sailed down the river already. The prisoners and deserters who daily came in told us that this was the common report in their army." He wrote to Bourlamaque on the 1st of September, "Everything proves that the grand design of the English has failed." Yet he was ceaselessly watchful. So was Montcalm; and he too, on the night of the 2d, snatched a moment to write to Bourlamaque from his headquarters in the stone house by the river of Beauport: "The night is dark; it rains; our troops are dressed in their tents, and on the alert; I in my boots; my horses saddled. In fact, this is my usual way. I wish you were here, for I cannot be everywhere, though I multiply myself, and have not taken off my clothes since the 23d of June." On the 11th of September, he wrote his last letter to Bourlamaque, and probably the last that his pen ever traced: "I am overwhelmed with work, and should often lose temper, like you, if I did not remember that I am paid by Europe for not losing it. Nothing new since my last. I give the enemy another month, or something less, to stay here." The more sanguine Vaudreuil would hardly give them a week.

Meanwhile, no precaution was spared. The force under Bougainville, above Quebec, was raised to three thousand men. He was ordered to watch the shore as far as Jacques Cartier, and follow with his main body every movement of Holmes's squadron. There was little

fear for the heights near the town. They were thought inaccessible. Montcalm himself believed them safe, and had expressed himself to that effect some time before. "We need not suppose," he wrote to Vaudreuil, "that the enemy have wings;" and again, speaking of the very place where Wolfe afterwards landed, "I swear to you that a hundred men posted there would stop their whole army." He was right. A hundred watchful and determined men could have held the position long enough for reinforcements to come up.

The hundred men were there. Captain de Vergor, of the colony troops, commanded them; and reinforcements were within his call, for the battalion of Guienne had been ordered to encamp close at hand on the Plains of Abraham. Vergor's post, called Ance du Foulon, was a mile and a half from Quebec. A little beyond it, by the brink of the cliffs, was another post, called Samos, held by seventy men with four cannon; and beyond this, again, the heights of Sillery were guarded by a hundred and thirty men, also with cannon. These were outposts of Bougainville, whose headquarters were at Cap Rouge, six miles above Sillery, and whose troops were in continual movement along the intervening shore. Thus all was vigilance; for while the French were strong in the hope of speedy delivery, they felt that there was no safety till the tents of the invader had vanished from their shores and his ships from their river. "What we knew," says one of them, "of the character of M. Wolfe, that impetuous, bold, and intrepid warrior, prepared us for a last attack before he left us."

Wolfe had been very ill on the evening of the 4th. The troops knew it, and their spirits sank; but after a night of torment he grew better, and was soon among them again, rekindling their ardor, and imparting a cheer that he could not share. For himself he had no pity,

but when he heard of the illness of two officers in one of the ships he sent them a message of warm sympathy, advised them to return to Point Levi, and offered them his own barge and an escort. They thanked him, but replied that, come what might, they would see the enterprise to an end. Another officer remarked in his hearing that one of the invalids had a very delicate constitution. "Don't tell me of constitution," said Wolfe; "he has good spirit, and good spirit will carry a man through everything." An immense moral force bore up his own frail body and forced it to its work.

Major Robert Stobo, who five years before had been given as a hostage to the French at the capture of Fort Necessity, arrived about this time in a vessel from Halifax. He had long been a prisoner at Quebec, not always in close custody, and had used his opportunities to acquaint himself with the neighborhood. In the spring of this year, he and an officer of rangers named Stevens had made their escape with extraordinary skill and daring, and he now returned to give his countrymen the benefit of his local knowledge. His biographer says that it was he who directed Wolfe in the choice of a landing place. Be this as it may, Wolfe in person examined the river and the shores as far as Point aux Trembles; till at length, landing on the south side a little above Quebec, and looking across the water with a telescope, he descried a path that ran with a long slope up the face of the woody precipice, and saw at the top a cluster of tents. They were those of Vergor's guard at the Ance du Foulon, now called Wolfe's Cove. As he could see but ten or twelve of them, he thought that the guard could not be numerous, and might be overpowered. His hope would have been stronger if he had known that Vergor had once been tried for misconduct and cowardice in the surrender of Beauséjour, and saved from

merited disgrace by the friendship of Bigot and the protection of Vaudreuil.

The morning of the 7th was fair and warm, and the vessels of Holmes, their crowded decks gay with scarlet uniforms, sailed up the river to Cap Rouge. A lively scene awaited them, for here were the headquarters of Bougainville, and here lay his principal force, while the rest watched the banks above and below. The cove into which the little river runs was guarded by floating batteries; the surrounding shore was defended by breastworks; and a large body of regulars, militia, and mounted Canadians in blue uniforms moved to and fro, with restless activity, on the hills behind. When the vessels came to anchor, the horsemen dismounted and formed in line with the infantry; then, with loud shouts, the whole rushed down the heights to man their works at the shore. That true Briton, Captain Knox, looked on with a critical eye from the gangway of his ship, and wrote that night in his diary that they had made a ridiculous noise. "How different," he exclaims, "how nobly awful and expressive of true valor, is the customary silence of the British troops!"

In the afternoon the ships opened fire, while the troops entered the boats and rowed up and down, as if looking for a landing place. It was but a feint of Wolfe to deceive Bougainville as to his real design. A heavy easterly rain set in on the next morning, and lasted two days without respite. All operations were suspended, and the men suffered greatly in the crowded transports. Half of them were therefore landed on the south shore, where they made their quarters in the village of St. Nicolas, refreshed themselves, and dried their wet clothing, knapsacks, and blankets.

For several successive days the squadron of Holmes was allowed to drift up the river with the flood tide and down with the ebb, thus passing and repass-

ing incessantly between the neighborhood of Quebec on one hand and a point high above Cap Rouge on the other; while Bougainville, perplexed and always expecting an attack, followed the ships to and fro along the shore by day and by night, till his men were exhausted with ceaseless forced marches.

At last the time for action came. On Wednesday, the 12th, the troops at St. Nicolas were embarked again, and all were told to hold themselves in readiness. Wolfe, from the flagship *Sutherland*, issued his last general orders: "The enemy's force is now divided; great scarcity of provisions in their camp, and universal discontent among the Canadians. Our troops below are in readiness to join us, all the light artillery and tools are embarked at the Point of Levi, and the troops will land where the French seem least to expect it. The first body that gets on shore is to march directly to the enemy, and drive them from any little post they may occupy; the officers must be careful that the succeeding bodies do not by any mistake fire on those who go before them. The battalions must form on the upper ground with expedition, and be ready to charge whatever presents itself. When the artillery and troops are landed, a corps will be left to secure the landing place, while the rest march on and endeavor to bring the Canadians and French to a battle. The officers and men will remember what their country expects from them, and what a determined body of soldiers inured to war is capable of doing against five weak French battalions mingled with a disorderly peasantry."

The spirit of the army answered to that of its chief. The troops loved and admired their general, trusted their officers, and were ready for any attempt.

¹ Including Bougainville's command. An escaped prisoner told Wolfe, a few days before, that Montcalm still had fourteen thousand men. (*Journal of an Expedition on the River St. Lawrence.*) This meant only those in the town and the camps

"Nay, how could it be otherwise," quaintly asks honest Sergeant John Johnson, of the 58th regiment, "being at the heels of gentlemen whose whole thirst, equal with their general, was for glory? We had seen them tried, and always found them sterling. We knew that they would stand by us to the last extremity."

Wolfe had thirty-six hundred men and officers with him on board the vessels of Holmes, and he now sent orders to Colonel Burton at Point Levi to lead to his aid all who could be spared from that place and the Point of Orleans. They were to march along the south bank after nightfall, and wait farther orders at a designated spot convenient for embarkation. Their number was about twelve hundred, so that the entire force destined for the enterprise was at the utmost forty-eight hundred. With these, Wolfe meant to climb the heights of Abraham in the teeth of an enemy who, though much reduced, were still twice as numerous as their assailants.¹

Admiral Saunders lay with the main fleet in the Basin of Quebec. This excellent officer, whatever may have been his views as to the necessity of a speedy departure, aided Wolfe to the last with unfailing energy and zeal. It was agreed between them that while the general made the real attack the admiral should engage Montcalm's attention by a pretended one. As night approached the fleet ranged itself along the Beauport shore; the boats were lowered, and filled with sailors, marines, and the few troops that had been left behind; while ship signaled to ship, cannon flashed and thundered, and shot ploughed the beach, as if to clear a way for assailants to land. In the gloom of the evening the effect was imposing. Montcalm, who of Beauport. "I don't believe their whole army amounts to that number," wrote Wolfe to Colonel Burton, on the 10th. He knew, however, that if Montcalm could bring all his troops together he must fight him more than two to one.

thought that the movements of the English above the town were only a feint, that their main force was still below it, and that their real attack would be made there, was completely deceived, and massed his troops in front of Beauport to repel the expected landing. But while in the fleet of Saunders all was uproar and ostentatious menace, the danger was ten miles away, where the squadron of Holmes lay tranquil and silent at its anchorage off Cap Rouge.

It was less tranquil than it seemed. All on board knew that a blow would be struck that night, though only a few high officers knew where. Colonel Howe, of the light infantry, called for volunteers to lead the unknown and desperate venture, promising, in the words of one of them, "that if any of us survived we might depend on being recommended to the general." As many as were wanted, twenty-four in all, soon came forward. Thirty large *bateaux* and some boats belonging to the squadron lay moored alongside the vessels, and late in the evening the troops were ordered into them, the twenty-four volunteers taking their place in the foremost. They held in all about seventeen hundred men. The rest remained on board the ships.

Bougainville could discern the movement, and like Montcalm thought it was he who was to be attacked. The tide was still flowing, and, the better to deceive him, the vessels and boats were allowed to drift upward with it for a little distance, as if to land above Cap Rouge.

The day had been fortunate for Wolfe. Two deserters came from the camp of Bougainville, with information that, at ebb tide on the next night, he was to send down a convoy of provisions to Montcalm. The necessities of the camp at Beauport and the difficulties of transportation by land had before compelled the French to resort to this perilous means of conveying supplies; and

their boats, drifting in darkness under the shadows of the northern shore, had commonly passed in safety. Wolfe saw at once that, if his own boats went down in advance of the convoy, he could turn the intelligence of the deserters to good account.

He was still on board the *Sutherland*. Every preparation was made and every order given; it only remained to wait the turning of the tide. Seated with him in the cabin was the commander of the sloop of war *Porcupine*, his former schoolfellow, John Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent. Wolfe told him that he expected to die in the battle of the next day; and taking from his bosom a miniature of Miss Lowther, his betrothed, he gave it to him, with a request that he would return it to her if the presentiment should prove true.

Towards two o'clock the tide began to ebb, and a fresh wind blew down the river. Two lanterns were raised into the maintop shrouds of the *Sutherland*. It was the appointed signal. The boats cast off and fell down with the current, those of the light infantry leading the way. The vessels with the rest of the troops had orders to follow a little later.

To look for a moment at the chances on which this bold adventure hung: first, the deserters told Wolfe that provision boats were ordered to go down to Quebec that night; secondly, Bougainville countermanded them; thirdly, the sentries posted along the heights were told of the order, but not of the countermand; fourthly, Vergor, at the *Ance du Foulon*, had permitted most of his men, chiefly Canadians from Lorette, to go home for a time and work at their harvesting, on condition, it is said, that they should afterwards work in a neighboring field of his own; fifthly, he kept careless watch and went quietly to bed; sixthly, the battalion of Guienne, ordered to take post on the Plains of Abraham, had, for reasons unexplained, remained

encamped by the St. Charles; and lastly, when Bougainville saw Holmes's vessels drift down the stream, he did not tax his weary troops to follow them, thinking that they would return as usual with the flood tide. But for these conspiring circumstances New France might have lived a little longer, and the fruitless heroism of Wolfe would have passed with countless other heroisms into oblivion.

For full two hours the procession of boats, borne on the current, steered silently down the St. Lawrence. The stars were visible, but the night was moonless and sufficiently dark. The general was in one of the foremost boats, and near him was a young midshipman, John Robison, afterwards professor of natural philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. He used to tell in his later life how Wolfe, probably to relieve the intense strain of his thoughts, repeated Gray's *Elegy* in a Country Churchyard to the officers about him, and among the rest, the verse which his own fate was soon to illustrate:—

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Gentlemen," he said, as his recital ended, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec." None were there to tell him that the hero is greater than the poet.

As they neared their destination the tide bore them in towards the shore, and the mighty wall of rock and forest towered in darkness on their left. Suddenly the challenge of a French sentry rang out of the gloom:—

"Qui vive?"

"France," answered a Highland officer of Fraser's regiment from one of the boats of the light infantry. He had served in Holland, and spoke French fluently.

"À quel régiment?"

"De la Reine," replied the Highlander. He knew that a part of that corps was with Bougainville. The sentry, expecting the convoy of provisions,

was satisfied, and did not ask for the password.

Soon after, the foremost boats were passing the heights of Samos, when another sentry challenged them, and they could see him through the darkness running down to the edge of the water, within range of a pistol shot. In answer to his questions the same officer replied in French, "Provision boats. Don't make a noise; the English will hear us." In fact, the sloop of war *Hunter* was anchored in the stream, not far off. Again the sentry let them pass. In a few moments they rounded the lofty headland above the *Ance du Foulon*. There was no sentry there. The strong current swept the boats of the light infantry a little below the intended landing place. They disembarked on a narrow strand at the foot of heights as steep as a hill covered with trees can be. The twenty-four volunteers led the way, climbing with what silence they might, closely followed by a much larger body. When they reached the top they saw in the dim light a cluster of tents not far off, and immediately made a dash at them. Vergor leaped from bed and tried to escape, but was shot in the heel and captured. His men, taken by surprise, made little resistance. One or two were caught, and the rest fled.

The main body of troops waited in their boats by the edge of the strand. The heights near by were cleft by a great ravine, choked with forest trees; and in its depths ran a little brook called *Ruisseau St. Denis*, which, swollen by the late rains, fell plashing in the stillness over a rock. Other than this no sound could reach the strained ear of Wolfe but the gurgle of the tide and the cautious climbing of his advance parties, as they mounted the steeps at some little distance from where he sat listening. At length, from the top came a sound of musket shots, followed by loud huzzas, and he knew that his men were

masters of the position. The word was given; the troops leaped from the boats and scaled the heights, some here, some there, clutching at trees and bushes, their muskets slung at their backs. Tradition still points out the place near the mouth of the ravine where the foremost reached the top. Wolfe said to an officer near him, "You can try it, but I don't think you'll get up." He himself, however, found strength to drag himself up with the rest. The narrow, slanting path on the face of the heights had been made impassable by trenches and abatis; but all obstructions were soon cleared away, and then the ascent was easy. In the gray of the morning the long file of red-coated soldiers moved quickly upward, and formed in order on the plateau above.

Before many of them had reached the top, cannon were heard close on the left. It was the battery at Samos firing on the boats in the rear and the vessels descending from Cap Rouge. A party was sent to silence it, which was soon effected; and the more distant battery at Sillery was next attacked and taken. As fast as the boats were emptied they returned for the troops left on board the vessels, and for those waiting on the southern shore, under Colonel Burton.

The day broke in clouds and threatening rain. The British battalions were drawn up along the crest of the heights. No enemy was in sight, though a body of Canadians had sallied from the town and moved along the strand towards the landing place, whence they were quickly driven back. Wolfe had achieved the most critical part of his enterprise; yet the success that he coveted placed him in imminent danger. On one side was the garrison of Quebec and the army of Beauport, and Bougainville was on the other. Wolfe's alternative was victory or ruin; for, if he should be overwhelmed by a combined attack, retreat would be hopeless. His feelings no man can know, but it would be safe to say

that hesitation or doubt had no part in them.

He went to reconnoitre the ground, and soon came to the Plains of Abraham; so called from Abraham Martin, a pilot, known as Maître Abraham, who had owned a piece of land here in the early times of the colony. The Plains were a tract of grass, tolerably level in most parts patched here and there with cornfields, studded with clumps of bushes, and forming a part of the high plateau at the eastern end of which Quebec stood. On the south, it was bounded by the declivities along the St. Lawrence; on the north, by those along the St. Charles, or rather along the meadows through which that lazy stream crawled like a writhing snake. At the place that Wolfe chose for his battle-field the plateau was less than a mile wide.

Thither the troops advanced, marched by files till they reached the ground, and then wheeled to form their line of battle, which stretched across the plateau and faced the city. It consisted of six battalions and the detached grenadiers from Louisbourg, all drawn up in ranks three deep. Its right wing was near the brink of the heights along the St. Lawrence; but the left could not reach those along the St. Charles. Here a wide space was perforce left open, and there was danger of being outflanked. To prevent this, Brigadier Townshend was stationed here with two battalions, drawn up at right angles with the rest, and fronting the St. Charles. The battalion of Webb's regiment under Colonel Burton formed the reserve; the third battalion of Royal Americans was left to guard the landing, and Howe's light infantry occupied a wood far in the rear. Wolfe, with Monckton and Murray, commanded the front line, on which the heavy fighting was to fall, and which, when all the troops had arrived, counted less than thirty-five hundred men.

Quebec was not a mile distant, but they could not see it; for a ridge of

broken ground intervened, called Buttes à Neveu, about six hundred paces off. The first division of troops had scarcely come up when, about six o'clock, this ridge was suddenly thronged with white uniforms. It was the battalion of Guienne, arrived at the eleventh hour from its camp by the St. Charles. Some time after, there was hot firing in the rear. It came from a detachment of Bougainville's command, attacking a house where some of the light infantry were posted. The assailants were repulsed, and the firing ceased. Light showers fell at intervals, besprinkling the troops as they stood patiently waiting the event.

Montcalm had passed a troubled night. Through all the evening the cannon bellowed from the ships of Saunders, and the boats of the fleet hovered in the dusk off the Beauport shore, threatening every moment to land. Troops lined the entrenchments till day, while the general walked the field that adjoined his headquarters till one in the morning, accompanied by the Chevalier Johnstone and Colonel Poulariez. Johnstone says that he was in great agitation, and took no rest all night. At day-break, he heard the sound of cannon above the town, where the battery at Samos was firing on the English ships. He had sent an officer to the quarters of Vaudreuil, which were much nearer Quebec, with orders to bring him word at once should anything unusual happen; but no word came, and about six o'clock he mounted and rode thither with Johnstone. As they advanced, the country behind the town opened more and more upon their sight, till at length, when opposite Vaudreuil's house, they saw across the St. Charles, more than a mile away, the red coats of British soldiers on the heights beyond.

"This is a serious business," Montcalm said, and sent off Johnstone at full gallop to bring up the troops from the centre and left of the camp. Those of the right were in motion already, doubt-

less by the governor's order. Vaudreuil came out of the house. Montcalm stopped for a few words with him; then set spurs to his horse, and galloped over the bridge of the St. Charles to the scene of danger. He rode with a fixed look, uttering not a word.

The army followed in such order as it might, crossed the bridge in hot haste, passed under the northern rampart of Quebec, entered at the Palace Gate, and pressed on in headlong march along the quaint, narrow streets of the warlike town: troops of Indians in scalp-locks and war paint, a savage glitter in their deep-set eyes; bands of Canadians, whose all was at stake, — faith, country, and home; the colony regulars; the battalions of Old France, a torrent of white uniforms and gleaming bayonets, La Sarre, Languedoc, Roussillon, Béarn, victors of Oswego, William Henry, and Ticonderoga. So they swept on, poured out upon the plain, some by the gate of St. Louis and some by that of St. John, and hurried, breathless, to where the banners of Guienne still fluttered on the ridge.

Montcalm was amazed at what he saw. He had expected a detachment, and he found an army. Full in sight before him stretched the lines of Wolfe: the close ranks of the English infantry, a silent wall of red, and the wild array of the Highlanders, with their waving tartans and bagpipes screaming defiance. Vaudreuil had not come; but not the less was felt the evil of a divided authority and the jealousy of the rival chiefs. Montcalm waited long for the forces he had ordered to join him from the left wing of the army. He waited in vain. It is said that the governor had detained them, lest the English should attack the Beauport shore. Even if they had done so, and succeeded, the French might defy them, could they but put Wolfe to rout on the Plains of Abraham. Neither did the garrison of Quebec come to the aid of Montcalm. He

sent to Ramsay, its commander, for twenty-five field-pieces which were on the Palace battery. Ramsay would give him only three, saying that he wanted them for his own defense. There were orders and counter-orders, misunderstanding, haste, delay, perplexity.

Montcalm and his chief officers held a council of war. It is said that he and they alike were for immediate attack. His enemies declare that he was afraid lest Vaudreuil should arrive and take command; but the governor was not a man to assume responsibility at such a crisis. Others say that his impetuosity overcame his better judgment; and of this charge it is hard to acquit him. Bougainville was but a few miles distant, and some of his troops were much nearer; a messenger sent by way of Old Lorette could have reached him in an hour and a half at most, and a combined attack in front and rear might have been concerted with him. If, moreover, Montcalm could have come to an understanding with Vaudreuil, his own force might have been strengthened by two or three thousand additional men from the town and the camp of Beauport. But he felt that there was no time to lose, for he imagined that Wolfe would soon be reinforced, which was impossible; and he believed that the English were fortifying themselves, which was no less an error. He has been blamed not only for fighting too soon, but for fighting at all. In this he could not choose. Fight he must, for Wolfe was now in a position to cut off all his supplies. His men were ready for the fray, and he resolved to attack before their ardor cooled. He spoke a few words to them in his keen, vehement way. "I remember very well how he looked," a Canadian, then a boy of eighteen, used to say in his old age. "He rode a black or dark bay horse along the front of our lines, brandishing his sword, as if to excite us to do our duty. He wore a coat with wide sleeves,

which fell back as he raised his arm, and showed the white linen of the wristband."

The English waited the result with a composure which, if not quite real, was at least well feigned. The three field-pieces sent by Ramsay plied them with canister-shot, and fifteen hundred Canadians and Indians fusilladed them in front and flank. Over all the plain, from behind bushes and knolls and the edge of cornfields, puffs of smoke sprang incessantly from the guns of these hidden marksmen. Skirmishers were thrown out before the lines to hold them in check, and the soldiers were ordered to lie on the grass to avoid the shot. The firing was liveliest on the English left, where bands of sharpshooters got under the edge of the declivity, among thickets and behind scattered houses, whence they killed and wounded a considerable number of Townshend's men. The light infantry were called up from the rear. The houses were taken and retaken, and one or more of them was burned.

Wolfe was everywhere. How cool he was, and why his followers loved him, is shown by an incident that happened in the course of the morning. One of his captains was shot through the lungs, and, on recovering consciousness, he saw the general standing at his side. Wolfe pressed his hand, told him not to despair, praised his services, promised him early promotion, and sent an aide-de-camp to Monckton to beg that officer to keep the promise if he himself should fall.

It was towards ten o'clock, when, from a hillock on the right of the line, Wolfe saw that the crisis was near. The French on the ridge had gathered themselves into three bodies; regulars in the centre, regulars and Canadians on right and left. Two field-pieces which had been dragged up the height fired on them with grape-shot, and the troops, rising from the ground, formed to receive

them. In a few moments more they were in motion. They came on rapidly, uttering loud shouts, and firing as soon as they were within range. Their ranks, ill ordered at the best, were farther confused by a number of Canadians, who had been interspersed among the regulars, and who, after hastily firing, threw themselves on the ground to reload. The British advanced a few rods; then halted and stood still. When the French were within forty paces, the word of command rang out, and a crash of musketry answered all along the line. The volley was delivered with remarkable precision. In the battalions of the centre, which had suffered least from the enemy's bullets, the simultaneous explosion was afterwards said by French officers to have sounded like a cannon shot. Another volley followed, and then a furious clattering fire, that lasted but a minute or two. When the smoke rose, a miserable sight was revealed: the ground cumbered with dead and wounded, the advancing masses stopped short and turned into a frantic mob, shouting, cursing, gesticulating. The order was given to charge. Then over the field rose the British cheer, joined with the fierce yell of the Highland slogan. Some of the corps pushed forward with the bayonet; some advanced firing. The clansmen drew their broadswords and dashed on, keen and swift as bloodhounds. At the English right, though the attacking column was broken to pieces, a fire was still kept up; chiefly, it seems, by sharpshooters from the bushes and cornfields, where they had lain for an hour or more. Here Wolfe himself led the charge, at the head of the Louisbourg grenadiers. A shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped his handkerchief about it, and kept on.

Another shot struck him, and he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast. He staggered, and sat on the ground. Lieutenant Brown, of the grenadiers, one Henderson, a volunteer in the same company, and a private soldier, aided by an officer of artillery who ran to join them, carried him in their arms to the rear. He begged them to lay him down. They did so, and asked if he would have a surgeon. "There's no need," he answered; "it's all over with me." A moment after, one of them cried out, "They run! See how they run!" "Who run?" Wolfe demanded, like a man roused from sleep. "The enemy, sir. Egad, they give way everywhere." "Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," returned the dying man: "tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge." Then, turning on his side, he murmured, "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace;" and in a few moments his gallant soul had fled.

Montcalm, still on horseback, was borne with the tide of fugitives towards the town. As he approached the walls, a shot passed through his body. He kept his seat; two soldiers supported him, one on each side, and led his horse through the St. Louis Gate. On the open space within, among the excited crowd, were several women, drawn, no doubt, by eagerness to know the result of the fight. One of them recognized him, saw the streaming blood, and shrieked, "Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! le Marquis est tué!" "It's nothing, it's nothing," replied the death-stricken man. "Don't be troubled for me, my good friends." ("Ce n'est rien, ce n'est rien. Ne vous affligez pas pour moi, mes bonnes amies.")

Francis Parkman.

THE LAKES OF UPPER ITALY.

I.

THEY lie in the lap of the mountains like jewels dropped from the sky, and Nature has lavished her love and man his labor on the setting. By political geography they belong in part to Switzerland; but if there be any force in the theory of natural boundaries, the Alps bar her claim with tremendous emphasis, and in climate, scenery, religion, custom, and speech they are Italian. No sooner does the traveler by the St. Gothard railway reach Locarno, the first station on Lago Maggiore, than he finds another heaven and another earth from those which vanished when he entered the great tunnel, a few hours earlier. The mountain peaks are sharper and more serrate, the curves and indentations of the shore more delicate, the outlines of the landscape more finished and perfect; the light is at once softer and more splendid, the sky has a deeper and more tender blue, the verdure is richer and darker; the very weeds give the wayside the grace of a garden run wild. Already there are terraced vineyards to be seen, and vines trained over a sort of trellised arbor called *pergola*, the supports of which are stone, — one of the most ancient modes of growing grapes in Italy, — and orange walks, hanging gardens, arcades of shrubbery, walls of evergreen, stone stairways and balustrades, pillars, vases and fountains among the flower beds, a different cultivation, a different style of gardening, which adorns the humblest plot. The gleaming towns upon the water's edge have irregular tiers of red-tiled roofs, broken by arched porticoes in the attic story, by slender Lombard bell-towers, cupolas, long, blank palace-fronts, — a different architecture. All this can be seen from Locarno, which is yet but a

poor place compared with the towns lower down the lake. It is worth while to stop there, though, to wash off the dust of the long journey in great white marble bath-tubs, of antique form, filled with cool, diamond-clear water, and to rest and attune the spirit to a softer key. There is a new hotel, a remarkably fine building, with a lofty hall of entrance, from each end of which a marble staircase leads to galleries with balusters, colonnades rising one above the other, and intersecting long perspectives, like the backgrounds of Paul Veronese's banquet pictures; — a Palladian interior, every corridor ending in an arch draped with muslin embroidered in Oriental patterns, through which a mellow picture of lake and mountain is visible.

At Locarno, moreover, there is the first glimpse of the art of Lombardy, in which some of the towns on the smaller lakes are so rich, and which has adorned the entire region with countless churches and palaces. The front of the Chiesa Nuova is by Tommaso Rodari, the foremost of three brothers who have left their mark on the architecture and sculpture of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries throughout Northern Italy. In the pilgrimage church of the Madonna del Sasso (Our Lady of the Rock), half an hour's walk above the town, the mild Luini's influence is seen in an altar-piece by one of his followers. I trudged up to this sanctuary one afternoon, to be rewarded by the expedition itself beyond my expectations, which were not great. Two deep gorges bring down two noisy, demonstrative brooks by so precipitous a path that the water is ready to leap into cascades at every step, until they unite and seek the lake together. Up the strip of wooded rock between them, which rises higher and higher, broadening until it

joins the mountain, winds the way to the church. It is very steep and laid in *cordonate*, a pavement of cobble-stones crossed by a curb at every few feet, much like a railway track, ballast and sleepers, without rails, raised to an angle of seventy degrees from the level; the curbs are about as far apart as cross-ties, and it is as hard to walk either upon or between them. The pilgrimage to the Madonna del Sasso should be made by all but penitents only after the sun has sunk behind the western mountains. It is a pretty walk, although disfigured by the stations of the cross at short intervals; the wayfarer passes out of the village under a long, vine-wreathed pergola, then over a bridge, then up the narrow hillside, between the ravines, to the foot of the foundation-walls of the building, and by a few more sharp twists to the solitary little stone *piazza* from which he enters the church. It dates from a miraculous appearance of the Virgin four hundred years ago, but has few signs of its age: within it is as freshly gilded, painted, and frescoed as a hotel dining-room, and is in so far a surprise after the lonely scramble beside the bed of the torrent. I reached it at the hour of the Ave Maria. The church was empty save for a woman and two children, who were kneeling together telling their beads. There was a murmur of prayers and responses uttered by two invisible ministrants; the voices seemed to come from behind the high altar, but priest or acolyte there was none to be seen. The effect was so mysterious at that sunset hour that the renovated church grew venerable to the quickened sense of awe. After the last amen, while looking for the Luini scholar's painting, I came upon a picture of the Entombment, a work of considerable beauty and religious feeling, by a Signor Cerusi, of Florence, as my fellow-worshiper told me. A modern picture from our Saviour's history, painted with talent and skill, yet reverently, and hidden in

a side-chapel of this inaccessible and unvisited little church, was a strange thing and worth coming to find. The view of the lake from the steps is fine, and still better from a little pillared side-porch, which looks as if it were the oldest part of the building, and overhangs the landscape like the parapet of a castle. The scene was very lovely: the peaks were pale rose-color, and a bluish moisture, like the dew on dark grapes, rested upon the surface of the lake.

There is an older and more interesting church on the outskirts of the town, near the railway station, bearing an indelible stamp of long-past times, notwithstanding many restorations. Set into the side of its rough square tower is a fine equestrian statue of St. Victor in *alto-rilievo* of the *quattro cento*, a stiff but striking figure, distinguished by the unsophisticated genius of that age, which lost its simplicity so rapidly in the following century. On each side of the principal doorway there is an inscription of startling import. One is in memory of Margherita Paganetti, "sweet, loyal, tender, an angel of consolation to the poor, the delight of her husband, the dearest hope of her children, who in the forty-second year of her age fell a victim to the most detestable treachery; her last articulate accents being, 'Pardon.'" The other is to Giovanni Battista Giacometti, "a patrician of *Æschina*, *disideratissimo per pietà e schiettezza*, a true master of arts and learning, who died a violent death. . . . The prayers of his widow and sons are offered for his undaunted soul" (*pro anima sua intemerata*). As the church is in a sequestered situation, although the haunts of men are not far off, and from the spot where the traveler reads these ominous tablets he can see only high walls shutting in lonely roads, it gives him a shudder to learn from the last lines of the inscriptions that the victims met their fate little more than thirty years ago, which is not reassuring

as to modern manners in the neighborhood; if he is a man of imagination he goes away a little faster than he came.

Yet this is only Locarno, the threshold of the Italian lake region, and few people will be tempted to stop there more than a night. The little steamboats, which make the round of the lake three times a day, lose half the usual vulgarity of their species by the leisurely way in which they move from point to point; crossing and recrossing, touching at every small town, or pausing a little out from shore while a clumsy boat, with a white awning on hoops, like a Conestoga wagon, pulls off from the wharf to exchange passengers. The motley crowd on deck is not vulgar, either, until September brings the full tide of travel. At one place three peasant women, two of them handsome, clamber on board from the row-boat: one wears a bright flowered headkerchief, another a black lace veil; the third is bare-headed, and her thick coil of plats is stuck about close with big, flat, round-headed silver skewers, forming an obscure halo to her Madonna-like face. The next passengers may be a party of tourists, not picturesque, with sun-hats wrapped in muslin pugarees, Chinese silk coats and umbrellas, alpenstocks, and bunches of wild flowers. Then a couple of black-robed, broad-brimmed priests come aboard.

At the little quays many Italian humors are to be studied: men and women meet and embrace fondly, or part kissing and weeping without constraint, although the journey one of them is to take is no further than to the opposite shore. At one landing I saw a lean, haggard old man, of shabby-genteel aspect, with a white handkerchief in his hand, lean over the rail, looking intently at the steamboat; the white handkerchief was an unusual refinement, colored cotton ones being universally used by the poorer middle class. He seemed to be counting the passengers, for as his eyes moved along the deck he nodded

and his lips moved incessantly. Suddenly, as we cast off, he caught sight of somebody, for whom perhaps he had been looking, and in an instant his face and person expressed the maddest hatred. He hissed, spat, shook his fingers, stuck them into his mouth, made the sign against the evil eye, while his poor withered features and limbs writhed and quivered with rage. As we receded he turned from the pier and tottered towards the town, shaking his head and burying his face in the conspicuous handkerchief. The necessity of Italians for expressing the emotion of the moment and their unconcern about lookers-on give every-day life among them a dramatic interest for us of a colder-blooded and more reticent race. One never knows what tragedy or comedy may be enacted before one's eyes at any minute.

An hour after leaving Locarno the lake is in view in the utmost length and breadth that can be seen from any point. It is majestic among its grand, encompassing mountains, which crowd closer as we advance; the nearer ones dark green, the further ones purple. As we traverse the water from shore to shore snow-peaks rise into sight, hiding themselves behind intervening crests when the boat draws near land. I am writing of a day near the end of August, almost the only time I felt excessive heat in this part of Italy. The sky blazed like a burnished reflector, the lake glowed like molten silver and the shore like a furnace, but the cool breath of the invisible ice-mountains tempered the atmosphere. Amidst the incandescence we passed a grassy islet covered with small trees, called *Isola dei Conigli* (Coney Island!), showing some prosaic ruins above the verdure, but uninhabited now even by the feeble folk from whom it takes its name. On the neighboring heights there are ruined castles, always strong adjuncts to scenery; one of them, as well as the hill it stands upon, claims

the archangel Michael for sponsor. War-like Italians in the Middle Ages swore by the sword of St. Michael, and these waters and margins must often have echoed the oath; for they have a long, bloody history, beginning with the Gauls and not ending with Garibaldi. One cares little for dates and facts in Italy; the enjoyment of the moment asks and gains nothing directly from association; there, as everywhere else in Central Europe, natural beauty is enhanced by the mere consciousness of a great past. It is worth recalling, however, that Frederick Barbarossa abode in more than one of those crumbling piles, and that two hundred years before his day the small town of Maccagno was known as Corte Imperiale, in honor of the great emperor Otho, who sojourned there during a campaign against the Lombard King Berenger II. Maccagno is extremely picturesque, fit to be put upon the sketching block as it stands: a gray tower overtopping a yellow Renaissance church, built on a table rock rising from the lake, with a front broken by two irregular, ivied arches, its southern side bristling with aloes. Before this picture had grown dim on my mind another came into sight. Standing out against the dark green, thickly wooded slopes above Cannero, the ruins of two castles emerge from the water close together: one is formidable even in dilapidation; the other and the stone on which it stands are so small that they look like a fragment of the original rock and fort, which have been cut off from it by a rise in the lake. They were always two, however, and were built in the very beginning of the fifteenth century by five brothers named Mazzarda, sons of a butcher. They called their stronghold Malpaga, Ill-Toll, and held the shores in terror, waging a piratical warfare against the inhabitants and everybody who ventured upon the waters. They kept their sway for ten years, every attempt to dislodge them failing, until the unhappy

villagers appealed to Filippo Visconti, Duke of Milan, who came to the rescue with a flotilla and four hundred men-at-arms. Even then the robbers' kennel was not carried by assault, but was starved out after a two years' siege. The place was impregnable, in fact, for one of the later Visconti was besieged there in 1523, and after some months the assailants were forced to withdraw.

The contrast between these violent scenes and the theatre on which they were enacted helps to throw them into remote distance. The physiognomy of the lake grows more smiling, the vegetation more luxuriant and southern, at every landing. The cypress, that most distinctively meridional tree and strongest feature of the Italian landscape, begins to appear among the masses of foliage, standing up as solid in form and color as a tree cut in stone, but soft as fur to the eye. Light-tinted towns, each with its tall, slender church-tower, are perched along the mountain sides, from the base to the top, and many a solitary convent and shrine. The finest point of the voyage is between Intra and Baveno, where the snow range of the Mischabel Alpine group is suddenly manifest as one looks skyward to the west, and the lake divides into the two great bays of Arona and Pallanza, the latter strewn with garden isles. Behind Pallanza the mountains stand back on each hand, and reveal Monte Rosa drawing a snow mantle over his black shoulders. Baveno and Stresa are also upon this bay, and great rivalry exists between the three towns, which are the favorite halting places on Lago Maggiore. Travelers who have stayed at only one of them become violent partisans of that one. Knowing them all well, I prefer Stresa, partly because the town is smaller than either of the others, and its best hotel, the *Hes Borromées*, stands beyond the last houses in its own pretty grounds; still more because from this point of view the Borromean islands "compose" better,

as painters say, on one hand with the curve in which Pallanza stands, with its long, bright lines of houses and multitudinous red roofs, and on the other with the frowning, many-peaked Sasso di Ferro, the highest mountain on the lake.

The islands are the regalia of Lago Maggiore. There are five in the Borromean group, none of which is more than a quarter of an hour's row from the next in order. Isola San Giovanni is so near Pallanza that nothing could be easier than to join them by a bridge. It is a mere bouquet on a rock; there is just space enough for a garden and a summer-house, but it is disfigured by an ugly villa, which Count Borromeo has built within a few years, — to spoil the prospect from the Grand Hôtel, it is said, in revenge for the proprietor's adding a story to his house, and so shutting out the mountains from the count's pretty casino on the island. Isola dei Pescatori (Fishermen's Island) is about fifteen minutes by row-boat from Baveno, and is entirely covered by a fishing village. It is a delightful object: an irregular cluster of houses, of cheerful yet subdued tints, — dark red, pale yellow, gray-white, — festooned with vines and creepers, low upon the blue water, with a background of grave-toned mountains. At one end there is a quay, with a little beach, where the fishing-boats are drawn up in line as the sun goes down; at the other, a little green with half a dozen trees, beneath which the population, from three to four hundred souls, dry their nets and take the evening air; they must take it turn about, as there is not room for half of them. Despite the nearness of the village to the main-land, it has so truly isolated an aspect, — cooped within walls, moreover, as if the limits of the rock were not narrow enough, — that I was surprised to see two or three houses of rather elegant appearance, although not large, with embroidered muslin window-curtains and balconies full

of flowers. My boatman told me that they belong to men of the island who, having made fortunes elsewhere (one of them in Manchester, England, as a picture dealer), have come back to spend the rest of their days upon their native pebble, and have built themselves "palaces," as he termed their dwellings. The picture dealer has kept a precious Poussin for himself, the joy of his old age, and hoards it in his palace. Nothing, not even the stories of the Greenlanders' mortal home-sickness, is a more singular and touching proof of the strength of that passion which we call love of country than the return of these wealthy people to imprison themselves in an unsavory hamlet which they might almost cover with a fishing-net.

A furlong from Isola dei Pescatori there is a heap of stones, whereon two or three slim willows wave their branches above a tuft of forget-me-nots; nobody has troubled himself to name it, but it is an excellent place to set up an easel. It lies midway between Isola dei Pescatori and the famous Isola Bella, the most overrated and berated island on the globe except Albion.

Isola Bella looks scarce ten acres in extent, but gains room by its height above the water, being terraced and every inch of its surface turned to account. On near approach by steamboat from Pallanza, the north end is seen first; and it is ugly, for nothing is visible except a palace front divided by a four-story bow, unfinished yet ruinous, and two big, square wings which might belong to a shabby hotel. Next appears a mean seventeenth-century church and a huddle of dirty little houses, most of them drinking-shops, directly at the entrance of the palace, and sticking like limpets to the base of the hanging-gardens. The Borromei have their private landing and a magnificent flight of granite steps, by which they avoid actually passing through the squalor; but everybody else must do so as the public landing-place is

in the midst of it. The fishermen who inhabit the *purlieu* have ancient rights of tenure, which they maintained against their noble landlord some years ago, when he tried to dislodge them. They had settled there before modern notions had taught the cleaner classes to consider such neighbors as a nuisance; they were there, in fact, before the palace, and they have the right to stay. The latter is a monstrous barrack, tasteless and comfortless, containing fine halls and galleries and some sparse magnificence, no doubt; it is placarded inside and out with the coronet of the family and the motto *Humilitas*, a bequest from San Carlo, Cardinal Borromæus and Archbishop of Milan. There is quite a collection of pictures, few of them good; a Luini, a Gaudenzio Ferrari, and two or three of the Venetian school, which one guesses to be fine, are too ill hung and lighted to be really seen. The unwilling attendant, who takes your money but shows you that he looks upon you as an intruder, and has neither time nor information to bestow upon you, cannot tell you the painters' names, and the ink of the catalogues which lie on the tables is so faded that they are often illegible. The views from the windows are the best pictures in the place. On the ground-floor there is a suite of six or seven low rooms, exactly alike, in imitation of grottoes, with false rock-work, false shell-work, false stalactites, and false coral, a fantastic piece of bad taste. They open on a series of arcades, loftier but in the same style, which are redeemed by an unexpected, enchanting glimpse of gardens at the end of a long vista. The grounds are older than the palace, as the plan of the first Borromeo who owned the island was to make a pleasure-ground with merely a pavilion. Although they are formal and artificial to the last degree, the statues, staircases, and terraces lend them a grand air, while the luxuriance and rareness of the bloom and foliage and the exqui-

site outlook on every side bewilder the senses. On the side towards Pallanza there is a noble group of pines. The deep seriousness of their shade heightens the joyous expression of the sunny lake the distant, smiling town, and the rich-colored mountains seen between the great columnar trunks. On the opposite side the same grade is occupied by a grove of fifty large magnolia-trees. Glimmering reflections from the water play among their dark, glossy, russet-lined umbrage, filling the place with lambent lights, and flicker upon ivory, cup-shaped blossoms, which linger here and there even at the end of summer. The huge, cavernous arches which support the lowermost terrace are divided from each other by gigantic intertwined wisterias and Virginia creepers, and are curtained by masses of ivy hanging from the vaults; each recess forms a shelter for a clump of tall palms and other tropical plants. The boughs of orange and lemon trees lean over from the upper grades, golden with fruit. The shape of this big ten-terraced pyramid, rising in the centre of the gardens and filling two thirds of the area, is softened by the growth which mantles its lines and angles, and by lights and shadows which tremble over it in a constant caress. As one rows round the southern end of the island its beauty cannot be denied, but at a little distance its likeness to a wedding-cake — a comparison which has been applied to both the cathedral of Milan and *Isola Bella* — is also undeniable; it looks still more like the altar of a modern Roman Catholic church, with tiers of flower-vases and images.

The queen of the group is *Isola Madre*, lying in the middle of the bay of Pallanza, half an hour's pull from either shore; larger, higher, and more irregular in outline than the others, yet keeping the dimensions of a fairy kingdom. The steep sides are thickly wooded, but the woods are opened in every direction by winding foot-paths or broad gravel-

walks, leading through myrtle shrubbery, to sudden views of the lake and mountains; by green glades starred with wild flowers; by stately balustraded stone stairways without steps, sloping from the villa and gardens down through dark, shining walls of laurel to a grand gateway on the water, surmounted by aloes and fern palms. This entrance is at the principal landing, and is not open to strangers, who come ashore at a flat rock and climb to a postern-gate, by which they gain access to the terraces. These are unusually broad, and bordered by orange and lemon trees on one hand, and on the other by wonderful oleanders, great bushy trees bending under a load of rose-colored, almond-scented blossoms. Several stages like this lead up to a little plateau brilliant with flower-beds, like a jeweler's showcase, on which stands a small palace, turning towards the lake a long, flat, pale yellow façade, with rows of square windows. It opens on the garden by a beautiful two-story *loggia*, or portico, three arches supported on pillars of elegant proportions; a high recess on each side the door being used as a fernery. The lovely sites on this little domain are inexhaustible; in many long visits I always discovered new ones. The owners never occupy the casino, and the grounds are a nursery garden for exotic trees, some of them extremely rare and fine. One of the most charming resting-places is a light iron balcony inclosing a square of gravel as large as an ordinary drawing-room, furnished with garden tables and chairs, roofed by the branches of a superb Australian fir, and overhanging thickets of rhododendrons, with an outlook across the water to Pallanza, which at a distance is the prettiest town on the lake. Another is a stone balcony projecting over the water, with stone table and seats of such classic models that they are worthy of an ancient temple; two great magnolia-trees form a canopy, and frame a view of the dark

Sasso di Ferro, hollowed out by primeval volcano-throes into the shape of a rude crown. More beautiful than either of these is an ivy arbor, centuries old, of gnarled, knotted stems and leafage impervious to rain or sunshine. It stands at the head of a steep, narrow flight of steps, walled in by glossy evergreens, and lightly tunneled over by trumpet-creeper, wisteria, and white roses, ending in a dazzle of water and a glimpse of distant steepes, partly wooded, partly covered by a rosy-lilac growth which overspreads them in August. The combination of orange-colored bignonias and the lavender bunches of the glycine with cascades of white roses is a favorite device of the gardeners in this region. Although the prime of the wisterias and magnolias is in the spring, they flower profusely in August and September. From the moment the season opens until winter sets its seal on the plants again they seem to feel the joy of existence, and bloom and bloom as if for the mere pleasure of it.

This luxuriance belongs to the lake shore as well as to the islands, and the former has beauties of its own. For more than twenty miles it is skirted on one hand by a fine cornice road, with villas, or wooded slopes, or cliffs tufted with herbage and wild flowers, whence trickle cool rills, and on the other by a low parapet and granite telegraph shafts, ashes of roses in color, from the quarries near Baveno, which cut the prospect into a series of pictures. The climate is delightful for a person who likes warm weather: the sun is very hot, but there is a perpetual cool, light breeze, pure and refreshing, which one tastes as if it were spring water, in walking and driving, even in the heat of the day. In a boat the refraction is oppressive from noon till an hour before sunset, but the lake road is shaded after midday by high banks and rocks to landward. I have been out on foot for hours between breakfast and five o'clock

in the afternoon without wishing the temperature a degree lower, and becoming more convinced at every step that it is a mistake to come to Italy in autumn and winter rather than when it is in the flower and fervor of summer.

It does not often rain on the lakes in August and September, according to my experience: and this is fortunate, for sunlight is essential to bring out the marvelous colors of the landscape and water, which are seen at their best under a perfectly clear sky; then the upper portion of Lago Maggiore is sea-green, and the lower and larger expanse sea-blue. But every change of weather gives it a new character. There are days when large white clouds are floating high in the air, and the lake rolls white and cerulean in alternate, undefined sheets. Under the lowering masses of cloud which sometimes gather towards sunset the expression of the scenery alters entirely: every soft feature disappears; harsh cliffs, unnoticed before, start into sight; the bays and headlands sternly wait for the burst of wrath from that realm of awful summits, abysses, and eternal snow beyond the nearer mountains; the latter take a wild, changed, confused mien, as if uncertain of the part they are to play in the coming strife. When this begins after twilight it is tremendous indeed, with blinding flashes and darkness to which the intervening darkness of night is like dawn; the thunder sounds as if it were rolling down from the mountains upon the villages, with crashes and reverberations, echoing and reëchoing, until the endless repetitions are lost in a new detonation, while torrents of rain threaten to make the lake overflow. After this uproar, the next day sometimes comes in splendid and fleckless; but sometimes it is overcast, and the clouds, having lost their fierceness, hang low and lazy upon the hillsides, while the lake is a soft, even gray, on which the islands lie as clear as painting on porcelain. Then

the fishing-boats come out in shoals, — clumsy, picturesque barks, with hoops for awnings, which are never up, but leave the frame bare, like the ribs of a wrecked craft inverted. Now and then a larger vessel passes, bearing a big tan-colored sail and an ungainly oar-shaped rudder in a swivel, as long as a mast, bound on a merchant cruise to distant towns.

The bay of Arona is the least beautiful and striking limb of Lago Maggiore. As one approaches the foot of the lake the mountains recede, the hills are lower and rounder, the shore is tamer in outline. Near Meina, a lovely, slim white waterfall slips down through a gorge, but in very dry weather it disappears. Further down there is a bronze statue of San Carlo Borromeo, about a hundred and twenty feet high, including the pedestal, — a preposterous production of the latter part of the seventeenth century. It stands on a hillock on the mountain side, and is ridiculous from every point of view: there is one from which the saint looks as if he were peering down the chimney of the convent at his feet. The ruined castle of Arona, wrapped in ivy, and the mediæval fortifications of Angera, on the opposite headland, lend some character to the end of the voyage, but its charm is gone.

Making my headquarters at Stresa, I lounged about the neighborhood on foot, or in a pony carriage, — a lucky find, — for a week or more in two successive years, making acquaintance with new scenes daily, and meeting with various little incidents on my walks and drives. The record of these wanderings made at the time probably has more of the first freshness of my impressions than a carefully prepared account of them would preserve.

“August 11, 1882. Walked in the afternoon to Belgirate, a town four or five miles from Stresa, towards the lower end of the lake. Turned off the dusty, white road into the beautiful Villa Palla-

vicini, full of great masses of shade and deep, grotto-like shrubbery walks; on one lawn there was an acre of hydrangeas, so closely covered with azure flowers that through intervening trees it looked like a glimpse of sky or water. Along the road the dark laurel hedges of the villas are overtopped by oleanders stooping under the weight of their Canton-crape blossoms, roseate, white, and pale pink, which are seen from below against the velvet-blue sky. The trumpet-creeper flames up the white walls with a *violence* of flowering and color inconceivable even in our country, where it blooms so abundantly. Things have a joy of life in this land. Rested at a wayside stone terrace above the lake, with stone seats under a thick awning of clipped locust-trees, — a halting-place for pedestrians. A peasant and his wife were passing, and I called them to sit by me. They did not complain of the sufferings of their class, although they said that work is scarce, that wages are scanty, the necessities of life too high, the taxes too heavy, and that bad years produce great misery. There have now been two such years running, and the harvest, which promised plenty, is being destroyed by the drought. But they told me that the government tax on the grist which went to the mill had been taken off, causing great relief. . . . Took a boat from Belgirate back to Stresa, an hour's row. My boatman was an ex-soldier, and a person of many resources, I suspect. He had been over the Monte Motterone the day before as guide to a Milanese gentleman, an eighteen hours' tramp there and back. He said that the work which pays best is on the railways, two *lire* (less than half a dollar) a day, from six A. M. to six P. M., with two hours' rest; for agricultural labor the wages are one *lira* a day, — about twenty-two cents; a soldier's pay is less than half a lira and no rations. People can't live on that, he said: it is barely enough for a man

alone; if he be married, impossible. But he added that it was no worse than it had always been in his recollection; that everybody got meat on holidays (I do not know whether this included Sundays), and wine once a week, at least. He then unblushingly asked four lire for rowing me to Stresa — and got it. . . . The King of Italy was at Stresa to-day to see the Marchese Rapallo, second husband of his aunt, the Duchess of Genoa, whose villa gardens adjoin those of this hotel. He went and came very quietly in a special steamboat, which had nothing to distinguish it except that it carried a handsome flag and a crew dressed in white. A small crowd assembled at the landing to see him come and go, but there was not a single cheer."

"August 14th. Gray day, close but not oppressive, with random gleams of sunshine. Set out at half past nine in the morning for the lake of Orta, driving myself in a basket phaeton, with the courier in the rumble. The road follows the lake for some miles, past the base of Monte Motterone with its chestnut woods and the rose-colored granite quarries of Baveno. At the small town of Gravellona, where a milestone announces that the Simplon route begins, I turned westward and struck into a narrow green vale, shut in by craggy mountains. The way was lonely for about half an hour; then I passed several villages drawn out on each side of the road, and picturesque in spite of themselves. There were several consequential-looking little houses, with gateposts surmounted by grotesque, dwarfish stone figures of men and women, unlike anything else I have seen in this or any other country. They are conceptions of a clumsy humor, like the offspring of Dutch or German genius, and I cannot help referring their origin to Teutonic invasion and occupation, of which many traces remain in this region. I recognize it, grudgingly, in the appearance

of the peasantry. Most of the young women I met to-day had a peculiar softness in the oval of the face and outline of the features, with a fair complexion, clear, gentle eyes, and brown hair, like Raphael's Madonna della Seggiola. The children were ruddier than the mothers, of the same soft, fair type, and beautiful as little angels. After leaving the villages the road loiters up a very long but not steep hill, into a wide valley of hay-fields, studded with fine walnut and chestnut trees, through which rushes a brimming brook side by side with a glassy mill-race, and soon I came in sight of the lovely little lake of Orta.

"The drive had taken an hour and a half. Left the phaeton at the principal inn of Omegna, the first (and I think only) town at the hither end of the lake, with explicit and emphatic orders that it should be at the door by four o'clock in the afternoon, and walked through the narrow, crooked streets and dull, sleepy market-place to the water's edge. I never saw a municipality, or any human community, which gave me in five minutes so distinct an impression of indifference to the rest of the world. Hired a small boat, and a man to row; the courier took an oar, and they pulled me to Orta, near the lower end of the lake, in a little over an hour. The great charm of this irregular bit of water is its seclusion and apparent remoteness from the noisy, dusty, beaten tracks. We met no boat, heard no sound except the thin voice of a chapel bell from a distant mountain ledge, and, as far as I recollect, saw no village or building, except isolated convents high up on the hillsides.

"Orta is the prettiest, most picturesque waterside townlet, smothered in flowers; its amphibiousness gives it a gay, whimsical resemblance to Venice, such as a kitten has to a lion. Lunched at the inn, a rough but clean and friendly place; and while the meal was being got ready I climbed by the terraces of

a delightful villa garden—a strange spot in a locality so out of the way—to the foot of a Monte Sacro, behind the town. It is a place of pilgrimage, and as I toiled up the steep, straight approach, an inclined plane paved with cobblestones and bordered with shock-headed locust-trees, which cast no shadow in the noon, the sight of the cool, blue lake below aggravating my sufferings, it seemed a pity that I lacked the faith by which the sweat of my brow would wash away some of my sins. The hot ascent leads to a grassy, breezy summit, broken into knolls shaded by great branching trees and rustling laurel groves, and dotted with shrines containing terra cotta groups of incidents from the life of St. Francis Assisi. Some of them struck me as having spirit and merit, but I was too much absorbed by the beauty of the site to examine them. The hill projects into the lake, so that one sees water between the tree trunks in every direction. It was pervaded by a happy tranquillity; the solitude gave me no sense of loneliness; its laurel-trees and little temples recalled the sacred places of classic heathendom. There was nobody to disturb its quiet except myself and a peasant, who was looking at the prospect with dreamy eyes. He said he had come from another *paese* (which I translate township), about twelve miles off, to see the Sacro Monte, which he had never visited before. He was not on a pilgrimage; he had never even heard of St. Francis Assisi, although his schoolmaster had been a priest. He had heard of America, however; but to him, as to most of the rustics in Northern Italy, it means Mexico or Montevideo, whither many of them go to work on railroads. They send home money for a few months, and then die of fever.

"Opposite Orta, in the middle of the lake, is Isola San Giulio, a cone covered with white, arcaded, red-roofed houses, terraces and garden bits rising in irregular stages to a square white convent

amid tufts of dark foliage, with a waving palm on the tip-top, and reflected line for line in the water. The tiny place is very old, and has its own share of history, so I rowed over to get a nearer look at it. Found a Lombard church of great antiquity, well whitewashed, and muffled besides in shabby red damask for some *festa* or *funzione*. The capitals of the pillars are richly though rudely sculptured with Runic knots and archaic beasts; the stone pulpit, black with age, is very curious, and in the style of that at San Ambrogio at Milan. There are a number of frescoes, nearly effaced, but very interesting. They seem to be of widely different epochs: some look almost Byzantine, but the saints have wider eyes; others recall the early Flemish masters; and there is a chapel painted, I should think, by the oldest of the Lombard school, with faces of great purity, sweetness, and repose of expression. Wedged in among the stucco walls of more modern houses are fragments of military masonry; the remains, probably, of the stronghold of Queen Willa, the wife of Berenger, in which she was besieged for months by Otho the Great.

"My visit to the island was cut short by a sudden change in the weather. The sky grew dark, and the lake rough. The boatman, who was surly and slippery, was prevented from starting for Omegna, and leaving me in the lurch, only by the courier's sitting in the boat the whole time I was out of it. Rowing back we had flaws of wind and spurts of rain; the thunder growled and roared in the gorges, and the men were white and scared. We reached Omegna safely, however, but instead of finding the horse harnessed nothing had been done, and the household of the inn, master and mistress, man and maid, and their entire acquaintance, who were arriving in groups and troops, were so engrossed in laughing at a basket of live shrimps that it was only by adjurations and ex-

tra fees that I could get anybody to attend to me. The rain began just as we set out, and increased steadily, the storm bursting as we reached Baveno. At the last bend before the Ponte Napoleone I came upon an old woman, with white hair and a brown, wrinkled face, grinding a wheeled hand-organ before a poor little inn to a score of ragged boys and girls between the ages of six and sixteen, who were waltzing barefoot on the stony road in the pelting rain, with the utmost glee. At the sight of a stranger pulling out a purse they paused and ran up, shouting, 'Money! We're to have some money!' 'No,' I said, for mendicancy is strictly forbidden by law; 'but I will pay for your ball, so that you can dance as long as you like.' There was an explosion like small fireworks of pretty words and thanks, — 'Grazie,' 'Favorisca,' 'Reverisca,' — and clapping their hands they rushed to seize each other by the waist, that no time might be lost, and I left them twirling again under the falling torrents. N. B. Have seen but one beggar in the neighborhood, and he was an old cripple."

"September 3d. Divine day. Rowed to Isola Bella, but it was so cockney that I went on to Isola Madre, where I spent the morning in reading and sketching, unmolested by aught except a turkey-hen, who brought her brood into the shrubbery where I was sitting, and after circling round me a number of times, nearer and nearer at every round, gobbling to raise her own choler, at length assaulted me. I had sat so quiet during her circumlocutions that I believe she thought me inanimate, and when I beat her off with my sun-umbrella it was a rout. Mother and children fled, leaving me in peace to listen to the ring-doves calling to each other among the pines, until in the cooler hours of the afternoon parties of Germans overran the island, and I fled like the turkeys. Ten years ago, if one

wished to see this great people one went to Germany; if one wished to eschew them one kept out of it, for they stayed at home. At that time there were many well-to-do Berlin burghers, whose only notion of a journey was going to Potsdam for the day; they did that once in a lifetime, and called it traveling. Now Central Europe swarms with them in summer, and Christendom does not produce a more obnoxious, offensive race. I am convinced that the prejudice against Jews, which has been gaining ground in America, arises from the fact that those who come to our country are for the most part of a low class of Germans. But the true Teuton, to be seen in full odiousness, must be met in Switzerland or Italy. The coarseness of his habits, the loudness of his voice, the aggressiveness of his demeanor, his rudeness and churlishness, make him the most undesirable of fellow-travelers. Americans may take some comfort under the infliction in reflecting that the English tourists who used to complain bitterly of our invasion of the Continent are now outnumbered by a race who speak louder, smoke and spit more, and wash less, than the commonest class of 'Yankee,' and are neither liberal nor good-natured, which we were admitted to be. At times better specimens are seen, to whom the deportment of their country-folk must be a keen mortification, if they have a grain of our sensitiveness on that point. The superior sort are indefatigable sight-seers, and very effusive. In every party there is an *achzendes* woman, who sentimentalizes over everything from a church to a weed, and an intelligent man, who explains the beauties of nature and art to his companions. This afternoon Isola Madre rang with their musical exclamations: 'Ach! wie ist es hier so wunderschön!' 'Sehen Sie den Lorbeerbaum an!' 'Sieht es nicht ganz bezaubernd aus!' Ach! why don't they stay at home and go to Potsdam twice in their lives instead of once?"

"September 20, 1883. The lake season has begun. The hotel is full, the shores and waters are gay with tourists, one hears nothing but English. . . . Last night six or seven guitars and violins and several male voices made really good music under the windows. To-night there came a man and woman with a guitar: he sang remarkably well, with a trained voice, — some unsuccessful opera singer, no doubt, poor devil; she was not so good, but they gave popular melodies charmingly, both as solos and duets; there was a particularly pretty one with a *refrain* of 'Niccòli Niccoló.' It was trying to have some poorer devil come by afterwards and drone out the same airs very badly, to a zither."

"September 23d. Paid a visit to the wife of one of the Omarini brothers, the proprietors of the hotel, in her pretty little house behind the garden. It is a kindly, courteous family. One brother acts as steward, another as book-keeper, a third as clerk; the wife of one of them superintends the laundry, another is housekeeper: and thus the establishment is efficiently managed by respectful, self-respecting people, not above their business, with whom one's dealings are never unpleasant. Signora Omarini's 'best parlor' is decorated with glass cases full of gold and silver cups and medals, dozens of them, some extremely handsome and valuable, which her brother, who is a Swiss, has won at federal and international shooting-matches. He was presented to me, a stout, rubicund, quiet, middle-aged citizen, with nothing remarkable about him except a singularly steady, penetrating gaze, like our typical Western man's. He used to be a famous chamois hunter, but says he has grown too old for that.

"Took a long, steep walk up the mountain behind the village. The path was cruelly rough, but led through a wood of magnificent portly chestnut-

trees, with here and there a slender white-stemmed birch waving her drooping tresses; there was a bank of ferns on each side, and a tantalizing sound of water running and falling, now right now left, seldom visible, and still more seldom to be tasted. At every turn in the road there was a beautiful view of the lake and the islands, each with its picture in the water. Looked over a low vineyard wall, and gave a woman good-day and half a franc to her children. Presently one of the little girls came panting after me to beg me to come back and have some of their grapes. I declined, saying that I had not time. By and by she overtook me

again, breathless, with her apron full of fine bunches. On the way down I turned into a pasture where some little girls were driving a cow, and asked for a cup of fresh milk. They ran to a hut and brought a clean bowl, which they washed in a spring; then they milked the cow, and gave me a warm and foaming draught with the sweetest smiles and words of welcome. . . .

"A great hotel is building on the Monte Motterone, which will have a view of six or seven lakes and a magnificent Alpine horizon, and serve as a half-way house for travelers who cross the ridge to Orta instead of driving by the valleys."

THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THE magazine, which to-day forms so important a part of periodical English literature, is a little more than a century and a half old. The Gentleman's Magazine of Cave may be said to represent its infancy, the Monthly Magazine of Sir Richard Phillips its youth, Blackwood's, Fraser's, and Bentley's Miscellany its manhood, and the Cornhill and Macmillan's its maturer age. In the various stages of its growth, the parent stem has produced many promising offshoots, healthy enough in the bud, but destined to wither away in the leaf, leaving no trace of their existence but a name and an entry in the chronicles of the bibliographer. Cave, the well-known printer of the Johnson era, was the author of the magazine whence all other English magazines are sprung, the Gentleman's. The project of such a publication had been in his mind for some years before 1731, the date of its first appearance. After in vain endeavoring to secure the coöperation of the London booksellers, he found himself in that year able to

commence such a work on his own account, the duties of editor being at first performed by himself. The first number appeared in the form of an unpretending octavo pamphlet of forty-five pages, at the price of sixpence, under the title of the Gentleman's Magazine and Trader's Monthly Intelligencer; as if to imply that the tastes and interests of both the aristocratic and mercantile classes, of both town and country, would be attended to. Herein Mr. Cave showed himself to be a very shrewd and discerning publisher, considerably in advance of his fellows of that day. The bulk of the work consisted of abridgments of the best articles in the political and literary journals of shorter periods, a list of which he gives in the first number of his magazine in the page following the title: The Craftsman, London Journal, Free Briton, etc., and last, though not the least interesting of all, our old friend The Grubstreet Journal. The nominal authors of the extracts used are appended, as if to indicate that

the editor is desirous of acknowledging his indebtedness to all from whom he borrows. These, as regards the last named publication, are sufficiently suggestive: Mr. Bavius, Mr. Mævius, Mr. Spondee, Mr. Dactyl, and Messrs. Conundrum, Quidnunc, Orthodoxo, and Quibus. Following "an impartial view of the various weekly Essays, controversial, humorous, and political, religious, moral, and sentimental," comes the *Monthly Intelligencer*, containing foreign and domestic occurrences, and a register of births, marriages, and deaths. Observations on gardening and a list of new publications complete the table of contents. A short advertisement or two helps to fill up the last page. The whole is edited by Sylvanus Urban of Aldermanbury, Gent., the place of publication being the far-famed gate of St. John, Clerkenwell.

Unlike so many of his successors in the hazardous business of publishing, Mr. Cave had not miscalculated the literary needs of the public. His magazine did, in fact, meet a want which was unsatisfied. It enjoyed immediate and, what is more, permanent success, inasmuch that a second edition of the first number was issued with the third, and reprints of the first five numbers with the eighth; and the circulation showed a steady increase. Upon the cover of the eighth number was imprinted for the first time the quaint little wood-cut of St. John's Gate, which for so long a period distinguished the older magazine, and still serves to denote the parentage of its remote descendant, the *Gentleman's Magazine* of to-day. Cave's original publication lasted in unbroken sequence from January, 1731, to June, 1783, a period of fifty-two years, and twenty-nine after its author's death. A new series was begun in the following month of July, and continued to June, 1784, when the magazine was relinquished for a time, but it was subsequently revived in various forms; and it

has since been issued monthly under the time-honored title down to the very date of this present article.

The earlier history of the *Gentleman's Magazine* may be traced in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. That eminent man was almost from the beginning one of its few paid contributors; and there is some evidence to show that, for a time at least, he occupied the more honorable but not more lucrative post of editor. He comes upon the scene in the usual fashion, as a suppliant for the consideration of "Mr. Sylvanus Urban" in respect of a packet of "copy." "Having observed," he writes in his first letter to Cave, submitting his first contribution,—"having observed in your paper very uncommon offers of encouragement to men of letters,"—this in allusion to Cave's offer of a prize of fifty pounds for the best set of verses on a religious subject,—"I do not doubt you will look at this poem which I send, and reward it in a different manner from a mercenary bookseller, who counts the lines he purchases and considers nothing but the bulk." Admirable, bold-spirited Dr. Johnson! Was there ever, before or since, a petitioner for an editor's goodwill who, at the very starting-point of a literary career, wrote in such strain?

Whether Cave acted upon the hint, and judged the lines by their merit, and not according to the number of their syllables, is not disclosed. But the poem was accepted, and doubtless the remuneration was satisfactory, for Johnson at once became a regular paid contributor and the chief literary adviser of the editor. For several years the *Gentleman's Magazine* was his principal source of employment and support, and it was largely indebted to his pen for the early success it attained and for its long career of later prosperity. He introduced new features which at once enhanced its popularity. The most important of these were the substitution of some pages of original prose for the uninteresting ex-

tracts hitherto taken from the public journals, and the publication of a monthly epitome of the debates in Parliament under the title of *The Senate of Lilliput*. The *Life of Savage* was perhaps the ablest contribution from Johnson's pen to the pages of Cave's periodical, and for this he received payment at the rate of two guineas a sheet. Curious as it may seem to the voluntary contributors to the monthly magazines of our own day, — to which, by the way, some of the American magazines in this respect furnish an exception, — Dr. Johnson was paid for his copy when it had been accepted. Under his skillful guidance, then, the *Gentleman's Magazine* prospered more and more, and ultimately attained a monthly circulation of ten thousand. If we compare this with the average issue of more modern magazines, such a circulation, taking into account the lack of postal and other facilities for the distribution of books in Johnson's time, must be allowed to be very considerable. Cave kept a good lookout forward, and watched his chances very narrowly. His ears were always open to the gossip of the trade, and when he heard — as not unnaturally he sometimes would — that a customer had talked of discontinuing his subscription, off he would go to Johnson and give a note of warning thus: "Let us have something good this month, for I am told Mr. So and So talks of withdrawing his subscription." With a man of such excellent business ability as publisher, and an honest, striving worker like Johnson for his chief literary adviser, it is no wonder that the *Gentleman's Magazine* proved one of the most successful literary ventures of the last century.

The success of Cave's scheme brought many competitors into the field, the most vigorous of which were the *London Magazine* and the *Monthly Review*. The former of these ran its elder contemporary pretty close, oftentimes excelling it in the priority and accuracy

of its parliamentary intelligence, which was then held to be of special interest; for until Johnson started the idea, no one had thought of systematically describing the proceedings of Parliament. The *Monthly Review* became so prosperous that it reached the advanced age of ninety-six* years, having been born eighteen years later than the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and only ended its long career of usefulness in 1845. The *European Magazine*, and the *Literary Magazine* or *Universal Review*, were earlier and no less sturdy rivals, though not so long-lived. But by far the ablest of the English magazines born in the last century was the *Monthly Magazine*, or *British Register*, founded by Richard Phillips. It was begun in 1796, and lasted in unbroken sequence till 1825, when a new series was begun. It was the same size as its monthly contemporaries, namely octavo; consisted of from eighty to one hundred pages of reading matter, printed in double columns; and was sold originally at one shilling, subsequently raised to eighteen pence, and afterwards to two shillings, a number. "When it was first planned, two leading ideas," says the Preface to the first volume, "occupied the minds of those who undertook to conduct it. The first was that of laying before the public various objects of information and discussion, both amusing and instructive; the second was that of lending aid to the propagation of those liberal principles respecting some of the most important concerns of mankind which have been either deserted or virulently opposed by other periodical miscellanies, but upon the manly and rational support of which the fame and fate of the age must depend." It would be no inaccurate comparison to say that, in respect of the enterprise it showed and the broadly liberal views it expressed, the *Monthly Magazine* of eighty years ago bore some resemblance to the *London Daily News* of to-day. For that

early period, the foreign intelligence which the magazine published was exceptionally interesting. Its correspondents contributed letters on a variety of topics from almost all parts of the globe. Its home news was instructive and entertaining, and, if necessarily of older date than that which appeared in the daily and weekly journals, was for the most part more trustworthy and exact. Its editorial comments, though brief and somewhat scattered, — for the magazine did not profess to deal editorially with any question, — were generally to the point, outspoken, fearless, and sincere. It never wavered in its championship of every good cause, and in its condemnation of anything that savored of oppression, intolerance, and fraud. It opened its pages to the discussion of any matter calculated to serve the interests of humanity, and vigorously asserted the rights of the many against the pretensions and aggressiveness of the few. In short, it was an honest, enterprising, high-toned, and extremely well-edited magazine, which not only well deserved all the prestige it acquired in its day, but an honorable place in the literary annals of our own, as having furnished the plan for at least one prominent London periodical. The *Athénæum* is more indebted, for its chief characteristics as a literary journal, to the *Monthly Magazine* of the early part of the century than to any other of its forerunners or contemporaries.

In the number for December, 1811, appears an advertisement which fairly sets forth the scope of the magazine. Communications (to be sent to 5 Buckingham Gate) are invited on all subjects, "practical and speculative." "In the order of their insertion," says the editor — who appears from the beginning to have been none other than the publisher, Richard Phillips himself; if this were so, he was an uncommonly energetic and highly-talented man, — "in the order of their insertion preference is, however,

always given to Notices of Improvements in the Arts of Life; to economical Subjects in general; to original facts in Natural History, and in the various Sciences; to accounts of Tours and Voyages; to topographical Descriptions, particularly of Distant Countries; to accounts of curious objects of remote Antiquity; to original Biography, Anecdotes, and Letters of eminent or remarkable persons; to observations on the state of Society and Manners in various countries and places; to Copies or Extracts of scarce and interesting Tracts; to illustrations of Classical Authors; to fugitive pieces of original Poetry; and to letters of Literary persons on points of inquiry connected with the objects of their pursuits." In addition to such matter there was published each month a variety of other useful information: a description of patents lately enrolled; a list of new publications arranged under subject headings; notices of literary works in progress, domestic and foreign; a discussion of the proceedings of learned societies; a retrospect of the Fine Arts and review of musical publications; a statement of public affairs containing extracts from official documents; reports of diseases, and of the progress in chemistry, agriculture, etc.; and a full and interesting account of occurrences arranged in the order of the counties. Occasional wood-cuts were given to elucidate the text. At the end of every six months a supplementary number was issued, under the title of a Half-Yearly Retrospect of Literature, consisting of seventy-five pages, and dealing with books published not only in Great Britain, but in France, Germany, and the United States of America.

Within a few weeks after the victory of Waterloo, when to side with Napoleon Bonaparte was to confess one's self an enemy of England, the *Monthly Magazine* protested against the "ostracism" of "that great man," for "the supposed crimes of being beloved by the

French, and for long successfully opposing the enemies of France." "Of what use can be the language of Truth," asks the editor, "during the ebullitions of passion and the shouts of victory? The answer which follows the question might lead us to give place to the official documents of the month without commentary; but silence at such a moment would be dereliction of duty, unworthy of the pretensions of a just cause and disrespectful to our readers. . . . We are advocates of the eternal principles of the law of nations, that all people have a right to choose and regulate their own government, and that foreigners have no right to interfere in questions between governments and their people. . . . Justice alone is power, and no adjustment of human interests can be solid, final, or permanent which is not founded on immutable principles of justice. It is a foolish or wicked endeavor to force what is not just on the acceptance of mankind that occasions all the wars and disturbances in the world; and it is therefore in the last degree absurd and useless in the authorities of the European nations to expect to calm the passions and to procure a permanent peace except by deferring in all things to truth and justice. We could tell them in a few words how happiness and peace might be restored in Europe without the aid of a single soldier and without the cost of a single pound sterling; but our means would require as a preliminary a victory over their own passions, and the adoption of a policy in many respects the very opposite of that which has been pursued. We should tell England to reëstablish the treaty of Amiens and recall the message of 1803; we should tell Prussia to maintain the empire of Frederic and respect the provinces of her neighbors; Russia to stay at home, cultivate its vast possessions, and civilize its people; Austria to enjoy its fine position and climate and to refuse foreign subsidies; and we should

exhort all to leave France to herself, and to acknowledge and live on willing terms of amity with whomsoever the French people might freely elect as their public head or heads." Such principles might lend support to the most broadly liberal "platform" of to-day; and the manner in which they are expressed would bring no discredit to the pen of the most cultivated of English writers. It is not easy to trace the authorship of the best articles in the *Monthly Magazine*, as they are mostly published with initials only, or over pseudonyms. But one of the most constant of the editor's correspondents for a number of years was a certain Mr. Capel Lofft, who used to annoy Charles Lamb by signing their common initials — as, of course, he had a right — to his very feeble sonnets. Charles Lamb spoke of him as being "the genius of absurdity;" but Mr. Lofft's worst fault seems to have been a too great fondness for the gray goose quill. He could never let it lie idle, and wrote with it on every conceivable subject, from Capital Punishment to the Flight of Meteors. The chief contributors, however, signed themselves "Common Sense," "Plain Dealer," "Politico-Economicus," and the like. The most uninteresting part of the magazine is that reserved to the poets, whose lines on Beauty, To Clarissa, To a Fair Recluse, and so on, read now as the stupidest twaddle. But poetry appears to have been almost as popular as prose in Sir Richard Phillips's day.

In 1814, when the old *Monthly* was at the zenith of its popularity, having attained a circulation of eight thousand, the *New Monthly Magazine* and *Universal Register* was started by Colburn, then of Conduit Street. Three years later Blackwood's was born, and three years later still the *London Magazine* (we are not sure if this was not a new series of the older periodical of that name), in whose pages first appeared the delightful *Essays of Elia*. Neither the

New Monthly nor Blackwood's, when they were first published, differed in any important particular — either in their general "make-up," or in the matter which appeared in their pages — from Sir Richard Phillips's magazine. The editor of Blackwood's advertised his intention to make that publication "a repository of whatever may be supposed to be most interesting to general readers." The tastes of such were best consulted, it seemed, in copying the plan of the old Monthly. He simply followed the order of that publication in regard to its contents, and published a number of original communications and select extracts; an antiquarian repertory, which department the editor promised would be of special interest to his readers, as access had been allowed him "to unpublished MSS., both in the national and family repositories;" some pieces of original poetry; a review of new publications and of articles in the periodicals; useful information on literary and scientific subjects; together with a monthly register of public events. The magazine, which first appeared in April, 1817, consisted of one hundred and twenty pages. The New Monthly Magazine, which was first issued in January, 1814, price 2s., threw down the gauntlet, and at once proclaimed itself the uncompromising political opponent of the old Monthly. It began with a long address to the public, abusive of "the demon Bonaparte" and of the editor of its rival, who, "nursed in the school of Jacobinism," had preferred the interests of France to those "of our common country." The country, nevertheless, had made a noble stand against the usurper, and it was the duty of every honest Englishman to take his stand by the country; with a great deal more to the same purpose. The New Monthly was started on political grounds chiefly, and aimed at securing the support of the Tories. Later, it took a literary turn, changed its second title from *Universal Register*

to *Literary Journal*, and began an entirely new career. It was one of the first of the purely literary magazines published in London, and was edited successively by Thomas Campbell, Theodore Hook, Tom Hood, and W. Harrison Ainsworth. But before it reached its greatest popularity and could afford, as it did, to raise its price from 2s. and 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. a number, it was indebted to another periodical for many an original idea. This was the *London Magazine*, of the second decade of the century.

"Never was a periodical work commenced," writes Talfourd, in his *Life of Lamb*, "with happier auspices, numbering a list of contributors more original in thought, more fresh in spirit, more sportive in fancy, or directed by an editor better qualified by nature and study to preside over its fortunes than this." Taylor and Hessey were the publishers, John Scott was the editor, and Coventry Patmore his literary aid. Afterwards Tom Hood joined the staff as sub-editor. The principal contributors were Lamb, at his wisest, sagest, airiest, indiscreetest, best; Barry Cornwall, "in the first bloom of his modest and enduring fame;" John Hamilton Reynolds, "lighting up the wildest eccentricities and most striking features of many-colored life with vivid fancy;" and Hazlitt, "whose pen gave radiant expression to the results of the solitary musings of many years." Cary, the translator of Dante, De Quincey, author of the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, and Thomas Griffiths Wainwright, of infamous reputation, were others of the original contributors. After the good old fashion of "the great trade," the publishers used to assemble their contributors round their hospitable table in Fleet Street, and discuss the bill for the month. The *Essays of Elia* were the chief attraction. They brought fame to the magazine and renown to their author. "I have had the honor of dining at the Mansion House," wrote Lamb to a friend, "by

special card from the Lord Mayor, who never saw my face, nor I his; and all from being a writer in a magazine." But Taylor and Hessey's venture, which went forth so merrily, did not meet with all the support it deserved. Finding their magazine go off very heavily at 2s. 6d., they raised the price to 3s. 6d., and published contributions from outsiders, members of that hard-working contingent of obscure writers who are ever willing to do the most work for the least pay. "Having more authors than they want," Lamb gently complains, as if he foresaw the inevitable result, "they increase the number of them." The end came, and the London Magazine, which was started under such promising conditions, ceased to be. It had, however, borne good fruit in its day. It succeeded in giving a fresher and brighter form to periodical literature, in providing the public with a miscellany in which fiction and well-written original essays and amusing sketches composed the principal part, to the exclusion of politics and dull disquisitions on abstruse subjects. Thereafter more than one publisher fashioned his magazine on the lines first drawn by the projectors of the London Magazine.

We may now gain an insight into that always interesting, and to many hardly less important, matter of the remuneration made to authors for articles contributed to the magazines. Johnson, as we have remarked, appears to have considered himself fairly treated in being paid at the rate of two guineas per sheet of copy. This is a little better than 2s. 6d. per page of print. Sir Richard Phillips, the reading matter of whose magazine was cut up into short paragraphs, one communication seldom extending over a page, got most of his contributions for nothing. An honorarium of one guinea was considered a proper payment for a report; and the supplementary reviews of books were done in the editor's office. In its later

years eight guineas a sheet was considered fair pay. Lamb, in a letter to Coleridge, banters him upon a refusal to write for Blackwood's. "Why you should refuse twenty guineas per sheet for Blackwood's, or any other magazine," he writes, "passes my poor comprehension." This would seem to imply that in Lamb's time (1821-1831) such a rate of payment, namely, £1 6s. 3d. a page, was exceptional; though later, when Lamb himself was writing for Colburn's New Monthly, he received somewhat more, £1 11s. 6d. Later still (1837), the contributions of authors of acknowledged reputation were made the subject of a special agreement with the publishers; but ordinary contributors received from 15s. to 21s. per page. This arrangement would seem to hold good still. There were, and are, in fact, two scales of payment, the editor being the judge of an author's claim to be paid according to the higher or lower rate. Generally speaking, 10s. 6d. per page is the lowest limit, 21s. the highest; excepting in the case of an author whose literary reputation stands very high. He may then command almost any terms he please, always supposing that editor and publisher agree in considering it an object to secure his copy. One hundred guineas is an exceptional honorarium for an author to receive for an article, though even that handsome fee has been voluntarily given; indeed, we know of one instance, at least, where nearly twice that sum was paid for a contribution to one of the London reviews. The long-established rule has been, The greater the author's reputation, the greater the amount paid for his services; and this rule was made long previous to the time when periodical literature had grown so popular in England as to be able to command the best work of the leading men of letters of the day. It originated, of course, with the booksellers in that nursery of England's earlier literature, Fleet Street,

who offered for an author's copy what appeared to be its market value, and no more, though perhaps seldom judging it by the highest intellectual standard. But the maxim is as old as trade itself, and may be traced to those most elementary business principles which say that skilled labor is of higher value than unskilled labor, and that a superior article is worth more money than an inferior one.

In February, 1830, Fraser's Magazine was born. It was not of Scotch origin, as some have supposed, but first issued from 215 Regent Street, London, the place of business of Mr. James Fraser, a publisher. At the outset it produced no literary novelty, unless its prefatory confession of faith may be considered one, but closely followed the old lines of its predecessors, Blackwood's and the rest. It was an octavo of one hundred and twenty-eight pages, price 2s. 6d.; and the first article which appeared in it was one on American poetry, — a review, in fact, of "Fugitive Poetry, by N. P. Willis. Boston: Pierce & Williams. 1829." Within five years of starting, the magazine had advanced to the second place among the periodicals, of which Blackwood's was then the chief. It has been the fashion, in praising the dash and brightness which early distinguished the pages of Fraser, to speak of its contributors as if they were specially enlisted by that magazine, and served on its staff alone. As a matter of fact the "Fraserians," so called, were no more exclusively Fraserians than they were Colburnians, or Bentleyites, or supporters of any other London house which published a magazine. They were literary free-lances, willing to take up a pen in any publisher's service, so long as he was of good reputation and paid handsomely. Neither Barry Cornwall, nor Southey, Coleridge, Ainsworth, Jerdan, Father Prout, Lockhart, Gleig, Allan Cunningham, David Brewster, Thackeray, or Theodore

Hook, wrote exclusively for Fraser's. Their writings may be found in the pages of other contemporary English periodicals, if one has the leisure to search for them and space to set them down. But Fraser's was undoubtedly the first magazine that brought together such an array of talent in one publication; though Bentley's Miscellany (of which we shall have something to say presently) shows an infinitely brighter galaxy of contributors to its first numbers than did Fraser's at the starting-point of its career. In the Preface to our Second Decade, which opens the magazine for January, 1840, the editor dwells with becoming pride upon the splendid position which in so short a time Fraser's had won for itself in the literature of the day. Mention is made of the "distinct works" which had even so early been "woven" out of its pages by Mitchell, "heart-stirring biographer of Wallenstein;" Thomas Carlyle, "most original, graphic, and exciting of historians of the French Revolution;" M. J. Chapman, "the learned and the poetic;" and John Abraham Heraud, "the metaphysical and profound." "Yellowplush (Thackeray) with pen and pencil contributed to 'the harmless mirth of nations;' Morgan Rattler (Banks) wittily rallied; O'Donoghue (Maguire?) related many a tale of Irish fun; the gallant and gallant Bombardinio (Colonel Mitchell) has narrated his experiences in love and war; the Dominie (poor Picken!) chattered over his Scotch anecdotes in the choicest *patois* of the land of cakes. Besides these masqueraders, we have been honored by the avowed contributions of Southey, Lockhart, Brewster, Gillies, Galt, Hogg, Gleig, Croker, Moir, Macnish, Lady Bulwer, Lady Mary Shepherd; with the unavowed assistance of several other persons of allowed wit, talent, and learning; with the counsel of Coleridge and the countenance of Scott. Into our pages have found their way some rare specimens of

the 'old man eloquent,' as well as of Byron and Shelley, which otherwise would, in all probability, not have seen the light."

It must be allowed that there was ample cause for congratulation here, and that Fraser's Magazine was immensely in advance of the majority of its predecessors. "'From grave to gay, from lively to severe,' from learning to sport, from prose to poetry, from metaphysic to fun, from science to mirth, the brilliant staff ranged," wrote the editor of a later series of Fraser. "In their most sober moods they tried not to be dull; in their most jocular moods they never ceased to inculcate a feeling of honor and respect for religion, and those institutions which, humanly speaking, tend most materially to secure it upon earth. This was their ideal, at least, if their vivacity sometimes verged upon offensive personality, and their exposure of formalism and hypocrisy sometimes went near to license. In the main they were on the side of good taste, refinement, and moderation; and their literary appreciation was always varied and free ranging, as with such a staff it could not fail to be." So firm and strong was the position attained by Fraser's Magazine in the favor of the reading public that for many years it held itself bravely against all comers at the very head of periodical literature. To the original brotherhood of contributors were added in after-time many who have left their impress on the wider literature of our day: among the number, Charles Kingsley, who published in it his earlier story *Yeast*, and *Hypatia*, in some respects the most elaborate and brilliant of his works; Arthur Helps, who contributed to its pages *Friends in Council*, and *Companions of my Solitude*; John Stuart Mill, who gave to it one of the most mature productions of his pen, the well-known essay on Utilitarianism; H. T. Buckle, who wrote for it his paper on the Influence of Women

on the Progress of Knowledge; and last, not least, James Anthony Froude, sometime its editor, and a contributor of some of the best of the shorter studies. The excess of robust animal vitality which may be said to have characterized its early years brought about the inevitable reaction which gave to its later a tinge of seriousness and gloom which the editor of its final series vainly strove to dispel. Though, even in its decline, no duller than some of its contemporaries which still survive, Fraser's Magazine, once the most vigorous and healthful, the most brilliant and witty, of all the English miscellanies, gradually fell away in circulation, and died at last of old age. It ended a long and prosperous career, extending over a period of fifty-two years, in November, 1882. Whether the present sixpenny magazine of the Messrs. Longmans is to be considered its bantling we have no means of judging. It may be reasonably hoped not, for at present it discovers all the weakness and none of the strength of its distinguished predecessor.

Fraser's was becoming famous, having succeeded in attracting to its service some of the best and brightest writers of the day, when another London magazine appeared, whose success promised to eclipse that of either of its older contemporaries. This was Bentley's Miscellany, first published in 1837, and incorporated with Temple Bar in 1859. Looking over the contents of its earlier numbers and comparing them with the average of periodical literature now, one cannot help thinking that the English magazines have greatly deteriorated in popular interest since the days when Bentley's was started. No magazine now published offers anything like the variety and freshness which its pages afforded. It seems to us that, taken altogether, it was the liveliest, the most entertaining, and the most novel of all the earlier magazines. It consisted of 104 pages, price 2s. 6d; and though its greatest monthly

sale never exceeded 9000, such a magazine, published at 1s., with a staff of contributors as brilliant as that which the *Miscellany* commanded — if that were possible — would in these days probably have a circulation ten times as great, and would be the most popular magazine of the day. The first volume of Bentley's *Miscellany* contains so much that is amusing that even at this distance of time it would almost bear reprinting, which is more than can be said of the initial numbers of the *New Monthly*, *Blackwood's*, or *Fraser's*. Boz was the first editor. Following a characteristic preface from his pen comes a song by Father Prout and a Prologue by Dr. Maguire. Among the other papers appearing in it are: *Recollections of George Colman*, by Theodore Hook; the opening chapters of *Handy Andy*, by Samuel Lover; *A Legend of Manoir Hall*, by the author of *Headlong Hall*; *Terence O'Shaughnessy*, by Gleig; the *Sabine Fathers: a serenade*, by Father Prout; some stray sketches, by Boz; the opening chapters of *Oliver Twist*, by the same; and articles by Thomas Ingoldsby (Barham), Captain Marryat, Haynes Bayly, Hamilton Reynolds, W. Jerdan, and Sheridan Knowles. "The scenery will be supplied," wrote Dickens, in the aforesaid preface, "by the creative pencil of Mr. George Cruikshank; the whole of the extensive and beautiful machinery will be under the superintendence of Mr. Samuel Bentley; . . . and Mr. Richard Bentley has kindly consented to preside over the treasury department." These were the general arrangements of the new undertaking.

It appears to have succeeded admirably. The management was from the first well supported by the company, and the public readily responded with their half-crowns. The monthly "bill," drawn up at the monthly magazine dinner, was exactly suited to the prevailing tastes of the day in matters theatrical, a thought

which appears to have been present in the mind of Charles Dickens when he penned his preface. A pleasant little farce was always on the programme "to play the house in;" something in the nature of a melodrama of the good "old *Adelphi*" type followed; and afterwards came a lighter piece, to send the people away satisfied and in good humor, looking forward to another "good time" when the company came that way again. Dickens, Marryat, Barham, Lover, and Sam Slick were the leading light comedians; Ainsworth, Hamilton Reynolds, Jerdan, Leigh, and Barker the "heavy" gentlemen, willing, however, at a pinch, to play a part in any piece which the management might suggest, so long as it tended to the general success of the company. When Jack Sheppard was "in the bills" as the *pièce de résistance*, the receipts advanced to something like £800 per month. When that popular romance was concluded, they dropped to about £450. These amounts are based upon a circulation of 8500 and 5000 per month respectively. With Jack Sheppard, they stood at the former, without him, at the latter figure. So that Thackeray was not far from the truth when, in his story of *Catherine*, written just about the time that Ainsworth's history was appearing in serial form, he remarked, "The public will hear now of nothing but rogues." *Oliver Twist* was the best written of the *Miscellany*; after that, Jack Sheppard.

Ainsworth succeeded Charles Dickens in the editorial chair, and was for some time supported by a company of contributors as distinguished as that which gave a lustre to the short but brilliant engagement of Boz.

With the birth of the *Cornhill*, in 1858, the English magazine enters upon the last phase of its career. The wild oats of its youth have been sown, and it now takes the form of a sedate, authoritative, and highly-cultured literary journal. We hear no more of the boister-

ous hilarity of Fraser's or the somewhat dissolute manners of Bentley's. The public has had enough of both, and wishes now for a season of repose. Moreover, the public has grown older and wiser itself, and has done, at least for the present, with adventure and extravagance. It has become virtuous and regretful, and needs a little soothing and a little talking to, and is not averse to having its vices and its errors pointed out, so that while the time remains it may mend its ways, and become a less selfish and unprincipled public. And of all men Thackeray was just the man to give the public what it needed. Ten years before, he had preached to it with admirable effect from the by-ways of Vanity Fair, and later from the more secluded parts of the city; and now it desired that he might take it, as it were, into his inner room, and talk to it there. The Roundabout Papers, first published in the Cornhill Magazine, were the pleasant little discourses he delivered on those occasions of semi-confidential intercourse with his readers. They showed their appreciation of his kindly efforts in their behalf by subscribing for the magazine which printed his essays to the unprecedented number of 100,000. These figures represent actually and *bona fide* the number of copies sold to the public. When the

Cornhill was started, the average sale of each number of the magazine in the first year was 84,427, and the smallest sale of any one number was 67,019, — nearly ten times the sale of Bentley's Miscellany in its palmiest days, and probably in the case of any English magazine never since exceeded. It would be no more than the truth to say that, without Thackeray's name as editor, the Cornhill would never have attained its immense popularity. The papers which he wrote for it were as eagerly looked for, month by month, as were the famous concluding numbers of *Pickwick*. And when Thackeray died; the circulation gradually fell off, and the magazine never afterwards regained its once superlative position. Indeed, the sale in Thackeray's days was quite unparalleled, as may be judged from the fact that the average monthly sale of its later contemporaries, *Temple Bar*, *St. James's*, *Belgravia*, and the rest, has never exceeded 15,000. The quarterly Reviews, which are not here under consideration, have without actually disappearing themselves given rise to such monthly magazines as the *Contemporary*, *Nineteenth Century*, and *Fortnightly*, and there are some signs that the magazine of the old school is giving way in England before the newer school of illustrated magazines.

Charles E. Pascoe.

THE DESPOTISM OF PARTY.

A GREAT variety of recent events have combined to obscure the old and correct notion of a political party, and to substitute for it something radically different and vastly more dangerous. There has been for several years a visible tendency, both in the habits of speech and in the acts of legislation, to regard parties as actual corporations,

susceptible of legal definition, endowed for certain purposes with what lawyers call a juridical personality; not indeed exactly capable of suing and being sued, but stopping only just short of that, and in many other respects entitled to claim the same protection from the laws, and to enforce the same obedience from the minority to the major-

ity, as is enforced in the case of all legally organized joint-stock companies. A slight variation from this theory is the one which prefers to compare a party to a church, and to exact of every person who at any time acts with it a rigid subscription to certain articles of faith. But the difference between these two theories is less than at first appears; for since the ecclesiastical view of party adopts also the modern spirit of religious liberality, political creeds are generally made broad or vague enough to offer an asylum to nearly every class of believers. It is therefore chiefly in enforcing support of nominations, or obedience to duly constituted party authorities, that the iron rigor of the new system becomes most obnoxious.

There are many objections to this system, and they will appear in the course of the present article. As a preliminary text, it may be said at the outset that it places parties above the state, or at least above the community; and, in doing this, renders them also less efficient for the fulfillment of their true mission.

The definition of party by the lexicographers is of very little benefit to the discussion. With slight variation of language, they agree substantially in defining a party as a part or portion of a community, less than the whole, united in the support of some principle or in the pursuit of some end common to all the members. This is true, though not exclusively so, of political parties. In order to find the authoritative definition of a political party, it is necessary to search the declarations of eminent men who have been party leaders.

Edmund Burke is perhaps the man who has announced in his writings and illustrated in his life the most correct notions of the nature of party and of party obligations. It could less fairly be said of him than of many of his contemporaries that he gave up to party what was meant for mankind. But it

is also not true that he utterly ignored the advantage, and within certain limits the sanctity, of party ties, and was a mere freebooter in the field of politics. "Party," he says, in the *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents*, which Mr. John Morley calls the pamphlet where he exhibited for the first time, on a conspicuous scale, the strongest qualities of his understanding, — "party is a body of men united for promoting by their joint endeavors the national interest upon some particular principle in which they are all agreed. For my part, I find it impossible to conceive that any one believes in his own politics, or thinks them of any weight, who refuses to adopt the means of having them reduced to practice. . . . Therefore every honorable connection will avow it is their first purpose to pursue every just method to put the men who hold their opinions into such a condition as may enable them to carry their common plans into execution with all the power and authority of the state." The agreement on certain principles or policies thus precedes the formation of the party which is to apply them in legislation. Nothing could have been more repulsive to Burke's political philosophy than the theory that a party is above its own doctrines, or even needs no doctrines; or that, being already organized, it can lay in a stock of principles, as a merchant does his wares. The further assumption that a man can be enrolled in a party as in a regiment, and be forced to obey without question all the orders issued by its established authorities, is one which he would have been quite unable even to comprehend.

Daniel Webster is another statesman who, like Burke, adhered, through the best years of his life, to the party with which he began his career. What is called his final apostasy was, indeed, in a merely partisan aspect, less offensive than that of Burke; for he simply foresaw the disruption of the Whig party,

owing to the differences of opinion among the members in regard to the question of slavery, and prepared to follow one section rather than the other. It cannot, therefore, be said that he deserted the Whig party, for at the time there practically was no Whig party. Yet no man in the long list of American statesmen has left on record stronger protests against the dangers of excessive party spirit. In the Declaration of Whig Principles and Purposes, drafted by Mr. Webster, and put forth in 1840, it is affirmed that "party spirit, . . . when it gains such an ascendancy in men's minds as leads them to substitute party for country, to seek no ends but party ends, no approbation but party approbation, and to fear no reproach or contumely so that there be no party dissatisfaction, not only alloys the true enjoyment of our institutions, but weakens, every day, the foundations on which they stand." Again, in a speech before a Whig convention at Valley Forge, in 1844, Mr. Webster said, "When party spirit carries men so far that they will not inquire into men and measures that are placed before them for their sanction and support, but will only inquire to what party the men belong, or what party recommends the measures, that is a state of things which is dangerous to the stability of a free government." These declarations are significant, not less on account of the man who made them, than of the occasions on which they were made. They were not ingenious sophisms, by which a traitor to a party sought to excuse his treachery, but were statements of the just limitations of party authority, made by a recognized party leader before conventions of a party; and one of them was even embodied in the party's address to the country.

If now the great Whig leader could safely announce such doctrines before members of his own organization, and even cause their adoption by a repre-

sentative meeting of the party, it follows, of course, that he would permit himself at least equal freedom on occasions of a less formal character, and in mere academical discourses. It will be found that this was the case. In the Eulogy of Washington Mr. Webster refers with approval to the grave admonitions of the Farewell Address, and mentions the danger that through the excess of party spirit "the government itself may become nothing but organized party."

Nothing but organized party! These words, which were apparently thrown out only as a patriotic warning against the evils of excessive partisanship, have been transformed by the course of events almost into an inspired prophecy. The danger that organized party will, in authority at least, and in that public deference, which is so large an influence in political affairs, eventually supersede organized government has been steadily increasing for many years, and has now assumed proportions at which the thoughtful citizen may well be appalled.

The need of parties, as human nature is now constituted, and as political affairs are conducted in every free government, is conceded by nearly all writers and observers. By none is the admission made more frankly than by the two illustrious statesmen whom I have just quoted. It is also evident that some form of organization is essential to every party; and that, other things being equal, the party which has the best organization has also the best chances of success. But there are many methods of effecting this object, and the method adopted in a particular case, though it may be from one point of view singularly calculated to insure success, is not necessarily evidence that success is deserved. The very perfection of the organization may, on the contrary, show that the triumph of the party has been placed before the triumph of the principles, which it represents, or

that a want of confidence in those principles, or the absence of any principles whatever, has made the party dependent for victory upon the rigor and vigilance of its discipline, and upon the skill with which it can hold together the voters who, on other occasions have given it their support.

Party organization has taken many forms in the course of ages, and still has different forms in existing states. In England, the country which has the longest and most brilliant record of government by parties, this organization has always been and still is extremely loose. It is true that strenuous efforts are now making to repair this supposed defect. Mr. Chamberlain is an ardent advocate of the introduction of the American caucus system into English politics; and from the opposite side Lord Randolph Churchill is trying to knit the conservatives into a close corporation, which he or some other leader shall control by the mere force of numbers. But these efforts have not as yet met with resplendent success. Any sympathetic American would counsel against them, and the end at which they aim is opposed to all the instincts and traditions of English political life. To Englishmen a party stands simply for a policy or a set of measures supported by a cabinet and a majority of the House of Commons, or by another group of leaders and a minority of the House of Commons opposed to that policy or to those measures. It is indeed the voters who make the majority or the minority, the government or the opposition. But after a general election has been held the scene of party divisions is transferred to Parliament; and while her majesty's opposition has clearly defined constitutional duties, like those of her majesty's government, it is as responsible members of Parliament, and not as representatives of a party.

The usage on the Continent is somewhat different, and is a species of com-

promise between the English and the American systems. In France and Germany the term party is rarely extended to the voters at the polls. It means a group of representatives within the legislature, who are united with nearly the firmness and formality of a club. To be a member of such a party, it is not enough that a deputy act with it usually, or even always; he must solemnly announce his adhesion, and inscribe himself, as the French say, on the roll. The attitude of such groups toward pending measures is determined by formal conferences, which are strictly legislative caucuses, and the decision of the majority is enforced with a degree of stringency unknown even in America. These groups make their own platforms, issue addresses to the voters, point with pride to their achievements, and arraign the records of their opponents. They are a conspicuous part of the parliamentary machine, and are regularly announced in the official manuals. But outside the legislative halls they have hardly any recognized existence. A dissolution puts an end to them; and when, after a general election, a new Parliament meets, and the members again crystallize into groups, different combinations, and perhaps even strange names, may appear.

It is evident now that neither of these systems, neither the English nor the Continental, at all resembles our own exquisitely organized machine. To our professional politicians they must look crude, clumsy, inefficient; worthy only of a people still in the infancy of self-government, and fatally defective in their neglect of the people. Yet an almost equal looseness of organization characterized American parties in what were at least not the worst days of the republic. In the time of Adams and Hamilton and Jefferson, a party meant the supporters of a distinct set of principles, formulated, represented, and advocated by a few statesmen, who for the most part were in public office, and were

instinctively accepted as leaders ; while it was only by gradual steps, by a really striking process of evolution, that we reached the system under which the great parties now conduct their affairs. The mechanical perfection of that system must be admitted. The parts are adjusted with the greatest nicety, and work, from the primary up to the national convention, with a precision, an ease, a docility, which would fill the soul of Archimedes with admiration. As a piece of political mechanism it is unsurpassed. But it is also unsurpassed as a device for stifling discussion, for fostering intrigue, for depressing talent and elevating mediocrity, for crushing all spontaneity out of political life, and reducing what ought to be the vigorous, healthy, buoyant action of a free people to a base procession of mathematical factors.

From such laborious efforts to perfect the mere mechanical organization of party must result, as a natural consequence, a grossly exaggerated view of the sacredness of party itself. The party becomes a species of *imperium in imperio*. Its forms, its agents, its organs, are closely patterned after those of the state ; it exercises the three great functions of government ; it has its hierarchy of officials, acting within the circumscriptions, and ranging through all the grades which obtain in our political system. These officials feel the responsibility of their positions, which they compare to places of trust in civil administration. The struggles for place within the party are scarcely less keen than the struggles of political life ; the same arts of intrigue and persuasion are used ; the same acquiescence in the result of a contest is always expected, and rarely withheld. Thus the force of imagination alone, excited by the constant spectacle of this vast machine, completely equipped and manned and always in movement, leads people to regard it as a permanent institution, having a corporate existence

in the state, and therefore entitled to be treated as an end in itself, and not as means to the attainment of an end.

It is not, however, by the imagination alone that this illusion is maintained. This of itself would make the error dangerous ; but it has, besides that, led to the announcement of certain audacious propositions, and even to measures of actual legislation, which grossly confuse the distinction between a political party and a political commonwealth, and disclose a fatal tendency toward the very evil against which Mr. Webster so solemnly warned his countrymen.

The most obnoxious of the new doctrines which are thrusting themselves upon public recognition concerns what may be called the discipline of a party, the seat of authority within it, and the duty of members toward it. The doctrine flows easily from the fiction which compares a party to a state. In a state with democratic institutions the majority rules ; and the minority must obey the officers whom it chooses, and respect the laws which it enacts. Any other system is absurd in thought, and would lead to chaos. But this principle of democratic fairness is capable of a wide application. It is recognized in the most varied concerns of human society ; wherever, in fact, a body of men meet to deliberate upon common interests, and to express their views in some authoritative and binding form. Everywhere the majority prevails, and the minority acquiesces. This, it is said, should also be the case with a party. In the management of its affairs, in the attitude which it is to take toward pending public measures, in the choice of its leaders, the decision of the majority should be final, and the minority should accept it with perfect loyalty and good faith.

Yet this proposition, which presents at first sight a cogency almost axiomatic, will be found on examination to be not only fallacious, but even absolutely irreconcilable with the true notion of party.

A party is a body of men united in support of a political principle, or set of principles, in which they all believe. This is an accepted definition, which no one will contest. It follows, then, that a body of men, in which a majority forces upon a minority adhesion to, or at least a formal acquiescence in, doctrines or policies opposed to its convictions, may be indeed legitimate and useful within its sphere, but is not a party. Nor is it necessary to my point that the definition above given be taken in a rigid and inflexible sense. It may be freely conceded that when a party is united upon some one great political principle, or some general view of governmental policy, much freedom of opinion upon minor points of political belief may be allowed, without robbing the association of the main quality which determines its character. But the character is lost as soon as this liberality becomes an utter indifference to any political convictions; or, on the other hand, when, on any division of opinion, an attempt is made to coerce the minority by the majority. An illustration of this truth is offered in the history of the Whig party. So long as the party was contending mainly for protection it could properly tolerate among its members different views on the question of slavery. But when this question became the leading issue, it was impossible for the majority to force its views upon the minority, or for the party to keep up its formal organization by ignoring the real problem of the hour. The Whig party met, therefore, a natural death, because the elements which composed it had become so inharmonious that it ceased to be a party.

The case is scarcely less strong in regard to the choice of candidates and leaders. Many persons will indeed say, though without sufficient reflection, that, while the principles of a party ought to be shared by all the members of the party, the selection of the men to repre-

sent and advocate them ought to be left to the majority. But this theory overlooks the fact that men stand for principles, and that each member of a party must exercise his own judgment, if not in regard to the success with which a proposed leader is likely to support them, at least in regard to the sincerity with which he holds them. A party may indeed be formed about and be held together by the name of some great leader, instead of by a measure. Some organizations of this kind have been among the most powerful in history. But would it not be absurd to insist that the question of leadership should be submitted each year to the vote of the members, and that the minority should accept any new leader whom the majority might choose, even one of opinions radically opposed to those of the man who originally gave the party its name and character? Could the party, after such a revolution, be said still to preserve its identity?

But the sacred principle of universal suffrage is brought in to close the argument. It is asked, in a tone which suggests that there can be only a single answer, whether every member of a party has not a right to a voice in the selection of candidates, and whether, if so, the choice of the majority ought not to prevail. Is any other system compatible with popular government?

This has undeniably a very plausible and convincing look. Yet the interests of truth, of sound political thought, and of correct political methods require that it be met with an emphatic denial. The theory is as false as it is deceptive, and as mischievous as it is false. It could never even be entertained if the true conception of party were kept in view. There is no such thing as the right of the people to participate in the nomination of candidates. Under our present system they may of course exercise such a participation; but it is not a right, adds nothing whatever to the validity of

the nomination, and affects in no respect the political duty of a single citizen. The right of universal suffrage begins only at the polls, and refers to the choice between, not the choice of, candidates. Indeed, to make it begin at the stage of nominations may in practice actually impair its exercise at the polls. If the nomination of a candidate by the popular suffrage of a party has the binding validity which is claimed for it, a member of the minority, who, because he concedes this validity, or has a mistaken sense of honor, or fears some kind of persecution or proscription, supports against his conscientious convictions a candidate thus nominated, is really not a voter at the polls. He is rather under a most degrading species of coercion. Thus, in order to force the principle of universal suffrage into a sphere where it does not belong, politicians strike a deadly blow at its freedom and purity in the realm where it ought to reign supreme and be preserved immaculate.

There is, also, something disingenuous in the form which is commonly given to the argument for the democratic basis of party government. It is asked whether every man has not a right to a voice in behalf of the candidate whom he wishes to support. One answer to this is that the laws give him such a right at the polls, and protect him in the exercise of it. But a better answer is that the question does not correctly describe the right for which the advocates of the present system really contend. What they demand is, not that each member of a party shall be heard in behalf of the candidate whom he wishes to support, but that he shall, in certain contingencies, be permitted to name a candidate whom somebody else shall be obliged to support. This, stripped of all disguise, is what the proposition means, and it would not be easy to imagine anything more iniquitous.

The summit and crowning achieve-

ment of the American party system is, of course, the national convention. The party being regarded as a body politic, the convention becomes an official legislature, with officers, rules of order, and powers of coercion exactly like those of Congress itself. It is pronounced, even by the most strenuous champions of its dignity, to be a deliberative body. Yet it has nearly lost this characteristic. It is always largely composed of men whose opinions are mortgaged, or who are merely the clerical bearers of instructed votes, or who, if unpledged and uninstructed, can still be influenced by no arguments more cogent than numbers and combinations. Many of the conventions in recent years have been perfectly useless formalities. The result could have been ascertained and made known by telegraph, without any meeting of the delegates. From this fact the friends of independent politics might indeed derive a legitimate though selfish and narrow advantage, since a convention which excludes deliberation, and is controlled by mere brute force, unreflecting, intolerant, despotic, almost challenges a revolt, while men of strong though modest convictions would be more reluctant to reject the decision of a perfectly free and frank conference, conducted in a spirit of liberality and forbearance.

But the caucus ought to be considered from a higher standpoint, namely, from that of its effect as an educating agent upon American youth. Is this elaborate machinery of caucuses and conventions the one which is to produce in the future a high type of statesmen for the service of the republic? Is it fitted to broaden the faculties; to liberalize the judgment; to stimulate independence, courage, manliness, fidelity to principle; and to make an unswerving devotion to elevated, noble, chivalrous methods in political life the aspiration of all our youth? I should be appalled by the audacity of an affirmative answer

to these questions. Yet, lest one may be offered, I present in advance a single consideration, which seems to me conclusive against not only the claim for despotic power made for our conventions, but also, and more especially, against anything that may be said in behalf of the lawfulness or propriety of the position which they hold in our political system. The consideration is this: that it is distinctly unwise to familiarize young men with the idea of service in a series of elective bodies from which debate and deliberation are practically excluded. All gatherings of a free people ought to permit an exchange of views; a canvass of questions or candidates; an opportunity, in short, for those who have strong convictions to present them in the best possible light, and an equal opportunity for those who come undecided to hear the arguments on all sides, and to act after mature reflection. This is of the very essence of republican institutions. Anglo-Saxon self-government has been called government by town meeting, or government by debate; yet a demand is made for recognizing as a part of that system — and a very important part — a scheme of party administration which is peculiarly calculated to make debate and consultation impossible. Can anybody suppose that such a scheme will train a class of men fitted to conduct in the future the affairs of this great commonwealth?

From the idea of party as a legal corporation to the expression of the idea in laws and institutions the step is easy and natural. Yet a step precisely like that, an innovation so hostile to all correct notions of political society and fraught with such vast possibilities for evil, was needed to show how powerful a hold the error under discussion had taken upon the imaginations of men.

The measures to which I refer may be arranged in two groups: the one consisting of those which recognize party in

the adjustment of certain administrative organs; the other, of those which seek to regulate the action of certain functions within the parties themselves. The first class is illustrated by various executive boards or commissions, the members of which are divided in some ratio between the two parties; as the police commission of New York city, where they are shared equally, or the federal civil service commission, where the ratio is two to one. This last provision, it may be added, has been slavishly copied in the similar act of the State of New York, and in all bills on the same subject which have been presented or prepared in other States. The best example of the other class of measures is the New York act to regulate primary elections. Both classes are open to one general objection, but each has also evils peculiar to itself. Let us consider these classes in their order.

Of all devices for taking parties formally into the machinery of administration it is first to be said that they involve a logical absurdity. Their object is, of course, to secure non-partisanship in the conduct of certain charges; and yet it is the very provision for dividing the places in a board between men of different political views which makes the board partisan. It necessarily does that in form, and often in substance. Each member is appointed, not because he is independent, but because he is a partisan; and each sits in the board as the representative of a party, the interests of which, if they are in question, he is practically authorized, and very often disposed, to prefer to those of good government. At the same time the seat of responsibility is obscured, and misconduct made difficult to punish.

There is, however, a further objection to all schemes of this kind. They introduce as a legal distinction a term, *party*, which, if taken in its true sense, and the only one permitting it any usefulness, cannot be reduced to exact pre-

cision; or party must take a different sense, a stricter form, and lose all its wholesome and beneficent flexibility, in order that a vicious condition may be satisfied. The tests which the laws may require the appointing power to apply to candidates for office are of two kinds: they are tests of fact, and tests of opinion. Tests of fact are such as are judicially ascertainable, as, for instance, a candidate's height, or age, or color, or nationality. Tests of opinion, again, are those which are applied by the judgment, as a candidate's character or fitness. But it is evident that when a law says that of certain places to be filled only half shall go to members of the same political party, it imposes a test or qualification which can be ranged in neither of the two classes that I have given. Can a court determine, except by an extra-judicial process, to what party a certain person belongs, or what constitutes legal membership in a party, or even what a party is in law? The test seems, therefore, to be one of opinion and interpretation, and worth no more than a clause providing that an appointee must be a person of good moral character, or of ability, or a patriot. Yet this is not the case. The spirit and purpose of such provisions permit no other conclusion than that they are to be regarded as imperative tests of fact, as actual restrictions upon the discretion of the executive, as surrounding his freedom of choice in certain directions with concrete and tangible barriers. But the logical or metaphysical difficulties called into being by this vicious policy are after all not the gravest evil. These will be dismissed as purely speculative. The real objection is that, as the policy was suggested by a false conception of party, it was sure to lead to further measures, required as a natural development of the conception and the policy. If a person is to be appointed to an office because he is a member of a certain party, exactly as if it were be-

cause he is a citizen of a certain State, it is obviously necessary that means be found for giving parties a more clearly defined corporate existence, and their rolls of membership a species of legal authority.

A beginning in this direction has now been made in the class of measures which was illustrated by the New York statute for protecting the primaries. That act, it is well known, was intended to secure a fair expression of party opinion at the caucuses by giving the presiding officers powers analogous to those of inspectors of election, and by imposing stringent penalties upon false swearing, repeating, and other offenses against the purity of the ballot. The measure had the support of many independent and thinking men, — men who would be the first to revolt against the tyranny of the caucus. It was in fact carried as a triumph of the reformers over the politicians. Yet it seems not the less open to several strong objections.

The first of these is that the remedy is wholly inadequate to the evil. All reforms should of course aim at the original sources of the disease, and a purification of our nominating system ought therefore plainly to start with the primaries. But what is a primary? The thing is as difficult to define as the original element in matter. Like matter, indeed, the frame of our party organization is infinitely divisible, and no investigator can ever be sure that he has reached the ultimate atoms. If the primary be fortified against corruption, corruption will organize a pre-primary or an ante-primary, and thus elude the most dexterous attempt to fetter its activity. These doubts, which more than one person felt at the time the act was passed, have been singularly justified by results. The act was aimed, by those who most earnestly supported it, at one peculiarly obnoxious leader in New York city politics. But he issued tri-

umphant, as usual, from the very first trial of strength under the new system.

Since, then, the plan has apparently failed, it deserves to be condemned for that, if for no other reason. But it deserves, perhaps, even more severe condemnation because it started from false principles, and gave encouragement to an evil tendency already portentously strong.

The advice is often addressed to young men and good citizens, who deplore the vices of our present political methods, to attend the party caucuses. It is made a reproach to them that they neglect this important duty; and when they complain of bad nominations, or platforms which are but as sounding brass, the retort is that they might have secured good candidates, and platforms with some meaning, if they had not left the primaries to demagogues and blatherskites. This line of reasoning I have never been able to comprehend. I have never seen any sufficient reason for a political system in which, except at the polls, the voice of demagogues and blatherskites has equal weight with that of honest men who can think and reason, who have convictions, and who are unselfishly devoted to the interests of the republic. It seems to me, on the contrary, that what is needed is not greater servility to, but greater independence of, the caucus and the convention. This may be a false position; but to anybody who holds it, all attempts to invest primary meetings with a legal character must appear to be steps in the wrong direction. For they surround with the majesty of the law an institution whose chief function is to coerce the action of voters at the polls. Now there is but one kind of force to which the voter's independence is properly subject. His own conscience ought to compel him to prefer good candidates to bad, and wholesome principles to pernicious; and since this is largely a matter of individual judgment, obedience to such a law

is, like obedience to any proper law, the largest freedom. The legalized caucus is, however, a real abridgment of that freedom. It practically pledges the participant to exercise his freedom of judgment at a stage antecedent to the election, and to abide by an unknown result. If the caucus or the convention be regarded in its true light, as a mere conference of men who hold similar views of public policy, there is perhaps not much danger to the freedom of the ballot. But this theory has long since ceased to be generally held, and the New York statute seemed destined to give it a final blow. It enticed into the caucus many who had previously been conspicuous rather by their absence, but who affected to see in the safeguards which the law provided an opportunity to rescue the institution from the control of the corrupt and the vicious; yet at the same time this increased the number of good citizens who surrendered their freedom of judgment in advance of the election. For if the primary could control the actions of men even under the old loose and irregular methods, what must be its authority when the legislature has endowed it with sanctions carrying a vastly greater degree of legal, and accordingly of moral, force? The act abridges the sacred right of bolting, and without bolting there can be no healthy political life.

Let us inquire for a moment to what, if pushed to its logical consequences, the politicians' view of party would lead. It is known that they abhor independents, and often express the patriotic opinion that every citizen should join a party. The majority in each party should again control its action, and the minority should frankly obey. A careful organization, with executive agents and representative assemblies, would furnish the machinery for making the system effective. This seems to be a fair statement of the politicians' ideal. Now what would be the result if this

ideal were realized? The result would be to collect the voters of the country into two or three great parties, held together by inflexible rules of discipline and fealty, and each forbidden in effect to allow desertion or to receive deserters. As no changes of allegiance could take place, the relative strength of parties would be changed from year to year only by the death of existing members, and the enrollment of new ones from young men just reaching their majority and from newly naturalized immigrants. But even this element of uncertainty can be somewhat reduced. The annual death-rate would probably bear the same ratio to the total membership in all the parties. Again, young men generally follow in the political footsteps of their fathers; and as the birth-rate in the various parties would be also approximately equal, the balance of power would be little affected from this cause. We are confined, therefore, to the immigrants; they would hold the key to the situation. If now it be assumed that the Irish would in general go to one party, and the Germans to the other, the issue would really lie between these two classes, which compose the great body of our foreign population. The problem of immigration would assume a new and startling interest. One party would find a potent ally in Irish famines, which encourage emigration from the Emerald Isle. The other would have a keen sympathy with the high taxes and the military system of Germany, which drive so many excellent men from the fatherland. The battles of American politics would be fought out by immigration agents and runners for the rival steamship lines, all liberally supplied with money from the campaign funds of the parties, and perhaps also with platforms,

to be posted in the leading seaports and distributed by colporteurs in the interior.

This would be politics reduced to a practical science. But while this noble ideal may never be realized, the progress already made toward its acceptance in thought and in legislation has caused a distinct loss of vitality to our political affairs. The next phases of development are hidden with the mysteries of the future. But it may safely be said that any event which shakes the doctrine of indefeasible allegiance to party, any revolt which emphasizes the citizen's right of individual judgment, even though it may involve the downfall of a party whose annals are resplendent with great deeds, is an inestimable gain to the cause of good government. It is even a gain to the cause of government by party. For if the evil tendency of recent years should be arrested, and the earlier, truer conceptions resume their place, the result would be, not that we should have no parties, but that we should have better ones. We should have parties inspired by principles and led by statesmen. These parties would also be organized; but the organizations would be elastic, liberal, forbearing, and would aim to conciliate the wiser and better class of citizens. Politics would then mean the art of government, not the art of primaries; and an electoral canvass would be an honest struggle between clearly defined and sharply antagonized opinions or policies for the suffrages of the people.

This is also, unhappily, only an ideal. But the future of the republic is involved in the choice between it and that other ideal, against which this paper has attempted to utter an earnest warning.

Herbert Tuttle.

THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION OF KRAKATOA.

WE know that the effects of the stupendous volcanic eruption in the Strait of Sunda extended through many months and were exerted over a large area of surface. From the newspapers of the day we learned much of the horrors that attended this unusual convulsion, and of the disasters which followed. But as information is gathered and collated, it is possible to present an interesting summary of this great effort of nature.

The eruption was at Krakatoa, an island in the fair-way of the Strait of Sunda, about midway between Java and Sumatra. Twenty-six miles to the southward and westward was the village of Anjer, where were a light-house and signal-station for the many vessels passing through the strait.

Krakatoa was but a small, uninhabited island, about five miles long and three miles wide. It had two elevations, of which the taller, called the Peak of Krakatoa, rose 2750 feet above the sea. On the adjacent land are volcanic cones; some active, some slumbering, and others dead.

It is recorded that Krakatoa itself was active in 1680, and that voyagers in the vicinity encountered in that year a great storm and an earthquake at sea, accompanied by most frightful thunders and cracklings. Mention was also made of a strong sulphur atmosphere and of large quantities of pumice floating on the sea. Since that time the island had been at rest, and was noted by travelers chiefly for the beauty of its tree-clad slopes, — the first verdant spot to greet the eye after long weeks at sea.

So far as is known, the earliest indication of any subterranean disturbance was felt at Batavia, eighty miles distant, on the 20th of May, 1883; and it is a remarkable fact that while the commotion about to be described was taking

place at Batavia, nothing unusual was noticed at Anjer, but twenty-five miles away, nor at Merak, thirty-five miles distant from Krakatoa, although from both places there is a clear outlook to that island.

In the forenoon of the 20th of May the inhabitants of Batavia were startled by a dull booming noise, followed by a violent rattling of doors and windows. Whether this proceeded from the air or from below was a matter of doubt, for unlike most earthquake shocks the quivering was only vertical. The director of the observatory in Batavia reported the next day that no increase of earth magnetism accompanied the tremblings, and that a suspended magnet with a registering apparatus gave no indications of the slightest horizontal oscillations. An instrument maker in the town stated that on a pendulum in his shop only vertical trillings were observable, at a time when the windows and glass doors were rattling in so violent a way as to render conversation a matter of no little difficulty. Nowhere do there seem to have been observed any shocks of a true or undulatory earthquake. Another curious circumstance was that at midday at some spots in the city no vibrations were perceived, while in the surrounding buildings they were distinctly experienced. It was a natural conclusion, however, that an alarming volcanic eruption had taken place; but it was impossible to localize the direction of the sounds, and at the observatory there were no instruments for making such determinations.

The tremblings continued throughout the day and during the forenoon of the 21st. A thin sprinkling of ashes fell at Telok Betong and at Semangko, in Sumatra; whence the ashes came, no one could tell. At Buitenzorg, thirty

miles south of Batavia, the same phenomena were observed; while in the mountains farther to the southwest they were even more pronounced. By this time general opinion had ascribed to the west or northwest the direction whence the movements were proceeding. Krakatoa itself was mentioned, but some of the mountains in Sumatra were considered more likely to be the seat of disturbance.

On the evening of May 21st smoke was seen issuing from Krakatoa, and on the 22d it was evident that the volcanic vent was at that place. Shortly afterward the vibrations in Batavia ceased. During the next eight or nine weeks the eruption continued with great vigor, ejecting masses of pumice and molten stone, and volumes of steam and smoke. Although the prevailing monsoon carried to the westward the greater part of the matter thrown out, a cloud of lighter particles rose higher, and, encountering an easterly current of air, some of the dust fell on the island of Timor, twelve hundred miles distant.

During these weeks vessels passed through extensive fields of pumice spread over the surface of the sea. Some of these pumice nodules, picked up about the 11th or 12th of July, in latitude 6° S. and longitude 94° E., were very large and considerably worn; several lumps were covered with barnacles an inch long, which represented at least four weeks' growth. On August 1st, in latitude 6° S., longitude 89° E., seven hundred miles from the coast of Sumatra, a steamer passed through a field of floating pumice; and here the current was running eastward fifteen to thirty miles a day. The soundings at the spot reached two thousand fathoms. It is known that a centre of volcanic disturbance exists in the Keeling Atoll, situated six hundred miles west by south from the mouth of the strait; and it is also known that pumice ejected from the sea bottom rises to the surface. The

currents of the Indian Ocean will show that any flotsam in the region between west and south of Java Head in that longitude could be drifted to the locality in which it was observed in the month of July.

In a paper read before the Royal Geographical Society, Mr. Forbes suggested that the sounds heard in Batavia on the 20th of May, which were unnoticed at places so near Krakatoa as Anjer and Merak, and which would be inexplicable if they really originated there, were the result of a submarine eruption in the Indian Ocean, somewhere southwesterly from Java Head; and that the tremors were propagated thither, perhaps, by continuous strata connecting the *locale* of the outburst with Batavia, Buitenzorg, and more especially with the hills to the southwest, where the manifestations were so distinctly perceived.

If such a submarine outburst did take place, Mr. Forbes suggested that somehow the orifice very soon became blocked after a great inrush of water had taken place, which, becoming transformed into steam under enormous pressure, shaped its course for the nearest old earth scar, and found vent in Krakatoa by an offshoot, probably, of the funnel of the eruption of 1680.

That such large lumps of pumice should be carried westward seven hundred miles into the Indian Ocean does not seem probable, especially as the earlier outbursts were not of very unusual vigor, for no pieces of any size are reported to have fallen on the neighboring coasts of Java and Sumatra; even after those of August, no ship farther off than one hundred miles speaks of the fall of any but the finest dust and sand.

On the 21st of August the volcano increased in activity. A ship reported being unable to venture into the strait on account of the great shower of pumice and ashes. On the afternoon of the 26th there were violent explosions at Kraka-

toa, which were heard as far as Batavia. High waves first retreated, and then rolled upon both sides of the strait. During a night of pitchy darkness these horrors continued with increasing violence, augmented at midnight by electrical phenomena on a terrifying scale, which not only enveloped the ships in the vicinity, but embraced those at a distance of ten to twelve miles. The lurid gleam that played on the gigantic column of smoke and ashes was seen in Batavia, eighty miles away. Some of the *débris* fell as fine ashes in Cheribon, five hundred miles to the eastward.

On the morning of the 27th there was a still more gigantic explosion, heard in the Andaman Islands and in India, which produced along both shores of the strait an immense tidal movement, occasioning that great loss of life recounted in the daily press. The matter expelled rose to an elevation so tremendous that, on spreading itself out, it covered the whole western end of Java and the south of Sumatra for hundreds of square miles with a pall of impenetrable darkness. Abnormal atmospheric and magnetic displays were observed, compass needles rotated violently, and the barometer rose and fell many tenths of an inch in a minute. Between ten and twelve o'clock in the forenoon of that day the subterranean powers burst their prison walls with a terrific detonation, which spread consternation and alarm among the dwellers within a circle whose diameter lay across nearly three thousand miles.

The description given at the San Francisco Hydrographic Office by Captain Watson, of the British ship *Charles Bal*, who was in the near vicinity at that time, is especially graphic and thrilling. He says that at "about seven P. M. on the 22d of August, in latitude $15^{\circ} 30'$ S. and longitude 105° E., the sea suddenly assumed a milky-white appearance, beginning to the eastward, but soon spreading all around, and last-

ing until about eight P. M. There were some cumulus clouds in the sky, but many stars were shining, and from E. to N. N. E. a strong white haze, or silvery glare; this occurred again between nine and ten P. M., but disappeared when the moon rose. The clouds appeared to be edged with a pinkish-colored light; the sky also seeming to have extra light in it, as when the Aurora is showing faintly.

"On the 24th, in latitude $9^{\circ} 30'$ S., longitude 105° E., this was repeated, showing when the sky was overcast, but disappearing when the moon rose.

"On the night of the 25th, standing in for Java Head, the land was covered with thick dark clouds, and heavy lightning was frequent. On the morning of the 26th made Java Head light; about nine A. M. passed Prince's Island, and had a sharp squall from W. S. W., with torrents of rain.

"At noon Krakatoa was N. E. of us; but only the lower portion of the east point was to be seen, the rest of the island being enveloped in heavy blackness.

"At 2.30 P. M. we noticed some agitation about the point of Krakatoa, clouds or something being propelled from the N. E. point with great velocity. At 3.30 we heard above us and about the island a strange sound, as of a mighty crackling fire, or the discharge of heavy artillery at one or two seconds' interval. At 4.15 Krakatoa bore N. one half E., ten miles distant. We observed a repetition of the noise noted at 3.30, only much more furious and alarming; the matter, whatever it was, being propelled with amazing velocity to the N. E. To us it looked like blinding rain, and had the appearance of a furious squall, of ashen hue. At once shortened sail, to topsails and foresail. At five the roaring noise continued and was increasing; darkness spread over the sky, and a hail of pumice stone fell on us, of which many pieces were of considerable size

and quite warm. We were obliged to cover up the skylights to save the glass, while our feet and heads had to be protected with boots and sou-westers. About six the fall of larger stones ceased, but there continued a steady downpour of a smaller kind, most blinding to the eyes, and covering the deck to a depth of three or four inches very speedily. While an intense blackness covered the sky and land and sea, we sailed on our course, until at seven P. M. we got what we thought was a sight of Fourth Point light; then brought ship to the wind, S. W., as we could not see to any distance, and knew not what might be in the strait.

"The night was a fearful one: the blinding fall of sand and stones, the intense blackness above and around us, broken only by the incessant glare of varied kinds of lightning, and the continued explosive roars of Krakatoa made our situation a truly awful one.

"At eleven P. M., having stood off from the Java shore, with the wind strong from the S. W., the island, being W. N. W. distant eleven miles, became visible. Chains of fire appeared to ascend and descend between it and the sky, while on the S. W. end there seemed to be a continued roll of balls of white fire. The wind, though strong, was hot and choking, sulphurous, with a smell as of burning cinders, some of the pieces falling on us being like iron cinders. The lead came up from the bottom at thirty fathoms quite warm.

"From midnight to four A. M. of the 27th, the wind was strong but unsteady between S. S. W. and W. S. W. The same impenetrable darkness continued, while the roaring of Krakatoa was less continuous but more explosive in sound; the sky one second intensely black, the next a blaze of light. The mast-heads and yard-arms were studded with corposants, and a peculiar pink flame came from fleecy clouds which seemed to touch the mast-heads and yard-arms.

"At six A. M., being able to make out the Java shore, set sail and passed Fourth Point light-house. At eight hoisted our signal letter, but got no answer. At 8.30 passed Anjer with our name still hoisted, and close enough in to make out the houses, but could see no movement of any kind; in fact, through the whole strait we did not see a single moving thing of any kind on sea or land.

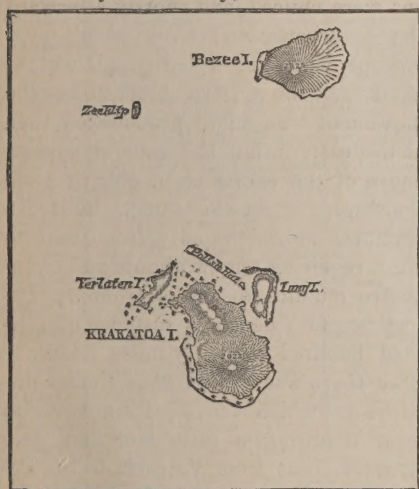
"At 10.15 passed the Button island one half to three fourths of a mile off, the sea being like glass all around it, and the weather much finer looking, with no ashes or cinders falling; wind light at S. E.

"At 11.15 there was a fearful explosion in the direction of Krakatoa, then over thirty miles distant. We saw a wave rush right on to the Button island, apparently sweeping entirely over the southern part, and rising half-way up the north and east sides, fifty or sixty feet, and then continuing on to the Java shore. This was evidently a wave of translation, and not of progression, for it was not felt at the ship. This we saw repeated twice, but the helmsman said he saw it once before we looked. At the same time the sky rapidly covered in; the wind came out strong from S. W. to S., and by 11.30 A. M. we were inclosed in a darkness that might almost be felt; and then commenced a downpour of mud, sand, and I know not what, the ship going N. E. by N. seven knots per hour under three lower topsails. We set the side lights, placed two men on the lookout forward, the mate and second mate on either quarter, and one man washing the mud from the binnacle glass. We had seen two vessels to the N. and N. W. of us before the sky closed in, which added not a little to the anxiety of our position.

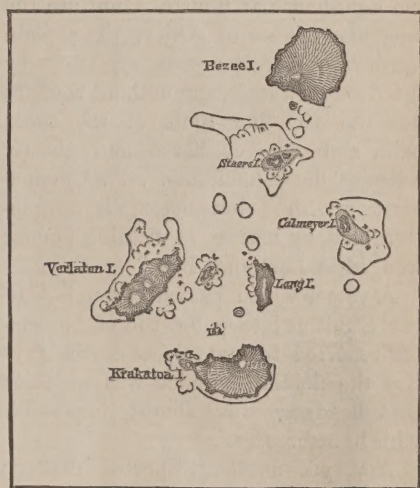
"At noon the darkness was so intense that we had to grope our way about the decks, and although speaking to each other on the poop, yet we could not see each other. This horrible state and

downpour of mud and débris continued until 1.30 P. M., the roaring and lighting from the volcano being something fearful. By two P. M. we could see some of the yards aloft, and the fall of mud ceased; by five P. M. the horizon showed out to the northward and eastward, and we saw West Island bearing E. by N., just visible. Up to midnight the sky hung dark and heavy, a little sand falling at times, and the roaring of the volcano very distinct, although we were fully seventy-five miles from Krakatoa. Such darkness and such a time in general, few would conceive, and many, I dare say, would disbelieve.

Boats from the U. S. S. Juniata entered the crater-like area, concave to the northward, and sounded along the face of the heights; but no bottom could be found with twenty fathoms of line. Prior to the eruption, Verlaten and Lang islands were green with trees and foliage; they are now covered with scoria. Eastward of Verlaten a small island had formed; small necks of land had been thrown out from the eastern side of Verlaten and the western point of Krakatoa. The Polish Hat had disappeared, but a new rock, about twenty feet in height and as many in diameter, now existed in Krakatoa channel, near to the southern



Before the Eruption.



After the Eruption.

The ship from truck to water-line was as if cemented; spars, sails, blocks, and ropes were in a horrible state; but, thank God, no one was hurt, nor was the ship damaged. But think of Anjer, Merak, and other little villages on the Java coast!"

At sunrise on the 28th of May the darkness began gradually to clear away, and then was seen the result of this paroxysm of nature. The northwestern part of Krakatoa Island had disappeared. The line of fracture began at a point south of Lang Island, and formed an arc of a circle passing through the peak to the western side of the island.

point of Lang Island. Within ten yards of this rock there were eight fathoms of water. At the place occupied by the Polish Hat the boats found no bottom with twenty fathoms of line, while at the spot where the volcano had been so active later soundings showed no bottom at one hundred and sixty-four fathoms, nearly one thousand feet. To the northward and eastward two new islands, Steers and Calmeyer, had formed, where before the eruption were thirty to forty fathoms of water.

It has been thought that the first great waves on the evening of the 26th were caused by a portion of Krakatoa

being shot out northwards for eight miles, and dropped where now is Steers Island; while the terrific detonation on the 27th, and the greater wave accompanying it, resulted perhaps from that still more titanic effort which lifted the greater portion of Krakatoa, hurled it through the air over Lang Island, and plunged it into the sea where Calmeyer Island now blocks the old East Passage.

The captain of the *Juniata* stated in his report that he anchored off the site of Anjer, and that "the buoys which mark the line of the submarine cable to Telok Betong, Sumatra, and the base of the light-house at Fourth Point are the only monuments of Anjer. The plain northward of Anjer peak was swept by the flood of waters, and nothing remains but the vine-like roots of the cocoa palm and some scattered and ghastly relics of the inhabitants. . . . Communication with Telok Betong is now interrupted by masses of floating pumice wedged in Lampong Bay."

A vessel which passed through Gaspar Strait as late as the 23d of November reported that at places in the Java Sea the floating pumice was so thick that headway was almost impossible with light breezes.

And yet another reported that on December 21, 1883, in the S. W. part of the Java Sea, quantities of pumice stone, large trees, bushes, and roots were encountered.

The tidal phenomena which followed this convulsion are particularly interesting. The waves formed in the narrow strait issued into the oceans east and west, and started on their journey around the globe. The undulations were registered at Mauritius, the Seychelles, in South Africa, and on the shores of the Pacific Islands on the same day that the Java villages were swept away. The waves continued their course, crossed each other at the antipodes of Krakatoa,

and returned to the spot from which they had started. Four times did they go around the earth before the equilibrium of the sea was so far restored as to be insensible to instruments.

At the same time an atmospheric wave also started around the globe. These disturbances were noted wherever there were barographs, and the dates are thus fixed when these undulations passed various places on the surface of the earth.

For instance, at St. Petersburg, on August 27th, there was a rise of the mercury, and immediately afterwards a fall. At Valencia, in Ireland, and at Coimbra, in Portugal, similar phenomena were noticed, and shortly afterward the disturbance was observed all over Europe, wherever a barograph was at hand. At the western observatories the movement was more pronounced than at the eastern, but the general appearances of the curves at neighboring stations were about the same. This disturbance moved rapidly from east to west, requiring but two hours and twenty-five minutes to travel from St. Petersburg to Valencia, a distance of thirteen hundred and fifty miles. On the 28th there was a somewhat similar disturbance which moved from west to east, requiring a little less than two hours to pass from Valencia to St. Petersburg. On the 29th there were two well-defined movements: one early in the morning, from east to west, occupying two hours and eight minutes from St. Petersburg to Valencia; and the other in the afternoon, from west to east, reaching St. Petersburg one hour and twenty-five minutes after it was observed at Valencia. Similar phenomena, less defined, were noted on the 30th and 31st.

Coincident with these atmospheric fluctuations, magnificent sunlight effects, lurid skies, prolonged dawns, and lengthened twilights were observed. The captain whose experience has here been given at some length states that on Sep-

tember 9, 1883, in latitude 14° N., longitude 114° E., the sun rose perfectly green, and so continued for forty-eight hours; and that the moon and the stars gave a green light as well. He also reports that he noticed peculiar red sunsets in the South Atlantic several weeks before the Java eruption, and that he carried them through to Hong Kong, and from there nearly across to San Francisco. The volcanic cloud that caused these peculiar effects seems to have followed a straight path, for they appeared on the east coast of Africa on the second day, on the Gold Coast on the third, at Trinidad on the sixth, and at Honolulu on the ninth day. It is impossible to say how high the lighter matter was carried; it is certain that months have

been required for it to descend. The places situated below the direct path of the cloud were the first to have those ominous displays, which varied in intensity according to their time distance to the westward; for the cloud was at first elevated as a comparatively narrow column. This column gradually spread out north and south, until the inhabitants of all lands obtained a view of the beautiful effects of broken and absorbed sunbeams, and a demonstration of the power of that steam which was imprisoned by the last convulsion of nature.

NOTE. The data from which this article is compiled has been taken from reports sent to the U. S. Hydrographic Office, from the preliminary survey of the U. S. S. *Juniata*, and from the Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society.

E. W. Sturdy.

ELIZABETH.

A WHITE stone glimmers through the firs,
The dry grass on her grave-mound stirs;
The sunshine scarcely warms the skies;
Pale cloudlets fleck the chilly blue;
The dawn brings frost instead of dew
To the bleak hillside where she lies.

'Tis something to be near the place
Where earth conceals her dear, dead face;—
But thou, true heart, thou art not there!
Where now thou art beloved and known
Love makes a climate of its own,—
Perpetual summer in the air.

The language of that neighboring land
Already thou didst understand,
Already breathe its healthful breath,
Before thy feet its shores had pressed;
There wert thou an awaited guest,
At home in heaven, Elizabeth!

I try to guess what radiance now
Is resting on that gentle brow,
Lovelier than shone upon it here;

What heavenly work thou hast begun,
 What new, immortal friendships won,
 That make the life unseen so dear.

I cannot think that any change
 Could ever thy sweet soul estrange
 From the familiar human ties :
 Thou art the same, though inmost heaven
 Its wisdom to thy thought has given,
 Its beauty kindled in thine eyes.

The same to us, as warm, as true,
 Whatever beautiful or new
 With thy unhindered growth may blend :
 Here, as life broadens, love expands ;
 How must it bloom in those free lands
 Where thou dost walk, beloved friend !

I do not know what death may mean ;
 No gates can ever shut between
 True heart and heart, Elizabeth :
 'T is but to step from time's rude strife
 A little farther into life,
 And there thou art, Elizabeth !

Lucy Larcom.

NOT MUTE, BUT INGLORIOUS.

JANUARY 3. It is the beginning of January, and the world seems made of mud and vapor.

I am writing before a roaring fire, which mocks my misery by scorching my face while cold breezes are playing around my ears. How little the Northern people know what cold means ! They don't live in pasteboard houses, with the wind whistling in at every crack. Wood fires are very picturesque, and so on ; but the domestic hearthstone becomes a satire when one finds one's self liable to freeze to death upon it.

But I must not be ungrateful. Business connected with the new railroad deposited me in Samola, and Mr. Bett has taken pity on my homelessness. A kindly old fellow : has a red face, fringed

all around with white hair, and walks with the stiff-legged gait of a man who has lived most of his life in the saddle. He informed me, as we splashed through the mud and water, on our way to Hampden Court, that his daughter Ellen is a genius.

I confessed to myself, when I saw her, that she was worth looking at : decidedly tall and slender, without suggesting an anatomical study ; head and face small, surrounded by a lustre of frizzy golden hair ; neat little features, which seem to promise nothing in the way of character ; complexion strangely varying from pink to a pallor almost gray ; color of eyes a clear, pale violet, subdued by thick black lashes. They have an upward look which is little short

of heavenly. When, however, she fixes them upon one, it is with a bright glance, almost fierce, which seems to cry out, "What are you?"

January 4. Feel quite at home in Hampden Court, as my too ambitious friend has named his plantation. The house is the customary collection of rooms strung out in a line, with long galleries back and front. Prevailing style of architecture rather flat and depressed; the building looks as if some one had sat on it.

No very great signs of wealth, past or present, to be seen in the parish. The dwelling-houses are mostly moderate frame erections, often lacking paint. Am told that this section was settled by the poorer classes of Kentucky and Tennessee. In the neighboring parish, which was settled by Virginians, they tell me one may find handsome mansions, pictures, statuary, solid family plate.

I have made the acquaintance of all the dogs, — a dozen or so, — and also of Wood Hemphill, Elinor Bett's cousin and lover. The two are a common conjunction; the bucolic youth being too sheepish and unenterprising to fall in love with any girl he has not known from his cradle.

January 5. Miss Bett has acquainted me with all her ambitions, and most of her thoughts and feelings. A sort of neighborhood prodigy. Has no intimate friends among the girls, and the young men stand a little aloof, awed by her superiority. Perceive that she rather enjoys this, taking it as a homage. She graduated from the village seminary, and delivered the valedictory, much praised by the Samola Comet in its weekly issue. This is an enterprising sheet. I found in its columns a poem containing the following lines: —

"You threw out the lasso of friendship and love,
To catch me, a wanderer, like Noah's lost dove."

She likes to sit in the green and white Methodist church, with her neat little profile in relief against the dull wall.

Thinks, I fancy, that the congregation are whispering, "What a superior girl Elinor Bett is!"

There is a certain vagueness about her superiority. It has made few outward signs, beyond the valedictory and occasional poems and mystic "communications" in the local paper, signed "Étoile." She is just nineteen, — just emerging from the state of feeling in which the consciousness of her own prevailing genius sufficed. Now, she is going to make the world gasp. The complaint is dolefully common, particularly among women. Any one of them who can string words together thinks that she can be an authoress. The other arts are more exacting. Literature is too often the straw clutched at by drowning souls, — the only straw in sight.

January 10. Raining, — the rain freezing as it falls, — with a wind that pierces to the bone. The cows are huddled by the bars of the cow-pen, lowing hideously, and the sheep are walking about in coats of mail, so to speak, with long icicles hanging to their fleeces.

Asked Mr. Bett why he does not have a shelter for them. "Oh," said he, "'t ain't wuth while. We don't have a spell like this more'n once a winter."

He tramps in out of the mud and rain, and flings down his overcoat in the corner of the sitting-room, for Dodge, the pointer, to sleep on. Wood Hemphill drops in presently with a fresh relay of dogs. The smell of a wet dog before a fire is something never to be forgotten.

Miss Bett does not appear to be disturbed by the canine atmosphere. Any little domestic incoherences pass over her head. She is otherwise occupied. Napoleon, she tells me, is her favorite hero, and Ouida her favorite romancer. She has studied diligently the noble army of English authors who occupy themselves in burlesquing nature. They possess a miraculous generosity of adject-

tive. There is a kind of clumsy spite displayed in the delineation of certain characters, clearly not favorites of the author. One is reminded of the sprawling caricatures which school-girls draw of each other on the blackboard.

Of American fiction she knows almost nothing, excepting what she has found in a few stray volumes of Cooper, and does not wish to be better informed. She seems to be what the unlearned of these parts call "mighty self-opiniated."

January 13. Damp; almost sultry. Feel as if I must tear off my winter clothing. Remarkable climate.

Why should I confess to her that I have fallen on the same road which she is trying to traverse? How persistently my fancy clings to the little book that no one read but the reviewers!—and they no doubt, have long forgotten it. I am a man of business, of routine; I live for use, now . . . but the father of one child, and that one in heaven, must always look wistfully at the boys and girls he meets.

No, I won't tell her. Who could confess himself a failure to a worshiper of success?

I see that she values me because she believes I can inform her on certain subjects. This is a most imperious spirit to have found its being in a little frame house in the backwoods. No man feels ill disposed, of himself, toward a pretty girl. Yet she is not a gracious neophyte. She has all the folly and waywardness of girls brought up by men. They can never stand in the needful critical attitude which woman assumes naturally toward woman. It is plain that Elinor Bett needs the tonic of wholesome neglect, of occasional snubbing. Her egotism is almost fierce. If one differs from her, she grows rebellious. She wishes to make a clean sweep of all one's beliefs and predilections, and set up her own in their stead; not so much from interest in one's mental growth as because her opinions are best.

January 14. This strange girl! She arrests and fatigues the mind, at once. She leaves flying shreds of half-completed things behind her; flings open doors that should be closed; speaks in unfinished sentences; makes immense drains upon one's interest and attention regarding irrelevant matters; scatters articles for others to pick up; indeed, like the sheep, she leaves her fleeces on every thorn. But she has an excuse. Her father and cousin, and every one with whom she comes in contact, bow before this indistinct superiority of hers.

Her cousin, with his rather opaque blue eyes and wiry light hair, is a good-looking, manly young fellow when he has his slouched hat on and his pantaloons tucked in his boots. But he comports himself in his best clothes as if he had stolen them. He is so ill at ease in them that one has to make his acquaintance all over again of a Sunday.

January 15. Damp,—a dampness that oozes in at every pore, and makes the atmosphere like a sponge.

Elinor has shown me her great work. We were sitting together in the parlor. It is a repulsive apartment, furnished in the haircloth of our forefathers. Portraits of Mr. Bett's ancestors, done by wandering artists, deface the wall. The high mantel-piece, painted black, with casual splotches of yellow, is surmounted by a gilt-framed mirror set lengthwise and two cheap vases with flaring, empty mouths. Elinor has made no effort to beautify it,—not even a snow-basket. It stands in unadorned dignity, like a hopelessly plain woman who refuses to italicize her ugliness with finery.

Elinor informed me that she intends publishing her novel, the title of which is *Feu-Follet*.

"Don't you think," I suggested, cautiously, "it would be better to try something shorter, just at first? Send it around to the magazines, and even if they refuse it you will gain experience."

She made an impatient movement, and her facile brows quivered a denial. "But I don't want to do that," said she.

"And of course, if you don't want to do a thing, it is never done."

"Of course not," she replied, simply.

If rapt belief in one's self could insure success, it would be hers. This may be true as regards society; never where art is concerned. It is often said that the world takes us at our own valuation; but this complaisant world, alas! cannot include editors and publishers, or how many happy authors there would be!

She proposed that I should look over her novel. I have been doing so, with intervals of rest, all the evening. It is punctuated with dashes, and written in that pleasing running hand in which all the loop letters look alike, and all the rest like nothing in particular. By careful perusal and the laws of analogy, I have succeeded in making out one word in ten.

January 18. I have suggested, delicately, that a first novel by an unknown author is always a risk. Even if the book should be above the average in substance, a time would come when she would be ashamed of her crude work. These and other customary platitudes. I have tried to point out to her her error in choosing faulty models; have assured her that Anglomaniæ has not extended to literary style. "Indicate, suggest." I reiterate. "A book should have a perspective. Never state a fact in all its native coarseness. It pays the reader a compliment to leave something to his imagination. Check this tendency to say broadly what you mean."

She turns a deaf ear; she will hear of no delays. Has already selected the name of a publisher from one of her reprinted English novels. She has written him a rather imperious letter on paper which bears the device of a silver tortoise climbing up a gold ladder,—

perhaps symbolical of the slow ascent to fame.

January 29. A most poetic day; one of three others as delightful. The air is balm; the sunlight a caress. A mocking-bird has appeared, and is singing on the banks of the pond, where the gnarled quince-tree has put out a bloom or two. I see the sky shining blue between the naked boughs.

After a season of waiting, the publisher has replied. At present he would not feel justified in running any risk; however, if Miss Bett wishes to undertake half the expenses—five hundred dollars, etc.; signing himself, with trenchant sarcasm, "Your obliged and obedient servant."

This reply is not what Elinor had expected. She had wished to make her own fortune, not that of her publisher. But between the publisher as he is and the publisher as we would have him there is a great gulf fixed.

February 2. Mr. Bett has come to the rescue. What his Nelly wants she must have. He has sold a tract of land on the river, and Feu-Follet will soon be in press. He reverences genius. Indeed, I believe that he fancies he has become, by absorption, a sort of literary character himself. He tells me that in his youth he used to read a great deal of poetry, but then he got out of the way of it. Perhaps there may be still some confused echoes of Byron and Bulwer and N. P. Willis knocking about in his brain.

"Just at first, you know," he says, "you have to pay 'em; but when they find out that you have first-class genius, then they pay you. The papers are always expectin' the great American novel. Why, the other day, I was readin' where one man said he was lookin' for it prayerfully. *Prayerfully*, you know! Of co'se an editor must be mighty hard up for a thing when he prays for it.

Samola's small, to be shore; but then genius comes out o' queer places. There was Burns, he was a ploughboy; and Byron, he had a club-foot" —

"Well, pa," says the expectant author-ess irritably, "as I'm not a ploughboy, and have n't a club-foot" —

"Of co'se not, — of co'se not, hon-ey," he hastens to reply soothingly.

March 17. I don't suppose any mortal ever experienced greater happiness than Elinor when she untied the package containing half a dozen copies of her novel. I watched her: the color in her cheeks pulsated wildly, and her pale violet eyes looked deep and bright. Here were her finest thoughts, her happiest efforts of wit and pathos, clothed in print.

She sat beside the window as she read, her fair hair ruffled up against the light, like a halo hastily put on.

Mr. Bett alternately laughs and weeps over the book. One is reminded of the sensational posters heralding the domestic drama: "Shouts of laughter. Floods of tears." I don't know whether the cousin is capable of the mental exertion of reading it; but he carries a copy about with him, and looks triumphant.

The reaction has set in. She has waxed captious already, and points out several misprints. For instance, "robes," instead of "roses," are described as wreathing Feu-Follet's head. There are also allusions to her "dim brown hand" and "panting underlip."

Poor Nelly!

She has ordered her publisher to send the reviews of her book. It has, I regret to say, all the bad points of its school, which may be termed a kind of literary ballet. The effect is at once shocking and absurd, — as if we should hear the voice of a little child echoing the curses and revilings of a drunkard. I perceive, moreover, a certain wild, vivid power of describing things she has never seen, which may startle and

compel attention. There is, of course, a chance that the book may make a hit.

Mine did n't. Perhaps it was too good.

March 23. The publisher is a man of his word: he has sent the reviews. There was silence for a while, as Elinor read them. Suddenly, she turned upon me, as the person nearest at hand.

"Listen, — listen to them!" she cried; and she read me the following extracts: —

"Italics are freely employed for purposes of emphasis, which suggests that the book — did not its substance forbid the thought — was intended to be read aloud to children. Girls between sixteen and eighteen may enjoy this story, excepting the Latin, French, and German quotations."

"Noted for strong expressions and exciting positions."

"There is a tendency to discuss — always provincially, Tennyson, Plato, and other irrelated persons, the besetting sin of Southern novelists. The book is pert and flippant rather than clever, and overstrained rather than strong."

"A curious production. Vague, indefinite longings and soarings into the aerial regions of sentiment are mingled with conversations which are not only utterly mundane, but stupid and inane, and which make the unfortunate critic wonder which is most lacking in the *dramatis personæ* — brains or heart."

"Studded with exclamatory gems from foreign languages."

"Feu-Follet deserves a sort of distinction. It is probably the worst novel ever published, if not the worst ever written. Flippant, bald, jejune, ridiculous, plotless, it blunders around its brief circle of balderdash like a blind puppy stung by a bee. The author of such a book deserves to be pitied; but the unfortunate reviewer, after having read it, has no tears for any one but himself."

Certainly this "unfortunate reviewer" must subsist on vinegar and lemon

juice. Whatever else the book lacks, it seems to possess the power of lashing critics into a fury.

Another alludes to it insultingly as "this thick little book," and adds, "A wild and artless sprightliness combines with sweetly sentimental episodes, and a tragic death or two make the work a fine *mélange*."

"Why, honey, they 're praisin' it," urged Mr. Bett, who had approached us. She gave him a look of impatient anguish.

When he had fully grasped the idea of Nelly's discomfiture, he began to stamp up and down the gallery, exclaiming, "It's a conspiracy!"

She stood silent, with her arms dropped by her side. A sickly pallor had passed across her face. Her lips moved, and I caught the murmured words, "I had nothing else. And now it's all — all gone. No hope."

I would have said "Courage" if I could.

Presently, her father came to her, and grasped her fine little hand in his harsh palms.

"Don't you take on, Nelly," he said. "To fail the first time does n't mean anything. Just you wait. Who knows but the great American novel 'll come out o' this little frame house yet?"

For the first time in her life, perhaps, her eyes sought her father's face for comfort and reassurance.

"I'm shore of it," he asserted, stoutly.

She clenched her fists, and looked upward. "I'll show them!" she cried; and her whole form seemed to dilate. "I'll show them!"

Perhaps she will. Who knows? Or perhaps she will become a unit in the great unwritten History of the Souls Lost in Villages.

April 29. Feu-Follet has fallen flat. The reviewers, who might have done Elinor a good turn by denouncing it as unfit to be brought into the family circle, have found it merely tiresome. So much vulgar, silly trash is written and published and read with avidity that I had some faint hope of its success. Still, the vulgar, silly trash which succeeds is generally reprinted. She is greatly changed. I see her sitting silent for hours; but it is not the uplifted silence of old. Life is a certainty, now; no longer a hope. Wood Hemphill goes about with his hat pulled down over his eyes, almost as if his Irish setter were dead.

I shall be glad to leave the place. She begins to weigh upon me like a sorrow.

May 11. I looked my last upon Elinor and Samola this morning.

When I bade her good-by, she put her hands behind her, childishly, and said, "No! we 're not friends. You have never understood me. But no one — no one does, not even poor Wood."

"Ah," said I, "he only loves you. Good-by."

Julie K. Wetherill.

TO

SOME words are giants, and some dwarfs, but all
Come marshaled duly, at thy minstrel call, —
Invincibly melodious, sweet as strong, —
The Pyrrhic phalanx of undying song!

Paul H. Hayne.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.¹

THE author of *The Poets' Birds* starts with a theory that the British poets are profoundly ignorant of natural history, and thoroughly unsympathetic in their treatment of "things in fur and feathers." His purpose in the present work — the first of a series, as it has been intimated — is to maintain this theory so far as it relates to birds; and with at least one branch of his subject he claims to have a very exceptional acquaintance. He writes with the most unhesitating assurance about the "whole range of British poetry," "all the range of English poetry," the "whole range of the poets," "all the rest of the poets," "no poet," and so forth. In an article published since the book, *The American Eagle* in the *Poets*, he says, "During the last year or two, I have rummaged through such a prodigious number of European poets as I fancy few have ever done." He is a writer of experience, and has a certain attractiveness of style. All this tends to give plausibility to his utterances, and the question arises how far they are worthy of credit.

The book is in two parts, and consists of notes by the author on the poets' treatment of birds and of quotations from the poets. The notes abound in novel assertions and criticisms; and since by far the larger part of the volume is made up of the poetical extracts, selected, classified, and quoted by the author himself, it is reasonable to expect that these extracts will justify both his statements and his comments. This, however, they signally fail to do.

"What a 'turtle' is," he says (page 23), "the poets cannot agree. Some make it the male of 'the dove,' others the female of the 'stock dove,' and others, again, the male or female of the ring

dove; while the stock dove and ring dove are similarly mismated in bewildering combinations, the general result being as delightful a confusion of three wholly distinct species of birds as even poets could wish for." He also tells us repeatedly and emphatically that the poets are ignorant of the migration of the turtle dove; also that this bird is "habitually described as lamenting her dead stock dove or ring dove." He has given about one hundred and seventy quotations from the poets about doves, and in the whole there is not a word to sustain any one of these charges. In one passage, however, our author apparently designs to accuse Watts of "mismating" doves: "What relation each species bears to the other the poets never considered themselves at liberty to determine. Watts makes 'the turtle' the opposite sex of 'the dove;' 'No more the turtle leaves the dove.'" Poets hope to have readers of ordinary intelligence. Instead of saying here, "No more the turtle leaves its mate," Watts, for the sake of his rhyme, uses the general term "dove." The only rational interpretation of the expression is perfectly obvious. "Many [birds] of conspicuous charms," says the writer, "might be all as dowdy as nightingales or larks. I take these two birds 'advisedly,' for they are the supreme favorites of the poets, and for one avowed reason, — *because* they are feathered in simple brown." Nothing in support of this declaration can be found in nearly three hundred passages quoted about these birds, although in two of those on the nightingale it is implied that it does not need gaudy or dazzling plumage to make it attractive.

But if it is too much to insist that our author's own selections from the poets should warrant his accusations, let us

¹ *The Poets' Birds*. By PHIL. ROBINSON. London: Chatto and Windus. 1883.

go to the poets themselves and to naturalists. In the chapter on the lark, we find this note: "It is a curious fact that several poets mention a '*mountain lark*.' Is it possible that their familiarity with Milton's phrase '*the mounting lark*' led to the poetical creation of a new species?" The brilliancy of this remark, which refers to poets, not school-children, cannot fail to be appreciated, especially in view of the fact that the phrase "*the mounting lark*" does not occur in the poems of Milton.

We read on page 232, "How delightfully Virgil's metaphor, '*So the struck eagle stretched upon the plain*,' etc., might be misapplied to the goose!" This figure (not a metaphor here, but a simile) was taken by Æschylus from Libyan fables. Several poets since have made use of it, but it is not to be found in Virgil.

Poets are specified (page 157) who have improperly mated doves, thus: "Thomson uses '*the stock dove*' as the male of the turtle, Cowper as the male of '*the ring dove*,' and Wordsworth as the female of it." Thomson does not mention the turtle dove, nor is the ring dove named by either Cowper or Wordsworth, while the latter does not allude to any species of dove with its mate.

Exception is also taken to certain poets' references to the haunts and nesting of the stock dove: "Cunningham's hint of its nesting in the grove is suspicious, and Wordsworth's

'True as the stock dove to her shallow nest
And to the grove that holds it'

is, in Wordsworth especially, inadmissible; for the stock dove does not build in trees, but (by preference) in rabbit holes."

In Selby's *Illustrations of British Ornithology* the stock dove is described as a "constant inhabitant of woods, breeding in the hollows of old and pollard trees." Morris (*History of British Birds*) says, "It frequents woods, coppices, and groves, and these both in low and more

hilly countries, suiting itself alike among oaks and fruit trees, beeches and firs, or any others that present facilities for building purposes;" also that the nest is placed "ordinarily in any suitable holes in trees." In Dresser's *Birds of Europe*, "*fir-trees*," "*matted ivy, close to the trunks of cedars and fir-trees*," and "*holes of old trees*" are mentioned among its nesting-places. Stephenson (*Birds of Norfolk*) states that this bird, although generally considered by naturalists as *only* an inhabitant of the woods, has, in a *district of that county*, the habit of resorting to rabbit warrens, and refers to Yarrell as authority for the opinion that it *acquired its name* from its habit of nesting in the "*stocks of old oak pollards*."

Among the "poets' dove-fictions" of which our author had "not space to speak," is "how vultures chase them." One cannot well conjecture how much space would be needed to speak of this fiction as it deserves, but of the alarming extent to which it has prevailed in poetry this writer enables us to judge. From the "whole range of the poets" he has gleaned one couplet, the meaning of which approximates his interpretation of it:—

"From the high-sounding cliff a vulture springs,
Swoops down and bears yon tim'rous dove
away;"

and in his one volume he has found space enough to allude to this passage at least five times.

Another of these fictions is "how they had no galls, and were thus serenely mild." According to the author's poetical quotations, two poets have spoken of doves as "*gall-less*," and a third as "*serenely mild*," the latter making no allusion to the absence of gall. Professor Owen (*Anatomy of Vertebrates*) says that the gall-bladder is constantly deficient in the dove tribe; and the late Professor Garrod, prosecutor to the Zoölogical Society of London, in one of his scientific papers, specifically mentions those

genera which include all the European and American species of doves as having no gall-bladder. Webster defines gall as the liquid found in the gall-bladder, consisting of the secretion of the liver mingled with that of the mucous membrane of the gall-bladder; therefore, when the latter is absent, the gall must also be wanting. So it appears that Cowley and Oldham, writing more than two centuries ago of gall-less doves, referred to a very singular fact in the natural history of these birds,—a fact which seems also to have been known to a poet of a much earlier day; for Shakespeare allows Hamlet to say, —

“But I am pigeon-livered and lack gall
To make oppression bitter.”

Another statement, of the truth of which these quotations do not furnish any proof, is that the poets, following tradition, make the dove “lift its head after every draught, ‘to thank the Giver,’” — a remark which is supplemented by this note: “As a matter of fact, pigeons have *not* this prettily significant gesture. It is reserved for the cock-and-hen tribes.” The accuracy and the pertinency of this note may be seen by an extract from the account of pigeons in Cassell’s Book of Birds (edited by Professor Jones from the text of Dr. Brehm): “They are also remarkable for their mode of drinking, in which they *differ from all other birds*. The general practice of birds in drinking is to take up a small portion of water in the bill, and then, by raising the head, to allow it to run down into the throat; the pigeons, on the contrary, dip their bills into the water, and hold them there till they have quenched their thirst.” So the “prettily significant gesture” is not “reserved” for any tribe, but is characteristic of all birds except doves.

Again, speaking of the poets’ “curious fancy” in making the singing nightingale female, the writer says that “in nature only the male nightingale sings, and then *always* to his brooding mate;”

yet that in poetry this is overlooked; that Milton and Gilbert White knew the “solemn bird of night” was a male. On a previous page he included with them Montgomery, but excluded the rest. If Milton knew the fact, as is possible, may we not infer that other poets also were aware of it, who nevertheless sometimes disregarded it in their poems, as Milton *generally* did, and as this writer himself has done in the concluding paragraph of his chapter on the nightingale, where he speaks of the “sweet *queen* of song,” and of “*her* surpassing melody”?

But should not Spenser, and Cowper, and Coleridge, and Tennyson, and many other poets, some of whom are sometimes and others always accurate in regard to this, be taken into account when speaking of poetry? The very expression of the criticism that the bird “sings always to his brooding mate” is, as far as it is correct, an expression of the poets themselves. Southey and Morris write of his “telling his tale” or his “love-song to his brooding mate.” Kingsley has it to “his listening mate.” But that the bird sings *always* to his brooding mate is not true. The male birds arrive in England two weeks, more or less, earlier than the females. This fact has been expressly noticed by ornithological writers. Rev. C. A. Johns (British Birds in their Haunts) says that the male birds sing from their “first arrival until the young are hatched;” also, that it has been fancifully said that they employ the interval before the coming of their mates in “contending for the prize in a musical contest.” Charles Tennyson Turner has made this singing of the nightingale before the arrival of the female the theme of one of his sonnets.

“It is doubtful, indeed,” continues our critic, “whether the poets were aware that the nightingale was a summer migrant only. Waller and Carew knew it, Mrs. Hemans suspected it, but

there is *no evidence in the rest* of the great fact of the nightingale's migration being known." One poet speaks of it as a "brief sojourner;" another questions it about the many months of its absence; Keble inquires as to its

"Spell unknown from genial southern grove,
From purer gales, and skies without a blot;"

Wordsworth addresses it as "wanderer," and alludes to its "migratory flight;" says Mrs. Browning, —

"The nightingale did please
To loiter beyond seas;"

and Mant, —

"Brief is Philomela's stay;"

Cochrane, also, —

"The nightingale ere comes the snow
Is far off on the wing."

We find one sonnet entitled *To a Nightingale on its Return*, and another, *The Nightingale's Departure*. This seems like evidence, but our author's views on evidence are not less peculiar than on other subjects. Referring to the turtle dove, he says (page 158), "As I have already *shown*, it is used indifferently as the widow of ring doves and stock doves;" whereas he only repeats his own assertion, without citing a single passage to prove it.

One of the most remarkable statements in the book is that "hardly a dozen references could be found to that summer miracle of every year, the nest-building of birds." Bishop Mant's poem, *The British Months*, which shows his most careful observation of bird-life, contains fifty references, at least, to this subject. Scores of British poets could be named, each of whom has mentioned it from once to a dozen times or more. The nest-making of birds belonging to many dozen species has been noticed. Details as to the time of nesting, place selected, materials made use of, tools employed, manner of building, different degrees of skill manifested, and the various results reached have been noted with surprising accuracy. This is seen not only in the poets' minute descrip-

tions of nests, both of very elaborate and of the most simple construction, but also in incidental allusions.

Among the birds that "with more forward haste" commence nesting is the hedge sparrow, that places

"On leafless bough his lowly home,"

which, from being thus so unsheltered, is more likely to be appropriated by the cuckoo for her eggs, or plundered by the school-boy, both of which circumstances poets also note.

Bishop Stanley, in his *Journal of our Starlings' Lives*, records that investigations preparatory to building are made in March. Kingsley had noticed the same, who thus wrote: —

"Early in springtime, on raw and windy mornings,

Beneath the freezing house-eaves I heard the starlings sing,

'Ah, dreary March month, is this then a time for building wearily?'"

But it is several weeks afterwards,

"When whinny braes are garlanded with gold,
And, blythe, the lamb pursues, in merry chase,
His twin around the bush; the linnet, then,
Within the prickly fortress builds her bower,
And warmly lines it round, with hair and wool
Inwove."

Most observers find the swallow nesting in May. Browning, absent from England, remembers that this month "the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows." "Towards the end of April or the beginning of May," says Yarrell, "should the season be favorable, the site of the nest is chosen." Owen Meredith recognizes an April builder as early: —

"O swallow, chirping in the sparkling eaves,
Why hast thou left far south thy fairy homes
To build between these drenched April leaves,
And sing me songs of spring before it comes?"

The swallow returns at this season to the "loved haunt which erst she knew," as do some other birds: —

"On ancient oak, or elm, whose topmost boughs
Begin to fail, the raven's twig-formed house
Is built; and, many a year, the selfsame tree
The aged solitary pair frequent."

Nests of other species are placed in altogether different localities: —

"In the sedge of the river the reed-sparrows build,
And the peewit among the brown clods of the
field ;"

while the curlew, which also frequents
the shore, "wisely" builds her nest
"upon the moor that's highest."

Certain birds build in communities ;
for instance, —

"Swallows, that hatch
Broods by the dwellings of men,
Colonize chimney and thatch
Fresh from migration again."

Other little colonists are mentioned by
Jean Ingelow, — martins, which

"cheeped in many a knot,
For they had ta'en a sandy plot
And scooped another Petra there."

Thomson observes that

"lofty elms and venerable oaks
Invite the rook, who, high amid the boughs,
In early spring, his airy city builds."

The foundation of this "airy city" may
be where the trees

"cast their solemn shade around
Some village churchyard's hallowed ground ;"

or, as Warton says,

"Where in venerable rows
Widely waving oaks inclose
The moat of yonder antique hall."

Often it is

"where the quenchless noise
Of jocund task-remitted boys,
Well pleased, or busy hum of men,
They hear, and back return again."

The frequent selection by rooks of building sites near schools and colleges leads us to inquire whether there can be another reason for it than the one suggested above, that they enjoy the noise and bustle of such establishments. Rev. J. G. Wood, in *My Feathered Friends*, tells us that he had from the window of his "garret in college" a view of the topmost branches of some fine elm-trees, which contained rooks' nests, and adds that "the rooks are especially under the collegiate protection." The reminiscence of another Oxford graduate, well known in the scientific world, affords a similar hint: "Once more are we seated beneath the old rook-trees in

Christ Church meadow, and congratulating the dark proprietors of the village overhead that their fortunate settlement is within the protective influence of academic laws."

One of the first things that a visitor notices on the school grounds at Rugby is the rookery. He is at once reminded of the evening when Tom Brown and his "little chum" looked from the west window of the latter's sick-room "into the tops of the great feathery elms, round which the rooks were circling and clanging," young and old "talking in chorus ;" of the boys' wonder as to whether the "old blackies" did talk or have prayers ; and of Tom's pertinent conclusion, in view of some remorseful recollections which it is not difficult to surmise, that Doctor Arnold, for "stopping the slinging," must be gratefully remembered in the rooks' prayers. And we are inclined to speculate, half seriously, whether rooks place themselves consciously under the protection of academic laws.

Like towns terrestrial, these "towns aerial 'mid the waving tree" are of gradual growth. Poets have remarked that birds "mend" "and retrim their nests." As early as February the rook commences operations. According to Gilbert White,

"the cawing rook
Anticipates the spring, selects her mate,
Haunts her tall nest-trees, and with sedulous care
Repairs her wicker eyrie, tempest-torn."

And Mant further notes the fact that the old birds reserve to themselves the easier task —

"The ruins of the former year
Afresh to garnish," —

remorselessly imposing upon the younger members of the commonwealth the burden of constructing

"The fabric of their mansions new ;"
also that they combine to punish any thoughtless or lawless young citizen that may attempt to shirk and help himself to a house or materials already pre-

pared. Herons also are gregarious in nesting, and

“make
On wooded isle, 'mid inland lake,
Aloft, a congregated town,”

or a “social city beside the moist fen.”

It has been remarked that there is as much individuality in the nest as in the bird. The instinct that prompts the song thrush to build

“ere the sprouted foliage shield
Her dwelling from the biting air
Bids her no less her home prepare
Impervious to the impending storm,
A chinkless mansion, close and warm;”

and, says Clare,

“often, an intruding guest,
I watched her secret toils, from day to day:
How true she warped the moss to form her nest,
And modeled it within with wood and clay.”

The plastic substance and bits of decayed wood which compose the thin but water-tight lining of the thrush's nest are prepared, smoothed, and given a “cup-like” shape by the bird's own

“plastic breast,
And bill with native moisture fraught.”

Another early builder is the blackbird:

“And see
His jetty breast embrowned; the rounded clay
His jetty breast has soiled.”

Other birds make use of very different materials. The kingfisher

“builds his nest of the pearly fish-bone,
Deep, deep in the bank, far retired and alone.”

One of the curiosities of bird architecture is the nest of the long-tailed titmouse: an “oval ball of moss,” with a “window in the wall,” and “as full of feathers as can be;” wrought by the little creature

“Without a tool to aid her skill, —
Nought but her little feet and bill;
Without a pattern whence to trace
This little roofed-in dwelling-place.”

The blue tit fits up the interior of his domicile with some soft substance, and uses spiders' webs for finishing: —

“And now look at his nest, made with exquisite
care,
Of lichen, and moss, and the soft, downy feather,
And the web of the spider to keep it together.
* * * * *

How he twists, how he turns, with a harlequin
grace!

He can't lift a feather without a grimace;
He carries the moss in his bill with an air,
And he laughs at the spider he robs of his lair.”

The wren's nest, “close and vaulted o'er,” with its “little gateway porch,” and with the “finest plumes and downs” so “softly warped” within, is a marvel of skill, but the pictures of Grahame and Wordsworth scarcely fail of doing justice to the exquisite workmanship of the little architect. Not less interesting, perhaps, is Mary Howitt's description of the sparrow's “uncostly nest:”

“Not neatly wove with tender care,
Of silvery moss and shining hair;
But put together, odds and ends,
Picked up from enemies and friends.”

Poets have observed the simple construction of the wood-pigeon's “sprig-formed nest,” —

“laid so thinly, that the light of day
Is through it seen;”

and how

“The cushat and the turtle doves
On the tall fir of transverse sticks
Their artless dwelling rudely fix,
Where on the gazer's eye below
Gleam their twin eggs of drifted snow.”

Sometimes the furnishing within is of the most costly material. The eider duck, that rears her young on bleak northern islands, lines her nest thickly with the beautiful down of her own breast; not once, merely, but, if the nest is plundered, until her own supply is exhausted, and then, says Hartwig in his *Polar World*, “with a plaintive voice she calls her mate to her assistance, who willingly plucks the soft feathers from his breast to supply the deficiency,” the down furnished by the latter being recognized by those that rob these nests as whiter than that of the female. In the following extract, the soul of a lady in purgatory is represented as speaking: —

“For where the brown duck stripped her breast
For her dear eggs and windy nest,
Three times her bitter spoil was won
For woman; and when all was done
She called her snow-white piteous drake,
Who plucked his bosom for our sake.”

Surely

"With instinctive love is drest
The eider's downy cradle."

The author of *The Paradise of Birds* was not ignorant of their nesting habits:

"See, here are burrows for the puffins' homes,
Gray lichens whence the titmice build their
domes,
Broad hawthorn for the chaffinches, and high
Spruce for the rook, the ring dove, and the pie.
Here, too, are streams, where, on the outreaching
boughs,
The water-hen may hang her balanced house."

Other British birds construct hanging
nests:—

"There the wren, golden-crested, so lovely to see,
Hangs its delicate nest from the twigs of the
tree."

It is a British poet that bids the golden
oriole its

"woven cradle 'mid my trees
Of black Morelloes hang."

The nest of the chaffinch displays in a
striking manner the protective power
of instinct. "It is," observes Morris
(*Nests and Eggs of British Birds*),
"usually so well adapted to the color of
the place where it is built as to elude
detection from any chance passer-by;
close scrutiny is required to discover it."
Sometimes it is, as described by another,

"well disguised
With lichens grey, and mosses gradual blent,
As if it were a knurle in the bough."

Hurdis calls attention to the apparent
disadvantages under which a bird labors:—

"No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join; his little beak was all."

But Courthope makes the birds claim
that the advantages of knowing how to
use both tools and materials are with
them rather than with man:—

"And next it was plain that he in the rain
Was forced to sit dripping and blind,
While the reed-warbler swung in a nest with
her young,
Deep-sheltered and warm from the wind.
So our homes in the boughs made him think of
the house;
And the swallow, to help him invent,

Revealed the best way to economize clay,
And bricks to combine with cement.
The knowledge withal of the carpenter's awl
Is drawn from the nuthatch's bill,
And the sand-martin's pains in the hazel-clad
lanes
Instructed the mason to drill."

Nor are these examples found exclu-
sively in modern poets, or those even
since the time of Thomson. Marvell
notes that the corn crake builds in a
hollow "below the grass's root;" Mil-
ton, that

"the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build;"

Shakespeare, that

"the martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,"

utilizing every "jutting," "frieze," "but-
tress," and "coigne of vantage;" and a
hundred years before, Skelton had ob-
served that the nest of the stork was
made on "chymneyes to rest." That
birds occasionally are found nesting in
very unexpected places has been some-
times taken advantage of by poets.
Leigh Hunt's *The Trumpets of Dool-
karnein* and Cowper's *The Chaffinch's
Nest* are notable examples of this.

So far from its being true that this
wonderful chapter in bird history has
been almost wholly neglected by Brit-
ish poets, it could hardly be too much
to say that any one wholly ignorant of
the subject might become quite well in-
formed as to the nesting habits of Brit-
ish birds by a careful reading of British
poetry. Some of the most apt expres-
sions employed by ornithological writers,
even of the present day, seem almost to
have originated with the poets.

The author's assertion that the turtle
dove is "habitually described as lament-
ing her dead 'stock dove,' or 'ring
dove,'" and the fact that his quotations
from the poets do not show even an at-
tempt to prove it, have been mentioned.
He goes on to say that she is "as such
condoled with, while all the time the
bird has just come from Syria, where
it hatched a brood of young ones only

three months ago, and now, mated to another spouse, is again the happy mother of another couplet."

Three months before the arrival of the turtle dove in England, the last of April or beginning of May, it is in its winter haunts. That, as a rule, birds do not nest in their winter quarters seems to be evident. Once a year, as is well known, birds have the impulse to mate. This impulse is accompanied by a remarkable physical vigor, which produces very striking changes in their appearance and habits:—

"In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast ;

In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest ;

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove ;"

and

"Frae fields where spring her sweets has blawn
Wi' caller verdure o'er the lawn,
The gowdpink comes in new attire."

This change of plumage is apparent to a greater or less extent in all the birds with which we are acquainted, and "spring plumage," "nuptial attire," "wedding dress," are common forms of expression in describing birds.

The vocal organs are also especially strengthened and excited, so that the music of birds is one of the most noticeable features of spring. Even the notes of those not usually considered singing birds are modified during this period:—

"The raven croaks a softer way,
His sooty love to woo."

Peculiar gestures are observed, which Professor Newton speaks of as "akin to the song." The beginning, duration, and ending of this season vary, lasting with some species until two or three broods are hatched. These are matters of common observation in respect to the resident British birds, among which are numbered many of the most familiar species. After this term is past, the seasonal plumes and tufts and the exceptional brilliancy of plumage disappear, the song for the most part ceases,

and there is no recurrence of them until another spring. It is said to be a fact (Blackwall's *Researches in Zoölogy*) that "most songsters are absolutely unable to continue their melodious strains beyond the latter end of July or the beginning of August." Whatever prolongation of this period there may be in the case of cage birds and domestic fowls is thought to be due to the constant supply of nutritious and suitable food, and it is probable that occasional irregularities in the nesting of wild birds may be in part thus explained.

At this season many birds have the instinct to migrate,—

"Strange yearnings come
For the unknown shelter by undreamed of shores."

The winter habits of some of the migratory birds are well known, for they leave the north to winter in England. These birds do not nest in England in the winter, but return in spring to the northern regions, and rear their young ones in their own old homes. The number of birds that remain in New England throughout the year, or that migrate from the north to winter with us, is comparatively small, but no winter nesting has been noticed here. Obviously, then, we must infer that the birds that come from the south to enliven the spring of Great Britain and New England by their beauty and their song return in the autumn mute and "sober-suited," sometimes to moult, at any rate to rest, but not to nest, in their winter quarters; in other words, that the nesting impulse is annual, and that birds do not mate a second time in their places of winter resort.

The correctness of this inference is confirmed by the reports of residents and explorers in the countries which become the winter homes of migratory birds. Dr. Klunzinger, for many years resident in Egypt, whose volume on Upper Egypt includes sketches of natural history, says that "on the whole the singing of birds is not heard in

Egypt, as the birds that pass through or winter in the country do not sing in the winter season." The late Professor A. L. Adams (Notes of a Naturalist in the Nile Valley and Malta) speaks of certain song birds as "mute from their arrival [at Malta] in October up to the beginning of March."

During a winter passed in Tennessee, Mr. Wilson Flagg gave particular attention to the birds in the woods near Nashville, and he remarks that "not one was heard to sing." Florida is on the route of passage for the migratory birds of Northeastern America, and becomes the winter abiding place of many of them. Mr. J. A. Allen has written a comprehensive paper on the winter birds of East Florida, based on the observations of Messrs. Maynard and Boardman as well as his own, the researches of the three being, he thinks, equivalent to the labors of a single individual constantly in the field for at least four or five winters. But Mr. Allen's record shows no winter nesting of these birds. Audubon, who spent so many years in extensive journeyings over our continent, sometimes with the special design to trace the migrations of birds, could not have failed to note a circumstance so interesting as the nesting in a Southern State of the winter migrants there. The specimens of nests, eggs, or skins of young birds of migratory species contained in our large museums of natural history have not been obtained from their winter retreats. Brehm (*Bird-Life*) states his opinion very positively in regard to this: "Not a single migratory bird makes a new home; not one builds a nest or breeds in a foreign land;" and Seeböhm (Siberia in Europe) says, "We may lay it down as a law, to which there is probably no exception, that every bird breeds in the coldest regions of its migrations. . . . The well-authenticated stories of birds breeding a second time in the place of their winter migration

probably have the same scientific value as the stories of swallows having been found hibernating in caves and hollow trees, or of toads having been found in the recesses of otherwise solid rocks." Still, a rule which is general may not be universal, and some naturalists take exception to so unqualified a statement of this law. Harting (*Our Summer Migrants*) even thinks that many birds which summer in England and nest there, "must also nest in what we term their winter quarters." But he draws this conclusion from some cases that seem to him to be authenticated, and from certain inferences of his own respecting a few other birds. One instance is that of the red-backed shrike, said by Andersson (*Birds of Damara Land*) and others to nest in South Africa in our winter. Mr. Harting also mentions two species of sand martin. One of them, the ordinary representative of the English sand martin (our bank swallow) in India and the countries eastward, is vouched for by Mr. Edward Blyth, a field naturalist of much experience, and for more than twenty years curator of the Asiatic Society's Museum in Calcutta. "The only birds known to me," writes Mr. Blyth, "that breed in their winter quarters are two species of sand martin. In India I have been familiar enough with birds in their winter quarters, and have no hesitation in asserting that migratory species (with the remarkable exceptions named) do not even pair until they have returned to their summer haunts. Were they to do so, I could not but have repeatedly noticed the fact, and must needs have seen very many of their nests and young. . . . That our British sand martin breeds in Egypt during the winter months," continues Mr. Blyth, "is noticed in the Proceedings of the Zoölogical Society for 1863 (page 288)." This case I find to be on the authority of Canon Tristram, whose language is, "I found it breeding in Egypt in Feb-

ruary." Now Mr. J. H. Gurney, Jr., in his *Rambles of a Naturalist*, says of this bird, "The first of the spring migrants. On the 21st of February they appeared [in Egypt] in large flocks. . . . On the 6th of March they had commenced nesting operations at Siout." Some persons, no doubt, would regard this nesting which Canon Tristram observed in February, as a proof not of the bird's nesting in its winter quarters, but of an exceptionally early arrival. These are the only cases that I understand Mr. Harting to mention as authenticated.

To return to the turtle dove. We find no evidence of its being an exception to the general rule that migratory birds do not nest in the places of their winter resort. Captain Shelley (*Birds of Egypt*) remarks, "This turtle dove is abundant throughout Egypt and Nubia in the spring. It frequently breeds in the country. I first met with it on the 20th of April at Edfoo [four hundred miles or more from the coast], when it had evidently *just arrived*." Dresser (*Birds of Europe*) informs us that it winters in Africa; that it is a summer visitant in Northwest Africa; that vast numbers arrive at the African side of the Straits of Gibraltar, to cross in flocks during April and May; that in September and October this bird returns there, to retire south for the winter; that it has been met with as far south as ten degrees north latitude; also that it visits Northeast Africa regularly in the spring and autumn. Mr. Gurney, who first saw it in Egypt, April 2d, observed that the tide of birds pressed through Egypt northward in April; that by the last of the month the main troop had passed; and that when these and a few stragglers had disappeared he "saw no more birds except the residents and a few turtle doves, rufous warblers, etc., which had found their journey's end sooner than the main body, and were already commencing the duties

of incubation, not to migrate any more until the returning wave in autumn should impel them south again." From these notes it appears that the bird migrates *through* Egypt as well as Northwest Africa, both north and south, and that at the time of the spring migration some *remain* to nest, as birds of this and of other species do at various places on their routes of passage; and Captain Shelley's account affords no proof that the bird nests in its winter quarters, but strongly implies the contrary. But while a few do not leave Egypt, the most of them pass northward, vast numbers staying in Palestine, where, as Canon Tristram says, suitable food being extremely plentiful, they are more abundant than in any other country that they inhabit. According to Dresser, however, they do not remain there through the winter, and on this point the testimony of Canon Tristram is most explicit. Speaking of its use for sacrificial offerings, he says, "The turtle dove is a migrant, and can only be obtained from spring to autumn;" and again, "Its return in spring is one of the most marked epochs in the ornithological calendar. . . . Search the glades and valleys even by sultry Jordan, at the end of March, and not a turtle dove is to be seen. Return in the second week in April, and clouds of doves are feeding on the clovers of the plain. . . . So universal, so simultaneous, so conspicuous, their migration that the prophet might well place the turtle dove at the head of those birds which 'observe the time of their coming.'" It is evident, then, that it does not winter even in the southern part of Syria.

In his important paper on the migration of birds, August Weissmann speaks of it as a well-known fact that the migratory birds that cross the Mediterranean make the transit only at certain fixed points, naming four, the first of which from the west is the Straits of Gibraltar. It is easy to see that the

natural crossing place of the birds that migrate from Africa to Great Britain is the Straits of Gibraltar; also that the birds that cross at the more eastern points would naturally reach, not England, but the continent of Europe, Syria, and Asia Minor. Harting's *Our Summer Migrants* includes about fifty birds, and in Colonel Irby's *Ornithology of the Straits of Gibraltar* we find nearly every one of them noted as a bird of passage at that point. So there seems to be no probability that the turtle dove ever comes to England from Syria.

The phrase "mated to another spouse" suggests a question which naturalists answer with great caution, although it presents no difficulty to this writer. Dresser, giving the characteristics of the genus *Turtur* (turtle doves), says, "They are strictly monogamous, and are said to pair for life." According to various ornithological writers, the same is believed to be true of rock doves (including tame pigeons, all the varieties of which are thought to have sprung from this species); and Canon Tristram remarks that "from its fidelity to its mate and its habit of pairing for life, among other reasons, the dove was selected as a symbol of purity and an appropriate offering by the ancient heathens as well as the Jews." We must therefore inevitably conclude that the turtle dove does not rear a brood three months before its arrival in England, for it is then in its winter quarters, and it does not nest in its winter quarters; that it does not winter in Syria, but migrates into Syria in the spring, and nests there afterwards; that it does not come to England from Syria; also that it probably pairs for life: and that therefore the assertion, as quoted above, is erroneous and misleading in every particular.

The author thus expresses himself (page 442) on the migration of the swallow: "In swallow life, again, there is one episode above all the rest instinct with significance, — the mustering

of these little sun-worshippers for the great autumnal pilgrimage. No one seeing them even once could fail to understand the meaning of this gathering of the feathered clans. . . . Nor can there be more than one explanation of those sudden impulses to launch out into the deep-sea air, often checked as soon as they arise, but as often tempting the little travelers to take just one, and then another, and then a third preliminary sweep round the sky. Yet Thomson, after watching them diligently, came to the conclusion that they were gathered 'for play,' and were having one last good game together 'ere to their wintry slumbers they retired!' It is true he gives them the choice of

'clinging in clusters
Beneath the mouldering bark, or where,
Unpierced by frost, the cavern sweats,'

or of being 'conveyed into warmer climes;' but it is almost incomprehensible that he should have even given them a choice."

This opinion that only one explanation of these swallow gatherings is possible, and that for this only one observation is necessary, also the reproach of Thomson (spoken of elsewhere as so often absurd, and in similar terms) for any doubt he may have had, show our critic's usual discrimination.

In the time of Thomson and much later, the common interpretation of the disappearance of swallows was that they hibernated. Dr. Johnson remarked to Boswell, "Swallows certainly sleep all winter. A number of them conglobulate together, by flying round and round, and then all in a heap throw themselves under water, and lie in the bed of a river." More than this, one of the greatest scientists of any age, Linnaeus, who was a contemporary of Thomson, evidently considered the then prevalent theory as established; for in his *Systema Naturæ*, published a few years after Thomson's *Autumn*, he names certain species of swallow that

“demerge” at the approach of winter and with the return of spring “emerge.”

This, however, was not the only explanation possible. Thomson had another, which seemed to him more reasonable, — that of migration, as is shown by the very passage referred to : —

“Or *rather* into warmer climes conveyed,
With other kindred birds of season, there
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back.”

The theory of migration, to be sure, did not originate with the poet. Ray, the great English naturalist of the previous century, had not long before discussed the question whether swallows did not migrate to the moon; concluding, however, that they did not. But the lines of Thomson, quoted above, are without doubt among the earliest expressions from any British poet, philosopher, or naturalist so decidedly in favor of the rational theory of the migration of swallows, and as such are a striking monument to the poet's advanced views on the subject. The correspondence of Gilbert White shows not only his own but the doubts of other prominent naturalists of the last century on this question. Letters of Mr. White, written forty years after Thomson's poem, contain many passages like this (which referred to a late brood of house martins, a species of swallow) : “Or rather, is it not more probable [than that they migrate] that the next church, ruin, chalk cliff, steep covert, or perhaps sand-bank, lake, or pool (as a more northern naturalist would say), may become their hibernaculum, and afford them a ready and obvious retreat?” Mr. White even wrote some verses on the torpidity of swallows in winter, drawing from their revival in spring a lesson on the resurrection, which Jesse, in his *Gleanings in Natural History*, has given from the unpublished manuscript of Mr. White. Cuvier, in his *Animal Kingdom*, published nearly a hundred years after Thomson's *Autumn*, thus writes of the

bank swallow : “It appears to be unquestionable (*constant*) that it becomes torpid in the winter, and passes that season at the bottom of marshy waters.” Even now the subject of hibernation is not beyond the pale of literature or of controversy. One of the most distinguished ornithologists of the present day, Dr. Coues, gives several pages of his *Birds of the Colorado Valley* (1878) to the question, “Do swallows hibernate?” In the course of this discussion, he says that he supposes our chimney swifts hibernate in hollow trees, and that he could give reasons for the supposition; also that the “most wary or the most timid student may be assured that he will find himself in perfectly respectable company, whichever side of the fence he may fall on.”

I have avoided direct reference to our author's faults of style, since my purpose has been to inquire into the truth of his theory; but perhaps attention ought to be directed to his strange use of words, which often renders it impossible to see that his expressions have any significance. What does the word “pleiad” mean in his phrase “the pleiad of the doves”? There is no group of seven to which the writer can have referred. The stormy petrel takes its name “petrel” or “peterel” (little Peter) from its appearing to run on the top of the waves. In what sense is this “name itself a tragedy”? “The bittern's very name is poetry.” Bittern is thought to be a corruption of *Botaurus* (the scientific name of the genus), from *bos* and *taurus*. The author of *British Birds* in their Haunts gives a different etymology. “It is,” he says, “called *Botaurus* because it imitates *boatum tauri*, the bellowing of a bull,” — a truly poetical name. Not to multiply these examples, I will give but one more, the striking passage with which our critic concludes his strictures as to the poets' treatment of the nightingale : “Yet with all their compliments, the poets,

so it seems to me, do not satisfy even the poetical requirements of the actual facts, nor in any measure exhaust the poetry of the natural bird. . . . Nor are the unnatural merits imagined by the poets — that it scorns to mix its song with that of other birds, and that it alone of all songsters undertakes the task of gladdening the gloomy hours of night — so poetical as the real circumstances, the modesty that makes the ‘sweet queen of song’ merge her surpassing melody into the general choir of nature during the hours of daylight, the dignity of self-respect that leads it to reserve yet one anthem more in glad thankfulness for night. Milton, Keats, and Shelley are able to grasp in its full compass the exquisite significance of the parable of the nightingale, and of night with this her solemn bird; but it eludes most.”

A goodly array of words, but what does it all mean? An appeal is made from the poets’ false fancies to the “actual facts,” the “real circumstances.” But no one for a moment imagines that it is “modesty,” or a real desire that its song, by being “merged into the general choir,” may be disregarded, that prompts the nightingale to sing by day; or that it is from a sense of its own “dignity” and “self-respect” that it sings at night. Moreover, what is the propriety in saying that the bird “reserves yet one anthem more” for night, when, as is well known, it sings at intervals throughout the night? What does the word “parable” signify here? We have had occasion to speak of this writer’s comments on Milton and the nightingale; Keats and Shelley are freely criticised and misquoted by him, and the “glaring errors” of the latter are recounted with the same zeal that he has shown in regard to other poets; and again we ask, What is this parable, the exquisite significance of which, in its full compass, these three poets, in distinction from others, have not failed to grasp?

The value of the author’s notes and criticisms can be estimated from the preceding.

In the second part of the volume we have a Synopsis of the Poets’ References to Birds, Arranged Alphabetically according to Species. If these references are really arranged according to any system, the basis of it is quite beyond our comprehension. Quotations on the albatross are found, not among the A’s, where we naturally look for them, but among the S’s, under the head of Sea-Fowl, which is not a specific but a general term, including hundreds of species. The canary bird and the parrot are classed *together* “alphabetically” in the “species” of *Cage Birds*. A quotation on chats and linnets is found under the head of Water-Wagtail. Of the six extracts in this division, only two refer to the wagtail; the other four, to birds belonging to at least six species and three families, none of them, however, to the same family, even, as the wagtail.

But, what is of far more importance, this collection is in no sense what it professes to be, — a synopsis of the poets’ references to birds. The American poets, who manifest “such an engaging pitifulness” and “Buddhistic kindness” to “things in fur and feathers,” are represented by two lines from Longfellow. Assuming what we are nowhere told, that the author’s design was to include only British poetry, we are led to inquire why we find nothing from Edwin Arnold, whom the compiler of these extracts calls the “latest evangelist” of this “tender gospel of sympathy;” or from Tennyson or Morris, who (with one or two earlier poets, not named) are designated as “conspicuous exceptions” to the “systematized lack of sympathy with the natural world” “betrayed” in the “whole range of British poetry;” or from dozens of British poets, who, by the general character of their poetry, or by one or more

notable poems, have shown their interest in birds. Complaint is urged repeatedly respecting the poets' failures in this or that particular, when the failure has been simply on the part of the cavalier to mention poems and extracts.

The author quotes from *Marmion* "the snowy ptarmigan," having previously told us that in "all the rest of the poets" there is nothing more on this bird, although its attachment to the north, its love of the cold, and its striking change of plumage are themes most appropriate for poetry. It is certainly a curious circumstance that one conversant with the whole range of British poetry should have overlooked not only Scott's references to the bird with one exception, but those of other Scotch poets. Hogg designates it as the "inmate of the cloud." Moir gives many vivid pictures of the ptarmigan as a "wintry bird," bringing to the mind visions of "naked, treeless shores," where "far north the daylight dies," and as a frequenter of the "herbless peak," a "habitant 'twixt earth and sky;" also of its "cloud-embattled nest," asking, —

"Where did first the light of day
See thee bursting from thy shell?
Was it where Ben-Nevis grey
Towers aloft o'er flood and fell?
Or where down upon the storm
Plaided shepherds gaze in wonder,
Round thy rocky sides, Cairngorm,
Rolling with its clouds and thunder?
Or, with summit, heaven directed,
Where Ben-Voirlich views, in pride,
All his skyey groves reflected
In Loch Ketturin's tide?"

English poets have written of "ptarmigans, too, from the regions of snow;" the "close-feathered" leg and foot, the

"summer vest
Of brown with lighter tints arranged,"

and the autumn colors of "mottled gray," before the bird

"assumes
The whiteness of his winter plumes,"

have not been forgotten.

Again, the writer remarks, "Or as expressing the quiet gloom of the wood-

land in the moth-time, what more striking than the word 'night-jar'? Yet only once (in Gilbert White, a naturalist) do we find it, finely supplementing the worn-out old owl." This bird is known by several names; that of Gilbert White, in the passage cited by our author, being not night-jar, but churn-owl. Wordsworth, who employs still another name for it, has several times emphasized the "soft darkness" and the "silence deeper far than deepest noon" of the twilight or evening hour by mentioning the "busy dor-hawk," which "chases the white moth with burring note." The author of *The British Months*, in his description of the night-jar's habits, speaks of its "issuing forth in evening gloom," to

"chase in airy ring
The night-moth's soft and downy wing."

I recall other poems on this "nocturnal haunter of the homeless sky," whose

"voice unto me seems
Coming o'er the evening meadows,
From a dark brown land of shadows,
Like a pleasant voice of dreams."

It is more than once implied in regard to sea-mews that they have received no special attention from the poets, but are only "thrown in as adjuncts of sea scenery." The poems on this bird by Mrs. Browning and Jean Ingelow (not to mention others) cannot be unfamiliar to most readers of English poetry.

This synopsis fails more in respect to what is contained in it than in what is omitted. The extracts are often too brief to give any idea of the poets' treatment of the birds; yet very frequently the references are so inaccurate, both as to poems and authors, that they would not be of service to any one desiring to investigate for himself. I will point out some of the ways in which this inaccuracy is shown.

Quotations are ascribed to the wrong authors. For example, the line

"Over his own sweet voice the stock dove broods," from one of Wordsworth's best known poems, is credited (page 173) to Gra-

hame; stanzas from William Howitt's familiar poem, *The Departure of the Swallow* (page 445), to W. Smith; and an extract from Keats's *Epistle to Charles Cowden-Clarke* (page 451), to Shelley. Not only so, but the same passage is sometimes attributed to more than one author.

Again, translations are assigned to the translators as original poems, to whom is also imputed the motive which prompted the writing of them. A poem on the swallow, by a Greek poet, Evenus, is (page 450) ascribed to Cowper, the latter being one of numerous translators of it; but elsewhere the writer, speaking of the swallow, says, "Cowper sees it catch a locust, and remonstrates with it," and cites in illustration a stanza from this poem. This must be the first time since literature has had a history that a poet has been made responsible for the conception of a poem, written as the result of his personal experience, more than two thousand years before he was born. On page 449 is another poem of which Cowper, who translated it, is here made the author. A line of this poem becomes (page 441) the text of another equally forcible criticism: "Cowper even pretends that there is not tradition enough [about the swallow], and concocts a fiction for himself, — that it sleeps on the wing! It is bad enough that he did not purge himself of that same heresy with regard to the bird of paradise; but that he should extend it with a high hand to the swallow is intolerable." What the author of the poem intended to say we are not now considering, but for this poet's intention Cowper is not accountable; furthermore, as to the bird of paradise, it is not mentioned in Cowper's poems, and we have no means of knowing what he thought about it.

However, errors respecting the authorship of poems do not affect their intrinsic merit. Poetry is poetry, whoever writes it; and there still remain, it may

be thought, the quotations themselves, making a compilation of the poets' own expressions about birds, which must of necessity be invaluable. Unfortunately, this is not so. Not even the poetry is left to us. An extract is frequently transposed, so that lines which belong at the beginning of it come in the middle or at the close. Very often, by the substitution of one word for another, or by the omission or insertion of words, phrases, or of one or more lines, a passage is transformed, with utter disregard to rhyme, metre, syntax, or sense; and to this end the printers seem to have ingeniously and cordially conspired, although I am by no means disposed to include among typographical errors all that might at first appear to be such. I will give a few examples of the curious manner in which British poets are persistently travestied in that part of this volume in which it is claimed that they speak for themselves. Take quotation (44), page 318:—

"Through the sleek passage of her open throat
A clear unwrinkled song: then doth she point it
by short diminutions,
That from so small a channel should be raised
The torrent of a voice, whose melody
Could melt into such sweet variety.
Crashaw: *Music Duel*."

The metre of Crashaw's *Music's Duel* (not *Music Duel*, as given above) is the rhymed iambic with five accents; and the slightly prosaic second line of the quotation is made to do duty for five lines of the poem according to its author.

In the last line of the second quotation on page 451, "afar" takes the place of "a fay," and Keats is thus made to say that the swan's *own*

"feet did show
Beneath the waves like Afric's ebony,
And on his back afar reclined voluptuously."

"Male" has been substituted for "mute" in the extract from Wordsworth on page 452:—

"As the *male* swan that floats adown the stream,
Or on the waters of the unruffled lake
Anchors her placid beauty."

On page 470 occurs the following : —

“As vultures o’er a camp with hovering flight
Snuff up the future *carriage of the light*,
While thousand phantoms from th’ unbury’d
slain
Who feed the vultures of Emathia’s plain.
Gay: Trivia.”

The second line of the above should finish the sentence in which it stands, and read thus : —

“Snuff up the future *carnage of the fight*.”

The two lines that follow do not belong to this poem.

Thomson has a delightful picture of the redbreast in winter, commencing with these lines : —

“One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the *embroiling sky*,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit.”

On page 33 of his notes our author gives this description, adding that “the fidelity to nature in this well-known quotation invests the passage with a rare charm.” If the passage as he misquotes it has a “rare charm,” it cannot be on account of its fidelity to nature, since the poet’s expression “the embroiling sky” has been replaced by “the broil-

ing sun,” a term suggestive of American summer days rather than of those of an English winter.

Our author thinks that a “serious induction is only justified by a sufficient collocation of instances.” Without examining a tenth of the extracts with reference to errors like those last mentioned, I have found many more than a hundred, — sufficient, it would seem, to justify a serious induction as to this writer’s sense of what is due (even in the simple matter of quoting poetry) to himself as an author, to the poets whom he professes to quote, and to the public.

A hint of the spirit by which he was actuated in the preparation of this volume seems to be afforded by another of his avowals in the article already alluded to : “It has, then, been recently added to my other afflictions that I should have to go rooting about, like a truffle-hunting poodle, in a great number of volumes of American verse for certain quotations that I needed.” This is the kind of study that has been given to a subject at once so broad and so important from its relations to nature, to science, and to literature.

RECENT FICTION.

WE should have been obliged to Mr. Bellamy if he had not added to the title of his new story¹ the words *A Romance of Immortality*. Before one begins the book the announcement is a little unpleasant; after one has read it one is apt to regard it as fraudulent. In giving an account of a book which misses — and the miss is as good as a mile — of being a great book, we are sufficiently irritated by the trick which the au-

thor has played on us to tell his secret beforehand to those who may chance to read this notice before they read the book itself.

Miss Ida Ludington, at the opening of the story, is a gentlewoman living in a New England village. At the age of twenty she was stricken with a disease which robbed her of her beauty, suddenly aged her, and threw her into a hopeless state of regret over her lost youth. She has withdrawn herself from the companionship of a society in which she was once a central figure, and now

¹ *Miss Ludington's Sister*. A Romance of Immortality. By EDWARD BELLAMY. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1884.

lives chiefly in the memory of an irrecoverable past. The death of her father leaves her almost without kin, but with sufficient means to consult only her own whims. The accession to a large property shortly after confirms her in a decision which has long filled her imagination. She removes from a village which is rapidly succumbing to the inrush of modern improvements, and takes up her residence on Long Island; but she carries with her exact measurements of the village of her youth, and pleases herself with a complete reconstruction upon her new estate. Not only does she rebuild her own house in fac-simile, but she reproduces the village street, the other houses, the meeting-house, and the school-house.

In this ghostly village she makes her home, and so far as is possible reconstructs in imagination her shattered girlhood. She has had a miniature which represents her before the decay of her beauty painted life-size and hung in the chief place in her house. At this point she receives into her home an orphan child, the legacy of a remote cousin. The boy at once stretches out his hands to the beautiful lady hanging in the picture-frame, and thus wins the love of the lonely woman. He grows up in her society, hears her talk of her lost youth, and every year becomes more devoted in his romantic attachment to the girl in the frame. At last he graduates from college, but before returning to his home he writes to Miss Ludington a philosophical letter, in which he discloses the faith which has taken possession of him. He believes in immortality, but in an immortality of persons who go to make up an individual. Listen to him:—

“The individual, in its career of seventy years, has not one body, but many, each wholly new. It is a commonplace of physiology that there is not a particle in the body to-day that was in it a few years ago. Shall we say that none of

these bodies has a soul except the last, merely because the last decays more suddenly than the others? . . . Either there is no immortality for us which is intelligible or satisfying, or childhood, youth, manhood, age, and all the other persons who make up an individual live forever, and one day will meet and be together in God’s eternal present; and when the several souls of an individual are in harmony, no doubt he will perfect their felicity by joining them with a tie that shall be incomparably more tender and intimate than any earthy union ever dreamed of, constituting a life, one yet manifold,—a harp of many strings, not struck successively as here on earth, but blending in rich accord.”

The practical outcome of this philosophy is that the Ida Ludington of the portrait died during the sickness of her forlorn successor, and now lives in the spiritual life, and will hereafter be known as other souls are known. The faith in this investiture of immortality forbids Paul De Riemer to transfer his devotion to any other woman. This is his love; this shall remain his love until he meets her after his own death,—which, by the way, does not seem connected in his mind with that fragmentary personality bestowed by him on his love. It is an undivided Paul who is betrothed to her. The confidence with which he broaches this doctrine carries away Miss Ludington, and she becomes a joyful convert to the same belief. Some day she shall see this beauteous creature. Meanwhile she is consoled for her own fading life, puts off her cheerlessness of dress and behavior, and looks upon the world with new delight.

It chances that, when shopping in Brooklyn, Miss Ludington falls in with an old schoolmate, whom she has not seen since her girlhood. She persuades the woman to return with her to her home, and enjoys the amazement with which Mrs. Slater discovers the village

which belonged so entirely to her past. The conversation naturally turns upon this new faith of Miss Ludington and Paul, and Mrs. Slater, who has had some half-believing dealings with mediums, suggests, half in earnest and half in rail-lery, that if their doctrine be correct they may be able to see the materialized spirit of the portrait girl. She mentions a friend who has had successful encounters with a very remarkable medium. Paul seizes upon the notion. He is infatuated with his love, and will run any risk, if by chance he may realize her to himself.

Mrs. Slater disappears from the scene the next day, but in course of time sends the address of the medium, and Paul, whose resolution has not faltered, although Miss Ludington's has, promptly follows the clue. The two arrange for a séance with Mrs. Legrand, who, with her agent, Dr. Hull, has been exceedingly interested in the problem; and sure enough, the conditions are favorable, and Miss Ludington and Paul do receive a material revelation of the portrait Ida. The medium, however, is exhausted by the singular manifestation of her power and all that is involved in it, and it is some time before she is able to repeat the séance. Paul, meanwhile, after the glimpse he has had, is in an agony of pleasure. His mind dwells upon the great problem, and the question occurs to him, Since the materialization of the spirit is dependent upon the vitality of the medium, what would be the result if, under the intense strain, the medium should actually die after the spirit had been materialized? Since the will of the medium called up the spirit and sent it back into the spirit world, what if the medium should have no power to remit the spirit?

The question is answered by the fact. The medium does break down under the strain; and while the others are horror-stricken about the couch of the woman, Paul sees, with a tremor, that the beau-

tiful Ida hovers distractedly about, bewildered and overpowered by the loss of some will, or rather by the faithful presence of a body. Miss Ludington and Paul take her with them to their home, and there she is shown her own portrait, but, more than that, discovers with delight the familiar scenes of her earthly life. She is at home, though still in a maze; but the two, profoundly stirred by this realization of their belief, indoctrinate her with it, and life begins for her anew in subtle joy.

Miss Ludington shows her old books and toys, and they dwell together upon the former life, details of which come readily to the mind of the girl. Paul, meanwhile, is in a state of torture. His love has matured through years of consecration, but what response is there from her? None at all, apparently. Why should there be? He is a stranger to her. The secret, however, is soon told, and the girl accepts the lover with a simple straightforwardness. But now certain practical difficulties arise. Who is this maiden? What name has she, — what right and title before the law? The questions propound themselves when Miss Ludington is moved to make some provision for her, in case of her own death; they occur very forcibly when the material interests of marriage are considered. The difficulty of relationship in the intercourse of the two women is set aside for the present by regarding the girl as Miss Ludington's sister; but the girl herself shrinks painfully from a determination of the several questions. Indeed, the approach of marriage causes her to manifest a most painful sadness, and her lover surprises her one day in uncontrollable grief. He seeks to comfort her, and is himself smitten with a profound sense of the impossibility of turning the relation which he has held to her into an earthly one. Who is he, that he should dare to wed this soul come back from heaven! He rises into a state of self-renunciation; he re-

veals the thought of his heart, and the girl's grief is checked. She is mute, and then, as if quieted by his resolve, leaves him.

She leaves him and Miss Ludington in good truth, for that night she disappears. Possibly, in our hurried *précis*, we have prepared the reader for the inevitable note on the dressing-table, which discloses the art by which these two dreamers have been beguiled. The girl come down from heaven was the daughter of Mrs. Slater. Dr. Hull was her father, Mrs. Legrand her aunt. Mrs. Slater, accidentally thrown in with Miss Ludington, devised the plot, and the four perfected it. Everything worked well up to the point we have reached in our narrative, but now the girl's better nature supplied the mine which exploded the whole scheme. She was by nature gifted with theatrical power, and she had been carefully trained in the piece by her mother, who provided her with the necessary facts in Miss Ludington's early life. Mrs. Legrand did not die; the girl had come down out of a trap-door. The whole thing was a trick played upon two credulous people. But when the girl entered their home and received their lavish love, and when, more than that, her own heart went out to Paul, deception was no longer possible. Her grief had arisen from this cause; her heart was breaking; but when Paul placed her, an arrant cheat, above his reach, her nature could no longer withstand the appeal of her conscience, and she fled.

The end is quickly told. Paul discovers that he loves the flesh and blood which his imagination has invested with a heavenly nature. Her repentance draws him still closer to her. Now he can have her, and he seeks her until he finds her. Miss Ludington and Paul wake from their dream to a more satisfactory reality.

We are perfectly ready to expose ourselves to the charge of fatuous credu-

lity when we admit that we kept along with the author up to the moment of the *dénoûment* in an unsuspecting frame of mind. Of course we did not believe in the actual materialization of the spirit, any more than we accepted the doctrine of momentary immortality, or, farther back, were misled into believing that any woman could have reproduced a ghostly village on Long Island, within driving distance of Brooklyn, and within calling distance of the reporters of the Brooklyn Union. What we mean is that, accepting the author as a romancer, we delivered ourselves up to him, and found every step a continuation of the last. The whole story as far as the revelation is consistent, and even carries one over the thin ice of a spiritualistic séance. Nay, more, the conception is in a high degree original, and is wrought with extraordinary skill. The author himself seems to believe in his imagination. The whole tone of the narrative is exquisite in its purity and gentle melancholy. Dr. Heidenhoff's Process had prepared us for good work, but we kept saying to ourselves, This is more than ingenious,—it is beautiful; it is more than fancy,—it is a piece of fine though extravagant imagination. The quaintness of the conceit disappeared before the pathos of the situation. The unreality of scene and persons was forgotten. The light which never was on sea or land was sufficient to give color and warmth and the breath of life to this still village and its inhabitants. Not a false note seems to have been struck. If Mr. Bellamy had carried out the romance in the same scheme, he would have produced an original and lasting piece of art.

He has not done this. He has chosen to throw away a great opportunity. He has begun a statue in marble, and left it upon legs of clay. There is no excuse for this wanton misuse of high power. Hawthorne never would have been guilty of such an outrage, and yet in the

earlier part of the story Mr. Bellamy comes nearer to Hawthorne than any writer whom we have. Indeed, the more we look at the matter, the more our indignation gives way to a pity and the sense of personal loss. We thought we were in the hands of a magician, and we find he was only a juggler. In these days when realism holds us in its chains, we look for an escape; we ask for some strong spiritual imagination, and when we think we are in the shadow of its wings we suddenly drop upon a very disillusionized earth. In truth, we can almost fancy Mr. Bellamy himself sharing our disappointment. Does he not look with some dismay upon the wreck of his imagination? Did he foresee the end from the beginning, or was he betrayed into a trap and obliged to get out by sleight of hand? Does he really think that the ethical change in *Ida Slater* compensates for the loss of a beautiful piece of art?

If any one wishes contrasts in his novel-reading, let him lay down *Miss Ludington's Sister* and take up *The Crime of Henry Vane*.¹ Here he will find himself untroubled by any glimpses of immortality, whether real or imaginary, but hemmed about by a most merciless world, the exit from which is by the narrow gate of suicide. Henry Vane, upon whom a jury of his friends sit in the first chapter of the book, is as complete a representative of the world with no nonsense about it as Paul De Riemer is not. He is introduced to the reader as "sitting on the *perron* of a small summer-house in Brittany, poking the pebbles in the driveway with his cane." He has just been refused by the young Englishwoman to whom he had offered himself in marriage. The author, having started his hero with a supposed misfortune, proceeds to rob him of his sister, who dies; of his trust in his fa-

ther, who has speculated and lost his property; then of his father, who dies; and of his mother, who goes insane. A dozen pages or so suffice for these incidents, and Mr. Vane is now stripped and ready for the fray. He is just twenty-one, and very completely his own master. With the coolness and iron will which belongs to heroes of that masterly age, he returns to America, devotes himself for three years to the necessary struggle with fortune, and emerges, still cool, but rich and with his hand on the lever which makes the engine go. Another dozen pages. He is now ready for the great battle of life, his antagonist being a young lady, introduced to the reader as Miss Baby Thomas. Why baby, the reader is never told. Nothing in the description of the young lady, who appears to be full grown in all the arts of feminine warfare, answers to the name. Perhaps there was a subtle suggestion in the pitting of a baby against the iron-bound hero. The author, however, does not intend the reader to remember the name; once only, afterward, does it occur, we think. Miss Thomas now leads the hero a dance through the rest of the book. The incidents are not varied. They belong to the conventional life of young men and women in New York. A walk up Fifth Avenue is taken, or it is not taken. A steamboat ride up the Hudson, with a picnic and a sudden shower; a handkerchief; a german; a few weeks at a semi-fashionable country resort, — these supply the scenery of the story. Mr. Vane goes suddenly to Europe. He puts an ocean between himself and Miss Thomas, partly to find out his own mind. He spends great ingenuity in trying to find out Miss Thomas's mind. He works assiduously at his own. He is never quite sure if she is flirting; he is not quite sure if he is himself in earnest. It is a ballet, in which the motions constantly suggest a collision and a narrow escape. Meanwhile, the author, without saying a word

¹ *The Crime of Henry Vane. A Study with a Moral.* By J. S. OF DALE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1834.

in his own person, appeals to the reader like a dumb chorus, beseeching him in pantomime to observe what a terrible encounter this is. The short, sharp sentences, the semi-oaths which escape the hedge of the teeth, the whole air of the book, announce a tragedy. The lady is beautiful, she is winning; she does not appear to the reader very wicked, but he feels all the while that if the chorus could only speak it would burst out in a torrent of words to show how unutterably cruel the girl is. The man, with his hesitations, with his cowardice, with his playing with love, is the victim of one of the deepest-laid plots ever devised by serpentine woman. So the chorus, in its dumb anguish, manages to hint. Finally, the girl marries another man, who has been seen by the reader scuttling round the corner several times. Then Henry Vane, the long tried, the much enduring, the Job who never cursed his Maker, because he did not believe he had one, but sat down in a nineteenth-century railroad office and conjured all his flocks and herds back again, — this iron-clad hero, with all the coolness of a man who has looked into the volcano of this world and seen that there was nothing in it, blows his brains out. The reader is expected to join the jury and give his verdict. The author apparently withholds his own judgment. What was Henry Vane's crime? he asks mysteriously; did he commit it? And if he committed it, was he justly punished by himself? The reader may fairly answer, The facts are not all in; you have not called some of the principal witnesses. Mr. Ten Eyck, for example, could have told an interesting story. Miss Thomas herself was not really on the stand, and if, as we dimly suspect, the author is undertaking to hold fickle woman responsible for all the misery in the world, we can only reply that the world is not made up of young men and women of about the age of twenty-four, and that the

jury which sits upon character is not made up of club-men.

The reader of Miss Jewett's *A Country Doctor*¹ is more inclined to compare it with her previous stories than with other people's novels. It is always interesting to see how a writer of short stories will handle a novel, and Miss Jewett has made for herself so good a place by her earlier books that one feels a personal interest in the success of her first long flight. We believe emphatically in the wisdom of such ventures. An artist may have a peculiar gift for miniature-painting, but he will paint miniatures all the better for occasionally trying his hand at a life-size picture. It may be said that *A Country Doctor* is in effect an extended short story; that is, more room is allowed for the expansion of character, more details are given in the separate scenes, a longer stretch of continuous time is covered, but the theme is as simple and the real action as brief as if the author had undertaken to present a study of life within the compass of an ordinary single-number story. Miss Jewett has an excellent subject in the life of a young girl who is predestined to the career of a country doctor. She has blended with her delineation of this life a delightful sketch of a typical country doctor, and she has introduced other characters, drawn chiefly from the class with which she has already shown herself familiar. She has not set herself a very complex problem. The resolution to study medicine is taken by a girl who has no great opposition to brave. Her guardian supports her in her resolve, her own nature witnesses to its inevitableness, and the world is not brought in to object until the resolve has made good headway into action. The task which Miss Jewett has thus had to accomplish has been the faithful portrayal of a character ripen-

¹ *A Country Doctor*. By SARAH ORNE JEWETT. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

ing under favorable conditions, and this task exactly fits her power. In saying this, we do not in the least disparage her work; on the contrary, we assert for her a high quality of literary skill. It is no mean thing to dispense with strong contrasts and to make much of delicate shades. This is what Miss Jewett has done. She has, in the first place, made an interesting book. Then she has made a wise book. One is struck by the serene good sense which characterizes the defense of the girl's position. She has made, finally, a graceful book. It is much to be in company with such genuine high breeding, such unfailing courtesy. There are touches, moreover, of something higher; quiet passages which glow with a still beauty. How charming, for example, is the little series of pictures illustrating Dr. Leslie's successive views of the child Nan! "He always liked to see her come into church on Sundays, her steps growing quicker and surer as her good grandmother's became more feeble. The doctor was a lonely man, in spite of his many friends, and he found himself watching for the little brown face that, half-way across the old meeting-house, would turn round to look for him more than once during the service. At first there was only the top of little Nan Prince's prim best bonnet or hood to be seen, unless it was when she stood up in prayer-time; but soon the bright eyes rose like stars above the horizon of the pew railing; and next there was the whole well-poised little head, and the tall child was possessed by a sense of propriety, and only ventured one or two discreet glances at her old friend."

The development of Nan's mind is well given. We question only if the author has put with sufficient incisiveness the reactionary period, when the girl seems to have forgotten her intention, and to be waiting for the spirit to move her again. This eddy in her life is true to nature, but we doubt a little

if its full meaning is clearly expressed; for the reader feels a little surprise when Nan begins all over again, as it were. The faint struggle in her nature when love is offered is cleverly given, though one is aware of a certain timidity in the author when presenting this phase. The lover is sketched good-naturedly, but not with very strong lines, and one feels that Nan's slight stirring of love did not receive a very strong reinforcement from the nature of the man who excited it. The whole passage, however, is in tone with the rest of the book.

A curious comparison might be instituted between this book and Björnson's *The Fisher Maiden*, where the heroine, of a much more tumultuous nature, is likewise possessed of a passion for a profession which the world in which she lives frowns upon. Björnson deals with the whole matter in a masculine manner, Miss Jewett in a feminine. Nothing very strange in this, to be sure; but while Björnson, in his vigorous fashion, forgets his story for a while in his desire to preach a doctrine, Miss Jewett maintains her art successfully in the animated scene of the tea-table discussion. We speak of her treatment as feminine, and the merit of it is that the womanliness of the work is of a thoroughly healthy sort. Heaven be praised for a handling of the theme which is absolutely free from hysterics, and regards men and women in a wholesome, honest fashion! The very seriousness with which the author regards her task is a sweet and fragrant seriousness, and one is unconsciously drawn into thinking and speaking of Nan Prince with that affectionate interest which leads Miss Jewett to lay her hand on the girl's shoulder, as it were, all through the narrative.

It seems that we never shall have done with contrasts. A Country Doctor takes one into the regions of a pure, honest maidenhood, and one is refreshed by contact with life which is strong,

unsullied, and bent on high enterprise. The world is wide, and Nan Prince is not the only type of girlhood. We must worry ourselves to the end over Phœbes like the one whose troubled career is drawn out by the author of that volcanic book which flamed away years ago, Rutledge.¹ Here also one is confronted at the outset with a problem of life, but of a different sort. He finds himself in company with a matron, well poised, of ordered life, a religious nature set in smooth circumstances, when she gets sudden tidings that her only boy, at his studies in another town, has become infatuated with a country girl, has won her heart, lost his own moral balance, and now stands condemned by conscience, but still in a position to escape punishment at the hands of the world in which he lives. We have looked over the shoulders of the mother who reads the letter bringing this news, and we are permitted to attend her midnight vigils and to hear her conversation with the girl's mother, who has made her way to the house of the man who has done this evil thing. The narrative of this interview is powerfully sketched. It is vivid, true to nature, and thoroughly dramatic. One is prepared by it for anything in the further treatment of the subject.

The question is, What shall be done? The mother and father put to each other this formidable riddle, and at last they decide to offer the boy an alternative choice: he may either marry Phœbe, bring her home in the spring, take the gardener's house to live in, and receive two thousand dollars a year from his father as clerk in his office; or he must cut off all his connections at once and take ship immediately for China, there to enter a mercantile house and remain indefinitely. The mother, whose sense of religious honor has made the former alternative the only possible one to her

mind, agrees not to write, or in any way attempt to influence the son.

Barry Crittenden elects to bring his wife home, but he is too proud to vouchsafe a word as to his own feelings, and so the ordeal is to begin. The daughters of the family know nothing more than that Barry has made a misalliance; the mother endures the shameful secret in silence. The problem which thus offers itself is the adjustment of these discordant family elements. This certainly is no mean theme, for it involves the presentation of the girl, of whom the only hint so far is that she is handsome, which was to be expected, and is a high-school graduate, and therefore, we are told, likely to be possessed of superficial culture; it involves also her endurance of all the tests which the situation naturally offers, and the trial of the young man's temper. All the signs in the early part of the book point to this as the subject of the story, and despite the disagreeable facts which lie at the basis of the novel the reader is not unwilling to accompany the author in her development of so interesting a plot. He is encouraged to believe that she takes it seriously, by some of the incidents which are introduced. By this we do not mean that the reader is eager for an ethical treatise, but that he recognizes the knottiness of the problem, and feels sure that an author capable of writing the early chapters will untie the knot, and not cut it. Here is an opportunity for character to be busily employed, and a *deus ex machina* is not essential. The excellent modeling of Mrs. Crittenden prepares the reader for an equally rounded figure in the case of each of the other personages, and the individuality of the several *dramatis personæ* gives a fine chance for a play of the personal forces.

The reader is encouraged, we say, by the appearance of incidents which give promise of a thorough development of the ethical forces. The little scene

¹ *Phœbe. A Novel.* By the Author of Rutledge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

where Phœbe goes to the Episcopal church for the first time is one of these scenes, and the reader, calmly laying aside his prejudices or partialities, is quite ready to listen to the influence which this sensation is to have upon the heroine and her character. To his surprise, he has gone down a blind alley; he is on a road that leads no whither. He is not a bit farther into the real story.

It is all very well to hear how the first meeting between the various persons comes off. The quickness of the heroine to take in the situation and rip up her countrified gown is to be expected, — any novelist, especially if a woman, would have carried us safely through this phase; but the trouble is that nearly all the movements in the story are quite as superficial and external. We say this in full recollection of the central point of the story, — that upon which the plot hinges. Here we have a number of carefully considered characters, each capable of real thought, real suffering, real passion; and when the test supplied by the author is presented, they all turn into automata. The most threadbare of incidents is used for the crisis. The heroine finds a note, in her husband's handwriting, which purports to be a passionate love-letter to his old flame. It is really a copy of a part in private theatricals, but blinded by jealousy she snatches her child up, packs her trunk, and flees. Instead of finding the story which the book seemed to promise, one is treated to a cheap piece of sensationalism; everybody is rendered miserable for the rest of the book, and when the wreck is cleared at the end very few valuables are saved. It is a disappointment indeed to the reader to find himself offered a stone, when his hostess really had a capital loaf in her hand all the time. One of the best touches in the book is where the hero laughs at the discovery of the heroine's mistake. The reader laughs, too, but

for all that he has not been invited to a comedy.

We scarcely need to do more than remind readers of *The Atlantic* that they can now enjoy *A Roman Singer*¹ over again in the proportions of a book; but after surveying recent fiction, — not only the books which we have here noted, but others which go to make up the great account, — we settle down to the conviction that for a good, honest story, vigorously told, Mr. Crawford's is the most satisfactory thing we have had in America this year. Here is the passionate, Romeo-like lover, the northern Juliet, the obdurate father, the hoary villain, the castle with the maiden immured in its tower, the rescue, the marriage, and the unreconciled father — all the stock, well-worn, and acceptable properties of the novel — transmuted into a story of to-day, and presented with the well-restrained garrulousness of a professor who has a story of his own, which he won't tell. What more could one ask? The charm of it is that while it might have been melodrama it is not; that the situations are not impossible, not highly wrought, yet are ingenious and follow in swift succession; that the romantic element, while fervid, is not blatant; and above all, that the love which is the theme of the book is honest and straightforward. We especially like the form in which Mr. Crawford has cast the story. By putting it into the mouth of Cornelio Grandi, he allows himself to suffuse the whole work with an Italian air. It is true, he now and then forgets himself, and changes from the slightly falsetto tones of Grandi to his natural voice, when he is very much in earnest; but these slips are not obtrusive, and one comes to have a very good acquaintance with the old fellow, and to see him on his way back to Serveti with hearty good will. The use of this form is maintained with tolerable consistency, but

¹ *A Roman Singer*. By F. MARION CRAWFORD. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

we have learned to accept carelessness in it, much as we accept good-naturedly the absurdities of opera. There are not many instances of thorough faithfulness in carrying out the conception of one man telling the story, who is not the principal character, and yet tells it in the first person. Mr. James achieved a greater feat in Roderick Hudson, where Rowland Mallet is the concealed storyteller; he crippled himself by not even taking advantage of the autobiographic form, while telling nothing which does not come immediately under Mallet's cognizance. Now Mr. Crawford recollects himself from time to time, and explains how Grandi comes into possession of scenes which take place between two other characters, and sometimes no explanation is necessary; but there is after all a good deal of action and conversation which suppose the narrator to be merely the all-potent author.

We are disposed to grumble a little at the device by which the fiction of the Wandering Jew *redivivus* in the person of Benoni is made to crumble at the end. We distrust insane people in novels.

They can do anything they want to, and their lawlessness is their destruction as component elements of a piece of art. Why could not Mr. Crawford have allowed Benoni to end as mysteriously as he began? At least a hint would have been better than so matter of fact an explanation. Hawthorne would have teased the reader, and allowed him to take sides upon the question whether Benoni was the Wandering Jew or not; and Hawthorne would have been right in conserving so capital a figure. For all that, Benoni is a very clever study. He is like one of those photographs over which one claps a hand and says, If you cover up the mouth, that is a capital portrait of So and So; of the Wandering Jew, let us say, in this case. One of the brightest scenes in the book is where Benoni nearly drives Nino wild by playing incessantly upon one string of his violin.

It may be said of this book — and it is a fine thing to say of any novel — that it really does carry one away, and when one comes back he is none the worse for the adventure.

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RARITY.

WHAT profit or entertainment there is in the perusal of a list of book titles, however learnedly selected and elegantly printed, may not be altogether plain to the uninitiated; but to the lover of books, not so much for their own sake as for their history, or scarcity, or some other purely bibliographical interest, — in other words, to that highly organized being who experiences the sensation that is known as “the feel of a library,” — this catalogue of the first books issued

¹ *Titles of the First Books from the Earliest Presses established in different Cities, Towns, and Monasteries in Europe, before the end of the Fifteenth Century, with Brief Notes upon their Print-*

from the first presses will probably afford a refined pleasure.¹ It is true that Mr. Hawkins has introduced these titles with a short preface in which he discusses once more the long-debated contest of Holland and Germany for the honor of the invention of printing; but as this is nothing more than a very learned rejoinder by a partisan on the side of Germany to Mr. Hessels' recent argument in defense of the claims of Holland, and in particular as it does not add anything *ers*. Illustrated with Reproductions of Early Types and First Engravings of the Printing Press. By RUSH C. HAWKINS. New York: J. W. Bouton. London: B. Quaritch. 1884.

to the stock of evidence, but only rearranges in a very lucid and convincing manner the old facts, we need not be detained by its musty antiquity. Probably the real moral character of that thievish runaway servant of Laurens Coster, whose flight from Holland with the secret of his master's invention was first remembered a century and a half after it took place, will never be known; and until there is some better reason than has yet been brought forward to identify him with Gutenberg, or in fact to believe that he existed, or even that his master experimented with matrixes at all, the world will continue to ascribe the most powerful element in modern civilization to the obscure Mentz printer, whose legal difficulties in the course of his invention were miraculously preserved in the rotting records of Strasburg.

Besides this discussion of the old question, the origin of the art, Mr. Hawkins gives nothing in this beautiful volume except the titles — two hundred and thirty-six in number — of the first books published in any European city or town before the year 1500, with some brief comments of a bibliographical nature and several admirable reproductions from pages of the original volumes interleaved in the text.

To the antiquarian the volume has a peculiar flavor; and since it affords a bird's-eye view, as it were, of the state of knowledge and of literature in Europe at the beginning of a new age, the scholar, also, who is interested in the successive phases of civilization will find much that is suggestive in these mere names. Naturally the first books printed in any community were either those of the highest repute among the learned, or of the greatest popularity. The Bible, of course, — the great Bib-

lia Sacra Latina of 1455, — in two large folio volumes, heads the list, and as one turns over the pages devoted to the German press he finds that theology practically monopolized attention. Italy, on the other hand, the heir of antiquity, began her printed literature characteristically with Cicero de Oratore (1465), which the little town of Subiaco, where the German printers had settled, sent forth; and in Rome and Venice, too, Cicero was the first author to receive the honor of print. Throughout the Italian list the classics occupy the same place as theology in the German. Bologna published Ovid, Parma Plutarch, Fivizzano and Modena Virgil, Savona Boëthius; and in the native tongue, to which the art was at once applied, Padua first gave its citizens Boccaccio, Jesi Dante, Polliano Petrarch. Similarly in the publications of every country one finds the national characteristic. One of the first French books was *Le Liure des Bonnes Meurs*, printed at Chablis, and in England Caxton's first book was *The Dictes and Sayinges of Philosophres*. Before the end of the century that saw the earliest leaflets of the Gutenberg press the invention had spread over Europe; the Germans carried it to their neighbors, and the Jews took it from them and disseminated it to the borders of Spain and Turkey. One cannot obtain an idea of the course of this movement more directly and simply than by the aid of this volume, by far the most complete of its kind; but it should be added that the utility of it in these ways as a chart of the times depends almost wholly on the knowledge that the reader brings with him. Generally speaking, it is merely a curious and well-annotated handbook for bibliographers, who will take further pleasure in the beauty of the volume.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

TOWARDS the close of one afternoon, when George Fuller was tired, having been at work on two portraits all day, I dropped in, and we had a long, rambling talk about Millet, Corot, Henner, the old masters, and art in general. Fuller was in a genial, talkative, twilight mood, and I am sorry that I can remember only a part of what he said. He was a good talker, because he was so much in earnest. "Portrait-painting," said he, "is a downright grind, and if it were not so interesting it would be quite too hard work. My eyes get tired looking, and my legs walking to and fro. If I can satisfy the sitter's family, I am happy. I was very shaky about the hands in Mr. —'s portrait, and worked like fury over them. If he knew I was painting on the hands, those hands would grow perfectly rigid; so I tried to fool him, sometimes, by saying, Now I am going to work on the hair, or the coat; and then he would forget about his hands, so I got a chance to observe them when they were natural. His wife pleased me by saying, when she saw the portrait, 'Those are his hands, sure enough, and nobody's else.' In that portrait of Miss — the dress bothered me more than a little. I repainted it I don't know how many times. It was always too prominent. I wanted to get away from it; I wanted to get something between it and me. At last, when the sitter was not here, I simplified it, and got it to suit me better."

I quote these remarks to show how carefully and devotedly he worked over every part of a portrait, till he was satisfied that it was as good as he could make it. In fact, more than a few persons were surprised by the portraits in the Fuller Memorial Exhibition: they had much "quality," and the best were

remarkable for a warm and rich harmony of color.

Had Fuller been educated thoroughly in his art, I believe he would have left a name far greater than any of modern times. He hated his materials, because they impeded his utterance. Suppose him to have had them under almost perfect control, like Velasquez, and there is no saying what he, with his exquisite ideals, might not have accomplished. Of course this is supposing a great deal. As it is, he accomplished surprising things through force of will and loving labor, though a most faulty workman. He never had what is called facility in the slightest degree. Men who have it, he once remarked, seldom have anything important to say. I believe he was thinking of modern men when he said this, for he knew too much not to admire the mechanical superiority of many old Dutch and Flemish works, for instance, the motives of which could make no appeal to his sympathies. He regarded tricks of technique with indifference, if not with contempt. One of his favorite practices was to scrape his pictures with the brush-handle. He wished by this means to permit the cool grays of the under-painting to show through and temper the warm flesh-tones; but he finally carried the practice to excess, applying it apparently without discrimination to flesh, draperies, background, etc. It became a mannerism, but he defended it by saying that it made no difference which end of the brush you painted with; a remark intended to cover the whole ground of the practice of the art, but which was liable to be misinterpreted. In point of fact, it makes no difference in the world which end of the brush you use, if you know what you want to do and how to do it. He never learned to draw well, and this defect

was conspicuous in some of his leading works, whereas in others it was either hidden or vanquished. His sense of color, always fine, grew more delicate and more refined, so that some of his latest pictures are the best in this regard. It was interesting to see how he wrestled with a picture, now gaining and now losing ground, but never giving up until he got what he wanted. He always knew just what that was. It was not likely to be appreciated at once by others, but it was almost always beautiful in a certain original way, — sometimes exceedingly beautiful; and its beauty was of a sort that grew upon you and held you. Power of expression was the gift that made Fuller great. With all his faults he knew how to express personal character, and could thus create ideal works, destined to live. As he was *integer vitæ, scelerisque purus*, and overflowed with the milk of human kindness, he was capable of feeling the moral beauty that dwells in maidens' minds, and his youthful Winifred Dysart stands for all that is amiable, sweet, and true in our sisters.

To name his pictures was always a vexatious affair for him. One day there were several of us in the studio looking at a painting which was almost finished. "What shall I call it?" he asked. Various absurd suggestions were made and rejected: Doubt, Waiting, Listening, Suspicion, and the like. The picture was afterwards named Priscilla Fauntleroy. The title of Winifred Dysart created an untold amount of mystification. It was a pure invention, but every one thought it must be a character in fiction, and there were not wanting persons who insisted that they had read about such a person "somewhere." I do not know exactly when Arethusa was named, but it was not long before she was put on exhibition; for many visitors to the studio had seen the unfinished work, during the two or three years it was in process of completion, and noth-

ing was said about a name. Fuller had many misgivings about this picture, and asked me if in my judgment it would create scandal to put "a nude" on public exhibition in Boston. I thought not. He remarked that a certain painting by Benjamin Constant, lately exhibited, was, "to all intents and purposes," a much grosser picture than his, though not a nude. This was true enough. Every one who knew Fuller was aware of his unusual scrupulousness; he believed in art as a didactic and ethical force as well as in "art for art's sake." Beauty was to be loved because it was beauty, but he appreciated the fact that moral truth constituted the highest and most enduring form of beauty. It was this instinct which inspired the Winifred Dysart, of which the unique value consists in its being a type. No artist has better expressed the purity and sweetness of maidenhood; and what clearer title to fame could any one desire? We have plenty of American artists who, in spite of superior educational advantages, great skill and facility, with all their industry and ambition, perhaps even endowed with exceptional taste, do not give the slightest promise of greatness. What was it that Fuller had and that they lack? Nothing but an artist's temperament. His hand was not as ready as the thought.

He never studied abroad, but spent about eight months in the year 1859 traveling in Europe and seeing the works of the old masters. He did not believe that American young men should seek instruction in Paris. He advised them to stay in this country. He considered that the time was almost ripe for the foundation of a national "school" of art, and that it was delayed by the denationalization of so many of our young men. "They never outgrow the foreign habit of thought in which they are unconsciously being trained all the while they are in France," he said. In his view, the manual train-

ing they received at the same time was not so perfect in its way as to atone for this calamity. Undoubtedly the artistic gods before which he himself first worshipped were the early Americans, — Allston, Stuart, and Copley. When he roomed with Thomas Ball, the sculptor, in Boston, in the early days, all the young artists looked upon Allston as the bright particular star in the American firmament. Afterwards, through all the palmy days of the Düsseldorf school and of the French school, Fuller brooded in the silence of his home over those gracious fancies of his which were later to find adequate expression on canvas, to bring him a measure of fame he hardly expected, but which was surely no more than his due.

— “All in your eye” is a common jocose remark which has more literal truth in it than is usually intended, the reference generally being to some whimsicality or prejudice in the mental vision of the person addressed. The physical eye often abuses the authority it enjoys over the other senses; it is a born hyperbolist, a kind of mercurial Gulliver, touching now at Lilliput, now at Brobdingnag, and returning with amusing, though sometimes fallacious, reports of what it has seen abroad. How can I trust implicitly my own eyes’ witness, when I take into account the prevarications practiced by the optic organs of other people? Let the testimony of different sets of eyes be admitted, it would almost seem that no sublunary object is possessed of absolute and constant size; or, to go higher, not even the moon itself appears of unvarying magnitude, since to one its disk is no larger than a dinner-plate, while to another it is exactly commensurate with a cart-wheel. As great diversity prevails even in the matter of estimating distance and making nice chromatic distinctions. It is all in the eye, or in the disciplining which the eye receives. Why does the natural, untrained sight so generally in-

cline to magnify the object on which it rests? Almost invariably the tyro enlarges the proportions of any design set him to copy.

The eye of a child and the eye of an aged person differ by something more than the degree of convexity in the visual lenses of each, by something more than the sharp sight of the one and the dim sight of the other. Something back of the eye plays the despot. From childhood the proportions of objects gradually but surely diminish to the beholder: the great houses of our early admiration dwindle, as by a reverse Arabian Nights charm; the once frowning hills at length abase themselves, and become mere gentle land-waves; besides, there are not now, as formerly, men of such notable stature as we once knew. Experience and conversance with new magnitudes and magnificent distances furnish us with other measuring criteria, sophisticate the simple eye, and lend it a prudence and moderation which it had not in the beginning. “It is all in your eye,” cautions age; “It is all in your spectacles,” thinks youth.

— Is there conceivable any greater contrast of manner and method between two literary workmen than that between Daudet and the late Anthony Trollope? There is something very droll in the picture I make for myself of the two men sitting face to face, and expounding to each other their literary theories and individual modes of working. Imagine the inward amazement of the painstaking Daudet if he could have listened to the easy-going Trollope, as the latter related the history of his literary successes and of the system of labor to which he attributed them. Fancy the smile of good-natured compassion with which Trollope would have looked into the interior of the Frenchman’s mental workshop and seen him at his task of polishing a perfect page. Each would appreciate the other’s intellectual industry, while marveling at that on

which it was expended, — in the one case the simple quantity of the product, in the other mainly the quality of the same. How could Trollope have comprehended even faintly the Frenchman's anxious concern for the artistic finish of the form into which his conceptions were to be thrown! Why should a man take the matter of writing a novel more or less with such intense seriousness, when if he would only set himself to work in a sensible, practical fashion, observing a few rules as to simplicity of expression and to hours of labor, nothing could be easier for him than to turn out a couple of novels a year that should please the great general public and put a comfortable number of pounds, or francs, into his pocket? Nothing more than a little systematic regulation of one's time and a common-sense, business-like way of managing one's affairs was needful — as Trollope could prove by his own example — to secure success in literature as in any other way of getting a living. One might not make a fortune: seventy thousand pounds was of course no more than a fair remuneration for as many years of work as he himself had put into the novel-writing business; yet it ought to satisfy any but a grasping man. Can we not see Daudet's puzzled shake of the head as he gives up the attempt to fathom Monsieur Trollope's philosophy? Seventy thousand pounds, or seventeen hundred thousand francs, roughly speaking, — the Englishman need not complain of fortune, certainly. And how many novels had he composed, did he say? Ah, 't was an enormous number! A wonderful man, that Trollope.

Between the method of a Daudet and a Trollope, which to choose? What is the outcome respectively of their labors? Repelled by the English novelist's lack of all grace of form, by the slovenliness and wearisome verbosity of his style and his uniform prosaic coloring, we may be tempted to deny him his due, to re-

fuse him the recognition of his fidelity to the truth of the average human nature which he paints. The reverse is apt to be the case with the reader of Daudet, or other of the skillful French writers of to-day. Their charm is the thing first felt; the delightful conviction that we have to do with an artist who takes himself and his creative work most seriously, and who will treat us to no slouched, rough-cast, half-complete work. Only after continued perusal of these accomplished writers does the sense of something wanting make itself felt. Admirable as they are, highly as we enjoy them, we note the absence of a certain impression of reality; there has not been enough of vital sympathy in the author with the humanity he would depict to create an illusion for the reader, who feels little or no warmth of personal interest in the characters, but is rather occupied mostly in pleased appreciation of the author's cleverness of construction and charm of narrative and descriptive style. The result of Trollope's intellectual activity is quite disproportionate to the effort itself. If the time spent on twenty novels had been given to the perfecting of four, the four would have been worth to us five times as much as the twenty. No wonder the man could write to order as he did, cutting off his manuscript in foot or yard lengths, according to the requirements of the publishers! Does the outcome of Daudet's minute and scrupulous labor justify the theory of literary art which guides him? If we want bread, a stone will not satisfy us, no matter how brilliant the crystal, nor how exquisitely cut. Yet we must acknowledge and allow the fact of every man's limitations, and perhaps comment and complaint are needless and useless. Great writers are few in any period, we know, and the glory they win is "the cry of gratitude" with which mankind receives the benefit bestowed. When our Thackeray and George Eliot, our Balzac and George Sand, pass, we must try to put

up contentedly with the gifts of the *dii minores*.

— There is a book by Fischer, a German scholar of high reputation, entitled *Prolusiones de Vitiis Lexicorum*, which may be freely translated as “Fun made out of the Faults of Dictionaries,” — a subject which would be very funny indeed, were there not so much that is sadly serious involved in it. The fact probably is that there is very little of fresh work done in the making of what is called a new dictionary. Were the whole field passed under careful review, it would be the task of more than one life. A recent dictionary-maker employed as a proof-reader a scholar of preëminent learning and accuracy, but soon dispensed with his services, saying — and undoubtedly with perfect truth — that with such work the dictionary could not make its appearance till the middle of the next century. A large proportion of the matter in a new dictionary must, almost of necessity, be merely copied from those that went before. I have sometimes traced a false reference through half a score of dictionaries, and in one instance I have been for years attempting to find a Latin word in the book in which it is said to have been first used, but in which it occurs nowhere in the neighborhood of the place assigned to it in all dictionaries. I am not a young man, but I cannot remember when the term *lymphatic* was not currently applied to a dull, heavy (water-logged?) temperament. The question of its meaning was raised the other day in a friend's house, and we looked in vain for the sense to which I have referred in three quite recent dictionaries, one of them being the Imperial, a work that makes very large pretensions. I have since examined several more, with the same result. In my edition of Worcester's quarto, the adjective *lymphatic* is defined, “1. Enthusiastic; raving; insane; mad. 2. (*Anatomical*.) Pertaining to lymph.” This is substantially the defi-

nition in all the dictionaries I have consulted (and they are not few), with the single exception of the quarto edition of Webster, 1882, in which (perhaps, too, in earlier editions) *lymphatic*, as an adjective, is defined, “1. Pertaining to, containing, or conveying lymph; hence, as applied to temperament, heavy, dull. 2. Madly enthusiastic; frantic. (*Obsolete*.)” This instance is but one of many in which the major part of our dictionaries have an antiquarian rather than a present value.

— I have tried to arrest in English the evanescent charm of Gautier's human landscape:—

ÉLÉGIE.

D'ELLE que reste-t-il aujourd'hui ? Ce qui reste,
Au réveil d'un beau rêve, illusion céleste ;
Ce qui reste l'hiver des parfums du printemps,
De l'émail velouté du gazon ; au beau temps,
Des frimas de l'hiver et des neiges fondues ;
Ce qui reste le soir des larmes répandues
Le matin par l'enfant, des chansons de l'oiseau,
Du murmure léger des ondes du ruisseau,
Des soupirs argentins de la cloche, et des ombres
Quand l'aube de la nuit perce les voiles sombres.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

ELEGY.

Of her what doth remain to-day ? So much
As of a dream survives the daylight's touch ;
As of the scented, velvet-swarded spring
The winter keeps ; as of the winter's sting —
Hoar-frost and snow — the laughing summer feels ;
As of a morning grief the eve reveals
In infant eyes ; as sound of stream gone by ;
As song of vanished bird ; as chimes, that die
A silver death ; as shadows put to flight
When day wings arrows to the breast of night.

— From the same treasure-house whence I lately drew information concerning certain old sayings I have been able to gather the description of several kinds of dishes, drinks, etc., in vogue among our English ancestors, which may be of interest to some persons. First, let us hear what was the *posset*, a name with which we are all doubtless familiar. There was nothing remarkable about it, for it was composed simply of hot milk curdled by some strong infusion. It was held in great favor, however, both as a luxury and as

a medicine. Our nearest approach to it is whey, or milk curdled with wine or acid. The posset made with sack was a treat usually prepared for bridegrooms. Macbeth alludes to this drink when, speaking of the king's guards, he says, "I have drugged their possets." An odd custom was that of putting the flowers called *sops*, but now called pinks, into wine at weddings, to give it a flavor. Cakes, wafers, etc., were generally blessed and put into the sweet wine which was presented to the bride; and probably because in shape or color these cakes were thought to resemble the flowers, the former were called "sops in wine." *Lamb's-wool* was the curious name for a favorite liquor of the common people, composed of ale and roasted apples, the pulp of the fruit being worked into a smooth mixture with the ale. *Hippocras* was a medicated drink of red wine with sugar and spices, also commonly given at weddings.

The *manchet* was a fine white roll, named, it is thought, either from the French *muchette* or *main*, because small enough to hold in the hand. Manchetts are used at Oxford and Cambridge to-day. One recipe for manchet, taken from the True Gentlewoman's Delight, by Lady Arundel, date 1676, orders the compounder to take to a bushel (!) of fine wheat-flour twenty eggs and three pounds of fresh butter, together with salt and barm and "new milk pretty hot." Another later recipe makes of manchet what we should call a pudding; the directions being to put into a buttered dish a pound of minced beef suet mixed with a quart of cream, eight yolks of eggs and the whites of four, seasoning with nutmeg, cinnamon, rose water, and two grated manchetts. *Marchpane* is a confection not unlike our macaroons, composed of sugar and almonds, according to an old housewife's book called Delightes for Ladies, 1608. This cake is of very old origin, and was an especial favorite in olden times.

Speaking of the manchet being still eaten at the English universities reminds me of an anecdote told me by a friend of an American gentleman who was once dining at Cambridge, in company with various university dignitaries; and after the long and stately meal was over, and the cloth removed, a waiting-man brought in a large roll of linen, about half a yard wide, placed it on the table, and unrolled a very little of it, after which a great silver bowl was set in the middle of the board. The bowl was empty, and the whole ceremony passed unheeded by the company. The stranger guest had the curiosity to inquire of his neighbor the meaning of the observance. He, however, confessed his ignorance, and the question went round the table till it came to a person of antiquarian tastes, who said that the custom dated back to the days when gentlefolk ate with their fingers and used no napkins; that then the bowl of water was passed to each guest that he might dip his fingers in it, drying them afterward upon the linen which was unrolled the length of the table as a common napkin. While still at table, or soon after the company left it, the American heard the sounding of a bell, and on asking for what purpose it rang he met with the same difficulty in getting an answer. Again the antiquarian came to the rescue with the information that it was the "Fen-Bell," rung at the same hour every evening, in accordance with the will of a person dead ages before, who once, belated on his homeward way, lost himself in the mist among the fens, and only found his road at last by help of a bell, which indicated to him the direction of the town; in gratitude for which circumstance he ordained that a bell should ring at fixed hours of the evening, for all time to come, to guide the wanderer upon the marsh. The last of the fens having been drained hundreds of years since, the survival is an amusing instance of

the English clinging to ancient usages. But the humor of the whole to the stranger present was the fashion in which the college dons took his inquiries. Apparently they had accepted those meaningless customs for an indefinite term of years, without a thought of challenging

them, as part of the scheme of things, — like the rising and the setting of the sun, — and woke up to the question of their origin and meaning with as much bewilderment as though it had been suddenly demanded of them why two and two make four.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Poetry and the Drama. Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. (New York) publish an edition of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's Poems in a style of binding which would have made the poet sigh for some law which should compel American publishers, when reprinting the works of an English author, to reprint the covers as well. Indeed, one takes leave to doubt if Mr. Rossetti's poems can possibly be read by his admirers unless they are printed without red rules in a book bound in smooth green cloth, with a significant stamp, and with lining papers especially designed by Mr. Rossetti or Mr. Morris. Of course this is all nonsense, but the followers of the school do require that there shall be fitness all the way through, and the more devout would not sit down to this poetry at all if dressed in a ready-made suit and compelled to live in a boarding-house. — The same publishers send Scott's Marmion and Lay of the Last Minstrel in the same dress. Let any one try to open the latter of the two books, and he will not succeed unless he breaks the back of the book. A volume of poems should certainly invite a reader, and not slam the door in his face. — The Poetical Works of Aubrey De Vere have been collected in three volumes (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London), and will be welcomed not only by Irish patriots, but by lovers of tuneful song, not led astray by the fashion of the hour. — Song and Story, Later Poems, by Edgar Fawcett. (Osgood.) — The Highlanders in Nova Zembla is an arctic poem, translated from the Dutch of Hendrik Tollens by Daniel Van Pelt, and supplied with a preface and a historical introduction by S. R. Van Campen. (Putnam's.) The prose introduction, at any rate, is readable. It passes one's imagination, however, to conceive of people really and truly supposing that a trade with the Orient could be secured by the northeast passage. If a vessel by once getting through could clear all the ice out of the way, the venture were worth trying, but one looks upon one's ancestors with amazement as one sees them deliberately offering prizes and expecting to reap golden rewards from the discovery of a northeast passage. It would seem almost as reasonable to look for great wheat-fields in Spitzbergen. — Scientific and Poetical Works of the Last of the Hereditary Bards and Skalds. (The

J. M. W. Jones Stationery and Printing Company, Chicago.) We don't understand the scientific works, which are condensed into twenty-four pages of pemmican, so we have made a dash at the poetry, and are struck at once with the beauty of the line, uttered by a soldier in a fragmentary play, —

"Lammh dearg aboo! Lammh dearg aboo!"

Not know what aboo means? Read the lines immediately preceding: —

"Tell him that ere the moon's red targe appears

The clans will pour like thunder to the field,

While their wild Aboo's, massed in tempestuous cheers,

Will knock at the capricious clouds,

And startle their echoes unto England."

— Estelle, an Idyl of Old Virginia, by Marcus B. Allmond (J. P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.), a not overstrained nor unmelodious story in verse, of a kind which sometimes tempts one to think that there is more chance for honest sentiment at the South than at the North. — Eos, a Prairie Dream, and Other Poems, by Nicholas Flood Davin. (Citizen Printing and Publishing Company, Ottawa.) The author of this little pamphlet is stirred by Canadian patriotism. Well, that is not a bad breeze for Pegasus to flap his wings on.

Travel. It is not quite clear under what head should be placed J. B. Thayer's little volume, A Western Journey with Mr. Emerson (Little, Brown & Co.), but inasmuch as the book came into existence because of a journey, we place it here. Mr. Thayer wrote home from time to time letters narrating his experience upon a journey to California with a party of which Mr. Emerson was the *sequoia*. Thirteen years ago such a journey was a novelty, and the impressions then produced were worth preserving, if for no other reason; but the death of Mr. Emerson has made such chance glimpses of him as the narrative affords to have a special value. If this little book had been, for example, a record of a journey in company with Franklin, and had just come to light, it would be hailed with enthusiasm. If it should lie in manuscript until 1930 and then were brought out, it would be regarded with equal favor. It suffers a little now from association with other reminiscences, but it will keep

better in print than it could in manuscript, and we advise all who own it to bind it carefully and leave it for an heirloom. If too many persons do not do this, the copies on hand, a half century hence, will figure at good prices on the auction lists. — *To Mexico by Palace Car*, by James W. Steele (Jansen, McClurg & Co.), is intended as a guide to her principal cities and capital, and generally as a tourist's introduction to her life and people. Mr. Steele's enthusiasm is manifest, but it is under control, and he has made a capital little handbook, not too desiccated, and at the same time free from mere fine writing.

Fiction. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, publish a translation of Daudet's *L'Évangéliste*, by Mary Neal Sherwood. It is not exactly a case of Saul among the prophets, but perhaps the picture here presented may lead some readers of English and American versions of the Romish faith in fiction to be a little cautious as to what they accept. — *The Mistress of Ibichstein* is a novel by Fr. Henkel, translated from the German by S. E. Boggs, which one may read with heightening alarm, but with an undercurrent of faith that the most inexplicable situations will be cleared before the close, and the two people made happy. — The sixth and closing volume of the series of *The Surgeon's Stories*, by Z. Topelius, is *Times of Alchemy*. (Jansen, McClurg & Co.) The detail of these stories differs from that of the realistic stories to which we are most accustomed chiefly by the infusion of a strong historical and imaginative element. The books form an interesting escape from much contemporary fiction, but one is plunged into new and confusing perils. — *Dissolving Views*, by Mrs. Andrew Lang (Harpers): an attractive novel, in which the movement of the story is helped by making the characters change their places a good many times. Mrs. Lang has caught the bright, half-jesting tone of the refined novel very cleverly, but has not dissipated her story in mere badinage. — *Himself Again*, by J. C. Goldsmith (Funk & Wagnalls): a preposterous story, in which the author uses ever so much machinery, which he does not wholly understand, for bringing about a psychological change in a man. — *A Fair Device*, by Charles Wolcott Balesier (John W. Lovell Company, New York), comes out just in time for the summer boarder. — *The Shadow of the War*, a story of the South in reconstruction times (Jansen, McClurg & Co.), appears to be written by a person better able to describe scenes in Southern life than to construct a piece of fiction. It is, in effect, an apology for the forcible recovery of political power by the native-born Southern whites, a passage in our history which is likely for a long while to come to offer a fruitful theme for discussion to historian and moralist. — *Miss Nancy* (David McKay, Philadelphia) is a society novel, in which simple virtue comes out triumphant. — *Mr. Laurence Oliphant's Piccadilly* has been published in book form by Harpers, who also reprint the *Miz Maze*, already recorded in these pages. — *Charles Reade's A Perilous Secret and A Hero and a Martyr* appear both in 16mo and in the Franklin Square Library. (Harpers.) In the Franklin Square Library also appear God-

frey Helstone, by Georgiana M. Craik, *My Ducats and my Daughter*, and *Lucia, Hugh, and Another*, a novel by Mrs. J. H. Needell. — *Eustis*, by Robert Apthorp Boit (Osgood), holds out hopes that writers will turn from the international to the intersectional novel, and gives us the contrasted forms of Northern and Southern life. — *Stage-Struck*, or *She Would be an Opera Singer*, by Blanche Roosevelt (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), is a coarse-flavored novel, which professes to illustrate the career of a Western girl who goes abroad to qualify herself for the stage. — *A Palace Prison*, or *the Past and Present* (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), is a story intended to expose the viciousness of the insane-asylum system. — *Wheels and Whims*. (Cupples, Upham & Co.) The wheels are those of tricycles; the whims those of four young ladies, who make an excursion on or in these centaur vehicles. One of the young ladies in the introductory chapter has blighted hopes; the blight is so entirely fictitious that the reader has not the slightest fear that the wheels will roll her into a state of perennial happiness with the fictitiously base young man of the first chapter. — *A Midsummer Madness*, by Ellen Olney Kirk (Osgood), has the author's cleverness which lacks — who shall say what it lacks? Just the something which would make her stories thoroughly enjoyable, instead of constantly suggesting echoes and second thoughts. — *The Fortunes of Rachel*, by Edward Everett Hale (Funk & Wagnalls), is an entertaining story; it is also an indirect plea for the new world which Mr. Hale's charity and hope have never ceased to construct for men and women. If he sands his granite to make it more life-like, who shall complain? — *An Average Man*, by Robert Grant (Osgood) suggests its measure too readily. — *There was Once a Man*, by R. H. Newell (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), includes the author's whole duty of man. — *At Daybreak*, by A. Stirling. (Osgood.) — *Mingo*, and other Sketches in Black and White, by Joel Chandler Harris (Osgood), contains four stories of Southern life. — *Tinkling Cymbals*, by Edgar Fawcett. (Osgood.) — *The Usurper*, an Episode in Japanese History, by Judith Gautier, has been translated by Miss Alger. (Roberts.) — *The Loyal Ronins* is an historical romance translated from the Japanese of Tamenaga Shunsui by Edward Greedy and Shin-ichiro Saito. (Putnams.) — The fourth volume of *Stories by American Authors* (Scribner's Sons) contains short tales by Miss Woolson, H. C. Bunner, N. P. Willis, Mrs. Foote, J. W. De Forest, and Noah Brooks. Mr. Bunner's *Love in Old Clothes* is altogether the best sketch in the present collection. — In *The Giant's Robe* (D. Appleton & Co.) Mr. Anstey has given us a delightful story. Though not so fantastic as *Vice Versâ*, *The Giant's Robe* is quite as original and diverting. — *Mr. Frank R. Stockton's very ingenious sketch, The Lady, or the Tiger?* furnishes the title to a collection of his clever short stories. (Scribner's Sons.) We do not mean to dispraise them when we say that none is so clever as the first.

Art and Archeology. *National Academy Notes*, edited by Charles M. Kurtz (Cassell), has passed to its fourth year. It contains a complete cata-

logue of the fifty-ninth spring exhibition of the National Academy of Design, New York; 122 illustrations, 115 of them reproduced from drawings by the artists; personal notices of the artists whose works are reproduced; a brief history of the National Academy; a plan of the building and diagrams of the galleries. The personal notices, fortunately, are condensed statements of the artistic career of the artists, entirely free from any comment; the reproductions are convenient memoranda; and the descriptions of the pictures are as a rule free from impertinence. — The Trustees of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, have issued their eighth annual report. It contains an interesting special report on the increase of the collections. — The fifth annual report of the Executive Committee and the third annual report of the Committee on the American School of Classical Studies at Athens have appeared in a single number. (John Wilson & Son, Cambridge, Mass.) The reports are incidentally interesting contributions to archaeological science. — The Amateur Photographer is the title of a little handbook by Ellerslie Wallace, Jr., M. D. (Porter & Coates), which serves as a manual for photographic manipulation, intended especially for beginners and amateurs, with suggestions as to the choice of apparatus and of processes. It appears to be in the interest of those who wish to make use of this art, and not of those who have goods to sell. — Cottages, or Hints on Economical Building, containing twenty-four plates of medium and low cost houses, contributed by different New York architects, together with descriptive letter-press, giving practical suggestions for cottage building, compiled and edited by A. W. Brunner, architect; to which is added a chapter on the water supply, drainage, sewerage, heating, and ventilation, and other sanitary questions relating to country houses, by William Paul Gerhard. (W. T. Comstock, New York.) The limits of a book of fifty pages permit, of course, only suggestions and hints, but the plates will give further information to those who know how to look at them. A narrow examination would make a good housekeeper think twice before yielding to the seductive exteriors.

Education and Text-Books. The queer conglomeration which is issued by the Bureau of Education, at Washington, under the title Circulars of Information, is represented by two recent issues: The Teaching, Practice, and Literature of Shorthand, by J. E. Rockwell, is one, a volume of curious information on the subject, containing for one thing a bibliography a hundred pages in length; the second gives statistics regarding illiteracy, and contains an appendix on national aid to education. — Mr. John Tetlow, master of the Girl's Latin School in Boston, has prepared a progressive series of inductive lessons in Latin, based on material drawn from classical sources, chiefly from Cæsar's Commentaries. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) The system seems better adapted to maturer minds than to those that take up elementary work, but in the hands of a good teacher such a book ought to offer opportunity for close and valuable work. — Dr. A. P. Peabody has translated Cicero de Senectute, and furnished it with

an introduction and notes. (Little, Brown & Co.) — A First Book in Geology, designed for beginners, by N. S. Shaler. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) The author's ingenuity of imagination serves an excellent purpose in vivifying the facts of geology to the young student. — A Method of English Composition, by T. Whiting Bancroft. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) The book is intended as an accompaniment to formal works on rhetoric. It will be valued most, we think, for its practical portion, in which themes are suggested and examples of analytic treatment given. — The Mother's and Kindergarten's Friend, by Harvey Carpenter. (Cupples, Upham & Co.) It is doubtful if the ordinary mother or kindergartner could fathom this work. — On History and the Study of History, by W. P. Atkinson, consists of three lectures given to his classes by the Professor of English and History in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It has some very sensible notions well put, but a true student of history would be the last to deary the study of the classics, although he may object to certain methods in that study. — The Meisterschaft system has been applied to the Spanish language by Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal, and is presented in fifteen parts. (Estes & Lauriat.)

Religion and Philosophy. The Apostles' Creed, tested by Experience, by Charles R. Baker (Whittaker): the work of a man who has caught at the larger interpretation of the standard, and is more eager to find an inclusive meaning in it than to make it a mere touchstone of ecclesiastical standing. — Travels in Faith from Tradition to Reason, by Robert C. Adams. (Putnams.) The opening chapter is a curious piece of autobiography, by which the reader is enabled to account for the author's reasoning in the rest of the book. — The Great Argument, or Jesus Christ in the Old Testament, by William H. Thompson. Dr. Thompson labors to establish the Messianic prophecies and their fulfillment. The value of the book lies largely in its incidental illustration of the physical conditions of Hebraic life. — Agnosticism of Hume and Huxley, with a notice of the Scottish School (Scribners), is the sixth number in Dr. McCosh's Philosophic series. — Buddhism in China, by the Rev. S. Beal, is a volume in the series of Non-Christian Religious Systems, published by the S. P. C. K. (Young, New York.) Mr. Beal is an erudite scholar, and his book is necessarily rather a digest of Buddhist writings than the result of direct personal familiarity with the system. — The Consolations of Science, or Contributions from Science to the Hope of Immortality, and Kindred Themes, by Jacob Straub. (The Colegrove Company, Chicago.) Mr. Straub writes temperately, but with firm conviction that science points to an endless life for the person, and of the existence of a future world commensurate with the needs of humanity. — "Catholic," an Essential and Exclusive Attribute of the True Church, by Right Reverend Monsignor Capel. (Sadlier, New York.) Mr. Capel rests his argument upon a basis which would make the Catholic Church dependent wholly upon human instrumentality. The Catholic Church, apparently, is such by the count of noses and by tactual transmission.

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IN WAR TIME.

XIX.

EDWARD had insisted upon taking what was properly Arthur's task, — the telling of the latter's engagement to Mrs. Morton. He was well aware that she would listen to her elder son when she would listen to no one else, but he had also other reasons for desiring to come between his mother and brother. Edward was now of age, his own estate was ample, and he knew that she would present arguments about money which his means gave him the ability to put aside; moreover, he had taken this duty on himself with some vague sense of its being, as it were, a penance for the wild desires which still at times shook his firmest resolves.

He found his mother busy in the library.

"I want a few moments of your time, mother," he said.

She turned to listen, with the gentle readiness of attention she had always for him. "What is it, my boy?"

"I have asked Arty to let me tell you of his engagement to Hester. It is a great pleasure to me, for you know I am very, very fond of her."

"Engaged to Arthur! Nonsense, Edward, they are mere children; and if they were not, it is a thing I should totally disapprove, — totally! I shall tell Arthur so. I can understand very

well why he was unwilling to speak to me about it. There was a time when I was consulted about the affairs of my own household."

"But, my dear mother," said Edward, a little amused, despite his sore heart, "these are not children, and you must have seen what was going on. As for Arthur, he has made a name for himself, and so far as I can see has the right every man has to marry whom he will. War ages people fast, mother."

"Marry!" she returned, — "marry, indeed! On what is he to marry? They have neither of them a cent."

"But I don't suppose he wants to marry her to-morrow. Fox wishes him to take a share in his iron works, so as to be himself more at liberty; and I mean, if you don't altogether disapprove, — and you won't, will you, mother? — to give Arty the capital he will require."

"Of course," said Mrs. Morton, petulantly, "it is all to be managed without the slightest reference to me. An unknown girl, half educated, coming from nobody knows where, and brought up by these common Yankee Wendells!"

Clearly Mrs. Morton was angry and unjust.

"They may be plain, but common or vulgar they are not; and really, you know, as to what you say about Hester, my dear mother, that is — well, not

quite true. The Grays are good old Carolina people. Now please don't talk so. It is n't like you. It is n't at *all* like you."

"Still, among them, Ned, they have trapped Arthur; and as to the girl" —

"Stop, mother!" he entreated; "don't say any more. No one has trapped him. You hurt me."

"Hurt you! What do you mean?"

"I had not meant to tell even you, dear mother, but now I must. I loved her myself, mother, — I most dearly loved her! But I am an old, battered, useless man, and no fair young life like that is to be mine."

"You loved her," she said, softly, "and he has taken her from you. Oh, my boy!"

"No, you are again unjust. Neither she nor he knows this, or ever will know it. No one but you knows it."

"My poor Ned! Ah, if only I could help you."

"But you can help me. No one can help me better than by bringing Hester as near to me as it is God's good will that she should be."

"There is nothing you can say, my son, that has not full weight with me; but about this matter I should have been consulted sooner. I must think about it. Oh, if it had been you, Ned, *you* would have told me."

"I don't know that, mother; and you must remember that it is my fault he did not tell you."

"And you loved this girl, my son, and you gave her away."

"No, she went away," said Ned, smiling.

"Who is that on the porch, Ned?"

"It is Miss Ann."

"I don't want to see her. I do not want to see any one. I shall never get over this, Edward, — never."

"She may have come about this very thing. It would be quite like her straightforward ways. I am sure she will feel, mother, that she is in the place of a

mother to Hester, and, knowing how much her brother owes to you, will think as I do, — that we can do nothing without you."

"It would be a very correct and proper feeling for her to have, but I am surprised that any one either thinks or feels correctly nowadays."

"But you will see her?"

"Yes, as you wish it. The servants know that I am at home."

"And shall I go?"

"No. Why should you?"

Miss Ann entered, looking rosy and plump, with her usual expression of undisturbed calm. Duties were not always pleasant to Ann, but they were to be done, and done effectively, like any household tasks. In ordinary social intercourse Mrs. Morton was a trifle dreaded by Ann Wendell, who felt that her own ways were not as the ways of these people; but in matters of graver nature no human being would have awed or stayed the spinster for a moment.

There was a hearty welcome from Edward Morton, and a kind but not over-hearty greeting from his mother, who, as Ned said afterwards, had on a black silk dress and her sternest expression, and who, with the light of battle in her eyes, looked at the rosy, plump little woman as if she were an emissary from the camp of a foe.

Ann Wendell talked very little at any time, and was unskilled in the civilized art of saying non-committal nothings. The winds and the storms interested her, and she spoke of them, but with an uncommon earnestness; and this was because she had been born on Cape Cod, and they had been the rough playmates of her calm and ordered childhood. But her talk about weather was almost the only minor chat she knew how to use. She was disturbed as she came in by the presence of Edward Morton, and thinking he might leave before long was relieved when Mrs. Morton, who felt the need of a little neutral conversation,

began with the usual commonplace introductory.

"Did you walk over, Miss Wendell? What a famous walker you are! In these delicious May days it is a pleasure to breathe. But you ought to wear a veil; the wind burns one so badly."

"Yes, I walked. It is n't very far. I have never been brought up to wear veils;" and then she added with consecutive exactness of reply, "You mentioned the weather; I don't feel quite sure about it. It looks like a northeaster brewing, and you know that makes one anxious. It's so bad for the fishermen."

Mrs. Morton did not know, but she felt faintly amused, which was well just at this time.

"Indeed, I hardly ever notice the weather much. I am luckily one of those happy people who have no interest in the weather-cock."

"I wish I had not," said her son. "I think old Nick invented the east wind."

"The winds are all of God's sending, Edward," returned Ann, gently shaking her head, and with some mild censure in her tones, while Mrs. Morton looked up abruptly, with displeased surprise that this woman should address her eldest son in this familiar fashion. She had heard her do so before, but just now was doubly ready to make disagreeable comments.

"And so are many unpleasant things, Miss Ann," said Edward, smiling. "But you see, if the winds were predestined, I was predestined to abuse them, and so it's all a part of the foreordained arrangements of the universe." He liked to puzzle Ann Wendell.

"Yes, I dare say," returned Ann, seriously, getting her mind in order for a skirmish on free will, and the like.

"My dear Ned," said Mrs. Morton, smiling, "you are a great preacher lost. Won't you take off your cloak, Miss Wendell?"

"No, thank you," she replied. "I

have but a few minutes. I came over to talk to you about a thing which has been on my mind; a matter" —

"And shall I leave you with mother?"

"Is it about Miss Hester Gray?" asked Mrs. Morton, who was getting impatient.

"Yes, it is about her; but I was thinking that perhaps your son" —

"If it is about Hester I should prefer that Mr. Morton stayed. We were discussing that very disagreeable affair when you came in, and as Edward represents his father, just now, it is my wish that he remain. Will you have the kindness to go on, Miss Wendell?"

Ann did not like it, but the formal directness of this speech in no way troubled her; and she felt that after all it was a family matter, and that Mrs. Morton had a right to choose who should be present.

"It must be as you like. You know — I suppose you know — that Arthur has asked Hester to marry him, and that she has said she would."

"Yes, I have heard as much," returned Mrs. Morton, stiffly.

"I am sorry, very sorry, about it. I did not think it would have come about so soon, or I should have felt it my duty to speak of it before. I am to blame, because I know, and I think you must know, that it is a thing which can never be."

"Never be!" broke in Edward. "Why, what reason on earth, Miss Ann, can you have to say that?"

"Be so good as to keep quiet, Edward!" exclaimed his mother. "I am glad to hear a little common sense from some one. Pray go on, Miss Wendell. I quite agree with you."

A little puzzled, Ann hesitated for a moment, but only for a moment. "I was afraid," she continued, "that I was wrong. It is very difficult to be always right, but I could not see how any one who knew what we know could just look on and say nothing."

"Knew what we know?" repeated Mrs. Morton. "I don't quite clearly understand you."

"Nor I," added Edward.

"And yet you do know that when Captain Gray was dying he said over and over that it was your husband who killed him; and can a dying man lie? The law says he cannot."

"And have you really kept that nonsense in your head all this time?" exclaimed Mrs. Morton.

"I have had it on my mind," replied Ann. "But it is not nonsense. The law says" —

"But the law deals thus only with the sane!" exclaimed Mrs. Morton, bewildered an instant by the firm hold which this incident had obtained on Ann's faith.

"What does this all mean, mother?" said Edward. "I have listened simply with astonishment, but our good friend Miss Ann is not a rash or hasty talker. Please explain it to me. What does it mean?"

"It is easily explained, Edward. Hester's father died delirious at the hospital, and unhappily occupied the bed next to your father. Something your father said put it in Captain Gray's mind that the shot which finally cost him his life was fired by your father. This idea incessantly haunted his brain, and at last was so annoying that we were obliged to move your father before it was quite prudent. I have heard that poor Gray raved about this delusion until he died."

"But" — said Ann.

"One moment, excuse me," continued Mrs. Morton. "This is the simple statement of what happened. Mr. Morton said it was impossible and absurd; Dr. Lagrange and Dr. Wendell said the same; and now comes Miss Wendell to ask us to consider this story from a tragic point of view!"

It certainly did seem to Edward as nearly ludicrous as so grave a matter could be.

"Does n't it seem strange, Miss Ann, that you, of all these various people, should be the only one to continue to think seriously of this matter? Cannot you see in what an exceptional position it places you? Can you be right, and all these others who know more of it than you altogether wrong? Surely you cannot have reflected upon the matter."

"But he said it, — he said it," urged Ann, firmly. For years she had brooded over this, and now it had become for her a fact not to be questioned. To pass it over in silence appeared an inconceivable mode of dealing with what was for her an awful reality.

"Said it! Of course he said it," answered Mrs. Morton; "I heard him say it. But what then? Dying men say many silly things, and Dr. Lagrange told me that this was perfectly nonsensical. In fact, how could the man know who hurt him, in such a scene as that?"

"But Colonel Morton told him it was so," replied Ann.

"Told him! Nonsense. That, at least, is distinctly untrue."

"Your husband will not say so, I am sure," insisted Ann.

"And I am as sure he will," said Edward. "I never heard the story before, but of all the absurd things I ever did hear this seems to me the most so."

"Indeed, I agree with you," said Mrs. Morton.

"And how could you, Miss Ann, of all people," urged Edward, "entertain for a moment such an idea? Cannot you see what an impossible thing it is, and what mischief it may make?"

"We must do our duty, and leave the issues to God. It is true, — I am sure it is true. I think I am sure," she added, recalling what Dr. Lagrange was reported to have said. "Even if you do not credit it, Hester must be enabled to use her own judgment upon it. I shall tell her."

"No, by heavens, no!" cried Edward, angrily.

"But I must."

"You cannot dream of such a course," exclaimed Mrs. Morton. "Remember that my husband, Arthur, all of us, are concerned! It seems to me, Miss Wendell, a strange return for what we have tried to do for your brother."

"Mother, mother!" said Edward.

Ann began to see that there were several sides to this question, clear as it had seemed to her, plain as she had thought that it must be to every one.

"I am not ungrateful. We owe you much," and her eyes filled. "I have not wanted to be unjust, and least of all to you and yours."

"Oh, my mother did not mean that," declared Edward.

"No," assented Mrs. Morton, "I did not; but when such absolute nonsense is talked, how can we stop to choose our words!"

Ann was hurt and troubled. "And what can I do?" she asked, much moved. "I see before me a duty. To you it is absurd. And yet it remains. I ask you, as a Christian woman, what can I do?"

"Do? Do nothing," returned Mrs. Morton.

"Wait, at least, till I hear from my father," urged Edward, sensibly, little knowing the train of events his purpose was to start.

"You will believe him, I presume?" said Mrs. Morton.

"If he can say that it was not so, and can show us that it was not, I shall believe."

Edward was somewhat amused at her doubts, but also much relieved. "That will answer perfectly. And you and I will talk it all over. I am sure I can satisfy you, — quite sure. And you will not speak of this to Hester until we have heard from my father."

"No, I will not; not now, at least."

"Then it is settled?"

"Yes, for the present;" and she rose and went away, not quite as well satisfied with herself as she had been.

"Yet I was right," she thought; "if it were only an accident of war, I should still be right!"

"Well, my son," said Mrs. Morton, rather illogically, "you see what comes of association with such people as these, and how it ends?"

Edward smiled. "Hardly. But, mother, did you ever dream or hear of such inconceivable nonsense? Poor Miss Ann has lived so out of the world that she is really to be excused; but the mischief of it all, mother, — the mischief! Why, the mere whisper of such a thing would craze a girl like Hester; and then — poor Arty!"

"I said it could n't possibly come to any good, and now you see."

"But it must come to good, mother, and it will. And now you are going to try to see it as I do, and think what it will be for me to have a sister like Hester."

"I shall do, as I have always done, the best for my children; but I am sure your father won't like it."

"Wait till he hears what I say," he returned. "I shall write at once. I cannot get this thing out of my head. It seems to me so full of danger."

"It is certainly very disagreeable. You may say to Arthur, Ned, that I will think it over. I cannot see my way to any conclusion as yet; and meanwhile I would rather not talk to him about it."

"But won't he feel hurt?"

"That he should have thought about before," she said, and went upstairs, resolving that she would talk it all over with Alice Westerley, who had heard this strange tale, and who, as her friend remembered, had simply smiled at it as a matter of odd interest.

Edward wrote at once to his father, inclosing a note from Arthur, and with less patience than was usual with him awaited a reply.

XX.

Mrs. Grace by degrees recovered from the shock of her tilt with Mrs. Westerley. Hers was a moral constitution not prone to suffer long from wounds, and she soon began again to take a complacent interest in the affairs of her neighbors. She had not quite liked a letter she had received from Colonel Fox, and had also had some difficulty in explaining to Mr. Grace what she had done to justify her cousin's refusal to act longer as her trustee. At present she was a good deal taken up with her daughter, who was malarious from much furtive ingestion of bon-bons; but the mother still found leisure to do a little dull talk when occasion offered. It had seemed to her that it was wise to ignore Alice Westerley's rebuffs, and she therefore lost no occasion to speak to her, — a course alike unpleasing and amazing to her sensitive victim.

There had been a meeting at Miss Clemson's house, and the rooms had been filled with women interested in the care of the orphans made by the war. As usual Mrs. Morton kept things straight, and so checked diffusive talk that the work was soon over and assigned to committees. Then most of the women went away, and the few who were left fell to chatting.

Miss Clemson looked taller than ever in her small rooms, and also more gaunt, having adopted a new and wholesome but implacable kind of dress, which seemed to have disposed, once for all, of the kindly curves of the human frame.

"Where did you get the pattern of that table cover?" asked Mrs. Grace.

"Is n't it quaint?" said Miss Clemson. "Miss Wendell made it; or rather, to be precise, Miss Gray made it after a design which Miss Wendell gave her; but I added the fringe myself."

"It is very nice," assented Mrs. Grace. "I suppose we shall soon have news of

Hester Gray and Arthur Morton. But how his mother will hate it! Not a cent, my dear. And in her old age, too!"

"Really," returned Miss Clemson, "the interest which marriage appears to possess for some people, Mrs. Grace, is curious to me."

"But why curious?" asked Mrs. Bullock. "I can understand your own indifference to it, my dear. It's a bad habit you acquired young;" which was true, since in her blonde youth Miss Clemson had been fatal; but then and always had vaguely resented the admiration of men.

"Why?" she returned. "If you would read Quetelet or Buckle, you would see that marriage is purely a matter of statistics. Given so many men and women, there will be just so many marriages. The unit in such matters is of mere fractional value."

"I don't think I quite approve of your views," exclaimed Mrs. Grace.

"I dare say," said Miss Clemson, indifferently; and then Mrs. Bullock laughed.

At that moment Alice Westerley, who overheard them, and who was in high good humor, joined the group.

"Don't any of you trust Jane Clemson on the subject of marriage," she said. "After filling her wigwam with countless scalps, she sits down and says that nobody else ought to go on the war-path."

"I don't think," rejoined Miss Clemson, who took all discussion gravely, — "I don't think that marriage should be the single goal of a woman's existence. Let us educate women as well as men are educated, and then they will have so many higher aims in life that they will not condescend to dress and talk and dance merely to please men."

"I should think that just a little ignorance might be conducive to bliss in those days," said Alice. "I should like to start a rival college, with professorships of the art of pleasing. What not

to know should be one branch of study. Your wise girl graduates would be nowhere."

"Men will never truly respect us," returned Miss Clemson, "until we compete with them in their universities and in their professions."

"I shall advise Arty to apply for admission at Vassar."

"I don't think he could pass."

"Perhaps not. It would depend somewhat on the age of the examiners. But I must speak to Helen Morton before I go," and she turned away, laughing.

"It is impossible for Alice to discuss anything seriously," said Miss Clemson. "It is really a sad defect in so fine a nature."

"I quite agree with you," murmured Mrs. Grace, to whom the remark was not addressed.

Miss Clemson rather resented her assenting opinion; but said nothing further.

Then Mrs. Bullock spoke with decisiveness about the warmth of the weather.

"Yes. It seems nearly impossible to regulate the temperature of one's rooms. I looked at my thermometers before you came, but they don't quite agree. One does expect thermometers to agree, even if people do not. Please to open that window behind you, Mrs. Bullock."

"Dr. Withers," remarked Mrs. Grace, "says that I keep my house too cool; but Sarah — she is never hot enough."

"Dr. Withers!" exclaimed Mrs. Bullock. "I thought Dr. Wendell attended you."

"Not now. I could not get him to come into my views. He says Sarah has no liver."

"Rather odd, that, I must say," commented Miss Clemson.

"Yes, was n't it? — when I know she is just all liver and malaria, and that's what's the matter with her. But then he never was of much account about

livers, and they do say his practice is going to pieces. Mrs. Starr has left him, and Mrs. Evans is going to give him up."

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Bullock, who had also her views as concerned doctors, — "I am afraid he does n't consider constitutions enough. There is everything in knowing people's constitutions."

"I hope you are both wrong," responded Miss Clemson, who liked Wendell. "I never change my doctor."

"Oh, don't you?" said Mrs. Grace.

"Because I never have one!" cried Miss Clemson, laughing.

During this talk Mrs. Westerley, who was pretending to sympathize with a sad tale of departing cooks, and like grievances, was keenly listening to the chat beside her. She knew that Wendell was not keeping his patients, and a sense of indignant annoyance arose in her mind that this wretched woman should dare to sit in judgment on a man like Wendell. She felt more and more that she, at least, must stand by him. Then a new phase of the talk caught her ear.

"I don't think," continued Miss Clemson, who never allowed abuse of the absent, "that people here appreciate Dr. Wendell's abilities. He ought to be in a great city. I think myself that it is very difficult to judge of a physician. We have n't the opportunities or even the knowledge."

"I dare say," replied Mrs. Bullock, who was facile in abandoning her opinions. "And I must say this for Dr. Wendell: he went last week to see my farmer's wife, and she and three of her children had small-pox; and I can tell you if I were a doctor I certainly would not attend cases of small-pox! I did hear that Dr. Withers would n't go."

"Oh, I suppose it is n't his specialty," explained Mrs. Grace; "and after all, it is their business."

"Still, I think it is a brave thing,"

said Miss Clemson, "to face diseases as they do. I call a man brave who just coolly goes as an every-day affair, and takes these risks. It is the only pursuit in quiet times in which the peril is incessant and the call for quiet courage constant."

"Well, I am glad my doctor does n't go to such cases," said Mrs. Grace. "But I must speak to Mrs. Morton."

Alice listened eagerly. It soothed her immeasurably to feel that here was some one who could call Wendell brave. She would have liked to kiss the tall spinster, who had thus ignorantly poured balm on her wounds, but contented herself with saying, as she turned to leave, —

"My dear, how well you look! And what is your secret for keeping a complexion like a baby's? It must be the way you're dressed; but then you women who never think about such things have always the nicest dresses;" for which little fib let us hope the fair widow may be forgiven, and her flat-tery set down to an honest desire to pay her debts with usury thereto.

Altogether the morning had been a good one for her lover, and with a new tenderness and a pride that set her wondering if Fox himself would have stood this other test of courage, she went out into the May sunshine feeling in pleasant accord with the weather.

Then Mrs. Morton overtook her, and said that she would walk to her house, as she had something to say to her; and so, leaving the other women, they turned into Mrs. Westerley's gate. In the drawing-room they found Hester and Mr. Wilmington, who was apt to make some excuse to see Mrs. Westerley as often as he could. He had not misused his leisure, and in fact preferred, as he said, one woman at a time.

"So, Miss Hester," he had remarked, "Master Arthur has been saying pretty things to you, I hear?"

"Indeed, you must be misinformed,"

replied the young lady, beginning to grow quite unreasonably warm.

"Oh, but he has told me all about it," said Wilmington.

"Then you had best not believe a word he says," she returned, smiling. "I never do."

"Watch him well, my dear; watch him well. The godfather who could renounce for any of that Morton breed the devil and the — What's the rest of it?"

"How should I know?" answered Hester. "I never was a godfather."

"Nor I. But there is something they renounce. I would n't do it for Edward, and I would n't for Arthur. Oh, you are a rash young woman!"

"But I am not to be a godfather; and with your counsel," she returned archly, "and your experience of those things he ought to have had renounced for him, don't you think we may get along?"

"Oh, it's 'we' now! Be very good, and tell me what you want for a wedding present."

"A house, and a carriage and four," she cried, laughing.

"Gracious, I shall be a ruined man! But here come Mrs. Westerley and Mrs. Morton."

"Oh!" exclaimed Hester, who had not seen the latter lady for some time, and who dreaded the encounter. Mrs. Westerley kissed her, and Mrs. Morton asked how she was, and was coldly civil, as such a woman well knows how to be; while poor Hester, who fully understood that she was by no means to be welcomed into the Morton family, felt as if no corner could be undesirably small as a refuge.

Wilmington was aware that there was an unpleasant check in Hester's love affair, and he also liked to annoy Mrs. Morton at times; so partly from disapproval of her present course, and partly from habit, he lapsed into the repetitions which were apt to overtake him

when with more than one person, or when it pleased him not to help the talk.

"I don't think Edward is very well," said Mrs. Morton, speaking past Hester.

"No, he is n't well," muttered Wilmington. "Looks sick."

"And I have lost two cows in a week."

"Two cows in a week!"

"Don't you think that is atrociously bad luck, Mr. Wilmington?"

"Yes, that's bad luck."

Then Mrs. Morton felt forced to fall back on Hester, as Mrs. Westerley, standing apart, had just said, "Pardon me, Helen, I must open these notes." She began to talk to Hester about her studies, and was presently struck with the girl's gentle self-possession.

"And was Edward a good teacher?" she inquired, watching her critically.

"Surely," thought Hester, quite conscious of being under inspection, "a mother-in-law that is to be is terrible;" and then, remembering whose mother she was, her pride melted. "But what woman would want to let a girl like me marry such a son as Arty?" And thinking thus, she replied, "Oh, Mrs. Morton, Mr. Edward was the best of teachers; and who is there like him? I think him the best of men."

Wilmington opened his eyes at her, murmured, "Indeed!" and relapsed into what might have seemed slumber to those who did not know his ways.

"Yes, and life has been hard for him, poor fellow!"

"But perhaps that is why he makes it gentler for every one else. I think in the old Round Table days there might have been people like him, but not now."

Hester had lost her terror in the pleasant task of praising her hero, Edward.

"You are a wise little woman." It was enough to talk about Edward to

satisfy Mrs. Morton, and the girl had been artlessly clever in her speech.

Then Mr. Wilmington woke up. "He is n't worth much compared to Arthur," he said; "rather a sentimental young man."

Mrs. Morton laughed. "Oh," she said, gayly, "that hook was not too well baited! Come and dine with us to-morrow."

"On one condition," he returned, looking, as Mrs. Westerley afterwards declared, as wicked as the scapegoat: "and that is that I may have Miss Hester."

Mrs. Morton was equal to the occasion. "Certainly," she assented, in her most quiet tone, "we shall expect you, Miss Gray."

"But Hester dines with me," rejoined Mrs. Westerley, promptly.

"Then you will both come," continued Mrs. Morton, with frosty politeness. "At seven, dear."

"You are very good, Mrs. Morton," Hester replied, "but I think I promised to dine here with Mr. Edward and Mr. Arthur Morton."

"What, all the family! You will have to endure me quite alone, Mr. Wilmington;" and then Mrs. Morton felt that somehow the battle was not for her to-day, but she had, nevertheless, a distinct sense of approval of the calmness of her young adversary under fire.

In a little while Mr. Wilmington went away with Hester, and made himself pleasant, as he knew full well how to do, and the two elder women were left alone.

"I wonder, Alice, that you allow that woman Mrs. Grace to speak to you. Edward calls her the 'news fiend.' Is n't that delightfully descriptive?"

"My dear, I never cut people now. It is an endless annoyance. You have to be so on your guard not to speak to them. I don't know how it may be with you, but time does betray one so. I want to scalp some woman to-day, and

in a year I only care just to pinch her a little, and in another year I am indifferent about her altogether. I think I like that big angel Ned's views. He told me that he quarreled outright with a man once in Texas, and that it was like having measles: it prevented him from ever quarreling with anybody else."

"Oh, there is no one like that boy. But he can be angry, I assure you."

"Of course he can. A man is worth little who cannot."

"I have always lived with men who were capable enough in that line. And do you know, dear, that is one of the things I never did like about Dr. Wendell. He seems to be quite unable to get into a good honest rage at anything."

"Perhaps he controls himself."

"No, the man is too gentle. He has, I think, a—well, a sleek disposition."

"Oh, what an unpleasant phrase, Helen!" cried her friend, coloring slightly. "I think you are unfair, and this matter of Arty's has made you irritable, too."

"Take care," said Mrs. Morton, playfully shaking her finger at her friend,—"take care! It is n't only Mrs. Grace who talks about you. I have always wanted you to marry,—and it is very good of me, too, dear,—but not Dr. Wendell, Alice. At least marry a gentleman."

"I think he is one," retorted Alice, angry, and governing herself with difficulty.

"A kind of one; not just precisely our kind."

"And pray, Helen, what are our kind like?"

"You know, Alice, quite as well as I do."

"I don't think I do, or if I do I am tired of our kind. When I mean to marry Dr. Wendell or any one, I will let you know."

Then Mrs. Morton understood that she had said enough, and made up her

mind that her friend would marry Wendell.

"Well, I am glad that you are not committed in any way."

"Of that you may rest assured," said Alice. This was hardly true, but she believed that she had a fair right to so construe her present relations. More and more had she felt to-day that she was keeping him and herself in a false position. She was sore, too, from the whips of these idle tongues. Now she would end it all, and do the thing and abide by it, and so put herself where no one could dare to talk thus to her of the man she loved.

"But, Helen," she added, "what was it you wanted to say to me? Of course it was n't about this. I think we may drop Dr. Wendell."

"No, it was quite another matter;" and then she told Alice the story of Miss Ann's visit. "And now what do you think of it? What with these Wendells, and this absurd love affair of Arthur's, and this serio-comic performance of that Yankee old maid, I am what my old nurse used to describe as 'about done out.'"

Alice winced a little, but, keeping her repeated hurts to herself, she answered, "I don't wonder. But is it so bad, after all? Let us look at it calmly. I warned you about Hester, and you did nothing."

"I know," said Mrs. Morton, gravely.

"And of course you will have to yield."

"I suppose so," groaned Mrs. Morton, who was what Mrs. Bullock called "low in her mind."

"And except as to money, what can you say? The girl is pretty, well-mannered, intelligent, sweet-tempered. What more on earth can you want?"

Mrs. Morton was too shrewd to talk to Alice as she had done to Edward. "Every one is against me," she said so plaintively that Alice laughed aloud.

"And every one ought to be against you."

"Edward wants to give him money to join Colonel Fox in his iron works," said Mrs. Morton sorrowfully.

"Not really? How hard on you, Helen!"

"You are really too outrageous," rejoined the injured lady; "but it is always so! I never have my own way."

Alice smiled. "If Hester had come to you, and said, 'Mr. Morton wants to marry me, and I think I ought not to let him without your consent,' you would have kissed her, and said, 'Now that's the kind of girl for a daughter!' Would n't you, Helen?"

Mrs. Morton smiled despite herself. "I dare say I should."

"You always do come right in the end. But I overheard you say to Mr. Wilmington that Ned was not so well. Is it this tragedy of Miss Ann's?"

"Partly that, I think; and I am afraid I have worried him about Arty."

"The more reason for doing so no longer."

"Perhaps you are right, Alice. I will talk to Arty."

"Do, dear. And about the other matter. Miss Wendell, you say, has promised to be silent, and Edward has written, and asked an answer by cable?"

"Yes."

"Then," continued Alice, "you can do no more. Tell Arty you must wait to hear from his father, but of course not a word about the other trouble. In twelve days — let me see, that will be about May 14th. We shall hear then, and it will be all cleared up, even to Ann's satisfaction, and you will welcome this dear child to your heart. I wish she were my daughter."

"I will think of it, dear. How good and patient you are, Alice! I don't wonder every one loves you." And so the two women cried a little, and kissed one another, and Mrs. Morton went

away feeling somehow that her burden was lighter, while Alice went upstairs happy in her victory, and singing like a bird for pure joy.

By and by she sat down at a table near to the window, and, after a moment's thought, wrote thus to Wendell:—

"I wondered why you had not been here to-day, but now I know it is because you have cases of small-pox. Come and see me when you feel it to be safe. Tell Hester to be patient and to wait. I have had a satisfactory talk with Mrs. Morton. As soon as they hear from Colonel Morton everything will come right. I have delayed answering you in form, partly from an indecision which has been as painful to me as to you, as you must know by this time. But now I mean to end it, and if I ask you after this to wait a few days you will not mind it, I am sure. I have had a fancy — and you ought to be glad to think that I am yet young enough to have caprices — that I would not say, frankly, Yes, until we have heard from Colonel Morton about this other matter. Now I am very truly Alice Westerley; but after that I shall be very truly yours. A. W."

That she was even yet quite free from indecision cannot be said; but this was all that was left of it, and she felt happier than she had done for many days.

Decision is a pleasant inn after a troubled journey that has led us hither and thither. To the wholesome-minded guest it is apt to open wide the kindest hospitalities of hope, where we are served by cheerful fancies and feed on what we will.

Having thus ended this matter, Alice looked out over the shrubbery and across the hills and fields; and everywhere the little riddles of last autumn's thousand seeming deaths were being answered in the swarming life of spring. Birds went busily from bough to bough,

with wooings in which there was little indecision. The air was dotted with insect life forever on the wing, and over all a bustling western wind drove a great flock of clouds across the sky.

A warm, inquisitive sunshine stirred all creation with throbs of reawakened life, and in the woman's heart also was springtime, and mysterious longings, and growth of sweet feminine hopes, and welcomes for the tender happiness

which promised her a larger and yet a truer life in the days to come. Such sense of exaltation to higher levels of existence and its better purposes comes instinctively to those who nobly love.

As she sat and thought, Wendell's face came before her, with its prevalent undertone of sadness and its air of scholarly refinement. "Not a gentleman!" she murmured, smiling. "Ah, we shall see!"

S. Weir Mitchell.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE GEORGE.

EARLY in 1755, the British and colonial authorities, without a declaration of war, attempted a series of combined operations to repel what were regarded as encroachments of the French. One of these movements was directed against Fort Duquesne, and resulted in the defeat of Braddock; another against the French in Acadia, ending in the removal of the inhabitants of that country. The third, against Niagara, was never completed; while the fourth, that against Crown Point, led to a curious and noteworthy passage-of-arms on the banks of Lake George.

Crown Point was a dangerous neighbor which, for a quarter of a century, had threatened the Northern colonies. Shirley, Governor of Massachusetts, had proposed an attack on it to the ministry, in January; and in February, without waiting their reply, he laid the plan before his assembly. They accepted it, and voted money for the pay and maintenance of twelve hundred men, provided the adjacent colonies would contribute in due proportion. Massachusetts showed a military activity worthy of the reputation she had won. Forty-five hundred of her men, or one in eight of her adult males, volunteered to fight the French, and enlisted for the various ex-

peditions; some in the pay of the province, and some in that of the king. It remained to name a commander for the Crown Point enterprise. Nobody had power to do so, for Braddock was not yet come; but that time might not be lost, Shirley, at the request of his assembly, took the responsibility on himself. If he had named a Massachusetts officer, it would have roused the jealousy of the other New England colonies; and he therefore appointed William Johnson, of New York, thus gratifying that important province and pleasing the Five Nations, who at this time looked on Johnson with even more than usual favor. Hereupon, in reply to his request, Connecticut voted twelve hundred men, New Hampshire five hundred, and Rhode Island four hundred, all at their own charge; while New York, a little later, promised eight hundred more. When, in April, Braddock and the council at Alexandria approved the plan and the commander, Shirley gave Johnson the commission of major-general of the levies of Massachusetts; and the governors of the other provinces contributing to the expedition gave him similar commissions for their respective contingents. Never did general take the field with authority so heterogeneous.

He had never seen service, and knew nothing of war. By birth he was Irish, of good family, being nephew of Admiral Sir Peter Warren, who, owning extensive wild lands on the Mohawk, had placed the young man in charge of them nearly twenty years before. Johnson was born to prosper. He had ambition, energy, an active mind, a tall, strong person, a rough, jovial temper, and a quick adaptation to his surroundings. He could drink flip with Dutch boors, or madeira with royal governors. He liked the society of the great, would intrigue and flatter when he had an end to gain, and foil a rival without looking too closely at the means; but compared with the Indian traders who infested the border, he was a model of uprightness. He lived by the Mohawk in a fortified house, which was a stronghold against foes and a scene of hospitality to friends, both white and red. Here—for his tastes were not fastidious—presided for many years a Dutch or German wench, whom he finally married; and after her death a young Mohawk squaw took her place. Over his neighbors, the Indians of the Five Nations, and all others of their race with whom he had to deal, he acquired a remarkable influence. He liked them, adopted their ways, and treated them kindly or sternly as the case required, but always with a justice and honesty in strong contrast with the rascalities of the commission of Albany traders who had lately managed their affairs, and whom they so detested that one of their chiefs called them “not men, but devils.” Hence, when Johnson was made Indian superintendent there was joy through all the Iroquois confederacy. When, in addition, he was made a general, he assembled the warriors in council to engage them to aid the expedition.

This meeting took place at his own house, known as Fort Johnson; and as more than eleven hundred Indians appeared at his call, his larder was sorely

taxed to entertain them. The speeches were interminable. Johnson, a master of Indian rhetoric, knew his audience too well not to contest with them the palm of insufferable prolixity. The climax was reached on the fourth day, and he threw down the war-belt. An Oneida chief took it up; Stevens, the interpreter, began the war-dance, and the assembled warriors howled in chorus. Then a tub of punch was brought in, and they all drank the king’s health. They showed less alacrity, however, to fight his battles, and scarcely three hundred of them would take the war-path. Too many of their friends and relatives were enlisted for the French.

While the British colonists were preparing to attack Crown Point, the French of Canada were preparing to defend it. Duquesne, recalled from his post, had resigned the government to the Marquis de Vaudreuil, who had at his disposal the battalions of regulars that had sailed in the spring from Brest under Baron Dieskau. His first thought was to use them for the capture of Oswego; but the letters of Braddock, found on the battle-field, warned him of the design against Crown Point; while a reconnoitring party which had gone as far as the Hudson brought back news that Johnson’s forces were already in the field. Therefore the plan was changed, and Dieskau was ordered to lead the main body of his troops, not to Lake Ontario, but to Lake Champlain. He passed up the Richelieu, and embarked in boats and canoes for Crown Point. The veteran knew that the foes with whom he had to deal were but a mob of countrymen. He doubted not of putting them to rout, and meant never to hold his hand till he had chased them back to Albany. “Make all haste,” Vaudreuil wrote to him; “for when you return we shall send you to Oswego to execute our first design.”

Johnson on his part was preparing to advance. In July about three thousand

provincials were encamped near Albany: some on the "Flats" above the town, and some on the meadows below. Hither, too, came a swarm of Johnson's Mohawks, — warriors, squaws, and children. They adorned the general's face with war-paint, and he danced the war-dance; then with his sword he cut the first slice from the ox that had been roasted whole for their entertainment. "I shall be glad," wrote the surgeon of a New England regiment, "if they fight as eagerly as they ate their ox and drank their wine."

Above all things the expedition needed promptness; yet everything moved slowly. Five popular legislatures controlled the troops and the supplies. Connecticut had refused to send her men till Shirley promised that her commanding officer should rank next to Johnson. The whole movement was for some time at a deadlock because the five governments could not agree about their contributions of artillery and stores. The New Hampshire regiment had taken a short cut for Crown Point across the wilderness of Vermont, but had been recalled in time to save them from probable destruction. They were now with the rest in the camp at Albany, in such distress for provisions that a private subscription was proposed for their relief.

Johnson's army, crude as it was, had in it good material. Here was Phineas Lyman, of Connecticut, second in command, once a tutor at Yale College, and more recently a lawyer, — a raw soldier, but a vigorous and brave one; Colonel Moses Titcomb, of Massachusetts, who had fought with credit at Louisbourg; and Ephraim Williams, also colonel of a Massachusetts regiment, a tall and portly man, who had been a captain in the last war, member of the General Court, and deputy-sheriff. He made his will in the camp at Albany, and left a legacy to found the school which has since become Williams College. His relative, Stephen Williams, was chap-

lain of his regiment, and his brother Thomas was its surgeon. Seth Pomeroy, gunsmith at Northampton, who, like Titcomb, had seen service at Louisbourg, was its lieutenant-colonel. He had left a wife at home, an excellent matron, to whom he was continually writing affectionate letters; mingling household cares with news of the camp, and charging her to see that their eldest boy, Seth, then in college at New Haven, did not run off to the army. Pomeroy had with him his brother Daniel; and this he thought was enough. Here, too, was a man whose name is still a household word in New England, — the sturdy Israel Putnam, private in a Connecticut regiment; and another as bold as he, John Stark, lieutenant in the New Hampshire levies, and the future victor of Bennington.

The soldiers were no soldiers, but farmers and farmers' sons who had volunteered for the summer campaign. One of the corps had a blue uniform faced with red. The rest wore their daily clothing. Blankets had been served out to them by the several provinces, but the greater part brought their own guns: some under the penalty of a fine if they came without them, and some under the inducement of a reward. They had no bayonets, but carried hatchets in their belts as a sort of substitute. At their sides were slung powder-horns, on which, in the leisure of the camp, they carved quaint devices with the points of their jackknives. They came chiefly from plain New England homesteads, — rustic abodes, unpainted and dingy, with long well-sweeps, capacious barns, rough fields of pumpkins and corn, and vast kitchen chimneys, above which in winter hung squashes to keep them from frost, and guns to keep them from rust.

As to the manners and morals of the army there is conflict of evidence. In some respects nothing could be more exemplary. "Not a chicken has been

stolen," says William Smith, of New York; while, on the other hand, Colonel Ephraim Williams writes to Colonel Israel Williams, then commanding on the Massachusetts frontier, "We are a wicked, profane army, especially the New York and Rhode Island troops. Nothing to be heard among a great part of them but the language of hell. If Crown Point is taken, it will not be for our sakes, but for those good people left behind." There was edifying regularity in respect to form. Sermons twice a week, daily prayers, and frequent psalm-singing alternated with the much-needed military drill. "Prayers among us night and morning," writes Private Jonathan Caswell, of Massachusetts, to his father. "Here we lie, knowing not when we shall march for Crown Point; but I hope not long to tarry. Desiring your prayers to God for me as I am going to war, I am Your Ever Dutiful Son."

To Pomeroy and some of his brothers in arms it seemed that they were engaged in a kind of crusade against the myrmidons of Rome. "As you have at heart the Protestant cause," he wrote to his friend Israel Williams, "so I ask an interest in your prayers that the Lord of Hosts would go forth with us and give us victory over our unreasonable, encroaching, barbarous, murdering enemies."

Both Williams the surgeon and Williams the colonel chafed at the incessant delays. "The expedition goes on very much as a snail runs," writes the former to his wife; "it seems we may possibly see Crown Point this time twelve months." The colonel was vexed because everything was out of joint in the department of transportation: wagoners mutinous for want of pay; ordnance stores, camp-kettles, and provisions left behind. "As to rum," he complains, "it won't hold out nine weeks. Things appear most melancholy to me." Even as he was writing a report came of the defeat of Braddock; and, shocked at the

blow, his pen traced the words, "The Lord have mercy on poor New England!"

Johnson had sent four Mohawk scouts to Canada. They returned on the 21st of August with the report that the French were all astir with preparation, and that eight thousand men were coming to defend Crown Point. On this a council of war was called; and it was resolved to send to the several colonies for reinforcements. Meanwhile, the main body had moved up the river to the spot called the Great Carrying Place, where Lyman had begun a fortified storehouse, which his men called Fort Lyman, but which was afterwards named Fort Edward. Two Indian trails led from this point to the waters of Lake Champlain, one by way of Lake George, and the other by way of Wood Creek. There was doubt which course the army should take. A road was begun to Wood Creek; then it was countermanded, and a party was sent to explore the path to Lake George. "With submission to the general officers," Surgeon Williams again writes, "I think it a very grand mistake that the business of reconnoitring was not done months ago." It was resolved at last to march for Lake George: gangs of axemen were sent to hew out the way; and on the 26th two thousand men were ordered to the lake, while Colonel Blanchard, of New Hampshire, remained with five hundred to finish and defend Fort Lyman.

The train of Dutch wagons, guarded by the homely soldiery, jolted slowly over the stumps and roots of the newly made road, and the regiments followed at their leisure. The hardships of the way were not without their consolations. The jovial Irishman who held the chief command made himself very agreeable to the New England officers. "We went on about four or five miles," says Pomeroy in his journal, "then stopped, ate pieces of broken bread and cheese, and drank some fresh lemon-punch and

the best of wine with General Johnson and some of the field officers." It was the same on the next day: "Stopped about noon, and dined with General Johnson by a small brook under a tree; ate a good dinner of cold boiled and roast venison; drank good fresh lemon-punch and wine."

That afternoon they reached their destination, fourteen miles from Fort Lyman. The most beautiful lake in America lay before them; then more beautiful than now, in the wild charm of untrodden mountains and virgin forests. "I have given it the name of Lake George," wrote Johnson to the Lords of Trade, "not only in honor of his majesty, but to ascertain his undoubted dominion here." His men made their camp on a piece of rough ground by the edge of the water, pitching their tents among the stumps of the newly felled trees. In their front was a forest of pitch-pine; on their right, a marsh, choked with alders and swamp-maples; on their left, the low hill where Fort George was afterwards built; and at their rear, the lake. Little was done to clear the forest in front, though it would give excellent cover to an enemy. Nor did Johnson take much pains to learn the movements of the French in the direction of Crown Point, though he sent scouts towards South Bay and Wood Creek. Every day stores and bateaux, or flat boats, came on wagons from Fort Lyman, and preparation moved on with the leisure that had marked it from the first. About three hundred Mohawks came to the camp, and were regarded by the New England men as nuisances. On Sunday the gray-haired Stephen Williams preached to these savage allies a long Calvinistic sermon, which must have sorely perplexed the interpreter whose business it was to turn it into Mohawk; and in the afternoon young Chaplain Newell, of Rhode Island, expounded to the New England men the somewhat untimely text, "Love your

enemies." On the next Sunday, September 7th, Williams preached again, this time to the whites, from a text in Isaiah. It was a peaceful day, fair and warm, with a few light showers; yet not wholly a day of rest, for two hundred wagons came up from Fort Lyman, loaded with bateaux. After the sermon there was an alarm. An Indian scout came in about sunset, and reported that he had found the trail of a body of men moving from South Bay towards Fort Lyman. Johnson called for a volunteer to carry a letter of warning to Colonel Blanchard, the commander. A wagoner named Adams offered himself for the perilous service, mounted, and galloped along the road with the letter. Sentries were posted, and the camp fell asleep.

While Johnson lay at Lake George, Dieskau prepared a surprise for him. The German baron had reached Crown Point at the head of three thousand five hundred and seventy-three men, regulars, Canadians, and Indians. He had no thought of waiting there to be attacked. The troops were told to hold themselves ready to move at a moment's notice. Officers—so ran the order—will take nothing with them but one spare shirt, one spare pair of shoes, a blanket, a bear-skin, and provisions for twelve days; Indians are not to amuse themselves by taking scalps till the enemy is entirely defeated, since they can kill ten men in the time required to scalp one. Then Dieskau moved on, with nearly all his force, to Carillon, or Ticonderoga, a promontory commanding both the routes by which alone Johnson could advance, that of Wood Creek and that of Lake George.

The Indian allies were commanded by Legardeur de Saint-Pierre, the officer who had received Washington on his embassy to Fort Le Bœuf. These unmanageable warriors were a constant annoyance to Dieskau, being a species of humanity quite new to him. "They

drive us crazy," he says, "from morning till night. There is no end to their demands. They have already eaten five oxen and as many hogs, without counting the kegs of brandy they have drunk. In short, one needs the patience of an angel to get on with these devils; and yet one must always force himself to seem pleased with them."

They would scarcely even go out as scouts. At last, however, on the 4th of September, a reconnoitring party came in with a scalp and an English prisoner caught near Fort Lyman. He was questioned under the threat of being given to the Indians for torture if he did not tell the truth; but, nothing daunted, he invented a patriotic falsehood, and, thinking to lure his captors into a trap, told them that the English army had fallen back to Albany, leaving five hundred men at Fort Lyman, which he represented as indefensible. Dieskau resolved on a rapid movement to seize the place. At noon of the same day, leaving a part of his force at Ticonderoga, he embarked the rest in canoes, and advanced along the narrow prolongation of Lake Champlain that stretched southward through the wilderness to where the town of Whitehall now stands. He soon came to a point where the lake dwindled to a mere canal, while two mighty rocks, capped with stunted forests, faced each other from the opposing banks. Here he left an officer named Roquemaure with a detachment of troops, and again advanced along a belt of quiet water traced through the midst of a deep marsh, green at that season with sedge and water-weeds, and known to the English as the Drowned Lands. Beyond, on either hand, crags feathered with birch and fir, or hills mantled with woods, looked down on the long procession of canoes.¹ As they neared the site of

Whitehall, a passage opened on the right, the entrance to a sheet of lonely water slumbering in the shadow of woody mountains, and forming the lake then, as now, called South Bay. They advanced to its head, landed where a small stream enters it, left the canoes under a guard, and began their march through the forest. They counted in all two hundred and sixteen regulars of the battalions of Languedoc and La Reine, six hundred and eighty-four Canadians, and about six hundred Indians. Every officer and man carried provisions for eight days in his knapsack. They encamped at night by a brook, and in the morning, after hearing mass, marched again. The evening of the next day brought them near the road that led to Lake George. Fort Lyman was but three miles distant. A man on horseback galloped by; it was Adams, Johnson's unfortunate messenger. The Indians shot him, and found the letter in his pocket. Soon after, ten or twelve wagons appeared, in charge of mutinous drivers, who had left the English camp without orders. Several of them were shot, two were taken, and the rest ran off. The two captives declared that, contrary to the assertion of the prisoner at Ticonderoga, a large force lay encamped at the lake. The Indians now held a council, and presently gave out that they would not attack the fort, which they thought well supplied with cannon, but that they were willing to attack the camp at Lake George. Remonstrance was lost upon them.

Dieskau was not young, but he was daring to rashness, and inflamed to emulation by the victory over Braddock. The enemy were reported greatly to outnumber him; but his Canadian advisers had assured him that the English colony militia were the worst troops on the face of the earth. "The more there are," he said to the Canadians and Indians, "the more we shall kill;" and

¹ I passed this way three weeks before writing the above. There are some points where the scene is not much changed since Dieskau saw it.

in the morning the order was given to march for the lake.

They moved rapidly on through the waste of pines, and soon entered the rugged valley that led to Johnson's camp. On their right was a gorge where, shadowed in bushes, gurgled a gloomy brook; and beyond rose the cliffs that buttressed the rocky heights of French Mountain, seen by glimpses between the boughs. On their left rose gradually the lower slopes of West Mountain. All was rock, thicket, and forest; there was no open space but the road along which the regulars marched, while the Canadians and Indians pushed their way through the woods in such order as the broken ground would permit.

They were three miles from the lake, when their scouts brought in a prisoner, who told them that a column of English troops was approaching. Dieskau's preparations were quickly made. While the regulars halted on the road, the Canadians and Indians moved to the front, where most of them hid in the forest along the slopes of West Mountain, and the rest lay close among the thickets on the other side. Thus, when the English advanced to attack the regulars in front, they would find themselves caught in a double ambush. No sight or sound betrayed the snare; but behind every bush crouched a Canadian or a savage, with gun cocked and ears intent, listening for the tramp of the approaching column.

The wagoners who escaped the evening before had reached the camp about midnight, and reported that there was a war-party on the road near Fort Lyman. Johnson had at this time twenty-two hundred effective men, besides his three hundred Indians. He called a council of war in the morning, and a resolution was taken which can only be explained by a complete misconception as to the force of the French. It was determined to send out two detachments of five hun-

dred men each, one towards Fort Lyman and the other towards South Bay; the object being, according to Johnson, "to catch the enemy in their retreat." Hendrick, chief of the Mohawks, a brave and sagacious warrior, expressed his dissent after a fashion of his own. He picked up a stick and broke it; then he picked up several sticks, and showed that together they could not be broken. The hint was taken, and the two detachments were joined in one. Still the old savage shook his head. "If they are to be killed," he said, "they are too many; if they are to fight, they are too few." Nevertheless, he resolved to share their fortunes; and mounting on a gun-carriage, he harangued his warriors with a voice so animated and gestures so expressive that the New England officers listened in admiration, though they understood not a word. One difficulty remained. He was too old and fat to go afoot; but Johnson lent him a horse, which he bestrode, and trotted to the head of the column, followed by two hundred of his warriors as fast as they could grease, paint, and befeather themselves.

Captain Elisha Hawley was in his tent, finishing a letter which he had just written to his brother Joseph; and these were the last words: "I am this minute agoing out in company with five hundred men to see if we can intercept 'em in their retreat, or find their canoes in the Drowned Lands; and therefore must conclude this letter." He closed and directed it, and in an hour received his death-wound.

It was soon after eight o'clock when Ephraim Williams left the camp with his regiment, marched a little distance, and then waited for the rest of the detachment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Whiting. Thus Dieskau had full time to lay his ambush. When Whiting came up, the whole moved on together, so little conscious of danger that no scouts were thrown out in front or flank; and,

in full security, they entered the fatal snare. Before they were completely involved in it, the sharp eye of old Hendrick detected some sign of an enemy. At that instant, whether by accident or design, a gun was fired from the bushes. It is said that Dieskau's Iroquois, seeing Mohawks, their relatives, in the van, wished to warn them of danger. If so, the warning came too late. The thickets on the left blazed out a deadly fire, and the men fell by scores. In the words of Dieskau, the head of the column "was doubled up like a pack of cards." Hendrick's horse was shot down, and the chief was killed with a bayonet as he tried to rise. Williams, seeing a rising ground on his right, made for it, calling on his men to follow; but as he climbed the slope guns flashed from the bushes, and a shot through the brain laid him dead. The men in the rear pressed forward to support their comrades, when a hot fire was suddenly opened on them from the forest along their right flank. Then there was a panic; some fled outright, and the whole column recoiled. The van now became the rear, and all the force of the enemy rushed upon it, shouting and screeching. There was a moment of total confusion; but a part of Williams's regiment rallied under command of Whiting, and covered the retreat, fighting behind trees like Indians, and firing and falling back by turns, bravely aided by some of the Mohawks and by a detachment which Johnson sent to their aid. "And a very handsome retreat they made," writes Pomeroy, "and so continued till they came within about three quarters of a mile of our camp. This was the last fire our men gave our enemies, which killed great numbers of them; they were seen to drop as pigeons." So ended the fray long known in New England fireside story as the "bloody morning scout." Dieskau now ordered a halt, and sounded his trumpets to collect his scattered men. His Indians, however,

were sullen and unmanageable, and the Canadians also showed signs of wavering. The veteran who commanded them all, Legardeur de Saint-Pierre, had been killed. At length they were persuaded to move again, the regulars leading the way.

About an hour after Williams and his men had begun their march, a distant rattle of musketry was heard at the camp; and as it grew nearer and louder, the listeners knew that their comrades were on the retreat. Then, at the eleventh hour, preparations were begun for defense. A sort of barricade was made along the front of the camp, partly of wagons and partly of inverted bateaux, but chiefly of the trunks of trees hastily hewn down in the neighboring forest, and laid end to end in a single row. The line extended from the southern slopes of the hill on the left across a tract of rough ground to the marshes on the right. The forest, choked with bushes and clumps of rank ferns, was within a few yards of the barricade, and there was scarcely time to hack away the intervening thickets. Three cannon were planted to sweep the road that descended through the pines, and another was dragged up to the ridge of the hill. The defeated party began to come in: first, scared fugitives, both white and red; then, gangs of men bringing the wounded; and at last, an hour and a half after the first fire was heard, the main detachment was seen marching in compact bodies down the road.

Five hundred men were detailed to guard the flanks of the camp. The rest stood behind the wagons, or lay flat behind the logs and inverted bateaux: the Massachusetts men on the right, and the Connecticut men on the left. Besides Indians, this actual fighting force was between sixteen and seventeen hundred rustics, very few of whom had been under fire before that morning. They were hardly at their posts when they saw ranks of white-coated soldiers mov-

ing down the road, and bayonets that to them seemed innumerable glittering between the boughs. At the same time a terrific burst of war-whoops rose along the front; and, in the words of Pomeroy, "the Canadians and Indians, helter-skelter, the woods full of them, came running with undaunted courage right down the hill upon us, expecting to make us flee." Some of the men grew uneasy, while the chief officers, sword in hand, threatened instant death to any who should stir from their posts. If Dieskau had made an assault at that instant, there could be little doubt of the result.

This he well knew; but he was powerless. He had his small force of regulars well in hand; but the rest, red and white, were beyond control, scattering through the woods and swamps, shouting, yelling, and firing from behind trees. The regulars advanced with intrepidity towards the camp where the trees were thin, deployed, and fired by platoons, till Captain Eyre, who commanded the artillery, opened on them with grape, broke their ranks, and compelled them to take to cover. The fusillade was now general on both sides, and soon grew furious. "Perhaps," Seth Pomeroy wrote to his wife, two days after, "the hailstones from heaven were never much thicker than their bullets came; but, blessed be God! that did not in the least daunt or disturb us." Johnson received a flesh-wound in the thigh, and spent the rest of the day in his tent. Lyman took command; and it is a marvel that he escaped alive, for he was four hours in the heat of the fire, directing and animating the men. "It was the most awful day my eyes ever beheld," wrote Surgeon Williams to his wife; "there seemed to be nothing but thunder and lightning and perpetual pillars of smoke." To him, his colleague Dr. Pyncheon, one assistant, and a young student called "Billy" fell the charge of the wounded of his regiment. "The

bullets flew about our ears all the time of dressing them; so we thought best to leave our tent and retire a few rods behind the shelter of a log-house." On the adjacent hill stood one Blodget, who seems to have been a sutler, watching, as well as bushes, trees, and smoke would let him, the progress of the fight, of which he soon after made and published a curious bird's-eye view. As the wounded men were carried to the rear, the wagoners about the camp took their guns and powder-horns, and joined in the fray. A Mohawk, seeing one of these men still unarmed, leaped over the barricade, tomahawked the nearest Canadian, snatched his gun, and darted back unhurt. The brave savage found no imitators among his tribesmen, most of whom did nothing but utter a few war-whoops, saying that they had come to see their English brothers fight. Some of the French Indians opened a distant flank fire from the high ground beyond the swamp on the right, but were driven off by a few shells dropped among them.

Dieskau had directed his first attack against the left and centre of Johnson's position. Making no impression here, he tried to force the right, where lay the regiments of Titcomb, Ruggles, and Williams. The fire was hot for about an hour. Titcomb was shot dead, a rod in front of the barricade, firing from behind a tree like a common soldier. At length Dieskau, exposing himself within short range of the English line, was hit in the leg. His adjutant, Montreuil, himself wounded, came to his aid, and was washing the injured limb with brandy, when the unfortunate commander was again hit in the knee and thigh. He seated himself behind a tree, while the adjutant called two Canadians to carry him to the rear. One of them was instantly shot down. Montreuil took his place; but Dieskau refused to be moved, bitterly denounced the Canadians and Indians, and ordered the adjutant to leave

him and lead the regulars in the last effort against the camp.

It was too late. Johnson's men, singly or in small squads, were already crossing their row of logs; and in a few moments the whole dashed forward with a shout, falling upon the enemy with hatchets and the butts of their guns. The French and their allies fled. The wounded general still sat helpless by the tree, when he saw a soldier aiming at him. He signed to the man not to fire; but he pulled trigger, shot him across the hips, leaped upon him, and ordered him in French to surrender. "I said," writes Dieskau, "'You rascal, why did you fire? You see a man lying in his blood on the ground, and you shoot him!' He answered, 'How did I know that you had not got a pistol? I had rather kill the devil than have the devil kill me.' 'You are a Frenchman?' I asked. 'Yes,' he replied; 'it is more than ten years since I left Canada;' whereupon several others fell on me and stripped me. I told them to carry me to their general, which they did. On learning who I was, he sent for surgeons, and, though wounded himself, refused all assistance till my wounds were dressed."

It was near five o'clock when the final rout took place. Some time before, several hundred of the Canadians and Indians had left the field and returned to the scene of the morning fight, to plunder and scalp the dead. They were resting themselves near a pool in the forest, close beside the road, when their repose was interrupted by a volley of bullets. It was fired by a scouting party from Fort Lyman, chiefly backwoodsmen, under Captains Folsom and McGinnis. The assailants were greatly outnumbered; but after a hard fight the Canadians and Indians broke and fled. McGinnis was mortally wounded. He continued to give orders till the firing was over; then fainted, and was carried, dying, to the camp. The bodies of

the slain, according to tradition, were thrown into the pool, which bears to this day the name of Bloody Pond.

The various bands of fugitives rejoined each other towards night, and encamped in the forest; then made their way round the southern shoulder of French Mountain, till, in the next evening, they reached their canoes. Their plight was deplorable; for they had left their knapsacks behind, and were spent with fatigue and famine.

Meanwhile, their captive general was not yet out of danger. The Mohawks were furious at their losses in the ambush of the morning, and above all at the death of Hendrick. Scarcely were Dieskau's wounds dressed, when several of them came into the tent. There was a long and angry dispute in their own language between them and Johnson, after which they went out very sullenly. Dieskau asked what they wanted. "What do they want?" returned Johnson. "To burn you, by God! eat you, and smoke you in their pipes, in revenge for three or four of their chiefs that were killed. But never fear; you shall be safe with me, or else they shall kill us both." The Mohawks soon came back, and another talk ensued, excited at first, and then more calm; till at length the visitors, seemingly appeased, smiled, gave Dieskau their hands in sign of friendship, and quietly went out again. Johnson warned him that he was not yet safe; and when the prisoner, fearing that his presence might incommode his host, asked to be removed to another tent, a captain and fifty men were ordered to guard him. In the morning, an Indian, alone and apparently unarmed, loitered about the entrance, and the stupid sentinel let him pass in. He immediately drew a sword from under a sort of cloak which he wore, and tried to stab Dieskau, but was prevented by the colonel to whom the tent belonged, who seized upon him, took away his sword, and pushed him out. As soon

as his wounds would permit Dieskau was carried on a litter, strongly escorted, to Fort Lyman, whence he was sent to Albany and afterwards to New York. He is profuse in expressions of gratitude for the kindness shown him by the colonial officers, and especially by Johnson. Of the provincial soldiers he remarked soon after the battle that in the morning they fought like good boys, about noon like men, and in the afternoon like devils. In the spring of 1757 he sailed for England, and was for a time at Falmouth, whence Colonel Matthew Sewell, fearing that he might see and learn too much, wrote to the Earl of Holderness, "The baron has great penetration and quickness of apprehension. His long service under Marshal Saxe renders him a man of real consequence, to be cautiously observed. His circumstances deserve compassion, for indeed they are very melancholy, and I much doubt of his being ever perfectly cured." He was afterwards a long time at Bath, for the benefit of the waters. In 1760 the famous Diderot met him at Paris, cheerful and full of anecdote, though wretchedly shattered by his wounds. He died a few years later.

On the night after the battle the yeoman warriors felt the truth of the saying that, next to defeat, the saddest thing is victory. Comrades and friends by scores lay scattered through the forest. As soon as he could snatch a moment's leisure, the overworked surgeon sent the dismal tidings to his wife: "My dear brother Ephraim was killed by a ball through his head; poor brother Josiah's wound I fear will prove mortal; poor Captain Hawley is yet alive, though I did not think he would live two hours after bringing him in." Daniel Pomeroy was shot dead, and his brother Seth wrote the news to his wife Rachel, who was just delivered of a child: "Dear sister, this brings heavy tidings, but let not your heart sink at the news, though it be your loss of a dear husband. Mon-

day, the 8th instant, was a memorable day, and truly you may say, had not the Lord been on our side we must all have been swallowed up. My brother, being one that went out in the first engagement, received a fatal shot through the middle of the head." Seth Pomeroy found time to write also to his own wife, whom he tells that another attack is expected; adding, in quaintly pious phrase, "But as God hath begun to show mercy, I hope he will go on to be gracious." He was employed during the next few days with four hundred men in what he calls "the melancholy piece of business" of burying the dead. A letter-writer of the time does not approve what was done on this occasion. "Our people," he says, "not only buried the French dead, but buried as many of them as might be without the knowledge of our Indians, to prevent their being scalped. This I call an excess of civility;" his reason being that Brad-dock's dead soldiers had been left to the wolves.

The English loss in killed, wounded, and missing was two hundred and sixty-two, and that of the French, by their own account, two hundred and twenty-eight, — a somewhat modest result of five hours' fighting. The English loss was chiefly in the ambush of the morning, where the killed greatly outnumbered the wounded, because those who fell and could not be carried away were tomahawked by Dieskau's Indians. In the fight at the camp, both Indians and Canadians kept themselves so well under cover that it was very difficult for the New England men to pick them off, while they on their part lay close behind their row of logs. On the French side the regular officers and troops bore the brunt of the battle and suffered the chief loss, nearly all of the former and nearly half of the latter being killed or wounded.

Johnson did not follow up his success. He says that his men were tired. Yet

five hundred of them had stood still all day, and boats enough for their transportation were lying on the beach. Ten miles down the lake a path led over a gorge of the mountains to South Bay, where Dieskau had left his canoes and provisions. It needed but a few hours to reach and destroy them, but no such attempt was made. Nor, till a week after, did Johnson send scouts to learn the strength of the enemy at Ticonderoga. Lyman strongly urged him to make an effort to seize that all-important pass, but Johnson thought only of holding his own position. "I think," he wrote, "we may expect very shortly a more formidable attack." He made a solid breastwork to defend his camp, and, as reinforcements arrived, set them at building a fort on a rising ground by the lake. It is true that just after the battle he was deficient in stores, and had not bateaux enough to move his whole force. It is true, also, that he was wounded, and that he was too jealous of Lyman to delegate the command to him; and so the days passed, till within a fortnight his nimble enemy were entrenched at Ticonderoga in force enough to defy him.

The Crown Point expedition was a failure disguised under an incidental success. The Northern provinces, especially Massachusetts and Connecticut, did what they could to forward it, and after the battle sent a herd of raw recruits to the scene of action. Shirley wrote to Johnson from Oswego, declared that his reasons for not advancing were insufficient, and urged him to push for Ticonderoga at once. Johnson replied that he had not wagons enough, and that his troops were ill-clothed, ill-fed, discontented, insubordinate, and sickly. He complained that discipline was out of the question, because the officers were chosen by popular election; that many of them were no better than the men, unfit for command, and like so many "heads of a mob." The reinforcements

began to come in, till in October there were thirty-six hundred men in the camp; and as most of them wore summer clothing and had but one thin domestic blanket, they were half frozen in the chill autumn nights.

Johnson called a council of war. He was suffering from inflamed eyes and his wound still kept him in his tent. He therefore asked Lyman to preside, not unwilling, perhaps, to shift the responsibility upon him. After several sessions and much debate, the assembled officers decided that it was inexpedient to proceed. Yet the army lay more than a month longer at the lake, while the disgust of the men increased daily under the rains, frosts, and snows of a dreary November. On the 22d, Chandler, chaplain of one of the Massachusetts regiments, wrote in the interleaved almanac that served him as a diary, "The men just ready to mutiny. Some clubbed their firelocks and marched, but returned back. Very rainy night. Miry water standing in the tents. Very distressing time among the sick." The men grew more and more unruly, and went off in squads without asking leave. A difficult question arose: Who should stay for the winter to garrison the new forts, and who should command them? It was settled, at last, that a certain number of soldiers from each province should be assigned to this ungrateful service, and that Massachusetts should have the first officer, Connecticut the second, and New York the third. Then the camp broke up. "Thursday, the 27th," wrote the chaplain in his almanac, "we set out about ten of the clock, marched in a body, about three thousand, the wagons and baggage in the centre, our colonel much insulted by the way." The soldiers dispersed to their villages and farms, where, in blustering winter nights, by the blazing logs of New England hearthstones, they told their friends and neighbors the story of the campaign.

The profit of it fell to Johnson. If

he did not gather the fruits of victory, at least he reaped its laurels. He was a courtier in his rough way. He had changed the name of Lac St. Sacrement to Lake George, in compliment to the king. He now changed that of Fort Lyman to Fort Edward, in compliment to one of the king's grandsons; and, in compliment to another, called his new fort, at the lake, William Henry. Of General Lyman he made no mention in his report of the battle, and his partisans wrote letters traducing that brave officer, though Johnson is said to have

confessed in private that he owed him the victory. He himself found no lack of eulogists, and, to quote the words of an able but somewhat caustic and prejudiced opponent, "to the panegyrical pen of his secretary, Mr. Wraxall, and the *sic volo sic jubeo* of Lieutenant-Governor Delancey, is to be ascribed that mighty renown which echoed through the colonies, reverberated to Europe, and elevated a raw, inexperienced youth into a kind of second Marlborough." Parliament gave him five thousand pounds, and the king made him a baronet.

Francis Parkman.

AVE.

[PRELUDE TO "ILLUSTRATED POEMS."]

FULL well I know the frozen hand has come
That smites the songs of grove and garden dumb,
And chills sad autumn's last chrysanthemum;

Yet would I find one blossom, if I might,
Ere the dark loom that weaves the robe of white
Hides all the wrecks of summer out of sight.

Sometimes in dim November's narrowing day,
When all the season's pride has passed away,
As mid the blackened stems and leaves we stray,

We spy in sheltered nook or rocky cleft
A starry disk the hurrying winds have left,
Of all its blooming sisterhood bereft:

Some pansy, with its wondering baby eyes,—
Poor wayside nursling!—fixed in blank surprise
At the rough welcome of unfriendly skies;

Or golden daisy,—will it dare disclaim
The lion's tooth, to wear this gentler name?
Or blood-red salvia, with its lips aflame:

The storms have stripped the lily and the rose,
Still on its cheek the flush of summer glows,
And all its heart-leaves kindle as it blows.

So had I looked some bud of song to find
The careless winds of autumn left behind,
With these of earlier seasons' growth to bind.

Ah me! my skies are dark with sudden grief,
A flower lies faded on my garnered sheaf;
Yet let the sunshine gild this virgin leaf, —

The joyous, blessed sunshine of the past,
Still with me, though the heavens are overcast, —
The light that shines while life and memory last.

Go, pictured rhymes, for loving readers meant;
Bring back the smiles your jocund morning lent,
And warm their hearts with sunbeams yet unspent!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

BEVERLY FARMS, July 24, 1884.

RELATION OF FAIRIES TO RELIGION.

LITTLE, if anything, remains to be added to the genealogical records of fairies of Indo-European descent. But the comparative mythologist, while he has traced their pedigree, has not told us how belief in them as a class came to be accepted, nor what was the special mission assigned them in the supernatural sphere. These questions are without his province, yet they are of vital importance to all who would study aright the development of man's conception of the something beyond the world of the senses. Interesting as it is to know that the story of Ogier the Dane and Morgan the Fay is but a late version of the Dawn Myth, and that the legend of the Wild Huntsman and his fairy train is but a new form of tales once told of the god of the winds, it is still more necessary to understand why these were received in their second signification. The object of the present article, therefore, is not to go over ground explored by scholars, but to define the position which fairy mythology holds in the history of relig-

ion, — that is, if we accept Herbert Spencer's definition of religion as an "*a priori* theory of the universe."

The meaning given to the word *fairy* in the dictionaries is so vague, and the use made of it both by poets and prose-writers so much vaguer, that it is well at the outset to explain what is really meant by it here. The English *fairy* is derived immediately from the French *fée* or *faerie*, and remotely from the Latin *fatum*, fate, destiny. At first, it sometimes signified illusion, enchantment; sometimes the land of fairies, or the earthly paradise of the days of romance; but as a rule it was applied to the Melusinas and Morganas, or mediæval representatives of the classic fates. Later, the name was given to the little elves of Northern mythology, and finally it became a class designation for the hobgoblins, dwarfs, gnomes, kobolds, and all "such other bugs," as Reginald Scott, in his scornful skepticism, calls them, who, though born of paganism, long remained rivals of the Christian saints. In its largest and most extended

sense, it includes the whole race — no matter in what part of the world its different branches may be found — of minor supernatural beings, who have been ranked as entirely different in nature, substance, and attributes from the supreme spiritual hierarchy, and yet have been placed much higher in the scale of life than man; being supposed to possess power vastly superior to his, and able, in fact, to exercise a large influence in shaping his destiny. They stand midway between humanity and divinity.

Man must have defined his belief in one supernatural world and in one species of supernatural beings very clearly before he could conceive of two such worlds and two such species. Fairy mythology is really the product of a somewhat advanced stage of religious thought, when the ideal of deity is so high and scientific knowledge so small that the lesser natural phenomena and accidents of daily life cannot be accounted for without the introduction to the unseen sphere of action of a second order of conscious agents. While, then, there are fairy-like creatures in all mythologies, there are genuine fairies only in a few. It is true that it is difficult at first to distinguish Greek dryads from mediæval Elfe maidens, or the sirens of Hellenic waters from the Lorelei of German streams. But the latter are as distinct from the former, from whom, however, they are descended, as civilized man is from his cave-dwelling progenitors; a fact which a brief examination of the subject will make evident.

Spontaneous generation is no more common in the creations of the human mind than it is in those of the physical world. As the existence of the flower implies that of the root and the earth in which it was planted, so the appearance of full-fledged fairies presupposes their origin in the very groundwork of mythology. The Adams and Eves of the fairy race are to be found in primitive animism. That is to say, though indi-

vidual fairies cannot always be referred to their radical source, they can as a class be traced to their beginning in the first rude explanations man made of the world in which he lives. Like Leibnitz, primitive philosophers believe that nothing can happen without its sufficient reason, but the only cause they can imagine for all events is an immediate personal will. Hence, in their earliest speculations they animate all inanimate things, until the unseen world seems as densely populated as the seen. They discriminate but little, however, between important and insignificant phenomena. If they think there is life like their own in the mighty forest trees, they can see it also in the lowest underbrush. If they attribute conscious energy and personality to the far-distant mountain, so likewise do they to the stone picked up near their dwelling. There is for them a spirit in the gentle summer breeze as in the wild winter tempest, in the tiniest star as in the sun and moon. But just as, during the days of Vedic henotheism, whatever god to whom the Hindu chanced to be praying became for the time being *the* one god, so to men whose intellect is at a low degree of development each animated object or force becomes the most important as its presence is actively felt. There is no distinction between the greater and smaller creations of their animistic philosophy, but in the latter lie the germs of future fairies. So soon as men, probably prompted thereto by their more firmly established social relations, begin to systematize the ideas they have evolved of supernatural life, they necessarily subordinate local to general phenomena, individual to more universal conceptions. Among almost all existing savages a system of mythology has already replaced the vagueness of primitive animism. Their heroes have become cosmical, like the Maui of New Zealand legendary lore, or the Manobozho of Indian renown. Their chief

deities are those which are of equal importance to an entire tribe or people, as, for example, Messukkummik-Okoi, or mother earth, is to the Algonquins, or as Taaroa, the heaven god, is to the Society Islanders. As the office of king requires the existence of subjects, so the recognized superiority of these heroes and deities necessitates the inferiority of the others.

This difference of rank becomes doubly marked in the mythologies of more civilized nations. Thus the little elves in the Scandinavian cosmogony are allotted a separate abode from that of the great gods. The fauns and satyrs, dryads and naiads, of Greece are infinitely beneath the god of Æschylus' Suppliants, he who is the "king of kings, happiest of the happy, and of the perfect, perfect in might, — blest Zeus." The Farvashis and Pairikas of the Zend-Avesta are to Ormazd and Ahriman very much what scouts and spies are to the generals of two opposing forces. Nagas and Rakshasas are pigmies compared to the great giant gods, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. The Maskim and Utuk of the Chaldean demonology are not to be named in the same breath as the mystic triune, Anu, Hea, and Bel. However, in none of these cases is an accurate line drawn between the chief deities and the lesser beings. Frey, one of the principal gods in the Eddaic Pantheon, dwelt in Alfheim with the elves. And indeed, at times, it was doubtful whether the latter, together with the black elves or dwarfs, were not greater than the divinities of Asgard, who were dependent upon them in many ways. What would Frey have done without the ship Skidbladnir, or Odin without his good spear Gungnir, or Thor without Mjölner? And these they could never have had, had it not been for the dwarfs who made them. While the Greek gods were associated with the elements; while Zeus was still identified with the heavens, Poseidon with

the sea, and Demeter with the earth, the Greeks could hardly suppose the inferior personifications of physical forces and natural phenomena to belong to another race. What essential difference could there be between Pan and his satyrs, Artemis and her nymphs, or Aphrodite and her naiads? The kinship of the gods to their attendants is shown in the fact that many of the latter were present at the councils of Zeus, and were fed upon the divine ambrosia. Persian dualism, despite its later high moral interpretation, was not founded on ethics, and the enmity between Ormazd and Ahriman accounted for every minute event in the natural world. The innumerable gods, spirits, and devils were enlisted in the ranks of the two chief beings, so that there was no room in this religious system for belief in another supernatural race. Hinduism and Buddhism, notwithstanding the agnosticism of the one and the pantheism of the other, have been so willing to retain old gods and demons, and so ready to admit new ones, and to allow people professing these creeds to add *ad libitum* to the population of the one spiritual world, that the creation of a second would be equally impossible and superfluous. The pantheism which was the fundamental principle of the later Babylonian religion recognized in all spiritual beings emanations from Ilu, the great source of life; so that the Maskim and Utuk, the Alal and Gigim, and the host of spirits born of Turanian animism differed from the gods of Semitic culture in degree, but not in kind. In this gradation of being the triune occupied the first rank, the protecting genii the last; but there was no break in the chain that united them.

In like manner, the pantheism which underlies the doctrines of mystics, whether they be of the Orient or the Occident, of ancient mediæval or modern times, prevents the spirits of these systems from being classified with fairies.

As primitive men ascribe human life to everything, so mystics have believed all natural objects and forces to be animated with a reasoning faculty. But where the conclusions of the former result from an inability to understand any rule but that of caprice, those of the latter are brought about by the recognition of a perfect harmony reigning throughout the world. The order of the cosmos, they declare, is preserved because all things, having emanated in a gradual progression from one supreme inconceivable source, contain a spark of the universal spirit which enables each to perform its task in the great scheme of the universe. "It is necessary," says Cornelius Agrippa, "that the earth should have the reason of terrene things, and water of watery things; and so in the rest." According to such systems, the spirits of earth and water, of fire and air, are no more fairies than the souls of human beings. But the doctrine that men could hold communication with them has often been corrupted by the Wagners of mysticism, and then the undines and gnomes, the salamanders and sylphs, of the Kabbalists have been materialized. In which case they can be included with the nymphs of the uninitiated.

But when the rule of the supreme supernatural powers is recognized to be not in, but over, nature, and when morality is made the mainspring of their activity, it is impossible to believe that the elements are immediately animated by deity, or that divinities act from self-interest. When religious ideals have reached this stage, a god, to seem a god to men, must, in his relations to them, be prompted by his desire for their good, and not from selfish impulses. If the chief spirits be now waited on by attendants, the latter must be inspired by similar motives; and should they be opposed by a devil, it also logically follows that he must be incited by a counter-determination to work evil to men. His

activity is likewise manifested in the moral sphere. But if, with this advance in abstract reasoning, exact knowledge be not increased, there will be a discrepancy between belief and experience. Men who know nothing of the true laws of the physical world, nor of the interdependence of cause and effect, attribute to every natural phenomenon and extraordinary event a personal interference. The ignorant miner ascribes to a basilisk or a gnome that which the scientist explains as the action of carbonic acid gas. The imprudent man, who understands nothing of his digestive organs, thinks he is visited by a vampire, when the physician knows that a too hearty supper is the occasion of his distress. Now, when this ignorance is general, and not confined to individuals, and when, at the same time, wholly unmoral actions can be referred to neither god nor devil, a belief will inevitably arise in a lower species of supernatural beings, who, while they are powerless to govern the universe or to direct their own fate, hold no insignificant sway over human beings.

This is what has actually occurred in the great monotheisms, Judaism, Mahometanism, and Christianity. The Jews, while they obtained minor spirits from foreign sources, remained faithful to Jehovah, but the people who embraced Christianity and Mahometanism were compelled to sacrifice their chief gods. In Arabia, tribal deities, one after another, perished before the crescent of Islam. In Europe, when the cross of Christ was raised, the bright beautiful Apollos and Aphrodites of the South faded into phantoms or degenerated into devils and the Odins and Balders of the North were hastened to a Ragnarok, from which the only awakening was in fairy-land. But the decree which banished the high gods did not affect the minor beings of paganism. The people, although converted to the new creeds, had always been keenly sen-

sitive to the influence of the genii, of the naiads and dryads, of the alfs and the duergar, who haunted every stream and cavern, every mountain and forest, every city and desert; and these spirits survived as fairies, long after the mythologies to which they properly belonged had been destroyed. It was the same with all the nations won over to Islam and Christianity. In Persia, the divs and peris, who had originally served under Ormazd and Ahriman, were identified with the Mahometan ginns. The compromise which was made by mediæval Europeans between the forsaken cultus and the new one reappears to-day among the Roman Catholic Indians of North America. The latter, just as the former did of old, adore Christ and reverence his mother and the saints, but they cling to the tales and traditions of their forefathers, and have populated a vast fairyland with the spirits and heroes which figured in them.

The theories developed as a *raison d'être* for the fairies are as significant as they are curious. The rabbis, with that familiar knowledge of the *unknown* which usually exists in exact proportion to man's ignorance of the *known*, declared the schedim to be the offspring of Lilith, the night-walking spectre.

"Not a drop of her blood was human,

But she was made like a soft, fair woman."

Having quarreled with Adam, whose first wife she was, because he disputed her equal rights, she, as the rabbis affirm, married Samaël, chief of the fallen angels, by whom she had a large family of imps and hobgoblins. Other rabbis maintained that they were the children Adam had by intercourse with spirits. The Bible says, "And Adam lived one hundred and thirty years, and begat a son in his own likeness after his image," and the Talmudists wisely concluded that this meant that until then his sons and daughters were not after his own image, but, according to Rabbi Jeremiah Ben Eliezer, "in all these years

during which Adam was under excommunication he begat spirits, demons, and spectres of the night, as it is written." Eve, also, it is added, became during that time the parent of a like uncanny brood. One difficulty leads to another. As the Hindus, after they placed the earth on the back of an elephant, had to give that animal a tortoise to stand upon, so, after the schedim had been thus accounted for, the question arose as to whence came the spirits by whom Adam and Eve had produced such monstrosities. The rabbis, however, were always ready with their explanations. These spirits, they asserted, were the last of living beings created by God, and, because daylight had faded away before he had completed his task, he could not give them bodies, as he had originally intended to do. They were therefore not pure spirits, like the angels, but merely imperfect creations, and hence they and all their descendants possess natures semi-spiritual, semi-mortal. "Six things," the Talmud teaches, "are said respecting schedim. In three particulars they are like angels, and in three they resemble men. They have wings, like angels; like angels, they fly from one end of the world to the other; and they know the future, as angels do, with this difference, that they learn by listening behind the veil what angels have revealed to them within. In three respects they resemble men: they eat and drink, like men; they beget and increase, like men; and, like men, they die."

Mahometans were not a whit less daunted by the mysteries of the unknown than the Talmudists. Had they been the counselors of Allah when he created the universe, they could not have been more certain of what then took place. The ginns, they declared, were beings created by him before he called man into life, and were made, not of common clay, but of fire, like the angels, from whom, however, they differed

in being of a grosser nature. Influenced by the rabbinical philosophy, Mahomet taught that the ginnns eat and drink, propagate their kind, and are subject to death. When they were the sole inhabitants of the earth, they paid no attention to the prophets sent to admonish them, and so they were driven by Eblis, or Sheitan, and his hosts, or, according to the Persian legend, by Tahmurath, to Mount Q'af, the mountain-chain that encircles the globe. There they took up their headquarters, but — and in this particular their identification with pre-Mahometan spirits is shown — individuals of the race sought an abode in every corner of the world: in the water and on land, in lonely deserts and in crowded cities, in tombs and in houses. So entire was the faith in them that Mahomet believed that he, as last of the prophets, was sent to convert them as well as men. Nor did he think his mission would be in vain, for once, in a vision, he saw them in multitudes bowing in adoration before him, and listening to the message which had been scornfully rejected by his fellow-beings. This belief is substantiated in the Qur'an, where, in the chapter relating to the ginnns, these beings declare of themselves, —

“And of us are some who are pious, and of us are some who are otherwise; we are in separate bands.

“And verily of us are some who are Muslims, and of us some are trespassers; but of us who are Muslims, they strive after right direction, and as for the trespassers, they are fuel for hell.”

Christians had no dogmatic utterance upon the subject in their sacred books, and it therefore became with them, in the words of Postellus, “full of controverse and ambiguitie.” Doctors and theologians, poets and peasants, were all alike at liberty to hold their own views, so long as these did not encroach upon dogma. Those of the former were tainted by oriental mysticism. Athenagoras taught that there are fallen angels whose

sin was less grievous than that of the hosts of Satan, and whose nature, after the fall, was therefore less morally perverse. They haunt air, earth, fire, and water, and are unable to rise to heavenly things or to descend to pure evil. Tertullian, too, made a distinction between the rebel angels headed by Satan and those who had committed the much milder offense of loving the daughters of men and of showing them how to dye wool and paint their faces. Justin Martyr referred to the demons or spirits who are the offspring of the amours of transgressing angels with mortal women. Origen, Lactantius, and indeed almost all the earliest authorities, agreed that the spirits who hold this intermediate position are grosser in substance than the heavenly legions, and that they often assume material shape in order to work out their designs, just as the devils were supposed to do. Therefore, while the old gods and goddesses were said to be illusions raised by Satan, fairy-like apparitions were attributed to intermediate spirits. But even among saints and fathers this Maya-like explanation could not always destroy belief in the real presence of the minor beings of the old mythologies. St. Jerome, in his life of the Hermit Paul, gravely relates the meetings of St. Anthony with centaurs and goat-footed, horned dwarfs, with whom he held conversations and exchanged compliments.

To the people whose abjuration of the earlier religions was but nominal the doctrine which reduced nymphs and elves, dwarfs and satyrs, to phantoms and illusions was untenable. They had been for so many years familiar with the habits and customs, the appearance and even the habitations, of these creatures, that they would as soon have questioned their own bodily existence as that of their fairy neighbors. So general was the conviction that the latter had bodies, and that they married, begot children, ate and drank, in the

same way as mortals, that most of the popular theories accounting for their origin, differing from those of learned theologians, gave them men for ancestors. They were a branch of the human family, laboring under a curse. Now, they were the descendants of Cain. From him, according to Beowulf,

" . . . monstrous births
all sprang forth,
eotens and elves
and orkens,
so likewise the Giants
who against God warr'd
for a long space.
He for that gave them *their* reward."

Again, they were children of Adam and Eve, who because they had been hidden from God Almighty on one occasion when he visited their parents were destined by him forever after to live invisible to their brothers and sisters. "What man hides from God, God will hide from man," he had said, and at once they had been banished to mounds and hills and rocks. The quaint Icelandic version of this legend treats cleanliness as nearly akin to godliness, for it was because these children were not washed that Eve concealed them. It seems to have occurred sometimes to true believers that these fairy descendants of Adam and Eve, or of Cain, had on the whole not been losers by being so cursed. A life of feasting and revelry, together with much more than mortal power and wealth, far outweighed, when measured in the scales of material pleasure, the pain-laden portion of mankind. It was probably to counterbalance their temporal superiority that, less fortunate than the Mahometan ginn, they were cut off from all hopes of spiritual joys. Christ, it was said, did not include them in his scheme of redemption. By gaining an earthly paradise, they lost heaven. In almost all the theories advanced to account for their origin, the hopelessness of their eternal salvation is prominently set forth. Thus, the Devonshire pixies

are the materialized souls of infants who die without baptism; the fays of romance are beings possessing spirits, but not immortal souls. The inhabitants of the Welsh "green meadows of the sea" are unbaptized Druids, who of course could not enter heaven, and who were too good to be consigned to hell; and the korrigan of Brittany are the princesses of Armorica, so transformed because they gave a deaf ear to the preachers of Christ's gospel. The consciousness of their loss is the reason frequently given for the ill-will of the fairy race to mankind, and to it is attributed the special fury which seizes them on Friday, when an encounter with them is dangerous for men and women. For

"This is the day when the fairy kind
Sit weeping alone for their hopeless lot,
And the wood-maiden sighs to the moaning
wind,
And the mermaid weeps in her crystal grot;
For this is a day when a deed was done
For which they had neither part nor share:
For the children of clay was salvation wrought,
But not for the forms of earth and air.
And ever the mortal is most forlorn
Who meeteth their race on Friday morn."

When God and his arch-enemy, the principle of evil, are believed to be governed by a desire for or against the moral welfare of men, the latter are so assured of a regularity in their actions that they know how by certain large means to defend themselves against the one and to conciliate the other. But nothing short of unceasing vigilance can disarm the malice or win the favor of beings whose conduct is without any definite end. Consequently, in the three monotheisms a second creed, with ceremonial and commandments, has flourished side by side with the chief cultus, the latter being sometimes really, if not, nominally, subordinate to it. Even when the children of Israel were not straying after foreign gods, or making for themselves golden calves, they constantly turned from Jehovah to the schedim. As it is said in the New Republic, a man who regretfully cancels his faith in

the Deity may forget the loss of his God when his portmanteau is mislaid. In like manner, the fear of Jehovah's displeasure could escape the memory of the Jews in their anxiety not to incur that of Samaël or Lilith. There was but one Jehovah, and he, even in his wrath, was just. But there were innumerable schedim, and since they could bear children, their numbers ever increased, and their malevolence was ruled by caprice. In all his goings-out and comings-in, in his waking and sleeping hours, in disease and in health, man was subject to their persecutions. Because the creator had not given them bodies, they sought to obtain possession of those of their human rivals, to whom they therefore allowed but little peace. In the daytime, they would not permit men and women to go into the street without pressing upon them from either side by hundreds and thousands. They followed them in multitudes to the temple and the synagogues, where, in the struggle, if not for existence, at least for standing-room, they tore their clothes and beat them black and blue. So great were their numbers that Abba Benjamin says, "If our eyes were permitted to see the malignant sprites that beset us, we could not rest on account of them." Nor did their malignance cease with daylight. At night man was exposed not only to the attacks of the night-visiting Lilith, but to those of whole armies of demons, — a fact easily proved. For if he strewed ashes about his bedside before going to sleep, the next morning he would find in them countless footmarks, looking like those of fowls. At certain times and places their supremacy was greater than at others. Vigilance against them had to be redoubled from the Passover to Pentecost. Woe to the unwary Jew who ventured beyond his doorsteps after dark on Wednesdays and Saturdays; for Agrath, daughter of Machloth, and her eighteen myriads of followers were then abroad, all endowed

with power to destroy whomsoever they chanced to meet. Children flogged or allowed to go out after four in the afternoon, between June 17th and July 9th, fell victims to the demon Ketef, then let loose, and wandering like a raging lion, seeking whom he might devour. Even if a man's nose bled, it was the schedim who caused it. It is no wonder that the rites and practices by which the designs of these demons could be frustrated became as important as attendance at the synagogues and the temple. There was scarcely an action or duty of the day in the fulfillment of which the Jew did not bear the schedim in mind. His breakfast was converted into a religious ceremony to free him from them. His family, friends, or servants who lived with him were a protection to him against Lilith, who could do as she chose with mortals sleeping alone in a house. His bedposts were marked with the inscription *Et Zelo Chuizlilith*, a charm which effectually disarmed her. He would not drink borrowed water or step across that which had been spilt, because he thought by so doing he annoyed the demons. Neither would he drink water by night, for he would then have become the victim of Shaviri, the demon of blindness. The enormous power of the fairy demons which caused them to be such deadly foes made them invaluable as allies. Under rare circumstances, a man could obtain command over them, and then he seemed almost as great as Jehovah. This, therefore, was represented as a most exceptional event, Solomon being the only human being who ever gained full ascendancy. The miracles which he performed by the aid of the subjected spirits were no less wonderful than those worked by Jehovah. The swallowing of Jonah by the whale or the ascent of Elias and Enoch to heaven was surpassed by the marvelous journeys through the air made by Solomon and his court on the magic carpet spread by

schedim. The fall of the walls of Jericho at the sound of Joshua's trumpets was equaled by the rise of those of the temple at Jerusalem under the hands of Aschmodai and his legions. It was very natural that after their return from the Captivity the Jews were less prone to relapses into idolatry and polytheism than they had ever been before. It was because of their demonology that their monotheism was in the end triumphant.

It is, however, in connection with Christianity that this minor cultus has gained its greatest magnitude. Nor is it strange that this should have been so. The Hebrews, as has been seen, when they borrowed demons and angels from other creeds did not alter the main principles of their religious belief. Though Mahometanism was much more spiritual than the systems it replaced, its doctrines were still so of the earth, earthy, that they were suited to the comprehension of converts. But Christianity, in supplanting paganism, necessitated a radical change. It not only called for the abandonment of polytheism for a monotheistic worship, but it held up a rigid asceticism and a spiritual code of morals to men who either, as in Greece and Rome, had kept their philosophy and morality distinct from their religion, or else, as in Northern and Central Europe, could not yet appreciate the higher ethics or grasp an abstract idea. While rites and ceremonies, feasts and fasts, once held in honor of Odin and Zeus, of Aphrodite and Freya, could be retained by consecrating them to Christ and the Virgin Mother, it was impossible to ascribe to the latter the physical and sensual qualities of earlier deities. Though the people were baptized and swore allegiance to Christ, they remained pagan at heart. And it was for this reason that they continued so devoted to the fairy family, to whom the chief characteristics of the forsaken gods had been transferred, and to whom, therefore, they could apply for the earthly rap-

tures and the temporal aid which were denied to them by the Christian Deity. Wine, women, and song were the reward of mortals who pledged faith to fairies. Fresh, clean houses and a full larder awaited the friends of nisses and brownies. To obtain their present good-will the far-distant pleasures of heaven were at times forfeited. During the Middle Ages tales of saints and martyrs who scorned the world and the flesh were rivaled by stories of heroes who, like the British King Gavran, departed in search of an earthly paradise. Not a few among true believers would have proclaimed the fate of a King Arthur in the Isle of Avilion happier than that of a St. Peter guarding the gate of heaven. Like a challenge to the doctrine of penance and discipline, of the nothingness of this life and the all-importance of the next, rang out the legends of Tannhäuser happy in the Horselberg, and Ogier the Dane content in fairy-land. The tenderness felt for the fairy folk also revealed itself in the unwillingness of the people to believe in the impossibility of their eternal salvation. Some of the dwarfs and kobolds of folk-lore went to church and sang hymns. Hinzemann, the famous household sprite, indignantly cried out to the priest who came to exorcise him, "I am a Christian, like any other man, and I hope to be saved!" When, in the Scandinavian legend, the priest told the neckan that before he would be redeemed his pilgrim's staff would bear leaves,

" . . . lo, the staff it budded !

It greened, it branched, it waved !"

Even the dwarf met by St. Anthony made profession of faith in Christ the Redeemer, and begged for the prayers of the saint. But the voice of rebellion which thus found utterance was not often heard. As a rule, the pleasures of fairy-land are represented as being, like the Elfe maidens, fair to look upon, but hollow. Fairy music and dances are en-

trancing, but he who crosses the elfin ring or listens to the singing of the Lorelei is lost forever. The fairy wine-cup is seductive, but that upon which its contents fall is consumed as with fire. Beautiful and bewitching beyond man's power of resistance, the fairy attractions can but bring misery and woe. The dance goes well in the grove, but what of Sir Olaf? Sweet is the kiss of the fountain fay, but how fares it with the spirit of him she kisses?

But whether friends or foes, all were alike agreed in believing in the existence and immediate neighborhood of fairies. A man could not ride out without risking an encounter with a Puck or a will-o'-the-wisp. He could not approach a stream in safety unless he closed his ears to the sirens' songs and his eyes to the fair form of the mermaid. In the hillside were the dwarfs, in the forest Queen Mab and her court. Brownie ruled over him in his house, and Robin Goodfellow in his walks and wanderings. From the moment a Christian came into the world until his departure therefrom, he was at the mercy of the fairy folk, and his devices to elude them were many. Unhappy was the mother who neglected to lay a pair of scissors or of tongs, a knife or her husband's breeches, in the cradle of her new-born infant; for if she forgot, then was she sure to receive a changeling in its place. Great was the loss of the child to whose baptism the fairies were not invited, or the bride to whose wedding the nix, or water-spirit, was not bidden. If the inhabitants of Thale did not throw a black cock annually into the Bode, one of them was claimed as his lawful victim by the nickelmann dwelling in that stream. The Russian peasant who failed to present the *rusalka*, or water-sprite, he met at Whitsuntide with a handkerchief or a piece torn from his or her clothing was doomed to death. Spirits of the four elements, of earth, fire, air, and water, were pro-

pitiated throughout Europe by food and drink, and these offerings ranked as not in the least less important than the prayers and ceremonies of legitimate ritual. Brownies, nisses, and damovays were conciliated by a corner left for them in the chimney-place and a bowl of porridge, and attention to their comforts was as important a duty as the recital of morning and evening prayers. In a word, so great was the priority, at one time, of the fairy kingdom that there seemed a probability of the higher supernatural world being reduced to its level. In many mediæval legends Satan degenerates into an easily fooled giant or hungry demon, like those of pagan mythologies. St. Michael and St. George play together at bowls, whence comes the sound of thunder; or else they shake their beds and pluck feathers and down, which in falling to earth turn into snow. St. Collen visits fairy-land and converses with its king, and St. Brandain builds his cathedral on the site pointed out to him by fairies. Pilate, like Barbarossa in the Kyfhäuser, sits in a subterranean cave, and there he reads and re-reads the sentence he passed upon Christ. Charles's Wain becomes the wagon in which Elias and other saints, and even the Saviour himself, journey to heaven. Prayers are addressed to the beard of the first person of the Trinity. The Virgin Mother disputes supremacy over the hearts of knights with Morgan the Fay, and wears their rings upon her finger; or else she is found like a hamadryad, dwelling within a tree, as was the case on the Heinzenberg, near Zell. Religion was drawn down to the comprehension of the people. Fortunately for the purity of Christianity, the ever-developing spirit of rationalism made the long continuance of this childlike stage of belief impossible, and Christ, the Virgin, and all the heavenly court were gradually reëstablished in their proper sphere.

Just as individual dwarfs and kobolds departed forever and aye when people

became too curious in regard to them, so as men have sought to know more of earth and the living things it contains the spirits have fled from tree and rock, from stream and cavern. Not that the belief in them has been entirely destroyed. In the East ginns are still realities to Mahometans. In the West there are many among the peasantry who place implicit faith in the "good people." Savages and barbarous tribes, despite their Christianity, remain true to the Glooskap and the Mikamwess of their forefathers. But these are mere survivals of primitive forms of thought. The whole tendency of modern culture is antagonistic to the animistic conception of nature. Increase in exact knowledge does away with the necessity which brought fairies and spirits of the elements into existence, for positive science

demonstrates absolutely that natural phenomena and physical forces act according to law, and are not subject to chance interference from conscious agents. A better understanding of the sequence of cause and effect and the law of continuity has established the fact that even the most extraordinary, or what seems the most accidental, occurrence is the inevitable result of previous events, though these may not always be apparent to man. Before this scientific investigation of nature the beautiful fays and Elle maidens, the thrifty dwarfs and merry Pucks, fade away, even as the old frost and snow covered man in the Chippewa legend melted at the approach of the spring-breathing, rose-garlanded youth. As the voice of Science increases in strength, the horns of Elfland blow ever fainter and fainter.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

AN ENGLISH LITERARY COUSIN.

PERHAPS every reader of Hawthorne's *Old Home* will remember his delightfully unscrupulous appropriation of Leigh Hunt as a sort of stray American, with whom it behooved him to fraternize. "There was not an English trait in him from head to foot, morally, intellectually, or physically," wrote our willful romancer: "beef, ale or stout, brandy or port-wine, entered not at all into his composition. . . . It was on account of the fineness of his nature generally that the English appreciated him no better, and left this sweet and delicate poet poor and with scanty laurels, in his declining age. It was not, I think, from his American blood that Leigh Hunt derived either his amiability or his peaceful inclinations; at least, I do not see how we can reasonably claim the former quality as a national characteristic, though the latter might

have been fairly inherited from his ancestors on the mother's side, who were Pennsylvania Quakers. But the kind of excellence that distinguished him — his fineness, subtilty, and grace — was that which the richest cultivation has heretofore tended to develop in the happier examples of American genius, and which, though I say it reluctantly, is perhaps what our future intellectual advancement may make general among us. His person, at all events, was thoroughly American, and of the best type, as were also his manners; for we are the best as well as the worst mannered people in the world."

It goes toward the confirmation of Hawthorne's theory that Benjamin West, the painter, who married one of Leigh Hunt's relatives, once told him that, meeting himself or any of his brothers on the street, and knowing naught

of them, he should unhesitatingly have pronounced them Americans.

This lost compatriot of ours, then, this literary changeling, was born at Southgate, in Middlesex, one hundred years ago this month, — October 19, 1784. Like Emerson, he was descended from an ancestry of clergymen, and from venturesome people who left their homes for the New World. His father's father was rector of Bridge Town, Barbadoes. His father, a Tory in politics, who afterwards found it safer to return to the mother country, took his degrees in New York and in Philadelphia, where he married the daughter of Stephen Shewell, a merchant of that city, and a friend of Franklin and Thomas Paine.

James Henry Leigh Hunt, a namesake of his father's favorite pupil, was the youngest of a large family, "all of whom inherited the knack of making sacrifices for the sake of principle." "I call myself," he said, "in every sense, etymological not excepted, a son of mirth and melancholy: for my father's Christian name (as old students of onomancy would have heard with serious faces) was Isaac, which is Hebrew for laughter; and my mother's was Mary, which comes from a word in the same language signifying bitterness. And indeed, as I do not remember to have seen my mother smile, save in sorrowful tenderness, so now my father's shouts of laughter are ringing in my ears." A shy, sensitive, introspective child, he was sent to Christ's Hospital in 1792, and distinguished himself straightway, despite his gentleness, by successfully defending a small berated boy from abuse, and by resisting the system of "fagging" with indomitable perseverance, even to the extent of bearing a nightly punishment. Leigh Hunt, all his life, save in one very excitable period of his early manhood, was anything but combative; yet his mettle never failed him when the need came for action. His

schoolfellow, Barnes, afterwards sub-editor of the Times, seems to have been at that time his chosen companion. They went together along the Hornsey fields, shouting Metastasio's

"Scendi propizia
Col tuo splendore,"

or resting on their oars at Richmond, to call vociferously on the spirit of Thomson to "rest." It is worth remembering that it was this same genial Barnes who, when asked later by a silly woman whether he liked children, sententiously answered, "Yes, ma'am. Boiled."

Leigh Hunt left the blue-coat school as first Deputy Grecian, in the same rank, at the same age, and for the same reason as his predecessor, Charles Lamb. The slight stammer in his speech (which he afterwards overcame) took away his chance of success in making a valedictorian address in public; and since Grecians were all expected to go into the church, there also it stood against him. So plunging at once into the profane state, he began writing comedies, tragedies, farces, and odes and pastorals; after the fashion of Spenser, Pope, and Goldsmith. What darts of raillery his elder hand, in the Autobiography, threw at these boyish glories!

An incident of Hunt's early youth reveals his exceeding proneness to delirium and leisurely fancy. He had gone out in a little decked skiff on the Isis, with a friend; he had fastened the sail-line, thrust his feet into a small opening, and placidly betaken himself to reading. The wind suddenly arose, and, so caught, over went the skiff, the bookish mariner fastened to it. Worst of all, the sail-line got tangled about his neck. Now, in this imminent danger, which his comrade escaped, and from which he was at length rescued by Oxonians, started the diverting mental reflection that he, Leigh Hunt, was about to nullify an ancient and respectable proverb which averred that a man born to be hanged would never be drowned,

as he was likely to suffer both ways! The coherence of that under-water speculation was worthy of Shelley.

He retained, to record it over sixty years after, a ludicrous reminiscence of Boyer, the famous Christ's Hospital master, and of a luckless pupil who read badly, drawled, and forgot his periods. The victim is supposed to stand before the awful Boyer, holding the text-book, Dialogues between a Missionary and an Indian, and casting an eye over the corner of the page towards the locality whence blows are to proceed. Here is Leigh Hunt's narration:—

"*Master.* Now, young man, have a care, or I'll set you a *swingeing* task. [A common phrase of his.]

"*Pupil.* [Making a sort of heavy bolt at his calamity, and never remembering the stop after the word missionary.] Missionary can you see the wind?

"[Master gives him a slap on the cheek.]

"*Pupil.* [Raising his voice to a cry, and still forgetting the stop.] Indian no!

"*Master.* God's-my-life, young man! have care how you provoke me.

"*Pupil.* [Always forgetting the stop.] Missionary how then do you know there is such thing?

"[Here a terrible thump.]

"*Pupil.* [With a shout of agony.] Indian because I feel it!"

"The pity of it" may be evident, but the humor is irresistible.

At the time of Bonaparte's threatened invasion, young Hunt belonged as volunteer to St. James's regiment. In 1809, after a great deal of deliberation, no doubt, on the respective merits of a single life and its opposite, he married Miss Kent, the "Marian" of his charming verses. Mrs. Hunt, who died in 1857, had a notable talent for plastic art. She was not handsome nor especially accomplished, and became, later, a hopeless invalid. But she had the

brave virtues of reserve, endurance, and independence. Her wit was keen and quiet, like a rapier thrust. Byron, who did not admire her to excess, once complained to her at Pisa that Trelawney had been speaking slightly of his morals. "It is the first time, my lord," was her laughing but caustic answer, "that I have ever heard of them." My lord never forgave her.

Leigh Hunt is known to the careless majority as the author of *Abou Ben Adhem*, and as the man who spent two years in Horsemonger Lane Jail, for a just if unsparing attack in *The Examiner*, on George IV., then prince regent. With his customary invincible cheerfulness, he made the best of a position sadly detrimental to his prospects and his health. His wife and children being allowed to join him, he hung the doors of his cell with garlands, covered the walls with prints, casts, and hangings, sent for a piano, "and lived, despite the king's attorney-general, in a bower;" even planting an apple-tree near his window, out of which he managed to eke a pudding the second year: typifying, in smiling quaintness, said Richard Hengist Horne, the sweetness and bitterness, the constraint and gay-heartedness, of his whole life beside. Long after he recalled the two among his keepers who were kind to him, and instanced the exquisite delicacy of the jailer's wife, who, obliged to secure the doors against her prisoner at night, was only once caught doing it, so softly had she turned the key, for fear of distressing him. He notes also that to his imprisonment he owed his friend of friends, Percy Bysshe Shelley, who, knowing him but lightly before, now wrote to him, making him a princely offer, of which, however, he would not avail himself. Once liberated, Leigh Hunt and his brother John, who had been implicated with him, continued to edit *The Examiner*; "H. R. H.," as the more brilliant of the two wrote, "still affecting us with

anything but solemnity, as we took care to manifest."

It is not here intended to follow the events of Hunt's career, nor to chronicle in due order the journals that he edited, nor the delightful books that he made. He was all his life friend and abettor to men of genius; exceedingly personal and unreserved with his "gentle reader," he talked of them and to them in public, with a gracious word for those who died prematurely, like Egerton Webbe, and whose morning was rich in promise. His love and comprehension of early English literature ran over like a generous fountain, and chapter after chapter from his pen treated of Chaucer, of the Elizabethan poets, of the wonderful wit of Congreve, Farquhar, Pope, and Atterbury; of the actors and musicians of his own day; of the enchanting lore of Persia and Greece and old Italy. He was always studying and planning, in his tranquil way, taking infinite pains to attest the slightest fact which he put forth, and doing a vast amount of excellent work under painful circumstances and in face of changeless opposition; battling, too, with the rancorous and coarse abuse of Quarterly and Blackwood criticism, such as is fortunately obsolete now, and out of all adequate conception. "It was nothing to revile Hunt's opinions, his writing, his public conduct," says a living author; "his private and dearest relationships, his very person and habits, were made subjects of attack, and under the wildest misconception in regard to them all." Rumor announced him as a rash speculator in the money-market: "I who was never in a market of any kind," he cries, "but to buy an apple or a flower." A more amusing instance of this false interpretation, which pursued Hunt wherever he went, — a "sample of the fantastical nature of scandal," as he called it, — is given in the anecdote of Wordsworth, who, when asked his opinion of the young Whig editor (before having met him), said

that he had nothing against him save that he was badly given to swearing! Now Hunt, as a child, had been bred into an intense abhorrence of violent words. Once he got into a corner, quite by himself, to indulge in the forbidden novelty, and thereafter endured awful pricks of conscience when patted approvingly on the head, each caress forcing him to soliloquize in the depths of his small troubled spirit, "How little they know that I am the boy who said 'D—n it!'" Hunt had occasion, many years later, to send for Theodore Hook's acceptance a certain sketch, which for absolute accordance with the characters introduced needed a few light oaths, and begged hard, pleading the practice of the honest old English writers, for their insertion; Hook, on his editorial virtue, persistently refusing, put the would-be swearer into a singular predicament. Wordsworth had probably heard of the incident in some perverted shape. Subsequently to the "fearful joy" snatched in the corner, it so chanced that an oath never escaped Leigh Hunt's lips; although he hoped no good fellow would think less of him for it, and promised, in that contingency, immediately to begin swearing, purely to *vindicate his character*.

Hawthorne, who had a strong spiritual kinship with Leigh Hunt, and who looked upon him, in their very brief intercourse with anointed eyes, as it were, divined at a glance his penetration and his constitutional love of praise. How easily and gracefully he took true homage of any sort we know from Mary Cowden Clarke, who as a young child in her father's house crept around to the sofa-back, where Leigh Hunt's hand was resting, to kiss it softly and shyly, and steal away, while her idol, with a nod and smile to his little votary, tossed his lithe foot to and fro, and went on with his vivacious talk. Any reader of Mrs. Carlyle's Letters will remember a ludicrous evidence of the same old passion

concerning the young lady whom Hunt God-blessed and otherwise rewarded. It was, perhaps, a natural hunger in one who had ever been foremost with encouraging words, and who had himself suffered so much from harshness and malice. In any case, it was among the oddly winsome traits of his character.

Hunt's humor exactly fitted Thackeray's noble definition: wit and "love. It was born of natural gladness of heart, of airy courtesy and assurance. Its sparkling wing fitted ever and anon over his earnest essays and along the windings of his musical verse, showing most of all, if we are to believe those who best knew him, in his everyday conversation. It was of the flavor which Suckling's had once, and Carew's; roguish always, and always humane. It runs into the delicious doggerel, —

"Saint of sweethearts, Valentine !
Connubialest of clergymen ;"

into the bantering preface of the Round Table, and into the choice of its topics ; into the triumphant dating of the Seer "at our suburban abode, with a fire on one side of us, and a vine at the window on the other, this nineteenth day of October, one thousand eight hundred and forty, in the very green and invincible year of our life the fifty-sixth." Hunt's keenness enabled him to give epigrammatic expression, when he so willed it, to his criticism. He said of his friend, his "splenetic but kindly philosopher, who worried himself to death over the good of nations," —

"Dear Hazlitt, whose tact intellectual is such
That it seems to feel truth, as pure matter of
touch."

He cites "Spenser's fine stanza, with its organ-like close." He stamps Rossini as "the genius of animal spirits ;" Handel as the "wielder of choirs : his hallelujahs open the heavens. Wonderful ! he utters, as if all their trumpets spake together." "There is champagne in the thought of him," is his disquisition on Thomas Moore. This deft touch, which

he knew to be his, Leigh Hunt exercised in The Royal Line, where every English sovereign, down to George IV., is struck off to the life in a single rhyming pentameter.

It was another of Hunt's peculiarities to be ultra-liberal in his arguments. His principles were decided enough, and his instincts sure ; but he had a constant leaning towards allowances, circumstances, considerations, which might further the very issue he was opposing. The faculty of over-refining which he deprecated in Coleridge was his own failing. He did not temporize with wrong ; yet the ever-abiding spirit of gentleness and charity which was with him seemed to break the force of his scorn. To use a choice and expressive Saxon phrase, Leigh Hunt was not pig-headed. He lacked the victorious brute energy, the "insolence of health," as Hazlitt called it, which admits of no hesitancy, and clears its way straight to its end. His nature was too representative. Every possible bearing which a question might take appealed to him and deterred him. He had, as his son pointed out, a Hamlet-like deliberation, in which are yet elements of the finest wisdom and courage.

It was the habit of melancholy frankness with himself and faith in his own good meanings which served to make Leigh Hunt unusually sensitive. Nevertheless, the most admirable qualities in him, and those which best stood the test of nearly seventy years, were the generous simplicity, the utter tolerance and patience, which enabled him, after long annoyance, to waive an unlovely relationship, and to take, with affectionate hope, the hand of a contrite foe.

When Christopher North, who in bygone days had penned it of Hunt that "to the mowling malice of the monkey he added the hissiness of the bill-pouting gander and the gobble-bluster of the bubbly-jock," and a hundred fold more of such elegant Jocoseria, — when Chris-

topher North atoned cordially and kindly for his treatment not only of Hunt, but of Shelley and John Keats (whom, in a certain sense, he "hooted out of the world"), Hunt, without any airs of injured innocence, quietly accepted the proffered reparation, and spoke thereafter of his "rich-writing Tory," as if they had been friends from boyhood on. All this cost Hunt a pang, for he held the memory of Shelley and Keats jealously at heart. But his sense of honor forbade even the ghost of a resentment when the blade that had been lifted against them was surrendered to him in sorrow. Had he not, as Lord Houghton beautifully said, "a superstition of good"? Was he not, as a celebrated associate also wrote of him, "the visionary in humanity, the fool of virtue"? Under all obloquy, he confidently expected the righting of it, and viewed the change, when it came to pass, with calm content. It was as if Plato's cave-dweller fostered a life-long dream of sunshine and of moving crowds, glad with life; and, released from the darkness and the silence, walked without surprise through the hitherto invisible world, unjarred by all its mystery and wonder.

Nor was Leigh Hunt, "the indomitable forgiver," less ready to undo whatever wrong he might himself have done. He was not capable, willingly, of a momentary injustice. In Italy, he once saw a street procession, in which was a group of "hideous-looking friars, whose cowls were drawn over the face, leaving only two holes for the eyes." On the heels of the first depreciatory adjective follows the quick amendment: "Or were they the brethren of the benevolent Order of the Misericordia" (as they were), "who disguise themselves only the more nobly to attend to any disaster that calls on them for aid? If so, observe how people may be calumniated merely in consequence of a spectator's ignorance." The little forbearing touch and the in-

evitable deduction are, as we say in plain talk, Leigh Hunt all over. He reviewed past differences with the utmost mildness and candor, and with touching disregard of self. Indeed, the Autobiography is overloaded with conscience; a "religious book," Carlyle called it. Whatever hastiness or resentment may have led Leigh Hunt to do or say, in the course of a long life, is canceled by the suppliant manliness of its pages. Right or wrong, he was alike sincere.

He was not a very good hater. Having, like that rare writer whom he liked to call his ancestor, "no genius for disputes," he could look suavely on his bitterest disagreements. Despising the regent as he did, and with the old grievances against him, Hunt could yet say of him, in one of his relenting moods, "In some corner of the Elysian Fields, charity may have room for both of us."

Leigh Hunt felt all cruelty as if he were the object of it. Lack of tenderness grieved him. His quarrels were those of humanity, and not his own. Although, in his proper words, might of any kind never astonished him so much that he could not discern in it what was not right, he was of necessity the apostle of peace, where peace could be had with honor. His main creed was that there is nothing finally potential but gentleness and persuasion, and nothing ultimately worth striving for here below but to see whom of all men shall be the kindest.

His thoughts led him, through partisan feeling, into a cheerful indifference: he looked, as the angry knights in the fable did not look, on the golden and on the silver side of the shield, and contended for neither. His life in jail was painfully dull; he was suffering from poor health, insufficient comfort, and the loss of beloved liberty; his life abroad was happy and comparatively affluent, permeated with new and intense enjoyments. Yet, in a maze of reasoning, and in a strict comparison of effects, seen

and unseen, he could admit afterwards, "I am sometimes in doubt whether I would rather be in prison or in Italy." He tasted always the dregs of pleasure, and found comfort in apparently barren places.

Leigh Hunt's friendship for Keats and Shelley brought him into undeserved reproach; but he never for an instant wavered in his allegiance to either of them. Magazines of the Blackwood stamp looked on him as the arch-vagabond of the literary world, and on the two young poets, whose genius was greater than his own, as his meek and deluded disciples. Hunt was the herald and helper of John Keats: he introduced him to public notice before he had published a line; he discerned the beauties of Endymion when its very name was drowned over England in hisses and sneers; he filled number after number of his journals with the same careful, discriminating, enthusiastic criticism of his young friend's work as he would devote to the Faërie Queen itself. He kept Keats with him in his house, and watched mournfully the first symptoms of his physical decay. He delighted to associate himself with that "monastic mind" in writing a sonnet, or a review, or an essay. Most of all, he talked of him as he talked confidently to the public of everything he cherished, year after year. When the Memoir appeared, in which were chronicled Keats' excusably petulant words that he once suspected both Shelley and Leigh Hunt of a desire to see him undervalued, the surviving friend, deeply wounded, could find nothing harsher to answer but that "Leigh Hunt would as soon have wished the flowers or the stars undervalued, or his own heart that loved him." Of Keats he wrote to the last with unvarying affection and admiration. He prized him for his "fine heart and his astonishing faculties;" not indeed, he adds, with his quaint candor, "so dearly as Shelley, because that was impossible."

In *The Examiner*, under Hunt's editorship, Shelley had his first hearing. Their esteem for each other, even at its closest, was something impersonal and exalted. Nothing pleased them more, in the Italian days, than utterly to confuse the limits of their material belongings. Hunt would appropriate indifferently a book or a dinner; and Shelley, with his childish air, would walk in upon the household arrayed in his friend's most elaborate waistcoat. Keats' last volume, which, after the memorable storm in the Bay of Spezia, was found open in Shelley's pocket, belonged to Hunt, and was laid upon the funeral pyre and consumed. It was at this time, in 1822, that Hunt wrote to a correspondent, with a stoicism unconsciously plaintive, "I have reason to be thankful that I have suffered so much during my life, as the habit makes endurance now more tolerable." The final words which Leigh Hunt penned for the public were to correct a misapprehension in regard to Shelley; the last letter he dictated had reference to him, and served a like purpose. He lived to see England intensely proud of the exile whom she had scorned. Hunt never lost his veneration for genius, however familiarly he walked with its outward self. Scarce any contemporary so well understood Landor, Coleridge, Hazlitt, and especially Charles Lamb. In and out of his bright intercourse with high minds ran a steady fibre of homage. He would have associated just as gracefully, just as reverently, with Marvell or Sir Thomas Browne. Yet he records with merriment how Shelley sailed his paper boats, or screwed his bright brown hair into "horns," to divert the children; how Keats used to sit listening, clasping one foot over his knee, and how the title "*Junkets*," a whimsical *liaison* of his names, was given to him because of his fairy-folk; and how he, Hunt, in turn, became "*Leontius*," though "*Christian* nomenclature knows none such." Nothing more beautiful than Hunt's friendli-

ness for the author of *Adonais* and the subject of it can be found in the literary annals of the nineteenth century; it was fellowship, and it was also a prophetic tribute of mind to mind.

What a judicious, discursive critic he was, with a flavor of sarcasm and dogmatism ever and anon in his beneficent pages! Hunt, as James Hannay concisely put it, was a born taster. His sense of artistic propriety was unique. He was not afraid to be liberal, being sure of himself. He was an epicure at quotations, and the chief charm both of his style and his scholarship is that he knew and upheld the "peerage of words," the nobilities of English speech. Therefore it is that if Hunt is not popular, in the sense he wished, he has, at least, a choice circle perpetually about him. The lovers of "the exhaustless world of books and art, of the rising genius of young authors, the immortal language of music, trees, and flowers, and the old memorial nooks of town and country," are his friends.

Hunt was tall, erect, and slender, with the "sweet and earnest look" that Shelley notes. In his early manhood,

"His face was like a summer night
All flooded with a dusky light,"

and sparkling with animation; but in his declining years the gayety, save in his smile and in the occasional "flashes of youth" in his fine eyes, seemed to have died away; and in its stead came the aspect of grave thoughtfulness which we see in the portrait prefixed to his latest book. He had undergone the combined attacks of melancholy and ill-health, but his step was always elastic and his chest ample. His head was handsomely shaped, and covered with rather straight, Indian-like black hair; Byron's hats, as well as Keats' and Shelley's, were too small for him. Carlyle somewhere refers to his "pretty little laugh, sincere and cordial; his voice, with its ending musical warble ('chirl,' we called it), which reminded one of singing-birds."

It would have been better for Hunt, since his lines lay not in the planet Mercury, but in this rough-and-tumble world, had he been cast in a less delicate mould; unless we hold with Lowell that the infusion of "some finer-grained stuff for a woman prepared" is no drawback, and that Nature

"Could not have hit a more excellent plan
For making him fully and perfectly man."

Hunt's preferences were after Evelyn's own heart, and turned towards books and a garden. He was not too exacting; he relished a page "bethumbed horribly," and found beauty in a toadstool. But he had little personal claim over any land or any library. He was *doctor sine libris* the greater part of his life; wretchedly poor from 1830 to 1840, and forced to sell his folios for the bare necessities of life.

"Fair lover all his days of all things fair," none deserved better, by services, temperament, and generous habits, to be surrounded with luxuries, and to be blessed with some other revenue than his good spirits merely. Hazlitt understood his needs and their involved denials. "Leigh Hunt," he said, conscious that he was speaking in a world where labor is the immutable law, "ought to be allowed to play, sing, laugh, and talk his life away; to patronize men of letters; to write manly prose and elegant verse." Not a tithe of such luck befell his sunny-hearted friend. The deprivations which Hunt could not lessen, he bore with philosophic serenity.

This brings us to a mention of his money matters, and to the question of Harold Skimpole. First and last, let it not be forgotten that Leigh Hunt would have been comparatively prosperous if his political opinions had accommodated themselves to the powers that be, as did those of several among his brother poets.

He was to some extent improvident, as his father, "deeply acquainted with arrests," had been before him. Of the

vicissitudes of his own childhood the son wrote: "We struggled on between quiet and disturbance, between placid readings and frightful knocks at the door, between sickness and calamity and hopes which hardly ever forsook us." The younger Hunt had a sort of willful attachment to his inherited failing. He would almost have chosen to be poor, on the odd principle that it showed forth his friends clearly, and that it hindered his heart from being eaten up with the love of gain. "I could not dabble in money business if I would," he writes with fastidious directness, "from sheer ignorance of the language." Just as for his thrift and unspiritual shrewdness he disliked Franklin, whom he believed, with all his ability, to be merely at the head of those who think man lives by bread alone, so he rejoiced in Christmas time, for one reason, because Mammon was then suspended; and so he honored his elected saint, Francis of Assisi, because neither he nor his followers could be brought to handle the coin of the realm. Hunt was thoroughly impractical, and very willing to own it. He was full to the brim of what he himself called "other worldliness," and he knew it. Yet he spared no legitimate effort, not desperate, for his family's sake. He was a persistent worker, busy with book and pencil even at the breakfast-table; but somehow the largesses never came, and he found it fitting to despise Mammon, since Mammon so unconscionably slighted him. While in prison, under a heavy fine, Leigh Hunt refused all aid, and his brother and himself paid the last farthing; later, however, he learned to go a-borrowing. From Shelley he received regal help, which there was no obligation to return; unless Jaffar and perfect fidelity to his memory more than discharged the debt. Happily, it was Shelley himself who wrote of Leigh Hunt that no man could so nobly give or take a benefit, though he ever conferred far more than he could receive.

Bounties, indeed, Hunt accepted from none other, save, long after, from Shelley's widow and his heir, the present Sir Percy; and offerings, in the case of friends like these, lose their name, and are not to be considered.

Nothing monetary worried Hunt so much that he was not able to jest over it. It may have been at a time when he most lamented his "handsome infirmity" that he wrote, with boyish humor, to Mrs. Novello, "Somebody in the world owes me tenpence. It's a woman at Finchley. I bought twopenny worth of milk of her one day, to give a draught to Marianne" (Mrs. Hunt), "and she had n't change; so I left a shilling with her, and cunningly said I should call. Now, I never shall call, improvident as you may think it; so that, upon the principle of compound interest, her great-grandchildren, or their great-great, or whichever great it is, will owe my posterity several millions of money. I mention this to give you a lively sense of the shrewdness experience has taught me."

Thornton Hunt (the "favorite child" of Lamb's pretty poem) states that his father had a real incapacity to understand any subject when it was reduced to figures. It was a peculiarity of the system at Christ's Hospital that a boy might grow to his fifteenth year in the grammar school without having learned the rudiments of arithmetic. So it chanced with Leigh Hunt; and in the decline of life he averred, with jocose penitence, that he had never known his multiplication table. When he went as a clerk to the war office, before the starting of *The Examiner*, he taught himself a small stock of mathematics, wisely calculated to last while he stayed there, and no longer, and which served him very well according to his intent. Again, in the preface to Lord Byron and his Contemporaries, he laments his bad habits of business and his sorry arithmetic. The shortcoming was a limitation of his

mind; as the French would say, one of the defects of his qualities. An idealist, a poet, and a

"scornful of the ground,"

he dismissed the significance of seven times seven as an effete imposition.

All this is Harold Skimpole to the life. We can go further. The fantastic gentleman of Bleak House desires to lie upon the grass by the day, and declares that he was born to lie there, gazing tranquilly at the sky, and free of meaner obligations, eking out solace for any and all of his woes. Leigh Hunt, with his "gay and ostentatious willfulness," — has he no parallel to Mr. Skimpole's rural unconcern? "In the midst of awful vexations, the sight of one open face, I could almost say of one green and quiet field, is enough to make me hope to the last. . . . I could spend the rest of my life lodging above one of the bookseller's shops on the Quai de Voltaire, where I might look over to the Tuileries, and have the Champs Elysées in my eye for an evening walk. . . . Oh, I wish we were all of us gypsies! — I mean all of us who have a value for one another; and that we could go, seeking health and happiness, without a care, up all the green lanes in England, half gypsy and half gentry, with books instead of peddlery." Skimpole's earnest and disinterested *wishing* his dues to the butcher, who in turn wishes that he had wished Skimpole the lamb in the same sense, and Skimpole's reply that that could not be, as he, the butcher, possessed the meat, and he, the eater thereof, had not the money, are exquisitely funny to any one who knows Leigh Hunt, and who knows, moreover, that though Hunt never committed so palpable an absurdity, it was in him to make a like arch and innocent reply.

It is a pity to confess the casual reciprocity between an odious character in fiction and a man of such sane and upright temper as Leigh Hunt; and the

admission, certainly, should never be made to those who do not understand, besides this irreconcilable difference between the two, Charles Dickens's methods of appropriating remnants of real life for his novels, and the laws whereby the transferring of such material is fair and desirable. Dickens was a little piratical in this respect: he could not lose the chance of a favorable effect, even if the indulging of it sacrificed the memory of his not over-admirable parents. To him, Hunt offered extremely tempting oddities; and for Hunt, at the same time, he had a cordial regard, which had been more than once proven. The whole affair became, ultimately, painful to all concerned; but no grudge should stand now against the trusty and affectionate explanation of Dickens, given in *All the Year Round*, in 1859. Leigh Hunt's "animation, his sympathy with what was gay and pleasurable, his avowed doctrine of cultivating cheerfulness," and his insisting on these traits with a "gay and ostentatious willfulness" impressed Dickens as "unspeakably whimsical and attractive:" they furnished the airy element he wanted for the man of his tale; and after taking them for his purpose, he showed proofs of the sketch to Hunt's best friends, that they might alter whatever was too much like his "way." With all this careful manoeuvring, the public were bent on identifying Skimpole with Leigh Hunt. No one mistook that Arcadian carelessness, that inexpressibly engaging manner, even linked, as they were, with disagreeable sequences. *Bleak House* is written, and the excitement is over; but there is the witchcraft of resemblance to be traced out. Alas, not every reader is so constituted as to realize that enjoyment of Mr. Skimpole is compatible with loyalty to Leigh Hunt.

Peace to his happy-hearted spirit! He bore much and outlived much, sustained by natural piety; he moved the "world which neweth everie daie" a

little farther into the sun, as he had wished; and left helpful words to bespeak him to other generations. On August 29, 1859, he died; and in Kensal Green, London, whither many of his family had preceded him, and towards which he looked often, in his solitary walks, with "eyes at once most melancholy, yet consoled," he was laid to rest.

Leigh Hunt deserves a memorial day to his name in his forgetful England. He deserves the bust in Westminster

Abbey, which our Hawthorne awarded him, and which is yet among the possibilities of a marble quarry. He deserves homage, which were perhaps fittest, being unspoken, this hundredth anniversary of his birth. If he has none of these things in full measure,—for his was precisely the temperament which is apt ever to be misconstrued,—we may still assent to the general proposition that the verdict of Time is good; and the fine scorn and the speculation we may keep to ourselves.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

THE LAKES OF UPPER ITALY.

II.

THE lake of Lugano is ten miles from Lago Maggiore as the crow flies. For travelers, the most direct route is from Luino, on the Lombard shore of the latter lake, to the town of Lugano. To escape the midday heat upon the water, they should take the earliest steamboat on a fine day, and see Lago Maggiore in the hour after sunrise, when there is not a cloud in the sky and only a few white breaths linger over the Sasso di Ferro, and when the magic gleam of morning's first smile has not faded from the world. The day is well on its way before the boat arrives at Luino, and then there is delay about post-horses even though they have been ordered in advance, to give the hotel-keeper a chance of forcing tourists to swallow an extremely bad meal while waiting for the stage-coach or for separate conveyances. The former is about equally uncomfortable all the world round, and the smaller vehicles are such jingling rattle-traps that I wonder no American has carried out the happy thought of a young fellow-countryman I met at Lucerne, who declared that he

would bring over a trotting-wagon on his wedding journey, and pass his honeymoon in skimming over the smooth valley roads. As the horses, tired from the start, slowly toil up the steep, narrow street, arched gateways in the unprepossessing house fronts give sudden glimpses of gardens like bits of rainbow, over which the lake is seen sparkling against its curving shore. The road climbs up-hill for some time after the town is left behind, while one looks backward for a last view of the queen of Italian lakes; it then descends into a brooky vale of charming rural disposition, flowery meadows with groups of fine trees bordering the bright little river Tresa, which keeps company with the thirsty road during most of the drive. At Ponte Tresa the rivulet flows into a cove of Lake Lugano, with a twin pool near by, both of them so shut in by a pictorial, cheerful-looking village that they seem to be independent lakelets. The road after passing them turns from the water into another valley, which it divides by a long, straight track regularly planted with noble shade-trees, like a private avenue. A mile or two of this, and then a little aside from

the highway lies the tiny lake of Muzano, encircled by a broad belt of water-lilies, under which springs bubble up, making the white flowers rock. When I first saw it, peasant women were making hay and steeping flax on the turf banks beneath the chestnut-boughs, while their children were paddling in the clear ripples, some with their clothes on, others without them; one little fellow, whose brown limbs were clad only in a white shirt, was standing up to his knees in the water and scooping it into his lap. It was altogether such a perfect eclogue that a few days later I walked back there from Lugano by steep, stony by-ways full of picturesque surprises. As I struck across the grass beside the lake, dilating my nostrils for the perfume of new-mown hay, they inhaled instead a shocking smell like that of a lamp gone out. The idyllic task of laving the fresh stalks of flax is followed by drying them in the sun, and their bleaching skeletons lay about, giving out a fetid, oily odor. This is a drawback to enjoyment along the lake-edges for a short time towards the end of summer, but it does not last many days; after that the women are to be seen, sitting in the shade, hackling the fibres with an implement as primitive as a spinning-wheel.

The lake of Lugano is very much smaller than Maggiore, and more Swiss than Italian in character. It is narrow, and winds between steep, dark mountains which overshadow the water; the scenery is striking, almost rugged. Formerly it was not altogether easy of access, as the road from Luino, or a still longer one by way of the lake of Varese, or a more hilly one from Lake Como, were, I believe, the only carriage routes by which it could be reached, and its austere expression was consistent with its isolation. Now the St. Gothard railroad passes the town of Lugano and skirts the lake for some distance, crossing its lower bay on a causeway, and keeping it in view almost until the

waters of Como flash into sight. Seen from the railroad, Lake Lugano loses its rather stern aspect, and smiles and sparkles like a true daughter of Italy. I know of no more beautiful excursion than to cross the St. Gothard, with its wonders of engineering, its sudden alternations of darkness and light, its precipices, chasms, snow summits, its prodigious revelations of height and depth, — those sublime “creatures,” as St. Paul calls them, — its cascades, and swirling torrents, and pine forests; then to descend through the vine-clad canton of Ticino upon the upper sheet of Lago Maggiore, and proceed along the fairy marges of Lugano and Como until the pinnacles of Milan cathedral come into view. It is marvelous that so much of the majesty and loveliness of nature can be brought within the range of a railway-carriage window.

The station at Lugano is a really fine building, with a marble-pillared porch and two wings; its arched and pillared porticoes framing a series of pictures of lake, mountains, and town, which boasts more than one Romanesque tower and a fine Renaissance church front. The floor of these handsome galleries is mosaic; the restaurant, waiting-rooms, and various offices open upon them on one side, and on the other upon a long, covered, paved platform above the railway. Nothing could be more suitable and convenient for the practical purposes of a passenger dépôt, nor at the same time more in keeping with its position as the portal to a region of natural beauty enhanced by the presence of art.

“Hotel du Parc, Lugano, August 18, 1882. This is a terribly hot and noisy place. Under the clipped lindens beside the quay opposite the hotel, the boatmen sit all day in wait for fares, shouting, playing cards, quarreling, and making altogether more row than a stand of Irish hack-drivers would. Three or four times, between dawn and bedtime, stage-coaches, carriages, and omnibuses

jingle, rattle, and *crackle* past, going to and from the steamboats and trains. The harsh bells of half a dozen churches clang for service at all hours, beginning at five A. M. Every other day — perhaps only twice a week in reality, but it seems to be twice as often — the peasants in troops come by to market, with their livestock, cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry, attended by yelping dogs. The horned beasts take their troubles quietly, but there is no dignity or reticence about swine: they come from the country grunting and squealing at every step, as if in anticipation of a cruel fate, but those that return unsold go back to their pastures as full of grumbling and complaint as they came; there is no satisfying them. Even when one of them stops to root, while his owner rests under the trees, he grunts and squeals incessantly, pausing in his grubbing, but not in his threnody, to look up and down the road; under these circumstances there is no ground for discontent, and it must be that the grievance lies merely in the fact that he is a pig.

“The hotel itself is not pleasant, although it might be, for it is a spacious, curious old place, and was once a monastery; but everybody is churlish, from the landlord to the porter, and the *table d'hôte* is crowded by over a hundred and fifty Babel-like people, not counting the rude waiters. The racket and clatter are distracting. The truth is, we are socially and politically in Switzerland; for, coming from Luino, one crosses the frontier, which makes a scalloped line between and across the lakes, so that one must sometimes go through the custom-house three times in half a day's excursion. The hotel gardens are fine, rising in many terraces up a stiff hillside behind the house, laid out on a pleasant, old-fashioned plan, with shade and fruit trees mingled, flower borders and vegetables and current bushes in rows, and walks ending in bowers of white jasmine. There is a *dépendance*,

or colony, called the Beau Séjour, in an adjoining villa, once a royal residence (of one of the Tuscan arch-dukes, I think), which would be altogether the better place to stop at, if one had not to come to the hotel for meals, a steep and sunny ten minutes' walk. The Beau Séjour grounds are extremely beautiful: there is a noble terrace blazing with flowers, lined with orange-trees, and shaded by magnificent lindens, which overlooks the lake; a footpath leads from it up a wooded hillside broken by a wild glen and brook.

“Sunday, August 20. Very warm, but a fine air on the water. At 10 A. M. took a little steamer which carries travelers for the lake of Como to Porlezza, the last town on these waters. Got out after half an hour at the village of San Mamette, in Italy, to look for the cascade of the Drano. The population of this picturesque little emporium was keeping the festival of its sponsor and patron saint; the holy-day falls two days earlier, but a peasant woman told me that they had put off the celebration until Sunday, as they could not afford to spare a week day from their work, — a wonderful revolution brought about by the pressure of the taxes. Inquiring my way, I was directed to go straight up the church steps, which seemed odd for the first stage. However, they lead not to the door of the church, which crowns the town, but to a sort of small *piazza*, or platform, before it, whence a path strikes up among the hills. Up, up, I went, over nearly four hundred rough steps and ridges of *cordonate*, alternating with steep pitches paved with sharp little cobble-stones, slippery as glass and hot as live coals. But it was a beautiful walk between low vineyard and orchard walls. On the left the fine gorge of the Drano burrowed deep down among rocks and dense foliage, the mountains rising on its further side, with wild hamlets, each hoisting its *campanile* and clinging to the ledges. The path, after passing

through one or two similar collections of houses, at length winds off into solitude, crossing the ravine by an arched bridge of audacious spring. Below, to the right, I saw the head of the valley; so I turned off and entered a pretty dell with green, shady sides, closed by a great, sheer wall of rock, over which falls a long white tress of water, trickling away in a clear strand over the stones; in the cleft of the hills directly above the waterfall rises a grand bare mountain, breast and brow. I sat down on the grass among blue-bells, pink cyclamens, and wild sweet-peas, and presently espied, on the other side of the rivulet, a little ruined mill with a red tile roof, wreathed in creepers; it did not trouble the seclusion. . . . For once descent was more difficult than ascent; I found it hard to keep my feet, as I slid on tottering legs down to San Mamette, catching glimpses of the peacock-colored lake across the tree-tops below me. Passed the afternoon in the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, adjoining the hotel, looking at Luini's frescoes."

It is not possible to speak of Lugano and be silent about the works of Bernardino Luini; but what I have to say is merely the opinion of an unæsthetic traveler who likes to look at pictures. There are several of Luini's frescoes in this favored church, the principal being a Crucifixion, which covers a wall stretching entirely across the church, the aisles passing under it. When I was first at Lugano I had not gone through an apprenticeship in the great galleries, and the immense size of the composition and the number of figures overwhelmed and confused me. After one or two efforts to understand and enjoy it I gave up the attempt, and devoted myself to the smaller ones, a lovely Madonna with the two children, and a Last Supper in three compartments. The latter inevitably challenges comparison with Leonardo da Vinci's far more famous work, and suffers accordingly; but if

there is less power and harmony in Luini's, there is no less beauty or religious feeling. Judas is treated with peculiar originality: he sits at the end of the bench, which he grasps spasmodically with one hand, averting his head from his companions so as to face the spectator; he seems to be apart from the rest, the common emotion, acting inversely upon him, separates him from them; he has an expression of contrition for the deed to be committed, a foretaste of the remorse which was to end in Aceldama.

It was eleven years before I saw the Crucifixion again, and then it absorbed my attention for hours together on many successive days. As a whole it lacks unity, a want which is felt in many of Luini's large productions; and this fault is exaggerated by the introduction of the entire Passion. The closing scene, crowded with life-size figures, occupies the foreground; higher up, in a sort of middle distance, is the Procession to Calvary; still higher is the Flagellation on one side, and on the other are the Entombment and Resurrection, these incidents being reduced in scale, and artificially divided from each other by painted columns; above, in the air, are weeping angels and cherubs, and highest of all the Eternal enthroned. The composition, which is certainly defective, resolves itself into a number of groups and single figures, some of which are so extraordinarily beautiful and graceful that the neglect with which they have been treated by copyists and photographers is unaccountable. Among the most charming of them are a child in white tripping through the garden near the tomb, a lad with a spear mounting guard at the flagellation, and a woman watching the crucifixion, with a babe on her left arm and holding with her right hand a little boy three or four years old who is hiding his face in her skirt with a movement of fright. Many of the heads — too many for enumeration — are noble studies; the centurion's is one of the

finest. There are also some majestic prophets in *grisaille* between the arches; these have been somewhat retouched, and very badly, but the other frescoes are in excellent preservation, especially the Last Supper and the Virgin and Children. The colors of the Crucifixion have probably grown pale; still I have never been struck by any general effect of richness or harmony of coloring in Luini's larger frescoes. It is clear and cheerful, with a predominance of the lighter shades of red, which he bestows most liberally upon his human beings. He sometimes produces the happiest combinations, such as the apple-green and salmon-colored robes of two exquisite angels who float above our Saviour's cross, the tints being repeated in the cherubs overhead.

Next to the positive beauty of Luini's figures, their principal charm lies in their dignity, simplicity, and sweetness, and in a deep consistency of expression which defines the relation of each personage to the subject of the picture. The disciple of Leonardo is hardly to be called *naïf*, but even where the teacher's influence is most apparent, as in the subtle refinement of certain female heads, there is no dubious after-thought, no equivocal insinuation. He has not great strength, but he abounds in purity, delicacy, and quiet religious feeling, sometimes touched by sadness, yet free from mystery and mysticism. His execution of detail, although never obtrusive, is often marvelous in minuteness and fidelity. In following this gentle master from town to town, I discovered, what was new to me, at least, how distinctly he has been the model of Mr. Burne Jones and his imitators, as well as of the Frenchman M. Puvis de Chavannes, who has caught the spirit of the early school better than his English compeers. Sandro Botticelli is generally assigned as the prototype and model of these gentlemen, and Luini has not the ineffable melancholy and suggestiveness

of Botticelli, nor some of his defects, for which the painters of the pseudo-Renaissance pine and yearn. But, not to pursue the comparison further, the question will be settled for most people by a glance at the fresco of three girls playing at forfeits, in a corridor of the Brera at Milan, and at the painting of red and white rose-bushes in a picture of the Madonna, in a small room of the same gallery.

There are other excursions to make from Lugano, a mountain to climb, and Monte Caprino to be reached by rowing, where the grotto cellars give tourists an excuse for drinking a sweet, sparkling, and heady wine, Asti Mousseux by name: these are duly set down in all guide-books. But a grateful traveler will not turn away from the spot without recording his thanks to the generous owner of a fine place on a point across the cove upon which the town stands where strangers are permitted to land and walk under the broad shade of sycamore and linden groves, with dazzling openings on the hot lake from the cool depths. It is not just, either, to leave the neighborhood without speaking of the mode of approach by which the scenery is seen to the greatest advantage, although it does not come exactly into the order of my going.

"August 24, 1883. Left Bellagio (on the lake of Como) at ten A. M. by steamboat. Got off at Menaggio, on the opposite side, and had a row with a rascal about a pony-carriage to Porlezza, which lost us an hour, although I got the better of him. This delay had the solitary advantage of giving the diligence such a start of us that its dust had subsided before we set out. The drive is hilly at first, and gradually becomes mountainous, going higher and higher by zigzags among vineyards, olive orchards, and chestnut groves, over a white powdery road, between blinding white walls. As we looked back there

was an ever-changing view of the enchanting lake, until at last the hill-sides, closing round us, shut it out. By and by darker heights began to rise over against us, and the landscape wore a more sombre face than we had seen for weeks. We crossed a babbling brook in a ravine, and passed a little lake with marshy borders, a mere pool. By the time we had driven an hour and a half, the Italian flowers in the college garden had given place to Swiss ones, — dahlias, hollyhocks, and marigolds, — and the scenery had lost much of its softness. The hour's detention at Menaggio made us five minutes late for the steamboat at Porlezza, and we had three hours to wait for the next one. Porlezza is a small town, which has apparently stood still for a long time. There is a hotel, where we had a bad lunch, a church, a villa of some pretensions, — pretty, as a garden on a mountain lake must needs be, — and a crooked street, all of which stand upon or tend towards a shabby, grass-grown piazza along the steamboat landing. To escape from this, I wandered into a meadow fringed with trees on a bank above a strip of shingle beach, and there sat drinking the breeze and looking out upon the lake. It is narrow at this end, and the mountains are high, sloping in a single line from peak to base. The steamboat, which reaches Lugano in an hour, soon carried us into wider waters, and we passed a cascade dropping over the mouth of a grotto at the ripple's edge. The scenery has character, what painters call 'style'; it recalls the lake of Lucerne in greatly diminished proportions. As we advanced the mountains rose sharp and serrate, some of them like a hand with blunt fingers; the lake widened still more and the upper bay came into sight, and finally Lugano, looking almost like a city, seated on a natural amphitheatre in the north-most curve."

Between the lakes of Lugano and Como stands Monte Generoso, for which

the starting-point, since the completion of the railway, is the station of Mendrisio. There are two modes of going up the mountain: one in a *carretta*, a vehicle unknown to us, a sort of rough arm-chair on wheels, holding but one person; the other on a donkey, or on foot by a bridle-path if you prefer it. When I made the expedition one of my companions chose the *carretta*, and reported it to be an instrument of torture for dislocating the bones and shaking the breath out of the body. My other comrade and I took the shorter way, as we supposed, but we arrived simultaneously with the *carretta*; he walked, I rode, and although he had the light foot of youth he declared that he had done nothing in the Alps so fatiguing as that slipping and scrambling over loose stones, which rolled down-hill with him at every step. For a short distance we followed the so-called carriage-road: it turns first among walnut groves; then through chestnuts, some of which are great boles bound with small five-pointed ivy; then between rocky banks supporting big, mossy, gnarled beech-stumps, with plantations of saplings springing from their old stocks. Not far above Mendrisio there is a spot fit for a picture: a dilapidated paper-mill, with many wheels dashing the spray of a brook into the ravine below with a refreshing plash; and opposite to this a wide, vaulted, stone recess lined with delicate ferns, sheltering a large marble tank brimful of clear water, where the tired donkey-boys stop to drink from the hollow of their hand. It is the last mouthful of moisture or coolness on the road. The rest of the way is first dusty and steep, then steeper and paved with cobble-stones, and finally it becomes like the dry bed of a New England hill-brook where it lies nearest to the perpendicular. It was very hot; the only trees were scrub-growth that shut out the air, but not the sun; the only traces of water two or three empty torrent-courses and a spring which for the

moment was a mere mud-hole. There was no view except of mountain flanks, forest below and pasture-land above. We came once upon a few furlongs of woodland, where wild pinks and superb dark blue campanulas grew among the grass, and we hailed it as a veritable oasis. My donkey was fat and sleek; every quarter of an hour he stopped as if ready to drop, and I got off and walked for a quarter of an hour to let him rest. The donkey-boy beat him with incessant mechanical strokes, like a pendulum, and replied to my remonstrances that he was "a malicious beast." He was also sly and lazy, and by degrees my zoöphilism gave out: I noticed that he was neither hot nor blown, while I was both; so at length I scrambled into the saddle to dismount no more before the end of the journey, and bade the boy thwack as much as he thought fit. But the donkey, at an earlier day, had made up his mind that he preferred being beaten to making speed, and nothing could shake his determination.

After nearly three hours of this progress, which would have become intolerable if it had been much more prolonged, we reached the Monte Generoso hotel, standing alone on a small plateau three quarters of the way to the mountain-top. It is a big, square, five-story building, solid, but otherwise as ugly as if it belonged in New Hampshire. The grounds are small, rough, and untidy. The near view is Swiss, mountains covered with short grass and beech copse; beyond them the plain of Lombardy stretches out vast and vague as the sea, through a hot haze which muffles its outlines. Behind the hotel, a walk of ten minutes through the beech thickets leads to a path along a ridge overhanging the lake of Lugano, and ending at the Bella Vista, a railed platform, which commands a grand panorama. I never saw this entirely unclouded, but it was always imposing. My first sight of it was just before sunset, when the gorges were full

of dark vapors, heavy gray and black clouds thronging and crowding together above the peaks, diffusing darkness, through which came flashes of lightning and mutterings of thunder; the lake had a strange, dull green, marble-like surface, reflecting every anfractuosity of the rock, every house and clump of trees on its banks, every cloud that crossed the sky; over the nearest ridge Lago Maggiore could be seen gleaming dimly in the distance, catching some sunset lights through rifts in the gloomy canopy.

"Monte Generoso, Sunday, August 26, 1883. This is a comfortless house, and there is the tyranny in its hours and habits and the indifference to the convenience of travelers which are usually to be found where there is but one hotel. Furthermore, it is a fief of the Church of England; there is daily morning prayer at 8.30 A. M.; on Saturday the corridors resound with practicing the chants and hymns, and on Sunday there are three services, the first beginning at 10 A. M., when the same bell which summons us to meals announces church by more measured strokes. The majority of the lodgers are botanizing, geologizing, sketching, ascensionizing English of both sexes. They attend public worship in an exemplary manner. To-day, after the sermon, before the final hymn and benediction, the clergyman made an earnest appeal for contributions to the fund for maintaining the services, on the regularity and frequency of which he dwelt with just emphasis, affirming, poor man, that he should derive no advantage from this collection. Having no money with me, I slipped out and went to my room for my pocket-book. Most of my English fellow Christians went out at the same time, but did not go back."

"Monday, August 27. There is pleasant walking here over miles of soft, elastic, close-cropped turf, and the air is very fine, pure, and rare. We are four thousand feet above the sea; the moun-

tain-top is two thousand feet higher. The drawback to walking is the absence of shade. The greater views, too, are not visible from the pastures. Took a long hot pull to a point whence we were assured that we could see the lake of Como. We did see an inch or two of it, and the town, — a flat bird's-eye view; the cathedral stood up handsomely, however. There is a fine breed of cattle on this mountain, with most dulcet bells; when a number of them are grazing together the sound is like musical-glasses. The heifers are extremely tame, and come to be fed and petted.

“Dialogue at table d'hôte between American gentleman from an Atlantic State and English lady. *She*. Did you ever meet the Indians? *He*. The Indians? *She*. Yes; your red men, you know. *He* (*aside*). Does she mean in society or on the war-path, I wonder. (*Aloud*.) No, I live too far east. They are in the west, — the far west. *She*. Oh, yes; Chicago and Cincinnati, you know. *He*. Yes, a good deal further than that. *She*. Aw — really! Your country is so *very* — *very* large, you know. And for these long journeys do you have something like our Pullman cars? *He* (*with self-command*). Something quite like them. *She*. Fancy!

“Tuesday, August 28. Spent the morning at the Bella Vista. The horizon was not clear, but the clouds had not yet gathered compactly, and the black bulks of the Monte Rosa Alps, with their death-like white faces, were looking over fields of lower ranges. What are they like? There is something personal and supernatural, conscious and deliberate, in their appearance, and how remote and alien from earth and man! The moment they become visible the whole scene changes, as if Nature herself were affected by their presence. The extension which the prospect gains by their altitudes deepens the profound silence which always broods over these lakes at this season; it grows more intense with

the expansion of the view. To-day the stillness was oppressive: not a bird or insect gave a note; there was no noise of steam, or trade, or traffic from the white, motionless towns thousands of feet below me, no voice of agricultural labor from the hill-sides. Once in the course of the morning a dull rumble was heard far down, and a railway train wriggled along the ground like a huge black reptile, tainting the air with its breath. The view must be magnificent when it is at its best, and it is very fine at its worst, as it is said to be at present. The mountains are seamed and scarred by the tracks of torrents, and gray-brown crags jut out from their green covering, as if Generoso had worn though his coat. They stand up in peaks, ridges, and bluffs, shutting in the narrow lake. There is an awful harmony in the general configuration. The one flaw in it is a flat strip along the water between the headlands of Mendrisio and Maggiora, which is marked with a long St. Andrew's cross by the oblique intersection of the railroad and highway; it is a commonplace, work-day feature, annoyingly out of keeping with the majesty of the surrounding scenery. There is nothing Italian here except the atmosphere, and that invests the severity of the prospect with some softness. But it is not *simpatico*.”

Southward from Monte Generoso, among the lessening hills, there is a small sheet of water aside from the common track of travel, called the lake of Varese. It is accessible by carriage-roads from several points on the larger lakes, and from Arona on Lago Maggiore by a branch of the railroad to Milan. I drove thither from Mendrisio by a dusty and monotonous route between maize-fields, with hems of white buckwheat and rows of cropped, stunted-looking mulberry-trees. After passing the frontier, where the vexations of the custom-house were abridged as much as possible by the good-humor and good-

manners of the officials, the road begins to ascend; higher and bolder mountains come into sight; the finger of Italy touches the landscape. On one side a Lombard church tower, eight stories high, starts into view; on the other, upon a knoll above the road, appears the tall fragment of an amphitheatre wall cut in the foliage of a closely planted row of trees, a bit of old-fashioned gardening which seemed to belong to the grounds of an adjacent convent. The curves of the champaign are in the immortal line of beauty. Cream-colored oxen with liquid, dark eyes pass by, dragging hay-carts; carnations loll heavily from the window-sills; and, framed by a small square casement sunk in vines, a woman's face looks out, fit for a tragedy of the sixteenth century.

Varese is unlike any other Italian town with which I am familiar, yet it looks as if it might be the type of a good many. Its dimensions are small and its pretensions are great. In the environs there are shabby, mangy little promenades and parks at every turn; tablets in the walls with pompous Latin inscriptions, commemorating personages and events unknown to the next parish; ill-kept villas with elaborate iron gateways. In the outskirts of the town there is a church which exceeds in bad taste anything of the same style I have ever seen: it has a square tower, a polygonal cupola, and side apses, crammed together without regard to proportion, and a triple porch upheld by colossal satyrs and surmounted by allegorical figures with trumpets. The place is thriving and uninteresting; its narrow streets smell as ill as those of more picturesque and less prosperous communities. To judge by the signboards, there is a lively trade in spirituous liquors; but silk manufacture is the principal industry of the place.

I went to see a large *filanderia*, or establishment where the silk in its natural state is prepared for the loom. Mil-

lions of cocoons were lying on shelves of slats to avoid moisture. They were of three colors, white, cream, and pale yellow: this variety does not arise from differences in the food of the worm, but from diversity of species; "like the races of mankind," as the superintendent explained, laughing. The best variety is Chinese; "Mongoli," he called them. I stupidly did not ask whether the Mongolians are yellow. Some cocoons are notably larger than others and those are double, — "married," said the superintendent, there being two chrysalides in the egg, like a *philopœna* almond; they are as numerous as the single ones, and are kept separate from them. In a long, airy room several hundred women, principally young girls, were putting the cocoons through successive stages of a process by which the downy cover is separated from the chrysalis and spun into threads like gossamer; there was a subdued rattle of treadles and reels, like an accompaniment to a sweet melancholy chant which the women were singing in parts. In a side-room sat a young girl with a distaff and spindle, running off the spider's-web substance into shining hanks of silk; they looked like immense skeins of spun glass and spun gold. The white remains white, the straw-color becomes paler and takes a greenish cast, while the cream-color turns out bright yellow, almost like old gold; these are the only natural shades. As I gave the young girl some trouble by interrupting her work to make her show me how it was done, I offered her at parting a small sum with my thanks; she refused it with a gesture almost scornful and, starting up, ran out of the room. The merry superintendent laughed, as he did at everything, but when, on saying good-by to him, I ventured to proffer him a much larger bonus he too drew back, and declined it with comic pantomime of putting away a bribe. Believing that there was no indelicacy in pressing it upon him gently, I did so; but he shook his

head, and said gayly that he could not accept money, having violated the rules of the establishment, which are very strict, in allowing me to visit it, and that to take money would compromise him with the proprietor, his employer. I suppose my unscientific questions at the outset convinced him of my incapacity to steal the secrets of the process, but how he supposed his breach of trust would become known I cannot imagine, unless the work-people act as spies.

The lake of Varese is much smaller and less beautiful than its three neighbors; the hills about it are long and low, the immediate landscape is tame. It is to this absence of salient heights that it owes its chief title to consideration, — an unobstructed view of Monte Rosa and her snowy myrmidons, said to be unique in its effect of juxtaposition. The clouds hid it entirely during my short stay, and I know it only by a highly-colored lithograph in the hall of the hotel. The hotel itself is the most remarkable villa near Varese, although on the higher ground above the lake there are several handsome ones in good order. One of these, the Villa Taccioli, which is old enough to have a history, but has changed hands too often, boasts of a chapel containing an original work by Agostino Busti, a famous Lombard sculptor of the Cinquecento. It is a graceful but feeble, insignificant group of the Madonna and Child; the best part is the base, which evidently does not belong to the figures. As I observed this to the gardener, he instantly replied that he had heard *conoscenti* say that it was probably a portion of the widely-scattered monument of Gaston de Foix, by the same sculptor. This intelligent gardener had a large bed of cyclamens which he had transplanted from the mountains; it is the only time I have seen them cultivated in Italy. The hotel, however, surpassed all the neighboring seats that I saw. It is called

the Excelsior, and until twenty years ago belonged to the Recalcatti family of Milan. It is an enormous house, to which only a wing, with the dining-room and offices, has been added for its present purpose; and although not a handsome building, it has good points, especially indoors. There is a spacious suite of reception-rooms opening on the garden, and one of them, for music, is most charmingly designed and decorated. It is in white and a fresh, delicate green; the walls have green panels set in very rich flower-chaplets of white stucco; it has a gambrel ceiling, with an elegant frieze of garlands, medallions, and groups of Cupids; between the panels opposite the long windows are mirrors reflecting the garden, and there are a quantity of silver sconces and candlesticks of a very pretty, old-fashioned pattern; the furniture is in pale green damask, white wood-work with a touch of gold. Upstairs the principal rooms open into an antechamber, with floors of scagliola, or red, white, and black marble, furnished with heavy, obsolete black chairs, tables, and settees, such as fill the modern bricabrac hunter with envy. The walls are paneled with frightful frescoes, or hung with great canvases by third and fourth rate Venetian and Bolognese painters, and even the bad taste is grandiose. The gardens have extent, but not style, and though they are large the trees are small; they are a most agreeable adjunct to the lower rooms, however, which seem almost part of them. When I was there, long, high banks of roses and mignonette filled the air with sweetness, and mimosa-trees, covered with puffs of pink-tipped blossoms as light as thistle-down, lent some of their own exquisite refinement to the grounds. The great attraction of the hotel is its own excellence; it is one of the best kept houses in Europe, luxuriously clean, comfortable, well appointed and served in every respect. It is astonishing to find such an admirable establishment in

an out-of-the-way and not much frequented place.

After the St. Gothard road, the other railways from the lakes to Milan seem uninteresting and the excursions one makes by them tedious, short as they are perforce. It is a proof of how a great enjoyment spoils most people for lesser ones, as the routes are not unattractive. They run for miles between well-sodded banks and close rows of crop-headed locust-trees, which are pretty all summer and lovely when in bloom, with occasional peeps at a lake or mountain; and every station offers its picture of Italian existence, past or present, in some noble building, graceful bit of gardening, or dramatic incident of daily life. This is the home of Lombard architecture, which in its large simplicity attains to a degree of dignity that to my eyes Gothic does not possess. Broad masses of dark red brick, or of alternate terra cotta and granite or marble, in square or round surfaces, divided by a method as natural as the formation of the crystal or the bee's cell into many-sided forms of baptistery or bell-tower; the basilica ground plan of early Christian churches, with the dome borrowed from the East; lofty round-arched portals; tall, slender shafts; tiers of round-headed windows marked off into miniature colonnades by small, slim pillars, — these are the features of the style which the traveler can recognize as far as he can see them across their native plains. The fertility of the surrounding country is a beauty in itself; the maize, rice, and grain fields are sprinkled with scarlet poppies, and separated by rows of mulberry-trees or poplars twined together by vines in full bearing, intersected and irrigated by runlets of glassy water bordered by osiers; there is a constant shimmer on the golden-green crops and the silvery-green willows. The infrequency of hamlets or isolated farm-buildings is strange to a foreigner; he wonders whether the farmers and laborers all

live in towns. Of these there is no dearth, and the smaller they are the greater in proportion are their possessions in the way of art. Pavia, with its decaying vestiges of royal pomp, and the glorious, incomparable Certosa, or Carthusian monastery; Monza, with a cathedral thirteen centuries old and the legendary Iron Crown; Saronno, where the Lombard painters decorated a church which is the monument of their school; mediæval Bergamo, richest of them all in treasures of this sort, lie within the circumference of a circle drawn from Milan as the centre to the lakes of Como, Varese, Maggiore, and Garda.

Saronno is on one of the carriage-roads from Varese to Milan, not so often traveled now as formerly, the place being more accessible from the city by the railway or steam tramway than from the lake. It is a bright, compact little town among the corn-fields, standing out against a background of dark mountains overtopped by snowy ones. It has such a cheerful and modern air that I thought I must have come to the wrong place for the early Lombard masters; but following my directions, I walked to the Sanctuary of the Madonna, beyond the last houses and about ten minutes from the station. My doubts increased when I saw on the very edge of the tramway an ugly seventeenth-century Renaissance front, newly painted and plastered, looking like nothing so much as a Roman Catholic village church in America. The first view on entering the structure is no better: whatever its architectural merits may be, they are disguised by the tasteless, hideous restorations and decorations of the last two centuries; gaudy daubing meets the eye wherever it turns. But as I advanced up the aisle the interior of a cupola painted by Gaudenzio Ferrari revealed itself, which called forth a cry of admiration. The central glory is surrounded by a wreath of cherubs *with bodies*, singing and trampling on the clouds; and below them a joyous

throng of angels are harping, trumpeting, and hymning with a delightful independence of attitude and motion. I had to break my neck backwards to look at them, not a favorable position for judging of a work of art, but I thought it a beautiful composition, replete with energy and exultation. On all sides, between arches and over windows, are figures of saints by Luini and his compeers and followers, Cesare da Sesto, Lanini, Suardi. In the passage from the nave to the choir there are two large frescoes by Luini, one on each wall: the Marriage of the Virgin and Christ disputing with the Doctors in the Temple. On the choir walls there are two more great groups, the Adoration of the Magi and the Presentation at the Temple, and in a small apse behind the high altar two beautiful female figures and an angel, all by the master's hand. They are in almost perfect preservation, only the flesh seems to have changed a little, and are extremely calm and beautiful, showing Luini's finest qualities without his defects in composition. There are all sorts of traditions about his connection with this church, it being said that he ended his days here, and that these are his last works; but they are guide-book stories at best, for there is not much known of his life or the exact dates of his different productions, though these and the Crucifixion at Lugano are among the latest. The church is curiously constructed; I have never seen anything exactly like the entrance to the choir or that hindermost apse. It was begun in 1498 and finished two centuries afterwards, and the original design was cast aside by each architect for one of his own. The cloister, as I saw it, was a little gem for water-color artists; the simple columns were festooned together by grape-vines full of purple clusters; there was a small square of green turf, from the centre of which rose a fine stone-pine, with a small square of deep blue sky above it; and

a well-proportioned tower of brick and granite and a handsome cupola, both sixteenth-century additions, were visible above the roof of the church. Over a door in the cloister there is another Luini, a Nativity, with angels announcing the good tidings to the shepherds in the background. The helplessness of the new-born child is singularly tender and pathetic.

I could not learn by what claims this church had been so lavishly adorned; pilgrimages are made to it, and its name, the Sanctuary of the Madonna, undoubtedly has some significance. The reverence in which it was founded nearly four hundred years ago has not entirely died out, as in a side-chapel there is a marble *alto-rilievo* of the Deposition from the Cross, by the modern sculptor Marchesi, — a graceful and touching work of art. I left it with a parting prayer that it may never be despoiled in the interest of the Brera, as it is a museum itself, and gives the masterpieces which it contains a prominence they could not have in a collection.

In my goings to and fro among the lakes I stopped one day, on the way to Como, at Monza, which like Saronno is less than an hour from Milan by rail. It is a dead-alive town, from which all strong mediæval character has been expunged by a modern royal residence and a large railway station. There is a fine old Gothic brick town-hall and a handsome terra-cotta church, Santa Maria in Strada, besides the cathedral. The last, associated in my mind with its foundress, Queen Theodelinda, of magnificent name and fame, had always appeared to my fancy as the stronghold of the Lombard dynasty, but I could discover no traces of its royal origin. It was rebuilt in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and as it stands now is a heavy Gothic pile, with a highly decorated Renaissance façade of black and pale yellow marble clapped on like a mask. One feature of the latter is a great parallelogram,

or oblong tablet, of rectilinear ornamentation, interspersed with rosettes, set in among the statues and busts immediately above the main door, and including a rose-window within its limits; the whole effect is singularly odd and by no means pleasing. The interior is a horrible example of late Renaissance restoration.

The cathedral contains several relics of great antiquity, among them the Iron Crown which has pressed so many august brows, from Constantine's to Napoleon's. On asking to see it I was startled to learn that the cost would be five *lire* (or francs), exactly five times as much as the most expensive exhibition, sacred or secular, I had hitherto seen in Italy, and ten times the sum usually exacted. But I ceased to be surprised when the sacristan called a custodian, the custodian called a priest, and the priest came, — a tall, robust, unshaven personage, with some native dignity, like Friar Tuck, — accompanied by two acolytes bearing four great silver candelabra and other sacred properties. The candlesticks were placed on the balustrade of a side-chapel where the relic is kept; tapers were put into them and lighted, and the vessels arranged in order. The priest then recited a short orison before the altar, above which is a sort of press, the size of an ordinary wardrobe, with a very poor gilded *alto rilievo* on the door, of angels bearing the instruments of the Passion. The custodian then mounted a ladder and opened the first door, which disclosed a second one with two leaves of beautiful gilded bronze-work; these, being opened, showed a rare curtain of golden tissue, and that, falling, revealed the treasures, — a great cross set with precious stones and crystal, and other objects which I did not notice, perturbed

as I was by the ceremony and the attention which it drew upon me, poor solitary, sheepish Anglo-Saxon, from the rest of the people in church. The famous coronal, inclosed in a circular glass case, was then taken down and displayed to me by the elder acolyte, who recited its history for my edification. The foundation and origin of the crown is a narrow iron band, believed by the devout to have been made out of a nail which pierced our Saviour's hand; this is encased within a broad, thick gold circlet inlaid with three rows of immense jewels in a splendid, simple, enameled Byzantine pattern. One of the most significant facts in its memorable history is that it was never taken out of Lombardy until this century. What Charlemagne did not do, what Charles V. did not do, what Napoleon, with his stupendous audacity, did not do, the unchronicled Francis Joseph II. presumed to do. He had the vulgar impudence to carry this venerable relic and symbol of universal sovereignty to Vienna, where it remained for seven years. It was restored by Victor Emmanuel, who might most justly have used it to crown himself King of United Italy, but refrained, with that curious mixture of personal modesty and want of imagination which was a characteristic in common between himself and another brave man, General Grant.

I looked my fill and thought my thoughts; then the case was replaced, the priest repeated a prayer, the acolyte swung a censer, the glittering curtain rose, the bronze doors closed, the wooden one was locked, and the show was at an end. And I went on my way to the lake of Como, having seen the Iron Crown of Lombardy with candle, book, and bell.

IN TUSCANY.

DOWN San Miniato in the afternoon

Slowly we drove through still and golden air.

'T was winter, but the day was soft as June :

Florence was spread beneath us, passing fair.

The matchless city ! Set about with flowers,

Peaceful along her Arno's banks she lay ;

Her treasured splendors, roofs and domes and towers,

In tender light of the Italian day.

Sweet breathed the roses blowing far and wide,

Pink, gold, and crimson ; dark in stately gloom

Stood the thick cypresses ; on every side

The laurestinus, rich with creamy bloom ;

And exquisite, pale, sharp-leaved olives grew

In moonlight colors, silver-green and gray,

While, lifting their proud heads high in the blue,

Sprang the superb stone-pines beside the way.

O wonderful, I thought, beyond compare !

And hushed with pleasure silent sat and gazed,

When lo ! a child's voice, and I grew aware

Of loveliness that left me all amazed.

A little beggar girl that leaping came

Forth from the roadside and put out a hand,

And dancing like a bright and buoyant flame,

Besought us in the music of her land.

Her eyes were like a midnight full of stars,

Below the dazzling beauty of her brows,

Her dusky hair dark as the cloud that bars

The moon in troubled skies when tempests rouse ;

A mouth where lightning-sweet the sudden smile

Came, went and came, and flashed into my face,

And caught my heart, as holding fast the while

The carriage edge, she ran with rapid grace.

Who could withstand her pleading, — who resist

The magic of those love-compelling eyes,

Those lips the red pomegranate flowers had kissed,

The voice that charmed like woven melodies !

Not we! Surely, I thought, imperial blood,
 Some priceless current from a kingly line,
 Ran royal in her veins, — a sunny flood
 That marked her with its fine, mysterious sign.

She was not born to ask, but to command;
 She seemed to crown the wonder of the day,
 The perfect blossom of that glorious land,
 While her sweet "Grazie!" followed on our way,

As down mid olive, cypress, stately pine,
 Among the roses in a dream we passed
 Through glamour of the time and place divine,
 Till Arno's quiet banks were reached at last,

And pleasant rest. 'T is years since those fair hours,
 But their rich memories live, their sun and shade,
 Beautiful Florence, set about with flowers,
 And San Miniato's peerless beggar maid.

Celia Thaxter.

MINOR SONGSTERS.

AMONG those of us who are in the habit of attending to bird-songs, there can hardly be anybody, I think, who has not found himself specially and permanently attracted by the music of certain birds who have little or no general reputation. Our favoritism may perhaps be the result of early associations: we heard the singer first in some uncommonly romantic spot, or when we were in a mood of unusual sensibility; and, in greater or less degree, the charm of that hour is always renewed for us with the repetition of the song. Or it may be (who will assert the contrary?) that there is some occult relation between the bird's mind and our own. Or, once more, something may be due to the natural pleasure which amiable people take (and all lovers of birds may be supposed, *a priori*, to belong to that class) in paying peculiar honor to merit which the world at large, less discriminating than they, has thus far failed to

recognize, and in which, therefore, by "right of discovery," they have a sort of proprietary interest. This, at least, is evident: our preference is not wholly due to the intrinsic worth of the song; the mind is active, not passive, and gives to the music something from itself, — "the consecration and the poet's dream."

Furthermore, it is to be said that a singer — and a bird no less than a man — may be wanting in that fullness and scope of voice and that large measure of technical skill which are absolutely essential to the great artist, properly so called, and yet, within his own limitations, may be competent to please even the most fastidious ear. It is with birds as with other poets: the smaller gift need not be the less genuine; and they whom the world calls greatest, and whom we ourselves most admire, may possibly not be the ones who touch us most intimately, or to whom we return oftenest and with most delight.

This may be well illustrated by a comparison of the chickadee with the brown thrush. The thrush, or, as he is sometimes profanely styled, the thrasher, is the most pretentious, perhaps I ought to say the greatest, of New England songsters, if we rule out the mocking-bird, who is so very rare with us as scarcely to come into the competition; and still, in my opinion, his singing seldom produces the effect of really fine music. With all his ability, which is nothing short of marvelous, his taste is so deplorably uncertain, and his passion so often becomes a downright frenzy, that the excited listener, hardly knowing what to think, laughs and shouts Bravo! by turns. Something must be amiss, certainly, when the deepest feelings of the heart are poured forth in a manner to suggest the performance of a *buffo*. The chickadee, on the other hand, seldom gets mention as a singer. Probably he never looked upon himself as such. You will not find him posing at the top of a tree, challenging the world to listen and admire. But, as he hops from twig to twig in quest of insects' eggs and other dainties, his merry spirits are all the time bubbling over in little chirps and twitters, with now and then a *Chickadee, dee*, or a *Hear, hear me*, every least syllable of which is like "the very sound of happy thoughts." For my part, I rate such trifles with the best of all good music, and feel that we cannot be grateful enough to the brave tit, who furnishes us with them for the twelve months of every year.

So far as the chickadee is concerned, I see nothing whatever to wish different; but am glad to believe that, for my day and long after, he will remain the same unassuming, careless-hearted creature that he now is. If I may be allowed the paradox, it would be too bad for him to change, even for the better. But the bluebird, who like the titmouse is hardly to be accounted a musician, does seem to be somewhat blame-

worthy. Once in a while, it is true, he takes a perch and sings; but for the most part he is contented with a few simple notes, having no semblance of a tune. Possibly he considers that his pure contralto voice (I do not remember ever to have heard from him any note of a soprano, or even of a mezzo-soprano quality) ought by itself to be a sufficient distinction; but I think it likelier that his slight attempt at music is only one manifestation of the habitual reserve which, more than anything else perhaps, may be said to characterize him. How differently he and the robin impress us in this particular! Both take up their abode in our door-yards and orchards; the bluebird goes so far, indeed, as to accept our hospitality outright, building his nest in boxes put up for his accommodation, and making the roofs of our houses his favorite perching stations. But, while the robin is noisily and jauntily familiar, the bluebird maintains a dignified aloofness; coming and going about the premises, but keeping his thoughts to himself, and never becoming one of us save by the mere accident of local proximity. The robin, again, loves to travel in large flocks, when household duties are over for the season; but although the same has been reported of the bluebird, I have never myself seen such a thing, and am satisfied that, as a rule, this gentle spirit finds a family party of six or seven company enough. His reticence, as we cheerfully admit, is nothing to quarrel with; it is all well bred, and not in the least unkindly; in fact, we like it, on the whole, rather better than the robin's pertness and garrulity; but, none the less, its natural consequence is that the bird has small concern for musical display. When he sings, it is not to gain applause, but to express his affection; and while, in one aspect of the case, there is nothing out of the way in this,—since his affection need not be the less deep and true because it is told

in few words and with unadorned phrase, — yet, as I said to begin with, it is hard not to feel that the world is being defrauded, when for any reason, however amiable, the possessor of such a matchless voice has no ambition to make the most of it.

There is always a double pleasure in finding a plodding, humdrum-seeming man with a poet's heart in his breast; and a little of the same delighted surprise is felt by every one, I imagine, when he learns for the first time that our little brown creeper is a singer. What life could possibly be more prosaic than his? Day after day, year in and out, he creeps up one tree-trunk after another, pausing only to peer right and left into the crevices of the bark, in search of microscopic tidbits. A most irksome sameness, surely! How the poor fellow must envy the swallows, who live on the wing, and, as it were, have their home in heaven! So it is easy for us to think; but I doubt whether the creeper himself is troubled with such suggestions. He seems, to say the least, as well contented as the most of us; and, what is more, I am inclined to doubt whether any except "free moral agents," like ourselves, are ever wicked enough to find fault with the orderings of Divine Providence. I fancy, too, that we may have exaggerated the monotony of the creeper's lot. It can scarcely be that even his days are without their occasional pleasurable excitements. After a good many trees which yield little or nothing for his pains, he must now and then light upon one which is like Canaan after the wilderness, — "a land flowing with milk and honey." Indeed, the longer I think of it the more confident I feel that every aged creeper must have had sundry experiences of this sort, which he is never weary of recounting for the edification of his nephews and nieces, who, of course, are far too young to have anything like the wide knowledge of the world which their venerable

three-years-old uncle possesses. *Certhia* works all day for his daily bread; and yet even of him it is true that "the life is more than meat." He has his inward joys, his affectionate delights, which no outward infelicity can touch. A bird who thinks nothing of staying by his nest and his mate at the sacrifice of his life is not to be written down a dullard or a drudge, merely because his dress is plain and his occupation unromantic. He has a right to sing, for he has something within him to inspire the strain.

There are descriptions of the creeper's music which liken it to a wren's. I am sorry that I have myself heard it only on one occasion: then, however, so far was it from being wren-like that it might rather have been the work of one of the less proficient warblers, — a somewhat long opening note followed by a hurried series of shorter ones, the whole given in a sharp, thin voice, and having nothing to recommend it to notice, considered simply as music. All the while the bird kept on industriously with his journey up the tree; and it is not in the least unlikely that he may have another and better song, which he reserves for times of more leisure.

Our American wood-warblers are all to be classed among the minor songsters; standing in this respect in strong contrast with the true Old World warblers, of whose musical capacity enough, perhaps, is said when it is mentioned that the nightingale is one of them. But, comparisons apart, our birds are by no means to be despised, and not a few of their songs have a good degree of merit. That of the well-known summer yellow-bird may be taken as fairly representative of the entire group, being neither one of the best nor one of the poorest. He, I have noticed, is given to singing late in the day. Three of the New England species have at the same time remarkably rough voices and black throats, — I mean the black-throated blue, the black-throated green, and the

blue golden-wing, — and seeing that the first two are of the genus *Dendroica*, while the last is a *Helminthophaga*, I have allowed myself to query whether they may not, possibly, be more nearly related than the systematists have yet discovered. Several of the warbler songs are extremely odd. The blue yellow-back's, for example, is a brief, hoarse, upward run, — a kind of scale exercise; and if the practice of such things be really as beneficial as music teachers affirm, it would seem that this little beauty must in time become a vocalist of the first order. Nearly the same might be said of the prairie warbler; but his *étude* is a little longer and less hurried, besides being in a higher key. I do not call to mind any bird who sings a downward scale. Having before spoken of the tendency of warblers to learn two or even three set tunes, I was the more interested when, last summer, I added another to my list of the species which aspire to this kind of liberal education. It was on the side of Mount Clinton that I heard two Blackburnians, both in full sight and within a few rods of each other, who were singing two entirely distinct songs. One of these — it is the common one, I think — ended quaintly with three or four short notes, like *zip, zip, zip*; while the other was not unlike a fraction of the winter wren's melody. Those who are familiar with the latter bird will perhaps recognize the phrase referred to if I call it the *willie, willie, winkie*, — with a triple accent on the first syllable of the last word. Most of the songs of this family are rather slight, but the extremest case known to me is that of the black-poll (*Dendroica striata*), whose *zee, zee, zee* is almost ridiculously faint. You may hear it continually in the higher spruce forests of the White Mountains; but you will look a good many times before you discover its author, and not improbably will begin by taking it for the call of the kinglet. The music of the bay-breasted

warbler is similar to the black-poll's, but less weak and formless. It seems reasonable to believe not only that these two species are descended from a common ancestry, but that the divergence is of a comparatively recent date: even now the young of the year can be distinguished only with great difficulty, although the birds in full feather are clearly enough marked.

Warblers' songs are often made up of two distinct portions: one given deliberately, the other hurriedly and with a concluding flourish. Indeed, the same may be said of bird-songs generally, — those of the song sparrow, the bay-winged bunting, and the wood thrush being familiar examples. Yet there are many singers who attempt no climax of this sort, but make their music to consist of two, or three, or more parts, all alike. The Maryland yellow-throat, for instance, cries out uninterruptedly, "What a pity, what a pity, what a pity!" So, at least, he seems to say; though, I confess, it is more than likely I mistake the words, since the fellow never appears to be feeling badly, but, on the contrary, delivers his message with an air of cordial satisfaction. The song of the pine-creeping warbler is after still another fashion, — one simple short trill. It is musical and sweet; the more so for coming almost always out of a pine-tree.

The vireos, or greenlets, are akin to the warblers in appearance and habits, and like them are peculiar to the western continent. We have no birds that are more unsparing of their music (prodigality is one of the American virtues, we are told): they sing from morning till night, and — some of them, at least — continue thus till the very end of the season. It is worth mentioning, however, that the red-eye makes a short day; becoming silent just at the time when the generality of birds grow most noisy. Whether the same is true of the rest of the family I am unable to testify.

Of the five New England species (I omit the brotherly-love greenlet, never having been fortunate enough to know him) the white-eye is decidedly the most ambitious, the warbling and the solitary are the most pleasing, while the red-eye and the yellow-throat are very much alike, and both of them rather too monotonous and persistent. It is hard, sometimes, not to get out of patience with the red-eye's ceaseless and noisy iteration of his trite theme; especially when you are doing your utmost to catch the notes of some rarer and more refined songster. In my note-book I find an entry describing my vain attempts to enjoy the music of a rose-breasted grosbeak, — who happens never to have been a common bird with me, — while "a pesky Wagnerian red-eye kept up an incessant racket."

The warbling vireo is admirably named; for there is no one of our birds who can more properly be said to warble. He keeps further from the ground than the others, and shows a strong preference for the elms of village streets, out of which his delicious music drops upon the ears of all passers underneath. How many of them hear it and thank the singer is unhappily another question.

The solitary vireo may once in a while be heard in a roadside tree, chanting as familiarly as any red-eye; but he is much less abundant than the latter, and, as a rule, more retiring. His ordinary song is like the red-eye's and the yellow-throat's, except that it is pitched somewhat higher and, unless I mistake, has a slightly different inflection. This, however, is only the smallest part of his musical gift. One morning in May, while strolling through a piece of thick woods, I came upon a bird of this species, who, all alone like myself, was hopping from one low branch to another, and every now and then breaking out into a kind of soliloquizing song, — a musical chatter, shifting suddenly to an intricate, low-voiced warble. Later in

the same day I found another in a chestnut grove. This last was in a state of quite unwonted fervor, and sang almost continuously; now in the usual disconnected vireo manner, and now with a chatter and warble like what I had heard in the morning, but louder and longer. His best efforts ended abruptly with the ordinary vireo call, and the instantaneous change of voice gave to the whole a very strange effect. The chatter and warble appeared to be related to each other precisely as are those of the ruby-crowned kinglet; while the warble had a certain tender, affectionate, some would say plaintive quality, which at once put me in mind of the goldfinch.

I have seldom been more charmed with the song of any bird than I was on the 7th of last October with that of this same *Vireo solitarius*. The morning was bright and warm, but the birds had nearly all taken their departure, and the few that remained were silent. Suddenly the stillness was broken by a vireo note, and I said to myself with surprise, A red-eye? Listening again, however, I detected the solitary's inflection; and after a few moments the bird, in the most obliging manner, came directly towards me, and began to warble in the fashion already described. He sang and sang, — as if his song could have no ending, — and meanwhile was flitting from tree to tree, intent upon his breakfast. As far as I could discover, he was without company; and his music, too, seemed to be nothing more than an unpremeditated, half-unconscious talking to himself. Wonderfully sweet it was, and full of the happiest content. "I listened till I had my fill," and returned the favor, as best I could, by hoping that the little wayfarer's lightsome mood would not fail him, all the way to Guatemala and back again.

Exactly a month before this, and not far from the same spot, I had stood for some minutes to enjoy the "recital" of

the solitary's saucy cousin, the white-eye. Even at that time, although the woods were swarming with birds, — many of them travelers from the North, — this white-eye was nearly the only one who was still in song. He, however, was fairly brimming over with music; changing his tune again and again, and introducing (for the first time in Weymouth, as concert programmes say) a notably fine shake. Like the solitary, he was all the while busily feeding (birds in general, and vireos in particular, hold with Mrs. Browning that we may "prove our work the better for the sweetness of our song"), and one while was exploring a poison-dogwood bush, plainly without the slightest fear of any ill-result. It occurred to me that possibly it is our fault, and not that of *Rhus venenata*, when we suffer from the touch of that graceful shrub.

The white-eyed greenlet is a vocalist of such extraordinary versatility and power that one feels almost guilty in speaking of him under the title which stands at the head of this paper. How he would scold, out-carlyling Carlyle, if he knew what were going on! Nevertheless, I cannot rank him with the great singers, exceptionally clever and original as, beyond all dispute, he is; and for that matter, I look upon the solitary as very much his superior, in spite of — or, shall I say, because of? — the latter's greater simplicity and reserve.

But if we hesitate thus about these two inconspicuous vireos, whom half of those who do them the honor to read what is here said about them will have never seen, how are we to deal with the scarlet tanager? Our handsomest bird, and with musical aspirations as well, shall we put him into the second class? It must be so, I fear: yet such justice is a trial to the flesh; for what critic could ever quite leave out of account the beauty of a *prima donna* in passing judgment on her work? Does

not her angelic face sing to his eye, as Emerson says?

Formerly I gave the tanager credit for only one song, — the one which suggests a robin laboring under an attack of hoarseness; but I have discovered that he himself regards his *chip-cherr* as of equal value. At least, I have found him perched at the tip of a tall pine, and repeating this inconsiderable and not very melodious trochee with all earnestness and perseverance. Sometimes he rehearses it thus at nightfall; but even so I cannot call it highly artistic. I am glad to believe, however, that he does not care in the least for my opinion. Why should he? He is too true a gallant to mind what anybody else thinks, so long as *one* is pleased; and she, no doubt, tells him every day that he is the best singer in the grove. Beside his divine *chip-cherr* the rhapsody of the wood thrush is a mere nothing, if she is to be the judge. Strange, indeed, that so shabbily dressed a creature as this thrush should have the presumption to attempt to sing at all! "But then," she charitably adds, "perhaps he is not to blame; such things come by nature; and there are some birds, you know, who cannot tell the difference between noise and music."

We trust that the tanager will improve as time goes on; but in any case we are largely in his debt. How we should miss him if he were gone, or even were become as rare as the summer red-bird and the cardinal are in our latitude! As it is, he lights up our Northern woods with a truly tropical splendor, the like of which no other of our birds can furnish. Let us hold him in hearty esteem, and pray that he may never be exterminated; no, not even to beautify the head-gear of our ladies, who, if they only knew it, are already sufficiently bewitching.

What shall we say now about the lesser lights of that most musical family, the finches? Of course the cardinal

and rose-breasted grosbeaks are not to be included in any such category. Nor will I put there the goldfinch, the linnet, and the song sparrow. These, if no more, shall stand among the immortals; so far, at any rate, as my suffrage counts. But who ever dreamed of calling the chipping sparrow a fine singer? And yet, who that knows it does not love his earnest, long-drawn trill, dry and tuneless as it is? I can speak for one, at all events; and he always has an ear open for it by the middle of April. It is the voice of a friend, — a friend so true and gentle and confiding that we do not care to ask if his voice be smooth and his speech eloquent.

The chipper's congener, the field sparrow, is less neighborly than he, but a much better musician. His song is simplicity itself; yet, even at its lowest estimate, it never fails of being truly melodious, while by one means and another its wise little author contrives to impart to it a very considerable variety, albeit within pretty narrow limits. Last spring the field sparrows were singing constantly from the middle of April till about the 10th of May, when they became entirely dumb. Then, after a week in which I heard not a note, they again grew musical. I pondered not a little over their silence, but concluded that they were just then very much occupied with preparations for housekeeping.

The bird who is called indiscriminately the grass finch, the bay-winged bunting, the bay-winged sparrow, the vesper sparrow, and I know not what else (the ornithologists have nicknamed him *Poæcetes gramineus*), is a singer of good parts, but is especially to be commended for his refinement. In form his music is strikingly like the song sparrow's; but the voice is not so loud and ringing, and the two or three opening notes are less sharply emphasized. In general the difference between the two songs may perhaps be well expressed by saying that the one is more declamatory, the

other more *cantabile*; a difference exactly such as we might have expected, considering the nervous, impetuous disposition of the song sparrow and the placidity of the bay-wing.

As one of his titles indicates, the bay-wing is famous for singing in the evening, when, of course, his efforts are doubly acceptable; and I can readily believe that Mr. Minot is correct in his "impression" that he has once or twice heard the song in the night. For while spending a few days at a New Hampshire hotel, which was surrounded with fine lawns such as the grass finch delights in, I happened to be awake in the morning, long before sunrise, — when, in fact, it seemed like the dead of night, — and one or two of these sparrows were piping freely. The sweet and gentle strain had the whole mountain valley to itself. How beautiful it was, set in such a broad "margin of silence," I must leave to be imagined. I noticed, moreover, that the birds sang almost incessantly the whole day through. Much of the time there were two singing antiphonally. Manifestly, the lines had fallen to them in pleasant places: at home for the summer in those luxuriant Sugar-Hill fields, in continual sight of that magnificent mountain panorama, with Lafayette himself looming grandly in the foreground; while they, innocent souls, had never so much as heard of hotel-keepers and their bills. "Happy commoners," indeed! Their "songs in the night" seemed nowise surprising. I fancied that I could be happy myself in such a case.

Our familiar and ever-welcome snow-bird, known in some quarters as the black chipping-bird, and often called the black snow-bird, has a long trill, not altogether unlike the common chipper's, but in a much higher key. It is a modest lay, yet doubtless full of meaning; for the singer takes to the very tip of a tree, and throws his head back in the most approved style. He does his best,

at any rate, and so far ranks with the angels; while, if my testimony can be of any service to him, I am glad to say ('t is too bad the praise is so equivocal) that I have heard many human singers who gave me less pleasure; and further, that he took an indispensable though subordinate part in what was one of the most memorable concerts at which I was ever happy enough to be a listener. This was given some years ago in an old apple-orchard by a flock of fox-colored sparrows, who, perhaps for that occasion only, had the "valuable assistance" of a large choir of snow-birds. The latter were twittering in every tree, while to this goodly accompaniment the sparrows were singing their loud, clear, thrush-like song. The combination was felicitous in the extreme. I would go a long way to hear the like again.

If distinction cannot be attained by one means, who knows but that it may be by another? It is denied us to be great? Very well, we can at least try the effect of a little originality. Something like this seems to be the philosophy of the indigo-bird; and he carries it out both in dress and in song. As we have said already, it is usual for birds to reserve the loudest and most taking parts of their music for the close, though it may be doubted whether they have any intelligent purpose in so doing. Indeed, the apprehension of a great general truth such as lies at the basis of this well-nigh universal habit, — the truth, namely, that everything depends upon the impression finally left on the hearer's mind; that to end with some grand burst, or with some surprisingly lofty note, is the only, or, to speak cautiously, the principal, requisite to a really great musical performance, — the intelligent grasp of such a truth as this, I say, seems to me to lie beyond the measure of a bird's capacity in the present stage of his development. Be this as it may, however, it is noteworthy that the indigo-bird exactly reverses the com-

mon plan. He begins at his loudest and sprightliest, and then runs off into a *diminuendo*, which fades into silence almost imperceptibly. The strain has no great quality of beauty; nevertheless it is unique, and, further, is continued well into August. Moreover, — and this adds grace to the most ordinary song, — it is often let fall while the bird is on the wing.

This eccentric genius has taken possession of a certain hillside pasture, which, in another way, belongs to me also. Year after year he comes back and settles down upon it about the middle of May; and I have often been amused to see his mate — who is not permitted to wear a single blue feather — drop out of her nest in a barberry bush and go fluttering off, both wings dragging helplessly through the grass. I should pity her profoundly but that I am in no doubt her injuries will rapidly heal when once I am out of sight. Besides, I like to imagine her beatitude, as, five minutes afterward, she sits again upon the nest, with her heart's treasures all safe underneath her. Many a time was a boy of my acquaintance comforted in some ache or pain with the words, "Never mind! 't will feel better when it gets well;" and so, sure enough, it always did. But what a wicked world this is, where nature teaches even a bird to play the deceiver!

On the same hillside is always to be found the chewink, — a creature whose dress and song are so unlike those of the rest of his tribe that the irreverent amateur is tempted to believe that, for once, the men of science have made a mistake. What has any such to do with a call like *cherawink*, or with such a three-colored harlequin suit? But it is unsafe to judge according to the outward appearance, in ornithology as in other matters; and I have heard that it is only those who are foolish as well as ignorant who indulge in off-hand criticisms of wiser men's conclusions. So

let us call the towhee a finch, and say no more about it.

But plainly the chewink, whatever his lineage, is not a bird to be governed very strictly by the traditions of the fathers. His usual song is characteristic and pretty, yet he is so far from being satisfied with it that he varies it continually and in many ways, some of them sadly puzzling to the student who is set upon telling all the birds by their voices. I remember well enough the morning I was inveigled through the wet grass of two pastures—and that just as I was shod for the city—by a wonderfully foreign note, which filled me with lively anticipations of a new bird, but which turned out to be the work of a most innocent-looking towhee. It was perhaps this same bird, or his brother, whom I one day heard throwing in between his customary *cherawinks* a profusion of *staccato* notes of widely varying pitch, together with little volleys of tinkling sounds such as his every-day song concludes with. This medley was not laughable, like the chat's, which it suggested, but it had the same abrupt, fragmentary, and promiscuous character. All in all, it was what I never should have expected from this paragon of self-possession.

For self-control, as I have elsewhere said, is *Pipilo's* strong point. One afternoon last summer a young friend and I found ourselves, as we suspected, near a chewink's nest, and at once set out to see which of us should have the honor of the discovery. We searched diligently, but without avail, while the father-bird sat quietly in a tree, calling with all sweetness and with never a trace of anger or trepidation, *cherawink, cherawink*. Finally we gave over the hunt, and I began to console my companion and myself for our disappointment by shaking in the face of the bird a small tree which very conveniently leaned toward the one in which he was perched. By rather vigorous efforts I

could make this pass back and forth within a few inches of his bill; but he utterly disdained to notice it, and kept on calling as before. While we were laughing at his impudence (*his* impudence!) the mother suddenly appeared, with an insect in her beak, and joined her voice to her husband's. I was just declaring that it was cruel as well as useless for us to stay, when she ungratefully gave a ludicrous turn to what was intended for a very sage and considerate remark, by dropping almost at my feet, stepping upon the edge of her nest, and offering the morsel to one of her young. We watched the little tableaux admiringly (I had never seen a prettier show of nonchalance), and thanked our stars that we had been saved from an involuntary slaughter of the innocents while trampling all about the spot. The nest, which we had tried so hard to find, was in plain sight, concealed only by the perfect agreement of its color with that of the dead pine-branches in the midst of which it was placed. The shrewd birds had somehow learned—by experience, perhaps, like ourselves—that those who would escape disagreeable conspicuity must conform as closely as possible to the world around them.

According to my observation, the towhee is not much given to singing after July; but he keeps up his call, which is little less musical than his song, till his departure in late September. At that time of the year the birds collect together in their favorite haunts; and I remember my dog's running into the edge of a roadside pasture among some cedar-trees, when there broke out such a chorus of *cherawinks* that I was instantly reminded of a swamp full of frogs in April.

After the tanager the Baltimore oriole (named for Lord Baltimore, whose colors he wears) is probably the most gorgeous, as he is certainly one of the best known, of New England birds. He

has discovered that men, bad as they are, are less dangerous than hawks and weasels, and so, after making sure that his wife is not subject to sea-sickness, he swings his nest boldly from a swaying shade-tree branch, in full view of whoever may choose to look at it. Some morning in May — not far from the 10th — you will wake to hear him fiffing in the elm before your window. He has come in the night, and is already making himself at home. Once I saw a pair who on the very first morning had begun to get together materials for a nest. His whistle is one of the clearest and loudest, but he makes little pretensions to music. I have been pleased and interested, however, to see how tuneful he becomes in August, after most other birds have ceased to sing, and after a long interval of silence on his own part. Early and late he pipes and chatters, as if he imagined that the spring were really coming back again forthwith. What the explanation of this lyrical revival may be I have never been able to gather; but the fact itself is very noticeable, so that it would not be amiss to call the “golden robin” the bird of August.

The oriole's dusky relatives have the organs of song well developed; and although most of the species have altogether lost the art of music, there are none of them, even now, who do not betray more or less of the musical impulse. The red-winged blackbird, indeed, has some really praiseworthy notes; and to me — for personal reasons quite aside from any question about its lyrical value — his rough *cucurree* is one of the very pleasantest of sounds. For that matter, however, there is no one of our birds — be he, in technical language, “oscine” or “non-oscine” — whose voice is not, in its own way, agreeable. Except a few uncommonly superstitious people, who does not enjoy the whip-poor-will's trisyllabic exhortation, and the *yak* of the night-hawk? Bob

White's weather predictions, also, have a wild charm all their own, albeit his persistent *No more wet* is often sadly out of accord with the farmer's hopes. We have no more untuneful bird, surely, than the cow bunting; yet even the serenades of this shameless polygamist have one merit, — they are at least amusing. With what infinite labor he brings forth his forlorn, broken-winded whistle, while his tail twitches convulsively, as if tail and larynx were worked by the same spring!

The judging, comparing spirit, the conscientious dread of being ignorantly happy when a broader culture would enable us to be intelligently miserable, — this has its place, unquestionably, in concert halls; but if we are to make the best use of out-door minstrelsy, we must learn to take things as we find them, throwing criticism to the winds. Having said which, I am bound to go farther still, and to acknowledge that on looking back over the first part of this paper I feel more than half ashamed of the strictures therein passed upon the bluebird and the brown thrush. When I heard the former's salutation from a Boston Common elm on the morning of the 22d of February last, I said to myself that no music, not even the nightingale's, could ever be sweeter. Let him keep on, by all means, in his own artless way, paying no heed to what I have foolishly written about his shortcomings. As for the thrasher's smile-provoking gutturals, I recall that even in the symphonies of the greatest of masters there are here and there quaint bassoon phrases, which have, and doubtless were intended to have, a somewhat whimsical effect; and, remembering this, I am ready to own that I was less wise than I thought myself when I found so much fault with the thrush's performance. I have sins enough to answer for: may this never be added to them, that I set up my taste against that of Beethoven and *Harporhynchus rufus*.

Bradford Torrey.

WASHINGTON AND HIS COMPANIONS VIEWED FACE TO FACE.

THE following letter was copied directly from the original, which I discovered in the library of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, during a recent visit to London, when a commission from the New York Historical Society led me to devote some time to examining and partially indexing the twenty thousand or more manuscripts which constitute the so-called Lord Dorchester Papers.

This ill-arranged and uncatalogued collection of American manuscripts has thus far escaped scrutiny by historians. Nevertheless, it well deserves attention, including, as it does, the entire official and private correspondence of Sir Guy Carleton (afterward Lord Dorchester), the last British commander at New York, together with reports of the military and civil departments, inquisitions of spies and refugees, newspaper clippings, and vouchers of expenditures, both official and personal,—all of which were conveyed by Carleton to Canada, at the time of his evacuation of New York, on November 25, 1783.

The Dorchester Papers are divided into fifty-six parts, though with little reference to date or subject matter, and pasted into scrap-books. The document in question appears in the book numbered 45, and is unaccompanied by references of any kind, so far as I was able to discover. The writer was Christian Frederic Michaelis, of Hanover, physician and author, son of the Orientalist and biblical critic, John David Michaelis, and grandson of Christian Benedict Michaelis, professor of Hebrew at the University of Halle. From the records of this distinguished family we learn that Dr. Michaelis was born at Göttingen in 1754, pursued his studies at Coburg and Göttingen, and graduated from the University of Strasbourg in 1776, with the

degree of doctor of medicine; that he resided for some time in Paris and in England; that in 1779 he was appointed chief of the Hessian Medical Staff in America, and in 1785 was elected a member of the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia. After the war he became professor of anatomy at the College of Cassel, and in 1786 was called to the same position in the Academy of Marburg, where he later received the appointment of chief professor of medicine, in which post he continued until his death, February 17, 1814, which was occasioned by overwork in his attendance at the Prussian General Hospital.

I also find, in an official list of Hessian troops present in North America in January, 1782, that the name of Dr. Michaelis appears as "Head Physician to the General Hospital at New York;" and this office naturally afforded him ample opportunities for acquainting himself with the important events then transpiring in this country, and with the individuality of the leading participants. Like all spectators at that critical period in American affairs, he was keenly interested in the tripartite struggle for political supremacy, then at its height; and his reputation as an accurate observer evidently caused his letter, containing a detailed report of the situation as viewed from his standpoint, to be deemed worthy of the notice of the British commander-in-chief. He naturally sympathized with the cause of England; but the value of his statements is emphasized by the fact that his report is not that of an advocate, expected to dress and color his testimony to serve a specific purpose, but merely a personal letter to an acquaintance, never intended for the public eye; in view of which no apology is demanded for its freedom of

expression, which might otherwise seem unguarded.

With this explanation, I reproduce the entire letter, *verbatim et literatim* :

NEW-YORK, October 4, 1783.

MAJOR BECKWITH,

DEAR SIR : Here are the observations I had an opportunity of making during a late trip out of the lines. I have suppressed only confidential intelligence ; a restriction which needs no apology to a man of your delicacy.

To avoid repetition I shall bring my remarks under certain heads. Forgive if I abuse of the permission of tiring you.

SIR GUY CARLETON. — No man stands higher in the estimation even of the most violent Whigs. Had he come sooner they say he would have made Tories of them all. His treatment of them in Canada, in which the dignity of a british Commander and the humanity of the man of feeling were so happily blended, laid the basis of that esteem which his later conduct increased to such a degree that Washington himself is not more respected than Sir Guy. Even what they call his breach of the peace, his sending away those Negroes who came in under the sanction of proclamation, is not looked upon as the least bright part of his character. The only objection some individuals have against him, is his not giving up all the houses to their american owners.

There was a time when they were sanguine enough to flatter themselves Sir Guy would be british Ambassador at Philadelphia, and this was what many of the most violent Whigs who dread French influence, most devoutly wished for. The French respect him, fear him, and I believe hate him most cordially, and in this do justice both to his superior abilities and the darkness of their designs.

LORD CORNWALLIS. — Hated and despised by both the allied nations. The

French call him "the american traveler," and the younger students of the Princetown Athens "the infamous, rapacious Plunderer." Marboir asked me publicly if there was any man in our Army who still looked upon Lord C. as a general.

GENERAL WASHINGTON. — Soon the Protector of America. A deep, endless ambition, too thinly veiled to escape the penetration of some of those who saw him constantly in the various scenes of this revolution, saw him behind the coulisse as well as upon the stage, makes the basis of the character of this man, who has for ever inscribed his name in the annals of the world, great, not by shining talents, but by a happy concurrence of circumstances, a good, usefull understanding, an unwearied, passive persevearance, the mediocrity of all his competitors, and the weakness or perfidy of his antagonists. Genius, it seems, is not the growth of this western world, and even when imported droops and dies under this unfavorable sky. May this be as it will, genius at least was not the lot of Washington. Without a spark of imagination, enthusiasm, or that torrent of talent that carries every thing before it, cold, deliberate, slow, patient, persevering, he now finds himself elevated to a pitch of grandeur he never dreamed of, and would not even now grasp at the supreme power if to obtain it he must as Cromwell surround the State house and tell them "be gone! the Lord you seek has left this place!"

But no such exertion will be required. The nation is sick of Congress ; they speak of them with the utmost contempt ; Congress themselves are tired of their situation, the unpopularity of which they feel even in the streets of Princetown, and which is neither lucrative, nor honorable, nor durable enough to attach them. I know that they *all* expect, and that *most* of them look for a revolution.

The revolution is near at hand, but

I do not venture to affirm that it will affect *all* America. There is an opposition to it in Congress, a weak one, I believe, in number and power, though not in abilities, for I *think* Thomson is at the head of it. Besides, all the eastern provinces oppose it. But their joint endeavors cannot entirely prevent it. The Junto of Washington, Wederspun [Witherspoon], Plarboir, and the Cincinnati, besides the clear majority in Congress, and I am confident a majority of the people at large will certainly carry the point.

CONGRESS. — Never was the Areopagus of America composed of men so little respectable either by their abilities, family or fortune. They are so conscious of it themselves that they retire from the eye of the traveller, to hide their weakness and poverty; but none of them seems more fearful to expose the mock majesty of his public character by a knowledge of his private one than their President. [Dr. Boudinot, as it afterward appears.] Mr. Wilson, it is thought, will be nominated his successor, but will not accept of it. His ostensible reason for declining this office is his business; but his real one, perhaps, that he would lose his influence by becoming the speaker of this Senate, that is to say, the *only* man in it that never speaks at all. He is generally thought a french pensioner and man of abilities.

Maryland is most likely to become the residence of Congress, as that State has made the largest offers; this certainly must be an object with men half a dozen of whom used even at Philadelphia to live together, with their families, in a paltry boarding house. At Princetown they certainly will not remain. I heard the objection stated that Baltimore was too warm; but the answer was, "by the time the weather grows warm Congress *will sit no where*." The source of this conversation was a tavern.

Their High-Mindedness themselves

acknowledge that they have no power at all, and that their situation is hard indeed, for being hated on account of their impotence. But they deny that the persecution of the Loyalists springs from this fountain; the majority of Congress is for this cruel measure.

DR. WETHERSPOON. — An account of the present face of things in America, would be very defective indeed if no mention was made of this political fire-brand, who perhaps has not a less share in the revolution than Washington himself. He poisons the minds of his young students, and through them the Continent.

He is the intimate friend of the General; and had I no other arguments to support my ideas of Washington's designs, I think his intimacy with a man of so different a character of his own (for Washington's private one is perfectly amiable) would justify my suspicions.

The commencement was a favorable opportunity of conveying certain sentiments to the Public at large (for even women were present), which it now becomes important to make them familiar with. This farce was evidently introductory of the drama that is to follow. The great maxim which this commencement was to establish was the following: "A time may come in every republic, and *that may be the case with America*, when Anarchy makes it the duty of the man who has the majority of the people with him, to take the helm into his own hands in order to save his country; and the person who opposes him deserves the utmost revenge of his nation, — deserves — *to be sent to Nova Scotia. Vox populi, vox Dei!*"

These were the very words of the Moderator, who decided on the question, was Brutus justifiable in killing Cæsar. Or they thought us all that heard them blockheads, or they were not afraid of avowing their designs. This was plainer English still than the confederation of the Cincinnati.

When the young man, who with a great deal of passionate *claquere*, defended his favorite Brutus, extolled the virtues of the man who could stab even his father when attempting the liberties of his country, I thought I saw Washington's face clouded; he did not dare to look the Orator in the face who stood just before him, but with downcast look seemed wishing to hide the impression which a subject that touched him so near, had, I thought, very visibly made in his countenance. But we are so apt to read in the face what we suppose passes in the heart, maybe that this was the case with me. But if ever what I expect should happen, I shall think that moment one of the most interesting ones of my life.

The orations of the younger boys were full of the coarsest invectives against brittish tirany. I will do Mr. Wetherspoon the justice to think he was not the author of them, for they were too poor indeed; besides, they evidently conveyed different sentiments; there was one of them not unfavorable to liberal sentiments even toward Britons. But upon the whole, it is but just to suppose that Wetherspoon had read them all.

The Minister of France was not present though expected. But I have a right to think that *all* or almost all the members of Congress and all the Cincinnati there in the Neighborhood assisted at this Entertainment. The Cincinnati sat together *en corps*.

THE FRENCH MINISTER AND FRENCH GOLD. — Of all the men France could have chosen, *the most improper*. One should think the Court of London had had the apointment of this French Minister, and that of Versailles the nomination of some of our Generals. Even if Mr. de la Luzene was possessed of all the abilities he wanted (and then he would be a most able man indeed), his petty national and nobility pride, and his former residence at the pragmat-

ical court of München, would have entirely disqualified him for his present station. What do you think of the *savoir faire* of a French Ambassador at Philadelphia who remained an entire stranger to *many*, and has afronted *all* the members of Congress on account of a punctiglio of etiquette? who invites the Americans to his house, entertains them there with the condescendence of a French Lord of the Manor, who gives a feast to his tenants? who leaves the supper table when the company are just seated, to pay a visit at half after ten at night to the charming Mlle. Cr., and who by every look, word or action tells the inhabitants of America: *Vous êtes de la canaille, et moi je suis Baron François?*

This picture is not too high colored; had you patience and I leisure I might finish it still higher, — but this I think is sufficient.

Marbois, the soul of that Embassy, possesses every talent the other wants, that of pleasing excepted. You plainly see the moment he enters the room, that he passed his life at the bar of Colmar. Stiff, formal, cold, polite, grave, he puts every body upon his guard, without being upon his own. A Frenchman is indiscreet because he is a Frenchman, but never more so than when the honour of his nation is at stake. Their grand aim was to prove that they had done *all*, and the Americans *nothing*. These they represented as an indolent, apathetic, stupid, happy set of beings. If we believe them, the Sun spent all his genial influence in the east to form the fiery Frenchman, before she reached their western Hemisphere. Incredible as their *open* contempt of the nation they protect seems to be, and impolitic as it is to make it the common subject of their conversation at table, yet I heard myself the maxim laid down there: "*Que leurs femmes sont des anges, et les hommes des bêtes.*"

All this the Americans know full

well, and gratefully return the compliment. The french interest extends not an inch further than their gold; who is not paid to speak well of them detests them. The father trembles for his daughter, and the husband for his wife; for such is the influence of french manners already that both have some reason to tremble. Some say they dread french Atheism, and it is their religion they fear for. But the fact is they do not; for religion they have none. But a more just and more general complaint is that french luxury which begins to pervade all classes of people, will ruin a poor republic, whose exports are not one half of its imports. But this field is too wide, and I have already trespassed too long on your patience.

Give me leave only to add one word more, and that is that I am perfectly convinced that it would be very easy for a British Ambassador to ruin the French interest in this country. I do not mean only that it would be easy for a Minister of Sir Guy's talent. Infinitely less would do. Send a man of social turn who can stoop to conquer, but let this man be a man of rank; for pride is after all the bosom passion of the Americans. French stiffness and formality will be no match for british Hospitality, nor french gold for good old Madeira wine. If a Minister of this turn had an intelligent Secretary, Monsieur de la Luzerne would be undone.

I hope for your indulgence in treating on a subject so foreign to my pursuits, and in a language not my own. But your goodnature I know will be my advocate. Besides, I think my ignorance in political matters is rather an advantage to you. When I wish to get an account of any subject of natural history, I always chuse as ignorant a man as I can. He has no system, and sees neither through Linneas nor Buffon's spectacles, but merely with his own unprejudiced eyes.

I have the honor to be, with great esteem, Dear Sir,

Your most obdt. humble servant,

C. F. MICHAELIS.

The foregoing account of the commencement exercises at Princeton is fully confirmed by the official records of the college, which, through the courtesy of one of the present professors, I have been permitted to examine and compare with the statements left by Dr. Michaelis.

According to them, it appears that the commencement of 1783 was "a memorable occasion in the history of the college, rendered so by the presence of General Washington, of the National Congress, and of two foreign ministers." The record continues as follows: "Driven from Philadelphia by a turbulent corps of soldiers, Congress had assembled at Princeton, and they held their sessions in the library-room of the college, which was in the front projection, and on what is now the second or middle story of the building." It also appears that, at the period in question, Dr. Elias Boudinot, a trustee of the college, was president of Congress; and it was partly out of compliment to him that the members adjourned and attended the commencement. We learn, moreover, from this source that the valedictorian of the day — referred to by Dr. Michaelis as "the young man, who, with a great deal of passionate *claque*, defended his favorite Brutus" — was Ashbel Green, afterward Rev. Dr. Green, and the eighth president of the college, who held that office for a period of ten years, beginning with 1812. The exercises were held in the First Presbyterian Church, then the only one in Princeton; and at the close of his valedictory young Green made an address to Washington, which is described as having been "received with manifest feeling." Dr. Green further records the fact that the General met him the next

day in the entry to the college, while on his way to a congressional committee-room, when he "took me by the hand, walked with me a short time, flattered me a little, and desired me to present his best respects to my class-

mates, and his best wishes for their success in life." Dr. Green adds, still referring to the same occasion, "There has never been such an audience at a commencement before, and perhaps there never will be again."

George Houghton.

BUCKSHOT: A RECORD.

I.

SEVEN years ago occurred the events herein recorded; and if in all that time I have cherished a fitful desire to put down in black and white what I then witnessed, that same desire was spurred to action by an incident, trivial in itself, which took place since the fall term of our school began. As usually happens on that occasion, more or less new pupils were added to our classes. Among them came young Stagsey. A day or two afterwards, the doctor came into my class-room, leading him by the arm, and said, "This is Master Stagsey; you will please examine him in Latin. And I think, if you observe him closely, that he will remind you of some one whom you have seen before;" as the doctor finished speaking the boy suddenly threw up his head and looked me full in the face; his clear dark complexion and keen black eyes did indeed so remind me of some one I had seen before that the resemblance fairly startled me for the time, and sent me off into a dream of the past for the rest of the day.

Such was the incident. Moreover, I am urged to record these facts because I know it will gratify the doctor to recall our memorable summer in these pages; and Mrs. Algernon (the doctor's daughter) has more than once given me to understand that it would be a pleasure indeed, though tinged with sadness, — as what pleasure is not? — to review

those scenes once more; as for Mr. Algernon himself, I know he would gladly spare half an hour to read this record in the gloom of his office, and to reflect upon the incident which had so nearly affected his own happiness. Seven years ago! Yes. At that time Mr. and Mrs. Algernon, who were but recently married, had resolved to spend the approaching summer away from home, and with much urging they had prevailed upon the doctor to accompany them. After the temporary adoption and final rejection of various plans, it was at last agreed to visit Colorado, and to pass the summer months somewhere in the mountains of that famous region. To account for my own presence in these pages, I must add that they kindly invited me to make one of the party, and that I was glad to accept of the invitation.

At the proper time, therefore, after we had supplied ourselves with what I may call the orthodox articles belonging to the outfit of the true tourist, such as field glasses, pocket flasks, patent drinking cups, not to mention shot guns, fishing tackle, and the like, we bade adieu for the time to our hot and dusty Eastern home, and turned our faces toward the cool breezes and pine-clad hills of the land of the setting sun. After a journey of several days by rail, unmarked by anything unusual, we arrived in Denver, and here our eyes were gladdened by the first view of the mag-

nificent panorama of the Rocky Mountains. Let me hasten to affirm at this point that it is not my intention to waste any time over tiresome descriptions of scenery; to be appreciated the mountains must be seen, not read about.

We remained in Denver some three or four days, undecided what course to take, until finally we learned, from a pleasant and affable gentleman whom we met at our hotel, that there was a certain section of Colorado called the "Divide," consisting of a chain of hills, or, more properly speaking, remnants of mountains, running east and west, at right angles with the main range. We were informed that on the southern slope of this Divide there were streams to fish in, and antelope, grouse, and other kinds of game to shoot, or to shoot at, as the case might be; moreover, we were further told that it was a section of country seldom or never visited by pleasure-seekers, and therefore, as we were in for what Algernon called a "pleasant, lazy time," we concluded that we could do no better than seek that favored region, and take up our abode there.

Accordingly, one bright, breezy morning in July, we took our seats in the coach, and rolled out of Denver behind four noble grays, a happy party, southward bound for a holiday in the hills. Traveling all that day and night, we arrived next morning at Spring Valley, which we found to be a rather pretty place, low-lying in the hills; but beyond the passing of occasional freight-trains and the arrival of the daily stage, it offered few inducements to a prolonged stay. However, after several days' search, we succeeded in securing accommodations with an old ranchman and his wife, who lived in a beautiful little valley on the Monument, at the base of the foot-hills, and in full view of the cañon through which that charming little stream breaks out of the mountains.

We found our host and his wife to be

a simple, kind-hearted couple, bent on making our stay with them as pleasant as possible. The old gentleman himself was quite remarkable for the "battles, sieges, fortunes," he had passed in the early days of the Territory, and I recall now many pleasant and profitable hours spent in listening to his characteristic tales. Here, then, in this quiet, secluded nook, far away from the roar and rush of the world, our ever-memorable summer began; and here, correctly speaking, this record opens.

II.

In my idle hours, I am given to smoking a brier-root pipe. Perhaps I should blush to make this admission, but I fear I do not. I smoke, partly because it is pleasant, and partly because I consider that the act of smoking is one of the few inducements to sound reflection. Sitting quietly smoking, one often sees visions round about him, in the fragrant clouds, that cheer and refresh him for his after-work. Who can tell how many of the worrying hours of his daily life are "rounded into calm" by the soothing spirit of the Indian weed?

So then, a few mornings after our arrival at the ranch, in accordance with my custom, I was enjoying my pipe in the open air, in front of the house. Near by the doctor, in accordance with his custom, was pacing to and fro, in an after-breakfast walk. Mr. and Mrs. Algernon were standing in the doorway, laughing and talking with each other, tossing now and then a word to the doctor or myself. Presently the doctor paused in his walk, and faced us:—

"I have been thinking of a plan whereby we might extend our acquaintance with the mountains. Suppose we should employ some one familiar with this region to lead us to the trout-streams and places of interest to strangers? With some one to guide us, we

might make excursions of days at a time, and so really 'rough it' in the hills, doubtless with much pleasure and profit." This project was no sooner broached than it was eagerly applauded by all hands.

"But," said Algernon, "I fear we should find trouble in procuring such a guide. I fancy the Pioneer, for instance, would decline the appointment himself, on account of other duties."

I may here explain that, as our host had given us to understand that he was an "old-timer" in the country, we had begun to call him, amongst ourselves, the Pioneer.

"Yes," rejoined the doctor thoughtfully, "I suppose he has more pressing duties."

"At any rate," said Meta, "if he cannot be our guide himself, he may be able to direct us to some one who can."

"A timely suggestion. Let us consult the Pioneer, then," replied her husband.

Accordingly, the Pioneer was summoned to council, and the question of a guide was laid before him. I recollect that he came fresh from the field, and that there were "cuckle burrs" clinging to his legs. After he had carefully removed these, he straightened himself, scratched his grizzly cheeks in a reflective manner, and said, —

"I don't — really — know of any one jist now. Most of the men is away in the mines in summer, and them thet's at home has ther han's full gittin' in hay. But then, thar's Pettigrew, two mile below here on the crick: he mos' ginerally has a houseful of boys, and you might git what you want down there."

Whereupon it was moved, and seconded, and unanimously carried, that a committee, consisting of Algernon and myself, should wait upon Mr. Pettigrew without delay, for the purpose of procuring a guide, if possible, from his houseful of boys.

"As we are to interview the gentle-

man, then," remarked Algernon, "I propose, as there is no time like the present, that we go at once." And so, without farther ado, the council adjourned, and the committee departed on its errand.

Even at this distant day I recall the cool, fresh splendor of that morning. Far below us the Monument brawled along its rocky bed, rippling and sparkling in the sunshine, and winding in and out between the rustling aspens that lined its banks. Above us were the foot-hills, green and shady with ancient pines; and far beyond them we caught occasional glimpses of the snowy range, like dim white clouds motionless in the sky. On this side and that of the road lay huge masses of rock, hurled down from the hills, who knows how many hundreds of years ago? After walking a mile or so, a sudden turn in the road disclosed an upland meadow, where two men were mowing hay. No sooner did I see the two men than I was conscious of a strong impulse to cross over and talk to them; so I proposed to Algernon that we should stop and have a chat.

"Of course," he answered, "and may be they can assist us in our search." So we turned out of the road and walked towards them; and they stopped working, and regarded us with no small curiosity. They were tall, powerful fellows, and, judging from a slight facial resemblance, I set them down as brothers. After the customary salutations and some original remarks on the beauty of the weather and the excellence of the grass, Algernon went on to tell them of our object.

"We want to employ some one with a knowledge of the country round about, who could make it convenient to take up his abode with us for the summer, for a reasonable compensation, and who would act as guide for us, you know."

"Jis so," assented the elder of the two, — "jis so; but I'm afeard you'll have trouble a-findin' anybody jis now.

It's a busy season with us ranchmen, — hayin' time."

"Yes," chimed in the other; "and men's pretty skearce in these parts, anyhow."

"I suppose so," answered Algernon, "and I fear our search will be in vain."

"But I say," suddenly broke out the younger, "thar's Buckshot!"

"Sure enough! Sure enough! Thar's Buckshot! I never thought o' Buckshot," replied the elder; and thereupon the two men grinned, and burst out laughing. Somewhat amazed at this sudden mirth, Algernon and I looked at each other, and Algernon asked, —

"Who is Buckshot?"

"Buckshot," replied the ranchman, in general terms, "is a young fellow that knows more about these mountains than any man in the Territory. He knows every cañon, and every pass, and every crick in 'em, and he's about the best hand at trailin' I ever see. But then, to tell you the truth, Buckshot's mighty skittish, an' if he don't take to you on the start he won't bother you long; he'll turn up missin', some fine mornin'."

"That's what he'll do," assented the other, grinning.

"Buckshot," repeated Algernon, slowly, — "that's a queer name."

"Yes, it is," replied the ranchman; "an' Buckshot's a queer young feller, too."

Whereat the two men fell a-laughing again. Further inquiry elicited the fact that the mysterious youth in question was stopping at present at the house of a neighbor; and on our expressing an earnest desire for an interview, the two men volunteered to get word to him in the course of the day, and furthermore considered it more than likely that he might "look in on us" early the following day.

"Now, then," remarked Algernon, as we walked leisurely back, "it remains to be seen whether we have done wisely

in engaging this same young Buckshot. I dare say he is a specimen of the average mountain youth, — red-haired, freckle-faced, with large hands and feet, and a tendency to blush whenever he is spoken to."

"Perhaps, in spite of his physical drawbacks, he may serve our turn exactly," said I.

"Let us hope so," rejoined my companion.

The doctor was amused at our sudden success, and he even ventured to predict that we should find quite a "character" in our guide when we became acquainted. For my own part, I was impressed that we had met with a very decided character, and I did not doubt that Mrs. Algernon would bear me out.

I wish I might present every incident that followed Buckshot's arrival in the same vivid colors with which they are portrayed upon my memory and upon the memory of all of us; but since that may not be, let me endeavor to relate as faithfully as possible how he came among us, how we fared together for a time, and how at last —

III.

The next morning Buckshot came, and I was so fortunate as to be first to receive him. I had just returned from my customary early walk, and was standing in front of the house, enjoying the cool, soft splendor of the morning. On a sudden I heard somebody at a distance singing in a clear, bell-like voice, of wonderful tone and sweetness, and shortly afterward a light, swift step sounded on the rocky path, and I saw a boy some twelve or fourteen years of age, to judge at a glance, coming toward the house. He was not as tall, may be, as most youths of fourteen, but he made up for his lack of inches by a wonderful grace and symmetry of build. His cheeks were brown; his hair was dark and curly;

his eyes were large, lustrous, black, and keen as a hawk's. These few points I observed as he swung towards me with a swift, springy gait and all the lithe and lissome beauty of a young panther.

His manner was as frank and easy as possible, as he gave me his hand, and simply said, "I'm Buckshot."

For a moment Algernon's fanciful description of the "average mountain youth" flashed before me, and I laughed, with an odd mixture of surprise and pleasure, as I clasped the boy's hand in mine. I observed, too, that his dress was of the plainest, — dark, tight-fitting breeches, a snuff-colored shirt, and Mexican moccasins of deer-hide; his handsome curly head was half hidden by a black slouch hat, and he wore no coat. May be the absence of the latter garment showed off his lithe form to still greater advantage. I confess that I was attracted toward him at once: perhaps by the force of his youthful beauty; perhaps, also, by his free and easy manner, which was at once void of pertness and modest. As we turned to the house, Meta came to the door, looking very pretty indeed in her crisp white morning-dress.

Now in all Buckshot's young experience amongst the mountains and mountain people, it is questionable whether he had ever met with any really refined and cultured woman until that morning, when he saw Mrs. Algernon smiling on him from the step. At least, such was my impression at the time, for the boy stopped and stared as if he had seen a vision.

"Meta," I said, "let me present a new friend. This is Buckshot."

The boy's black eyes fairly shone as she took his hand and gave him welcome. "So you have come to show us the mountains, have you?"

He nodded in reply, and looked up suddenly as the doctor and Algernon came out. Again introductions and welcomes took place, and the doctor, turning to me, said in a low tone, "What a re-

markable face! But what an outlandish name!"

"What is your name, my young friend?" he added, raising his voice.

"Buckshot," replied his young friend, promptly.

The doctor, being a sound churchman, perhaps unconsciously followed up with the second question in the catechism: "Who gave you this name?"

To which came the answer, clearly and modestly uttered, but hardly quoted from the Prayer-Book, "Be d—d if I know! You see I've been called Buckshot ever since" — But here, catching sight of the horrified countenance of the strange lady and the serio-comic expression on the face of his catechiser, he relapsed into sudden silence, and stood bashfully swinging his hat.

But the doctor was not to be repulsed in this manner. "Ever since when?" he asked again.

"Ever since I've been in the mountains," replied Buckshot. "You see," he went on rapidly, "I was born in Missouri, and wa'n't much higher'n a grasshopper when the ole man started to Pike's Peak with the ole woman an' me. But the Indians got away with us down on the Republican. They killed the ole folks and took me off with 'em, and kep' me about five year, till one day, when they was camped close to Larned, I took a notion to leave; so I up and dusted into the post, an' hid there till they left. Then I got in with a train that was comin' out to Denver, an' I've been knockin' around in the mountains ever since."

"Poor boy," said Meta, softly, "what an experience!"

"Do you know how to read, Buckshot?" asked the doctor.

"Mighty little," answered the boy.

"Can you write?"

"No; I never had no chance to learn."

"Would you like to learn?"

"You bet your life," replied Buckshot.

The doctor smiled, and turned away; and Meta, coming up, laid her hand gently on the boy's shoulder, and said, "Well, if you will stay with us this summer, you shall learn to read and write both."

And Buckshot closed the contract at once by raising his splendid eyes to her face, and saying, "All right."

It remained for us, also, to discover that Buckshot and the Pioneer were old acquaintances; for when the latter entered the room and found a new arrival he stared a moment, and then came forward with a grin and held out his hand.

"Why, Buckshot! — why, this ain't you? Why, I ain't seed you since the time of the bear hunt. How d'ye come on?"

To which the boy replied, in an off-hand manner, that he "came on" first rate, and asked, "How's the ole woman?"

"She's middlin'," replied the Pioneer. And then they went off together to see the "ole woman," the Pioneer's wife.

That day the doctor resolved himself into a committee of one, and sallied out among the neighbors to gain what information he could in regard to the young stranger. But all that he could learn was what Buckshot had already told us; except that he made his living by doing light work for the ranchmen, such as sheep-herding, as long as it suited him, and striking out over the mountains when he grew tired of it, to spend a month or two among the miners of South Park and other diggings, far and near. With the latter class, in fact, he was said to be an universal favorite.

And here I may remark that nothing more was ever learned concerning him. His real name, his birthplace, and his parentage are as much of a mystery to us to-day as they were on that memorable morning when he first came to us. After he had been with us some little time, the doctor, who was fortunately able to gratify so praiseworthy a whim,

resolved to befriend him, and to give him an opportunity of acquiring an education, if that suited the boy's inclination. And on that score none of us had the least doubt. Meanwhile, to lose no time, Meta began to teach him such rudiments as might best prepare him for school when we should return East in the fall; and being of a remarkably apt and ready turn, he made no small progress. I am glad to record the fact, also, that he and I grew to be fast friends, and that he honored me in a great measure with his confidence.

As an instance of the vast respect which he entertained for the doctor, he informed me gravely, one day, that he "reckoned the doctor knowed it all," and he drank in every word that fell from the doctor's lips as if they were inspired.

As before remarked, he was carried away from the first by Meta's beauty and her kind and gentle manner, and I really believe he worshiped her, in his boyish fashion, as devotedly as ever a man loved a woman. Speaking of her to me once, he said she was "as white as a pigeon;" and ever after he ignored her name of "Mrs. Algernon" except to her face, and when he referred to her in conversation with the rest of us he invariably spoke of her as the "White Lady." Owing in part to the rough and rude experience of his childhood, and in part also to a naturally sturdy spirit, Buckshot was a very self-reliant and enterprising young fellow; he rarely undertook a thing without putting it through. Like most boys of a like nature, he was very sensitive. A word of praise from the White Lady, for a task well learned or a deed well done, would bring a blush to his cheeks and a sparkle to his splendid eyes in an instant.

Attention was early directed to the scantiness of his wardrobe, and he was abundantly supplied with what he called a "new outfit." But he reappeared the next day in his old costume, with the

remark that the new clothes "bothered him," and it was not without great difficulty that we could persuade him to wear them; and no amount of coaxing could induce him to wear an ordinary jacket, until Meta, with her woman's wit, fashioned a sort of zouave blouse for him, which at her request he consented to wear on extraordinary occasions. I recollect it gave him the appearance of a handsome young brigand.

As soon as he observed — which he was quick to do — that swearing was not regarded in the light of an accomplishment by his new friends, as it was by the miners of South Park, he informed me in private that it was his intention for the future to "skip all the big words," and I bear record now that he kept his resolution.

As an instance of his implicit belief in all that was taught him, and also as an evidence of his inquiring mind, let me relate the following: —

It was the doctor's custom every Sunday afternoon to read some portion of the Bible aloud, and then to impress the lesson still further on the boy's memory by a few well-timed remarks. On one particular afternoon he had been reading the account of the murder of Abel by his brother Cain, and after closing the book he expatiated at some length on the enormity of Cain's crime, and concluded by saying, "You see, my boy, how this wretched young man was punished for his wickedness. He became a wanderer on the earth, with no home, no friends, no country. Every man he might meet was his enemy; any man might slay him, and by so doing obey the divine" — When Buckshot suddenly broke in upon his peroration with a question that has puzzled many a wiser head than his own probably: "Why, what was the use of his dodgin' around like that? There wa'n't nobody in the whole world but himself and his father. He must 'a been mighty lazy if he could n't keep out of the ole man's

way!" It is hardly necessary to add that the lesson closed rather abruptly after this.

But it must not be supposed that all the time was occupied with instilling into his youthful mind Bible lessons or the multiplication table, for many a hunting party, and many a fishing party, and many a tramp through wild and wonderful mountain passes, was organized and carried out under his guidance, and his knowledge of the mountains gave evidence that he had the bump of locality excessively developed. He led us to the region of the Petrified Stumps, to the Garden of the Gods, to the Garden of the Giants; we drank soda-water brewed hundreds of feet underground, at his bidding; in fact, he was never at a loss for a new adventure. One in particular occurs to me now, which it may not be out of place to narrate.

It was drawing towards the close of summer when we were tempted, by Buckshot's representations of a certain stream, to try our luck in its waters. Accordingly, equipped with self-regulating rods and artificial flies (which, I regret to observe, the Pioneer used to regard with polite contempt), Algernon and I set out, one dull, cloudy morning, with our young guide on a trouting expedition. Buckshot as usual beguiled the walk by his characteristic conversation, and on this occasion even by a legend. After making our way with some difficulty over a rocky spur thickly covered with scrub oaks, we emerged at last upon a broad, open road which had the appearance of having been much used at some former time. Coming to a turn in the road, we found some ruins, consisting of a standing chimney in a very dilapidated state and the crumbling remains of a log cabin. If my curiosity was at all aroused by the sight, it was still further pricked by a solitary grave, covered with grass and tall, rank weeds, and having a half-sunken headstone of slate-colored rock. So when

we sat down upon some bowlders to rest I questioned Buckshot in regard to the matter, and he delivered himself as follows:—

“You see, this here is the ole Pike’s Peak’s trail; an’ right here is where ole Buster used to keep a ranch; an’ every winter, when the water froze in the mines, some of the boys would come down to put in the winter with the ole man; an’ one fall Handsome Jack, *he* come with ‘em. Handsome Jack? Why, he was a poker-player. I dunno what they called him that fur, because he was the homelies’ man, I believe, I ever *did* see. Well, one night Jack and the ole man got into a little game, an’ they was makin’ it all right, till at last the ole man he seed two king o’ hearts, an’ he knowed right off there was somethin’ wrong. He wa’n’t much of a man to fuss about a little thing, ole Buster wa’n’t, but when he did go into a fuss he went in mighty sudden. So he says to Jack, ‘Why, Jack, you ain’t tryin’ to knock down on me that way, air you?’

“‘What way?’ says Jack.

“‘Why, ringin’ in a cold deck,’ says the ole man.

“Then Jack, he remarked that the ole man lied. That settled the business right off, for ole Buster, he jerked his six-shooter and blowed a hole through Jack’s head. That’s his grave there.”

“Whose grave?” I asked, considerably startled by the tragic termination of the little game.

“Jack’s. So ole Buster, he skinned out the same night, and the boys, they shied off from the place, an’ bimeby the roof fell in and the house went to rack, and that’s all,—let’s go.”

And Buckshot having thus concluded we arose and wended our way, thoughtfully and in silence. In due time we arrived at the stream, and proceeded at once to business. We found the water fairly alive with trout, and we became so absorbed in the sport, and followed

the creek so far, that the waning day and an approaching shower found us a long way from home.

I discovered, during my short stay in Colorado, that a very brief space of time is essential for the preparation of a first-class storm; and the one in question was not destined to be an exception to the rule. Its first mutterings were hardly over before we were sensible of its swift approach by the advance guard of great drops that beat into our faces. Here was a pickle. But Buckshot hurried us off to a house which he said was near at hand, where we could pass the night, and go home in the morning; for he cheerfully informed us that it was his opinion that the rain would last all night.

A brisk walk of ten or fifteen minutes brought us to a substantial-looking log house, with evidences of cultivation in a field that lay behind; but without waiting to observe things very closely, we hurried to the door and knocked. It was opened by a tall, rawboned woman, who stared at us in no very hospitable manner, as Algernon civilly inquired if we could obtain shelter until morning.

The woman hesitated; in fact, she waited so long that Buckshot, who was busying himself with the string of trout, suddenly made his way to the front, at a little distance, and, eying the woman with amazement, exclaimed,—

“Look here, young woman, we’ve got to stay!—that’s all about it. D’ye think we are goin’ to camp out in the rain?”

“Who is it?” queried a voice from the interior.

“It’s that there young Buckshot,” answered the woman, with a grin. “That boy’s got more impiddence! Come in then, you young limb!”

Thus invited the young limb walked coolly in, and we followed meekly in his wake. As soon as we were inside, the woman excused her seeming want

of hospitality on the score of having a sick husband and being all alone. It was a large, square room into which we were admitted, and on a bed in the corner lay a sick man, whose pain-distorted face, lighted by a pair of lustrous black eyes, was turned toward us.

Evidently he and Buckshot were acquainted, for the boy nodded to him with easy nonchalance, and addressed him as "pardner."

"Aha! Buckshot! So it's you, is it? Come, shake hands. By the lovely, it does a feller good to see you!"

"What ails ye, anyhow?" inquired the boy, as he approached the bed and took the sufferer's quivering hand in his own.

"Rheumatiz, ole man, — rheumatiz," replied the other, with a feeble smile. "I rastled with it all summer, but it fetched me at last. How's times with you?"

To which Buckshot made answer that times were "loomin' up" with him; then he proceeded to inform the sick man that the carrying of potatoes in one's pocket was held to be efficacious in attacks of rheumatism, by those best informed on the subject; and he enjoined upon the sufferer the advisability of giving that novel remedy a trial, — all of which was listened to with ludicrous gravity by the patient, and with a succession of grins on the part of his wife.

After he had thus prescribed for the man, Buckshot turned to the woman, and gave her to understand that it would be about the correct thing for her to "fly around" and get supper, and he even volunteered his own services toward the accomplishment of that end; and, as a result of their joint efforts, a delicious meal of trout and hot biscuit and fragrant coffee was soon smoking on the board.

After supper, as the storm still held on its way, roaring down the cañons and driving against the door in windy

gusts of rain, we sat about the fire, and endeavored to draw our hostess into conversation. It must be admitted, however, that all our efforts would have been in vain, without the aid of Buckshot, who kept up such a fusillade of small talk, that Algernon and I were glad to drop into silence and play the part of listeners.

Bright and early next morning we were called to breakfast. Bright and early it literally was, for the valley was still in shadow, and only the mountains were glowing in the light of the rising sun. Bidding good-by to our entertainers, we set off gayly on our homeward journey. Every tree and shrub, and every blade of grass sparkled and flashed like diamonds in the early light. A cool fresh wind came bowling out of the west, and far below us the mist was rolling away before it.

Thus, with various adventures, for the narration of which this brief chronicle affords not sufficient space, day by day, like the leaves of a book, the summer folded itself up and vanished away, and the early mountain autumn was at hand, with hazy, dreamy days, and cool, crisp, starry nights, and the Appointed Time came on apace.

IV.

In the Rocky Mountain regions the clouds sometimes indulge in certain freaks which are known to the dwellers in the hills as "cloud-bursts" or "water-spouts." In other words, great masses of vapor come into close proximity, apparently, to the high table-lands, or to the foot-hills, and the consequence is a literal deluge down the cañons. More curious still, the people far below in the valley are likely to be startled and appalled by the sudden rush and roar of water down dry arroyos, leading from the hills, when the sky above is clear and the sun is shining, and only the distant

mountains are shaded by dense black clouds. I do not propose here to advance any theory of my own in regard to these phenomena, nor yet to argue for or against the theories of others. Some people believe that these "cloud-bursts" are cloud-bursts literally, while others claim that the sudden floods which follow these nebulous eccentricities are due solely to an accumulation of water from extraordinarily severe rainfalls within a given circumference. However the case may be, this record has naught to do with the probabilities or possibilities of either theory. My object is simply to describe, as far as in me lies, what I really saw myself; for here upon the Monument we were destined to witness one of these wonderful sights, and the picture of its awful grandeur must remain with us as long as life.

I have already hinted that the Monument was a beautiful stream; its banks were grassy and green in places, and steep and rocky in others, and it brawled along with a pleasant sound one always liked to hear. But we were yet to look upon it in its wrath, to see the little stream transformed, as if by magic, into an angry, rushing river.

Amongst the many rocks that strove to bar its rippling currents was one of a dull red color, torn from the womb of the mountain when laboring with volcanic throes, and hurled far below into the valley, while yet, may be, the world was young. It lay in the middle of the stream, and its top was smooth and level; on the lower side was a ledge, wide enough for a comfortable seat, the side of the rock forming a good support for the back. Here, on either bank of the river, grew tall aspens; and their outstretched limbs, rustling with green and silver leaves, barred out the noonday heat, and threw a cool and pleasant shadow on the rock. At some former time there had been a foot-bridge at this place, part of which yet remained, from the shore to the rock. It was a won-

derfully primitive foot-bridge, too, consisting, as it did, only of a broad, heavy board, one end resting on the bank, the other end on the ledge. The connection between the rock and the opposite bank was gone, possibly carried away by the water.

This was Mrs. Algernon's favorite place of resort, in the long, warm afternoons, to read or sketch, sometimes accompanied by her husband or father, but quite often alone; and from this circumstance we had come to dignify the spot with the name of the Red Rock.

And now the shouting of the boys outside is hushed, the dull, gray, wintry sky is blotted out, the creaking of the leafless trees outside my window is stilled, and I lean back in my chair and drift away into the past. How idle to think my old steel pen can ever paint the picture I see before me!

It is the afternoon of a clear day in September. The sky is cloudless overhead, and the sun shines with a mellowed brilliance through the hazy air around us. A black mass of clouds rests upon the far-off mountains; perhaps a storm is passing down the range. There is no breeze; the trees that grow beside the river stretch their long arms motionless in the air. The brawling of the water is muffled and deadened by the smoky atmosphere. A bird, chirping in a bush near by, sounds as if he might be miles away. The foot-hills show like pictures painted dimly on the background of the sky. It is the time for day-dreams, and I am dreaming them as the smoke of my pipe curls softly around my head.

On the walk in front of the house the doctor is thoughtfully pacing to and fro; near by Algernon is seated, lazily talking with Buckshot, who is lying on the grass.

All this I see now as I write, hundreds of miles away, as clearly as I saw it then, standing in the door regarding it.

Presently the doctor pauses in his walk, and says, "Yet a few more days, and our pleasant rambling holidays are over, and we get back to work. Buckshot goes with us too, of course," he adds, eying that young gentleman kindly; "henceforth our home is his home; he is to become a rare scholar, and finally develop into a wise and good man." Buckshot rises to a sitting posture on being thus alluded to, and his eyes brighten as he gazes shyly at the speaker.

With a smile the doctor resumes his walk, and silence falls upon us, broken only by the doctor's steady tread and the far-off murmur of the waters. Meantime, our thoughts go drifting backward through the happy summer now drawing swiftly to its close, and in the midst of this dreamy stillness we are suddenly startled by a loud, resounding peal of thunder, that breaks from the clouds above the mountains and goes echoing and rumbling down the cañons.

"Ha!" says Algernon, starting, "we shall have a storm. Hark!" he adds, as another peal leaps out upon the quiet air. The doctor pauses again, and all eyes are fixed upon the mountains. Buckshot, reclining on his side, with his head resting on his hands, regards the clouds long and earnestly.

"I believe," he says slowly, and in a low tone, "I believe that's a cloudburst, and it's right over the head of Monument Cañon. Look!" he cries suddenly, as he rises to his knees, "look at that!"

By degrees a low humming sound is wafted toward us, swelling in volume and growing louder as we listen, like the roaring of a mighty wind through the pines.

"What's that?" cries Algernon, as a heavy white mist comes slowly out of the cañon, waving and rolling like smoke. The booming sound grows louder and louder, and we hear distinctly the noise of rushing water.

"The White Lady would like to see

this," cries Buckshot excitedly; "let's call the White Lady!"

The doctor is under the impression that she is sketching on the Red Rock, and he calmly imparts this fact.

Buckshot leaps to his feet with a shout: "Where!" he cries. The change in the boy's face is absolutely startling; his cheeks are aflame, and his great black eyes blaze like lightning. Dropping upon the ground, he tears off his shoes in a jiffy, and leaping to his feet once more, he cries, "In five minutes that crick 'll be full from bank to bank! If ever you did a good thing in your life, come on!" and he turns and shoots over the hill like an antelope, swift and steady and strong.

Roused and alarmed by the boy's wild actions, we call aloud to each other and race madly after him.

Meantime, the White Lady sat upon the Red Rock, half working, half dreaming; upon her lap lay an unfinished sketch of a grand and rugged cañon. So absorbed was she, that the dense mass of clouds piled upon the mountain tops failed to attract her attention. The little river rippled along with a musical sound, and broke into foam at her feet. Its steep rocky banks were flecked with alternate patches of shadow and gold, as the sunlight glinted upon them, and danced away on the water. Once, twice, a burst of thunder startled her, but she glanced around and above, the sky was cloudless overhead, and the warning passed unheeded. Presently a low humming sound was audible, but she heard it not, or if she heard it she fancied the wind was rising in the mountains. But it grew louder and louder, and the booming of waters struck upon her ears. Roused at last, she arose slowly to her feet and looked up the stream, and saw a great white cloud waving and rolling like smoke rushing down upon her, and she hurried to the bridge in terror. Too late! The terrible pressure up-

stream had already forced the water above its usual limits, and it was steadily rising around the rock, and lapping and floating the frail board that alone stood between her and death. She cried aloud for help, and wrung her hands in an agony of despair. Should she trust herself to the board that was already swinging loose from the rock, or should she cling to the ledge?

The booming noise grew louder and louder, and the great white mist was speeding faster and faster toward her. And yet not so fast as the feet that, through long years of aimless wandering, hither, there, and everywhere, were yet steadily setting in toward this self-same spot with the tireless persistence of fate.

In this supreme moment she heard a shout, and looked up; she saw Buckshot come flying down the slope to the river. He ran across the bridge like a squirrel, and leaped lightly on the rock at her side. "Hurry across," he gasped, "while I hold the board down!"

One look at him, and one at the angry water, and she obeyed. She stepped upon the board, it bent slightly with her weight, and the cold water filled her shoes; but steadily she crossed and stepped upon the shore, and was caught to her husband's breast. By this time the roar of the waters was absolutely deafening, and the air was filled with spray. But through it all she found courage to look back. She saw Buckshot step upon the already floating board, she saw him midway across, she saw the racing wall of water, with its long trailing veil of mist and foam, leap madly at him and strike him down, and drag him in and under, and whirl him away in the twinkling of an eye.

Not far below, the stream takes a sudden bend to the right, and here on a low, shelving bank we found him, where the water had flung him ashore, senseless, bloody, and dripping. We took him

in our arms and bore him up the hill in silence toward the house. Half-way up, the Pioneer met us, bareheaded and breathless with running. He gazed upon the boy's unconscious form with looks of commiseration, and once or twice I heard him mutter under his breath, "Poor little cuss!" Nothing would do but we must surrender our burden to him, and he bore the senseless boy in his own arms to the house.

By all the means in our power we strove to call back the fluttering spirit to his breast, and presently he gave signs of life; but it was evident by the dimness of his eyes and the ghastly pallor of his face that he had sustained some internal injury beyond our power to alleviate. The only physician the country could boast lived in the Old Town, twenty miles distant; and it devolved upon me, therefore, to go for him at once. Accordingly, I lost no time in saddling one of the Pioneer's horses and galloping away.

The sun was already behind the mountains when I started, and by and by the sun went down, and twilight fell, and the stars came out, and the night wind blew keen in my face as I sped along the road. However, I arrived at Old Town at last; but only to find the lights all out, and the straggling houses looking grim and silent in the darkness. Being a stranger, I was at a loss how to proceed in my search for the doctor, and every moment was a lifetime; when to my great relief I saw some one coming down the middle of the street. I rode at once to meet him, and a nearer view disclosed, as well as the darkness permitted, a gentleman evidently "deep in his cups," for he swayed to and fro on his legs, and his voice was gruff and husky.

"Who sick? Tha's wha' I want er know. Who' sick?" he demanded defiantly, when I addressed him.

"Buckshot," I replied briefly.

"Wha'? No! Little Buckshot sick?"

Wha's matter wi' little Buckshot?" he asked again.

Stifling my impatience, I told him of the accident in as few words as possible, and urgently begged him to show me the doctor's house.

"Stranger," he replied with drunken politeness, "'scuse me, if you please; jis come along o' me, stranger."

So I dismounted, and, leading my horse, walked alongside of my conductor, who took up much more than his own share of the street.

"This is 'bout the 'crect locality, sir, I believe; yes, sir," he said, stopping in front of a small white house, with a huge black patch upon the door, which I took to be the doctor's sign; and without further remark my new friend began to hammer the door with his knuckles. After some fruitless efforts in this direction, he turned around and said with tipsy irony, "Durned ef I don't think he tuck a pint or two o' laudnum afore he went to bed. Stop a bit, though; I'll rout him." Thereupon he fell to kicking the door steadily with his heavy boots. These vigorous means speedily had the desired effect, for a voice from the interior cried, "You need n't break that door down! I'm coming!"

"Oh, you are, are you!" said my guide briskly; and then as he ceased his attentions to the panels and sat down upon the step, he muttered to himself disgustedly, "Yes, *you're* a-comin', 'n so 's Christmas, 'n it's mos' likely to git here fust."

By this time, however, a light glimmered through the window, the door swung open and the doctor appeared. As briefly as possible I made known my errand; and in the course of half an hour the doctor and I were driving rapidly out of town, leaving my friend and conductor in peaceful slumber on the doorstep.

The autumn night waned, the stars went out in a gray darkness, the sky began to redden and glow, and at last the

sun rolled up and kindled the land into warmth before we arrived at home.

As we crossed the Monument, now reduced to its usual current, and brawling along in the sunshine as musically as ever, I glanced toward the fatal rock with a nervous apprehension of woe. Not a sound broke the stillness as we alighted and walked up the path to the house, and I knew at once that the merry voice that had so often sounded here was hushed and silent now forever. No need, O White Lady! to meet us silently at the door and lead us to the bed; whereon lay the stiff and rigid form, so changed, yet so familiar. His poor bruised hands were folded meekly upon his breast, a smile was on his lips, and about his head were scattered white wild flowers that perchance his light feet had pressed but yesterday.

Yes, Buckshot was dead! The only vision of grace, and beauty, and charitable love upon which his poor eyes had ever rested had bent above his dying bed; perhaps her gentle counsel had led him back to that heaven away from which his youthful feet in ignorance were straying; doubtless, also, his last hours were soothed by the reflection, that he had given his young life that another might live.

"It was after midnight," said Meta tearfully, "before he gave the first signs of consciousness. He raised his head and looked around, and strove to speak; and as we listened to catch his words, he suddenly fixed his eyes on me and smiled, and then his head dropped back upon my arm, and so, without a word, he died."

All the fond hopes we had cherished for his future vanished utterly, as we looked down upon the beautiful face, the lustrous eyes darkened forever, and the features white and still in the serene repose of death.

And now no more remains for me to tell; save that, when the next day's sun was wheeling to its rest, all that was

mortal of Buckshot was borne by kindly hands up the well-remembered path, out upon the hill; and there, in the shadow of the mountains he had loved so well, we made his grave; through long years to come to be green and fragrant with the flowers of spring, and white and shining with the snows of winter.

J. Howard Corbyn.

BOATING.

A JUNE day, cool from recent rain;
The sky without a speck or stain
To mark the gray storm's toil and stress;
The brimming river rippleless.
Into the stream the long boat swings;
Soft drop her oars, like sinewy wings;
And more than lifeless steel and wood,
She leaps into the middle flood.
Her strength is ours, our will is hers,
One life within us thrills and stirs.
What joy with rhythmic sweep and sway
To fly along the liquid way,
To feel each tense-drawn muscle strain,
And hear the dripping blade's refrain;
Or, resting on the level oar,
To drift beside the dusky shore,
Through green pads, whispering as we pass,
And bending beds of pickerel grass,
And watch with eager, grateful eye
The woodland's changing pageantry:
The gnarled oaks spreading broad and low,
The elms that like leaf-fountains grow;
Ash, chestnut, lightsome maple grove,
With elder-thickets interwove,
And sharply clear against the green
The swaying birch's silver sheen.
We catch the smell of sun-warmed pines,
Of marsh-pinks and of wild grapevines,
And scent, to make the bee's heart glad,
Of pungent balm of Gilead.
And now, in sunlight once again,
We round the headland's narrow plain;
Three strokes, and on the shelving sand
We bring the willing boat to land;
Then off through stubbly pasture dells,
Sparse-set with cedar sentinels,
To where in cool, leaf-laughing nook
Slips o'er the stones the swollen brook.

Outstretched full-length beside the stream,
 We lie half waking, half in dream,
 And feast our ears with woodland notes.
 Down the warm air the wren's song floats,
 Sharp trumpets out the angry jay;
 Hark! from some tree-top far away
 The cat-bird's saucy answer falls;
 And when all else is silent calls,
 Deep-bowered on some shady hill,
 The day-caught, sleepy whip-poor-will.

But look! the level sunbeams shine
 Along the tree trunks' gleaming line;
 A sea of gold, the water fills
 The purple circle of the hills.
 Home then our sparkling path we trace,
 The sunset's glory in our face,
 Which fades and fades, till as we reach
 The low pier and the shingly beach,
 On stream, and wood, and hill-top bare
 The moon's soft light lies everywhere.

Augustus M. Lord.

CHARLES RIVER, *June, 1884.*

THE MIGRATIONS OF THE GODS.

It is exactly three quarters of a century since the greatest English poet of his time turned the weapons of his keenest and most trenchant satire against a Scotch lord, who had transferred to the smoky air of London the matchless marbles of Pheidias and his disciples. This nobleman, however, was not the first, but one of the very last in a long line of plunderers, who had been unable to resist the temptations presented to them by the plastic masterpieces of antiquity. He might have replied that if he had erred, he had done so in most respectable company,—that kings and princes, victorious generals, governors, and emperors had been guilty of the same offense before him; so that his sin, if sin it could be called, should be taken only as an evidence of greatness. This method of defense Lord Elgin seems

never to have thought of; and even had he done so it may be questioned if it would have afforded him any great consolation under the stigma which Byron's immortal verses have forever affixed to his name.

The vicissitudes to which the works of ancient art have been exposed, as a result of the cupidity of external nations, form one of the most striking chapters in its entire history. From the time when Rachel stole her father's gods, and by her neat ruse defeated the close-fisted and unscrupulous old fellow in his attempts to find them, down to that comparatively recent day when a recognition of the reciprocal rights and duties of nations put an end, as we may hope forever, to the pillaging of conquered states, the only principle accepted by the world appears to have been,

"That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

The original motive to these robberies is well seen in the case of Rachel herself. It was to obtain objects of worship. By degrees, however, as skill in the use of the brush and chisel rose to the dignity of art, works of painting and sculpture came to be admired and coveted for their own sake, and to be everywhere regarded as lawful plunder. As early as the sixth century before Christ, Cambyses carried away from Egypt large numbers of statues, to be set up in the cities of his own dominion. Many of these were recovered by Ptolemy Euergetes on the conquest of Syria, almost three hundred years afterwards; that monarch returning to his capital with no less than twenty-five hundred which he had taken from the Persian king. The Artemis and Athene of Dipoinos and Skyllis seem to have been transported from Sikyon to Asia in the struggle between Cyrus and Cræsus. The Carthaginians, on capturing the Sicilian cities, conveyed to Africa the bronze Artemis from Sergesta, the bull of Phalaris, and various works from Himera, Gela, and Agrigentum. Xerxes, in addition to what he destroyed, removed from Greece the Apollo of Kanachos and the statues of Harmodios and Aristogeiton. The latter were subsequently recovered and sent back to the Athenians by Alexander, or one of his successors, and the Apollo by the Seleukidæ, who claimed descent from that god.

It was at the time of the second Punic war that the Romans began to awake to an appreciation of Grecian sculpture. Hitherto their art, like a great part of their institutions, had been derived from Etruria; such works as they possessed being either of wood, terra cotta, or bronze, wrought by Etruscans, who had been invited to the Latian capital, or plundered from conquered cities like Volsinii, whose two thousand statues

were carried to Rome in 265 B. C. In 214 B. C. Marcellus was sent into Sicily to subdue those towns which had formed an alliance with the Carthaginians. In these Hellenic art had been cultivated for nearly three centuries and a half, and the Roman general, set face to face with its finished beauties, was not slow in recognizing its superiority over that with which he was already familiar. On the capture of Syracuse, in 212 B. C., he gratified his taste for the newly discovered treasures by removing a large number to Rome, and depositing them in the Capitol and the temples of Honor and Virtus, which he himself erected. These are said to have been the earliest Greek works which the Roman people possessed. The statement, however, is not strictly correct, since statues of Pythagoras and Alkibiades, undoubtedly by their own countrymen, stood in the Comitium from 324 B. C. till the dictatorship of Sulla. Still, according to Plutarch, Marcellus was accustomed to boast that he was the first to teach his fellow-citizens the beauties of Grecian sculpture, and his pride seems to have been just. Cicero records it to his honor that he molested no figure of the gods. On the fall of Capua, in the following year, Rome was again enriched by similar acquisitions. On the conquest of Tarentum, in 209 B. C., Quintus Fabius Maximus, like Marcellus sparing the images of deities, conveyed to the Capitol the famous sitting Herakles, which remained one of the chief ornaments of the city for several centuries.

The conquerors of Sicily were not long in learning the lesson which Marcellus sought to teach them. Painting had already risen into such fashionable prominence that it was even cultivated as an accomplishment by the nobility. In 403 B. C. Caius Fabius had produced for the temple of Salus a battle-piece, which enjoyed the distinction of being the first work from a purely Roman source, and gained for its author the

complimentary title of Pictor. His son, Numericus, and his grandson, Quintus, received the same honorable designation from their skill in the use of the brush, and the young Pacuvius, now a boy just entering his teens, was destined to become not less an artist than a poet. The mind of the Romans was therefore in a condition to receive the impression which Marcellus wished to make upon it, and circumstances in the political world placed within their reach the means of gratifying the recently awakened taste. In 216 B. C. Philip V. of Macedon, jealous of his Italian neighbors, had concluded an offensive and defensive treaty with the Carthaginians. At the close of the second Punic war an army accordingly marched against him. After an indecisive campaign of two years Philip was deserted by the Achæan League, and a few months later was entirely routed by Titus Quinctus Flamininus. The consul, on his return home, took with him a large number of statues, both in marble and bronze, among them the celebrated Zeus Ourios, of which more will be said hereafter. But no sooner had he departed than intrigues broke out anew, and Antiochus the Great was induced to come into Thessaly with an army of ten thousand men. This fact again called the Romans into Greece. On the defeat of the Syrian king at Thermopylæ, in 191 B. C., the victors destroyed the temple of the Itonic Pallas which contained his statue, plundered the sacred edifices in the island of Bacchium, and carried away the images of the gods. In the following year the war was transferred into Asia, another brilliant triumph was won at Magnesia by Cornelius Scipio, and the city was stripped of its sculpture to adorn the all-powerful mistress of the West.

Meanwhile, the Ætolians, taking advantage of the disturbances in the East, had made an attack upon the Macedonians. The latter, after their defeat at

Cynoscephalæ, had according to custom been admitted to alliance by the senate, and Marcus Fulvius Nobilior was therefore sent to protect them. The Ætolians had retired to Ambrakia, which, having formerly been the royal residence of Pyrrhus, was filled with works of art of every kind. Upon the fall of the town Fulvius carried to Rome all its pictures, and no less than five hundred and fifteen statues, of which two hundred and thirty were of marble and the rest of bronze. Among the latter were the nine Muses, for which Fulvius erected the temple of Hercules Musagetes, near the Circus Flaminius. So complete was the pillage that the inhabitants complained that they had not a deity left whom they could worship.

On the death of Philip, and the succession of his son Perseus, the Romans, alarmed at the alliances which the ambitious young monarch seemed to be forming against them, at length declared war upon him. In 167 B. C. Perseus was totally defeated at Pydna by Lucius Æmilius Paulus, and soon after fell into the hands of his conqueror. In this battle the liberties of Macedonia became extinct, and it was reduced to a Roman province. The treasures of the entire country were now at the mercy of the consul. How well he improved the opportunity given him may be judged from the fact that, in the triumph celebrated on his return to Rome, it required no less than two hundred and fifty wagons to transport through the streets of the capital the works of painting and sculpture, including an Athene by Pheidias, which he exhibited to the people as among the fruits of his expedition. On the capture of the pseudo-Philip, in 148 B. C., another supply of statues was secured by Metellus, and employed to adorn his portico. These included the twenty-five equestrian figures from the hand of Lysippos, erected by Alexander in honor of the captains who fell in the battle of the Granicus.

For seventeen years the Greek leaders who favored the cause of Perseus languished in Italian prisons. When they were released, out of a thousand only three hundred remained. In this number were Diaios and the historian Polybios. The former, in whom long captivity had begotten a rankling hatred and the most inconsiderate rashness, soon plunged the Achæan League into war with Lacedæmon. The Spartans appealed to Rome for help, and an army again crossed the Adriatic. The battle of Corinth, which followed in 146 B. C., was to the Hellenic states what that of Pydna had been to Macedonia. In it perished the independence of the land of Plato, Perikles, and Leonidas, and the country was added to the ever-increasing dominion of Rome. An immense booty also enriched the victors. The wealth of Corinth had enabled its inhabitants to indulge their luxurious tastes without restraint, and the city was filled with the masterpieces of Grecian art. These were first collected with the other plunder, and the town was then set on fire and was burned to the ground. So great was the spoil secured here, and in Sikyon, Thespiæ, and other parts of Greece, that Lucius Mummius, the consul, embellished not only Rome and Italy, but even the provinces, with the paintings and statues thus obtained. Polybios, in one of those fragmentary chapters of which only a few lines remain, speaks of seeing soldiers seated on the ground, after the battle, and playing dice upon the celebrated picture of Dionysos by Aristides, and another representing Herakles tortured by the poisoned robe of Deianeira. It was only when Aratos offered him a large sum for one of these that Mummius awoke to a sense of its real value, and ordered it to be carefully preserved. Among the works carried away from Thespiæ were the statues of the Muses, with other marbles, which in Cicero's time stood in front of the temple of Felicitas. The

celebrated Eros of Praxiteles was spared to the town, however, on account of its sacredness in the eyes of the people. The language of Mummius to the seamen who engaged to convey these rich treasures to Brundisium has ever since been regarded as a sort of standing joke on the Roman ignorance of art. "If they are lost or broken," said he, "you will have to secure others equally good, at your own expense, to replace them."

It was on this occasion that sculpture was first brought from Greece itself to Italy. Henceforward the Romans seem to have considered the art of every land as their lawful prey. On the capture of Carthage a large number of statues fell into the hands of Scipio, and were employed to grace his triumph, and subsequently to beautify the forum, streets, and temples of the city. The generosity of the conqueror was shown, moreover, by restoring to the Sicilian towns, as far as they could be identified, the gods which had been taken from them by the Carthaginians two centuries and a half before. In the Mithridatic war Sylla plundered Athens and the cities of Bœotia, the fane of Apollo at Delphi, of Asklepios at Epidauros, and of Zeus at Olympia; even robbing the Olympieion at Athens of its columns to adorn the Capitol at Rome and the temple of Fortuna at Præneste. The sanctuary of Zeus at Olympia, however, probably remained uninjured so far as its architecture was concerned, since the gold and ivory figure by Pheidias was to be seen there for a long time afterward. The Luculli and Pompey secured great quantities of sculpture in their Asiatic campaigns, including the great Apollo from Apollonia in Pontus, which was forty-five feet in height, and in the time of Pliny stood in the Capitol. Murena and Varro, in their ædileship, removed to Rome the pictures of Sparta and the walls on which they were painted. Marcus Æmilius Scaurus, in the games which have made his name so famous, stripped

the temples and other public buildings of Sikyon of paintings which that city had pledged as security for its debts, and also obtained in other parts of Greece no less than three thousand bronze statues for the sumptuous theatre which he erected. Antony seized in Samos Myron's Zeus, Herakles, and Athene, all of colossal size. For the first of these Augustus constructed a shrine on the Capitol, but restored the other two to the Samians.

The example set by the victorious generals was eagerly followed by the Roman proprætors, who, so long as their plunderings fell short of a national disgrace, seem not to have been molested by the government at home. Verres, — and he was only one of many, — after desecrating the temple of Athene at Athens, of Apollo at Delos, of Here at Samos, of Artemis at Perga, and of several other deities in Greece and Asia Minor, received the proconsulship of the rich province of Sicily. His infamous conduct here is well known from the trial conducted against him by Cicero. There was scarcely a temple, portico, public square, or even private dwelling, in the whole island whose masterpieces escaped his hands. Among the more famous works thus seized were a marble Eros of Praxiteles, the bronze Herakles of Myron, the two Kanephoroi of Polykleitos, an Apollo belonging to Lyson of Lilybæum, the beautiful colossal bronze Artemis at Sergesta (one of the works restored by Scipio on the capture of Carthage), the Hermes at Tyndaris (also presented to the town by Scipio from the Carthaginian spoils), the Demeter at Catine, two ivory Nikes at Melite, and the bronze Demeter and Nike at Henna. From Syracuse he carried off the celebrated painting of Agathokles charging at the head of his cavalry, which hung in the temple of Athene, and was regarded as one of the wonders of the city; twenty-seven portraits of Sicilian sovereigns from the same

sanctuary; the Sappho of Silanion from the Prytaneion; the famous Apollo from the shrine of Asklepios; the statue of Aristaios from the fane of Dionysos; a beautiful bust from the temple of Persephone; and the renowned figure of Zeus Ourios, of which there were but two beside this in existence, — one at the mouth of the Bosphorus on the Black Sea, the other that brought to the Capitol by Flamininus after the conquest of Philip. Cicero, indeed, says that Syracuse lost more gods through Verres than it formerly had lost men through Marcellus. The doors of the temple of Athene seem to have held in antiquity a rank corresponding to that of the celebrated works of Ghiberti in more recent times. They were entirely sheathed with gold, upon which the *argumenta*, or representations of events, were elegantly wrought in ivory in the highest style of art. Cicero declares that nothing more elaborate or magnificent was anywhere to be seen, and says that the number of Greek authors who had left descriptions of them was incredible. These, too, were completely ruined by Verres, who tore away the ivory figures, stripped off the sheathing, and pulled out the gold nails by which they were held together. It is difficult for the modern mind to realize the splendor of works like these. If the renowned productions of Ghiberti were thought worthy to be the gates of Paradise, what language will adequately describe these wonderful creations, in which the finished skill of the goldsmith united with the consummate art of the worker in ivory to produce a result that even to the instructed eyes of the ancients was a marvel and surprise!

It will readily be conceded that the countrymen of Marcellus had proved apt pupils. Within fifty years from the date of his death the sentiment which he strove to awaken had become so strong that Æmilius Paulus, the conqueror of Perseus, even appointed paint-

ers and sculptors to instruct his sons in the rudiments of their respective arts. From nobles the feeling passed to the people, until in the Mithridatic war the common soldiers of Sylla were as eager as the commanding general himself to plunder every object of beauty on which they could lay their hands. Still, the instincts of the Romans were essentially foreign, if not antagonistic, to true æsthetic feeling. They seem at first to have coveted the products of Hellenic genius from cupidity rather than from any just appreciation of excellence. This fact, seen in its strongest light, perhaps, in the case of Mummius at Corinth, is plainly discernible in the nation as a whole. By degrees, however, connoisseurship in such things became the fashion and culminated in what may be fitly characterized as a rage for Greek works. But the Romans never rose above the rank of amateurs. With them art at best was only a matter of the intellect; with the Greeks it was a matter of feeling. Influenced by the fame of the *chef-d'œuvres* of Pheidias and his successors, the Romans sought, by learning rules and technicalities, to acquire the ability to understand and enjoy them. With the nation that conceived and executed these masterpieces they were the result of a direct creative impulse that could not be restrained. They were the visible embodiment of conceptions which could find expression in no other way, — the consummate blossoming of the entire life of the people. The Roman mind might respond to them, but it could not originate them; and though its services to humanity have been equally great in other directions, it never attained to that sublime ideal height in the spiritual realm which has made the Greeks leaders for all time. So dissimilar were the feelings, lives, and modes of thought developed by the two civilizations that the Latin capital was never without a strong party who held in highest contempt everything emanating from

the eastern shore of the Adriatic. Cato was accustomed to complain in bitter irony of the fondness of his countrymen for pictorial and plastic excellence, regarding it as a proof of luxury and the decadence of virtue; while Pliny praised the good old times, when even the images of the gods were confined to the simplicity, or, as we should say, the rudeness, of early representations. This feeling was sufficiently strong to induce Cicero, when conducting the prosecution of Verres, to speak of Greek sculpture as if acquainted with it only by hearsay, for fear of injuring his case before the judges. Petronius, alluding to the national character, declared that to all, men and gods alike, a lump of gold seemed more beautiful than anything which Apelles or Pheidias, crazy Greeklings, had produced. Certain it is that the stern, practical qualities that made the Romans rulers of the world were incompatible with that fineness of organism which is the first requisite in the artistic temperament. Hence it is that no statues of the first, second, or even third grade of merit have come to us from a purely Roman chisel. From the age of Marcellus to that of the Antonines the best works were brought from beyond the sea, or were moulded by Grecian artists who had settled in the Italian metropolis. Still, the rank of intelligent amateurs should not be denied to the conquerors of Hellas, and it is with interest that we picture to ourselves scenes like those which must have been presented at Cicero's country house, when Brutus, Metellus, Pompey, Cæsar, Lucullus, Varro, and others who lived near him on the Tusculan hill, came in to look at some fine statue, bust, or painting which had been picked up for him in Greece. His love of such things is well known, and passages occur in his letters in which he urged friends who happened to be traveling abroad to secure for him, regardless of expense, anything that could beautify his four-

teen or fifteen villas, scattered about in different parts of Italy.

The pillaging which had been begun by the Roman generals, and had been kept up by the governors of provinces, was continued by the emperors. Augustus, on the defeat of Antony and Cleopatra, transported from Alexandria, the richest city in the world after Rome, a multitude of statues of the highest rank, which had been collected by the triumvir in Greece and Asia Minor as a present for the Egyptian queen. Four oxen by Myron were ranged around an altar in the portico of the Apollo Palatinus, and an Aphrodite by Pheidias was placed in the colonnade of Octavia. At Cos the emperor appropriated the renowned painting of the Anadyomene by Apelles, for which the celebrated Phryne, or as others say, Pankaste, had furnished the model. This was hung in the temple of the deified Cæsar at Rome, but was in a condition of decay as early as the time of Nero. Augustus also obtained the Zeus Brontaios and Alean Athene of Endoios, the Kastor and Polydeukes of Hegias, and various works by Bupalos and Sthenis. Asinius Pollio, the well-known *littérateur* and patron of art under this emperor, possessed in his valuable collection the Aphrodite of Kephisodotos, the Dionysos of Eutychides, a Kanephoros by Scopas, and figures of Mænads and Sileni by Praxiteles. He also brought from Rhodes the famous group representing Dirke bound to the horns of the bull, which, either in the original or a copy, is now to be seen in the Toro Farnese of the Naples Museum. Tiberius seized at Syracuse the colossal Apollo Temenites, which Verres himself had spared. Caligula sent Memmius Regulus to Greece with instructions to ship to Rome the masterpieces of every city, and distributed them among his various country-seats. At this time was secured the beautiful Thespian Eros of Praxiteles, which Metellus had not ventured

to molest, and which Claudius, a few years later, sent back. Caligula even intended to carry away the Olympian Zeus of Pheidias, but was dissuaded by certain persons at Athens, who assured him that so large a work could not safely be disturbed. According to another account, he had actually entered upon the task of removing it; but the vessel prepared to convey it across the Adriatic was struck by lightning, and the laborers engaged about the figure heard a laugh of derision from its ivory lips, and fled in terror. It is probable, however, that the statue had before this time been robbed of its gold and of the rich and varied ornaments of the throne and base. Nero also dispatched emissaries to Greece, Asia Minor, and the Italian cities, plundering the former country of its sculpture even more mercilessly than Caligula had done. From Delphi alone the superb Apollo and no less than five hundred bronze statues were sent to Latium. Many of these were used to adorn the emperor's Golden House, near where the ruined baths of Constantine now stand. At this time the Thespian Eros was again dragged from its shrine and placed in the portico of Octavia, where it was destroyed by fire on the burning of that celebrated colonnade in the reign of Titus. The spirit in which Nero worked may be seen in the enormous picture of himself, one hundred and twenty feet in height, which he caused to be painted on canvas; and in the bronze colossus, a hundred and ten feet high, representing him as Sol crowned with rays, which he erected in front of his palace. This immense figure was subsequently taken away, to make room for the temple of Venus and Roma, and required the combined strength of twenty-four elephants to convey it to its new position. Its square base still exists in the area near the entrance to the Coliseum. In addition to the works already mentioned there were then to be seen in Rome the famous

Niobe group, now in Florence; the nude Aphrodite, the Achilles group, the Ares, and the Apollo Kitharoidos of Scopas; the Apoxyomenos of Lysippos; the Leto of Euphranor; the Silenos of Praxiteles; the Artemis of Timotheus; the Zeus Xenios of Papylos; and the Leto, Artemis, and Asklepios of Kephisodotos. Of the Apoxyomenos it is related that it was so great a favorite with the people that when, on one occasion, Tiberius removed it from the baths of Agrippa to his own palace, the populace, at the next circus games, rose in a mass and so vociferously demanded its return that the emperor was obliged to comply. It is probable, however, that their conduct was prompted by a feeling that his action was an encroachment upon their rights, rather than by any intelligent appreciation of this masterpiece itself.

It is estimated that the number of statues which had thus been collected at Rome amounted to not less than a hundred thousand. It might be supposed that the cities and shrines of Greece were by this time without a deity. Such was by no means the case. Although similar robberies continued till the reign of Vespasian, Pliny, the contemporary of that emperor, declares that there still remained twelve thousand works of sculpture distributed equally between Athens, Delphi, the island of Rhodes, and the sacred inclosure of Olympia. Even a century later Pausanias found the Grecian cities well stocked with art, and enumerated more than three hundred pieces which were then standing at Olympia. There is nothing, perhaps, which can give us a better conception of the fertile genius of this wonderful people. Although wronged and plundered for more than nine successive generations, their possessions in marble and bronze would still have put to the blush the treasures of any modern country, if we except the productions of their own hands now garnered in the different museums of Europe.

But it would be wrong to suppose that Greece was always pillaged by her neighbors. Indeed, there seems never to have died out of more generous minds a certain chivalrous feeling for that nation, which, above all others, has been the intellectual light of the world. This sentiment was especially strong toward Athens, although it was by no means limited to that city. Even before the Romans had set foot on Attic soil, Attalos, King of Pergamos, had erected on the Acropolis a votive offering, consisting of four plastic groups: one of which represented the war between the gods and the giants; a second, the conflict between the Amazons and the Athenians; a third, the battle of Marathon; and the fourth, the struggle of Attalos himself with the Gauls. These were to be seen in position as late as the fourth century after Christ, and ten of the individual figures are believed still to exist in the Vatican museum, and at Venice, Naples, Paris, and Aix. Antiochus IV. of Syria not only placed many statues in the shrine of Apollo at Delos, but also roofed in the Olympieion, finished the interior in a magnificent manner, and provided it with an image of the god corresponding in size to that executed by Pheidias at Olympia. Other temples and secular edifices were erected by various kings of Egypt, Syria, and Cappadocia. The same spirit at length began to manifest itself among those great plunderers, the Romans. Appius, father of the infamous Clodius, constructed a portico at Eleusis; Cicero at one time contemplated the erection of a new gate for the Athenian Academy, a place rendered sacred to him by the memories of Plato and his disciples; Pollio and Agrippa, the favorites of Augustus, also contributed generously to similar undertakings; and Trajan and Hadrian returned to that much-pillaged land many works which had been taken from it by their predecessors. It was the latter emperor, however, who

showed himself the great friend of Hellas. In this he was influenced both by a recollection of its glorious past and by a far-reaching plan for restoring and beautifying the cities of the entire empire. Of the twenty-one years of his reign, fifteen were spent in visiting every part of his dominions; and wherever he went, sumptuous and useful monuments remained as memorials of his munificence and enlightenment. It was but natural that the country of Perikles and Pheidias should receive the richest favors of his patronage. At Athens he built temples to Zeus, Here, and Dionysos, the Pantheon and the Stoa which bore his name, besides greatly enlarging and adorning the Attic capital in other respects. The Olympieion, which had been in process of erection for seven hundred years, was now completed and furnished with sculptures in ivory and gold. Among these was a colossal image of Zeus; the one placed there by Antiochus IV. having probably been destroyed in the plunderings of nearly three centuries which had elapsed since that monarch's reign. The structure also received many figures of the emperor himself, dedicated by different cities in his honor. The generosity and zeal of Hadrian awakened in the breasts of the Greeks the hope that they might yet regain their former glory, and Herodes Attikos, the celebrated orator and statesman, erected at his own expense statues, theatres, stadia, and similar monuments at Marathon, in Athens, and other towns, and in the islands of the Ægean. But it was in vain. No second Hadrian arose, and art relapsed into decay. In the fourth century it was practically extinct.

The change of the seat of government from Rome to Constantinople was the signal for another extensive removal of art. Statues were now as much in demand to beautify the seven-hilled city on the Bosphorus as formerly to adorn the seven-hilled city on the Tiber. It

might have been supposed that Constantine would employ for this purpose the innumerable works which thronged the streets, temples, porticoes, palaces, and villas of the West. That such was not the case is shown by subsequent events, to which we shall have occasion to allude, as well as by the discoveries which in the last four hundred years have been made on Italian soil. His aim seems rather to have been to collect the scattered remnants which still existed in the minor cities of the empire, and to supplement them by such additions from Rome as would impart especial dignity to the colonnades and forums of his new capital. In pursuance of this policy he ransacked the provinces from end to end, until there was scarcely an important town which had not yielded up its possessions more or less completely to his hands. Of the statues obtained at Rome, sixty of the most celebrated were assigned to the hippodrome, among them the colossal Herakles, which Maximus had conveyed to the capital on the capture of Tarentum, and which remained thenceforth undisturbed till destroyed by the crusaders, nearly nine centuries later. In that part of the hippodrome where the athletes practiced were placed an Artemis, and figures of pugilists, wrestlers, and charioteers almost without number. The *spina* of the racecourse was ornamented with the usual line of altars, bases, obelisks of marble and bronze, and columns supporting sculpture. A representation of Thessalia stood above the emperor's throne, another of the Dioscuri in the surrounding portico. The Sminthian Apollo was set up in a different quarter of the city, and the celebrated Muses that had graced the sacred grove on Mount Helikon were now employed to adorn the imperial palace. A statue of Alexander the Great, which for six centuries and a half had been one of the treasures of Chrysopolis, on the opposite shore of the Bosphorus, was transferred

to the strategion, or public training-field, where also was a Fortuna Urbis holding a horn of plenty. Among the works brought from far-off Iconium were a well-known Zeus and the Perseus and Andromeda that had stood above the city gate. The former was placed in the already crowded hippodrome, the other two were conveyed to the baths of Constantine. The forum received a Fortuna Urbis and a Kybele, probably of marble, which, with a statue of Jason, had been dedicated by seamen on Mount Dindymos, overlooking the ancient city of Kyzikos. By changing the hands of the goddess and removing the lions which are her ordinary attributes, the Kybele, however, was made over into a praying woman. In the forum Constantine also erected his great porphyry pillar, which was eleven feet in diameter and over eighty-six feet in height. The shaft consisted of eight sections, the joints being concealed by laurel wreaths of bronze, and the whole was so enormously heavy that three years are said to have been consumed in transporting it from Rome. The column was surmounted by a bronze figure of Apollo, whose head was surrounded by a circle of rays made of the nails used to fasten the body of Christ to the cross. This was dedicated to the emperor himself, to typify his character as giving light to the city. By some it was said to have been brought from ancient Ilion; by others to have come from Athens, and to have been a work of Pheidias. Such statements merit little attention. From Delphi Constantine obtained another image of Apollo, probably erected to replace the one carried off by Nero, and also the great tripod, some fifteen feet in height, which after the battle of Plataea the allied Greeks had made from the Persian spoils and consecrated to the son of Leto. This magnificent offering consisted of a large golden bowl supported between the heads of three intertwined serpents of bronze, on the

coils of which were inscribed the names of the states that had assisted in repelling the invaders. The bowl was melted and coined into money when the Phokians plundered the temple in the second sacred war; but the standard was left uninjured, and, with the statue of the god, was placed by Constantine in the hippodrome. The heads of the serpents were broken off long ago, — probably by the Turks, whose religion forbids the representation of animate objects, — and the *débris* of centuries gradually accumulated around the base to the height of about ten feet. It was at length exhumed in 1855 by Mr. Charles T. Newton, of the British Museum, its folds retaining, still distinctly legible, the list of states engraved upon it, the whole having been preserved from injury by the earth that had hidden it from view. There it may yet be seen amid the strange surroundings of the Moslem capital, one of the most venerable relics of the past, which for more than twenty-three hundred years has stood in silent but eloquent commemoration of the glorious deeds of “old Plataea’s day,” — doubly precious because so few monuments of its kind have come down to modern times. The lines of Byron on the field of Marathon express a well-nigh universal truth in regard to the visible tokens of those great achievements whose memory has become the heritage of all succeeding ages: —

“The flying Mede, his shaftless, broken bow,
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear,
Mountains above, earth’s, ocean’s plain below,
Death in the front, destruction in the rear, —
Such was the scene. What now remaineth here?
What sacred trophy marks the hallowed ground,
Recording Freedom’s smile and Asia’s tear?
The rifled urn, the violated mound,
The dust thy courser’s hoof, proud stranger,
spurns around.”

But Constantine was not content to be merely a collector. He caused no less than thirty new works to be erected in the forum, and there is reason to believe that other parts of the city were similarly embellished with such crea-

tions as the expiring genius of antiquity was able to produce. It is probable that these, with the exception of a few religious subjects, were nearly all portrait figures, as also were multitudes of those secured by him and later emperors in various parts of the world. Of such in general our space forbids us to speak.

The task of providing the city with statues was continued by Constantine's successors. We read of eleven which were removed from Rome in the consulship of Julian. One of these, a Hercules, found shelter in the Cistern Basilica, but was afterward transferred to the hippodrome. Four horses of gilt bronze were secured in Chios by Theodosius the Younger, who also obtained from the temple of Ares at Athens the elephants which stood at the Golden Gate. According to another account, these were original works, made in Constantinople to represent animals on which the emperor had ridden into the city. Justinian placed above the arch in front of the Chalke, or vestibule of the palace, four Gorgon's heads and two bronze horses which had belonged to the temple of Artemis at Ephesus. Constans II., in the middle of the seventh century, is said to have carried away from Rome all the sculpture of marble and bronze, and all the most beautiful ornaments of the temples, and to have committed greater depredations in one week than the barbarians had done in two centuries and a half. A large part of these treasures was lost in a storm in the Straits of Messina. The statement of his plunderings is without doubt exaggerated, since many of the choicest plastic monuments of antiquity have been found among the Roman ruins. The Eastern emperors, indeed, felt no direct antipathy toward the city of Romulus. Though choosing Constantinople as the place of their abode, they were, as a class, men of too much enlightenment to devastate the ancient capital, or

allow it to fall into decay. Constantius, the son of Constantine, on visiting Italy twenty years after his father's death, was so impressed by the august and massive greatness of those structures that have ever since been the wonder of mankind that he transported to the Circus Maximus the obelisk of Thebes, which Constantine had brought down the Nile to adorn some one of the Byzantine forums. This monument, the largest of existing monoliths, now surveys the modern world from the piazza of the Lateran.

Thus fostered by its rulers, Constantinople had become not only an elegant city, but a vast magazine of art. It contained no less than five palaces, fourteen churches, two public baths, two basilicas, four forums, two senate-houses, two theatres, a hippodrome or circus, and fifty-two porticoes. Of the latter, the four erected by Euboulos, in the time of Constantine, were lofty and extensive colonnades, supporting each a platform paved with slabs of hewn stone, and forming a magnificent promenade. They may find illustration at the present day in the Grand Marble Terrace at Genoa, which, lifted above the arcades of the Via Carlo Alberto, extends a third of a mile in length and sixty feet in width, and overlooks the busy harbor of the Ligurian Gulf. But, unlike it, the porticoes of Euboulos were ornamented with countless bronzes, and when covered with gay throngs of pleasure-seekers, sauntering listlessly in the clear, delicate atmosphere of the Byzantine capital, must have presented a scene capable of awakening the admiration of the dullest eye. Statues, too, were set along all the principal streets, and in the theatres, baths, palaces, and even churches. A Diana and Venus were placed in the great senate-house, which was also well stocked with works in porphyry and bronze; and another Diana in the Xerolophos, afterwards known as the forum of Theodosius or Arcadius. The forum of Con-

stantine was adorned with an Amphitrite, sirens, the Ephesian Artemis, Poseidon, several figures of Pan, and giraffes, centaurs, and tigers. A suburb of the city took its name from a Daphne which had been brought from Rome; a very ancient Kybele stood in a shrine in one of the porticoes of the Forum Augusteum, a statue of Alexander the Great in the Pittakion, others of Jupiter and Saturn in the citadel; while by the horologium of the forum a Minerva of silver was to be seen as late as the eleventh or twelfth century. In the place known as the Amastrianum were a reclining Hercules and the great temple of Sol and Luna, whose images the unsuspecting Kedrenos declares to have been by the hand of Pheidias. A head of Apollo, said to have been by the same artist, was in existence until the latter half of the twelfth century. In the hippodrome, besides the works already mentioned as referable to earlier emperors, were a seated Minerva, a Felicitas, and a bronze Sol borne in a chariot; in the Forum Tauri, a reposing Hercules, representations of swine, and the colossal bull from which the square derived its name. In the Milion — a building so called because it contained a column covered with a network of gold, from which, as from the *milliarium aureum* at Rome, distances were reckoned — were to be found, among other highly esteemed productions, two bronze elephants, a much venerated kneeling Hercules, and a Fortuna Urbis; the latter, by a strange mixture of paganism and Christianity, being chained to a large cross. The baths of Zeuxippos, erected by Severus after his destruction of the city in 196 A. D., and embellished by Constantine and later emperors, were crowded with statues of the great heroes, heroines, statesmen, philosophers, historians, orators, poets, and poetesses of Greece, a few portraits of famous Romans, and images of Apollo, Poseidon, Hermes, Artemis, and Aphrodite; some of marble, others of bronze, and all

of such beauty and excellence that, in the language of the old chroniclers, they failed of perfection only in not being endowed with life. This testimony we may accept with a good degree of confidence. The names of the works, as given in the list of Kedrenos, compel us to regard them as included in the number of those which were collected from the Hellenic cities of Europe and Asia Minor, and hence as by Grecian artists. This magnificent collection also contained an immense number of engraved gems, and an extensive series of bronze busts of renowned personages of former times. In the edifice known as the Lausos was preserved the Athene of Lindos, whose epithet, Laossoös, the Arouser of the People, probably gave name to the building. The statue was of emerald, six feet in height, and was reputed to be by the early masters, Dipoinos and Skyllis. Here, also, are said to have been the Knidian Aphrodite of Praxiteles, the Samian Here and a supposed Kronos of Lysippos, the winged Eros from Myndos, and the Olympian Zeus of Pheidias. The names given by Byzantine writers, however, are to be taken with more or less distrust. The identity of early productions was involved in much uncertainty even in antiquity, and this uncertainty increased with every century. In the case of the Olympian Zeus it was especially easy to confound the chef-d'œuvre of the age of Perikles with the image erected by Hadrian in the Olympieion at Athens. Still, as regards the figure which stood in the Lausos, it may be said that Constantine or his successors would hardly have been content to secure in Greece the later and less valuable work, while leaving behind that matchless creation of which the whole world had been talking for seven hundred years, and which it was considered a misfortune to die without having seen. The probability is, therefore, that it was this masterpiece of which the Lausos had a right to boast.

Some conception of the amount of sculpture at Constantinople may be formed from the fact that when Justinian rebuilt the church of St. Sophia he found in its area alone no less than five hundred and seven statues, of which eighty were portraits of Christian kings, and the rest antique. The greater part, indeed, were of pure Greek origin, and over seventy were of Hellenic gods and goddesses. These were all distributed in various quarters of the city. Eusebius, in his *Life of Constantine*, says that the Eastern capital was everywhere filled with elegant bronzes which had once been scattered throughout the provinces of the empire. Later emperors continued feebly to protect these, and to employ them in adorning new structures which they erected; but the creative power and impulse were alike dead, and the discriminating faculty was no longer able to distinguish between masterly excellence and the veriest of rubbish.

After the fall of Rome the taste for the beautiful constantly sank lower and lower in the West, until marble statues were not considered worth the stealing. With figures of silver, gold, and bronze the case was different, though even these were valued chiefly for the old metal contained in them. With art as art the mediæval world had little to do. Europe had been overrun by the barbarian nations, and society everywhere was in a state of restless ferment. Life was a serious business, and the problems which it presented for solution left no time to be bestowed upon the elegant trivialities of Greek painters and sculptors. Still, such works as had survived the calamities of war and the iconoclasm of over-zealous Christians apparently remained undisturbed for the greater portion of the Middle Ages, mankind no longer concerning itself with them either one way or another. If they stood, they stood; if they tottered from their bases through decay, or were over-

thrown by accident or malice, they were allowed to lie where they fell, till covered up by the drifting sand which no one cared to sweep from above them. Indeed, so little were they prized that they were often broken to pieces to serve the purposes of ordinary stone or to be burned into lime, though it was only in the centuries immediately preceding the modern period that anything like wholesale destruction was begun.

Of more recent plunderings there is little to be said. The reader will remember the rapacity of Bonaparte in the campaign of 1796, when he extorted from the helpless Pius VI. a hundred of the choicest paintings and statues in Italy; and again in the following year, when the Vatican and other celebrated galleries were mercilessly robbed to supply the needs of the *Musée Napoléon*. Among the treasures thus carried off were the bronze horses of St. Mark's, which adorned the triumphal arch of the *Place du Carrousel* until returned to the Venetians by the Emperor Francis in 1815. From the ill-fated Parthenon, in addition to the Elgin Marbles now in London, numerous fragments have been conveyed to Paris, Vienna, Baden, Copenhagen, and other places, where they may still be found.

To discuss the various removals of sculpture in modern times would take us beyond the limits of the present article, involving, as it would, an account of the discovery of the principal works, the founding of the great European museums, and the variations of ownership dependent on gift, purchase, or inheritance. So extensive have these changes been that it is often impossible to locate with certainty statues described by Winckelmann, Visconti, Clarac, and other writers of a generation or two ago. The antiquities of the Giustiniani Palace have in part been left undisturbed, in part have been taken to the Vatican, in part have become the property of Prince Torlonia. Of those formerly in the Far-

nese Palace, some are now in the museum of Naples, others in England. The possessions of the Villa Campana have been transferred to St. Petersburg and Paris, those of the Villa Negroni to Paris and England. Of the two hundred and ninety-four statues of the Villa Albani, which were seized and sent to France by Napoleon, all except a relief of Antinous were sold there by Cardinal Albani, on their restoration in 1815, to avoid the enormous expense of carrying them back to Italy. In the future, as in the past,

similar vicissitudes will of course occur, as family lines become extinct, or the loss of wealth compels the sale of private collections, to retrieve the shattered fortunes of their owners. Only when all the products of the ancient chisel have been gathered into national galleries, like the British Museum, the Louvre, and the Glyptothek of Munich, can they expect to find a permanent and settled abode. For the benefit of all students and lovers of art, let us hope that this may be at no distant day.

William Shields Liscomb.

A BOURGEOIS FAMILY.

WITH feelings anything but jubilant we received our first impressions of the *intérieur* in which we had engaged to pass several months. And yet the privilege of entering thus a French household was one not to be found every day; was one that we had searched for, plotted and manœuvred for, ever since we had been in provincial France, and one which we had finally obtained only by means of the quiet treachery of one member of the family to the rigid principle of exclusion and seclusion which governed the rest.

That we had no choice in *familles bourgeoises* goes without saying. It was Hobson's choice, and one which we ought to be thankful for. So we were, later, when we found our French speech becoming glib, and our manners unbending from their Anglo-Saxon stiffness into something of the suppleness and suavity of those around us; but that time of thankfulness seemed somewhat remote as we received our first impressions.

The seaport town was centuries old and marvelously quaint. Its appearance from the sea was a cluster of colorful walls steeped in antiquity, high-roofed,

and covered with gray moss and straggling ivy. Gothic spires rose above the roofs, time-worn and gray; picturesque ruins, with voluminously draped Virgins flaunting gaudy raiment from gabled and cusped niches, gathered close upon the quays. The abrupt *côte*, rising like a background of solid emerald behind the town, was crowned with even greater antiquity, and from its summit grim, fortress-like Norman walls looked down upon the Gothic airiness below as a septuagenarian might gaze upon the youthful frivolity of half a century.

Through the dusky streets fishers' wives, in gay kerchiefs, profuse petticoats, and clanking sabots, cried their glistening merchandise. Norman peasant women, in tall snowy caps and russet-hued garments, drove in from outlying farms donkey carts laden with brilliant fruit and vegetables. Foreign-looking sailors and native fishermen, almost as bronzed and as jeweled as the sailors, loitered and basked in the sunshine. Even the bourgeois element (there is no aristocracy in that sleepy, provincial town), with its dress of yesterday and its dull, listless air, seemed entirely of another race and world from the gay and

bustling Parisians upon whom we had founded our knowledge of French life and character.

As we turned away from all this picturesque, it was with something of a shock that we faced the intérieur that was to be our temporary home. There was nothing picturesque about it; for what in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth can be less picturesque than provincial bourgeoisism? Peasant homes are picturesque, although comfortless, and a beauty-loving temperament can find some compensation for chill and gloom, dampness and disorder, in quaint irregularity of forms, the half mystery of unwindowed and noontide twilight, the antiquity of household gods handed down from one generation to another with religious care. Provincial bourgeoisism, dressed by cheap tailors and dressmakers, its intérieurs furnished from vulgar modern shops, — what can be more bourgeois? Not even the cabbage roses and sad haircloth of American rural "best rooms" are less beautiful than the waxed or painted floors with showy, rectangular *tapis* in their centre, the stiff and ghostly chairs and tables from the first empire, the wax fruit, paper roses, atrocious pictures, china vases, superabundant gilt clocks, and mantel statuettes in painted *faïence* of French provincial middle life.

Our household was more interesting than many, for the reason that it represented an unusual blending of social distinctions, a coming together of two different strains, and a consequent uneasy position between the upper strata of the unconventional *basse classe* and the lower of the respectable and priggish bourgeoisie. One grandfather had lived in a château (his own by purchase, not by heritage), as we were soon told. The other had commanded a fishing-boat, as we more tardily learned from the indiscreet revelations of the garret. The châtelain's daughter invested her reduced

fortune in a trimming-shop, and the fisherman's son put his into an education. By the marriage of the fisherman's socially promoted son and the châtelain's socially descended daughter the trimming-shop was turned into a cheap boarding-school, patronized mostly by fishermen's sons, peasants' sons, and the sons of town butchers and shoemakers. The fisherman's son and the châtelain's daughter had long ago accomplished their warfare with life, with poverty, with baffled ambitions, and, if truth must be told, with each other, and for years had slept in one grave in the parish cemetery. The boarding-school had been turned into money, and upon that feeble sum, supplemented by the trifling wage enjoyed by one of the sons as a government *employé*, lived the celibate family whose intérieur received us.

There were four in the family, one brother and three sisters: all between thirty and forty years of age; all with nerves and red hair; all unselfishly devoted to each other, making, three of them at least, every sacrifice one for another; but all manifesting this unusual affection by what seemed to our calmer though perhaps not better tempers the fiercest and most persistent quarreling possible to human nature. Often and often, as we have sat at meat with them, has some trifling discussion arisen, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand in its first threatening, but swelling almost instantly to such a tempest of tempers and tornado of words that first one has flown away from the table in a rage, then another, another, and another, till, in the lull which followed the banging of doors and the shouting of recriminations through keyholes, we two Americans have sat smiling alone, sole possessors of the table. Ten, perhaps five, minutes later the flushed and disheveled belligerents would return one by one to their places, and the repast would finish amid a most beatific atmosphere of family affection. It was a usual occurrence,

on my return from an absence of a few days, to find the key of my room missing. Inquiry would invariably reveal the fact that during a volcanic eruption one of the sisters had flown to my room and locked herself in from the others. As soon as the elemental chaos had subsided, and the locked-in sister had emerged from her retreat, one of the others would possess herself of my key and hide it, that she might another time have easier access to her sister's ear, and not be again forced to scream sisterly vituperations through a keyhole. That keys were scarce in our house is easy to believe!

Once we sat in the little salon quietly entertaining a friend. Suddenly we heard the family vials uncorked in an adjacent room, and the family wrath hiss and fume after the customary fashion. Suddenly the salon door was violently thrown open, and a distracted figure rushed through the room and out at another door. This was Mademoiselle Marie, from whom Mademoiselle Juliette had taken refuge in a locked room, and upon whom Marie stole a march by descending upon her unprotected rear through the unguarded salon door.

One only of such quarrels as these would, I am convinced, leave gall enough in our less effusive and more vindictive natures to spoil the beauty of affection forever. But with our deep resentment for insulting words, we know better than to use them; with a capacity for undying anger in ourselves, we refrain from arousing it in others; and realizing that dissension is a most serious thing, we avoid it with the awe and trembling we yield to all tragic powers. Did we consider all this as but the temporary atmospheric disturbance — electrical and painful while it lasts, but swiftly passing — that our French friends do, doubtless our lives would witness the same interminable succession of scorching typhoons and balmy calms, which would hardly be an advantage over the more

serene even if duller monotony of our days, I believe. The dry, feverish skins and drawn faces of the sisters, each prematurely aged, showed the physical effects of this uncomfortable vivacity of temper and utter want of self-control which are such marked characteristics, not only of our particular family, but of the whole French race. The French are a demonstrative people, whose life is largely emotional, and who regard moral discipline and self-control chiefly as an English folly. French children rarely learn the moral weight and significance of self-control, and when it is taught at all it is merely as a matter of social convenience and convention, — one of exterior politeness and not of spiritual culture and harmony. Conscience is not developed among them, — conscience is not a personal possession in the Roman Catholic Church, — and to be agreeable is greater in France than to be good. Thus the French are fussily polite away from their intérieurs, while in them they live in an incessant restlessness of emotions, good and bad. Emotional expansiveness and freedom are sometimes good to see, but the self-restraint of our more conscientiously introspective northern temperament is safer and surer to live and die with. There may be fewer kisses and cooler embraces with us, but likewise fewer stinging words and breezy recriminations.

Our first impression (and our last) of the house we were to enter was of a blank and staring white modern wall, entirely devoid of architectural decoration, standing by itself in an uninteresting street, — one of the new streets upon which the inhabitants prided themselves as proof that their town was not falling into decay. There was not one inch of garden space about it, and the narrow front door opened directly from the street into a long, dark entry, from which ascended long, dark stairs. A grocer's shop and an *étude d'huissier* occupied the ground floor, while the real

dwelling began only at the top of the staircase. Such, as is well known, is the habit of France, and the most elegant of town and city *appartements* are often overshops and offices. French *appartements* usually extend over but one floor, and a flight of stairs within an *appartement* is almost unknown. I remember how astonished we were, after years of Continental life, at the extreme neighborly familiarity which seemed to exist in London houses.

"Why, *maman*," said Charlie, "they are all over each other's *appartements*, exactly as if *chez eux*! One sees the same faces at the windows, upstairs, downstairs, and in my lady's chamber!" It was only with an effort that *maman* herself remembered that English families, like American, usually live not upon one floor, but all over the house.

Our house, however, was owned by its occupants, and entirely occupied by them. It was large, light, and airy, with wide French windows, light-papered walls, and earthen-tiled floors. It was somewhat raggedly furnished, — that is, ragged in effect, not in fact; for un-mendedness was an abomination in the eyes of the thrifty sisters. Everything was whole, but most things were threadbare. There were a few heirlooms, such as carved bedsteads, handsome plate, and massive bureaux. The salon curtains were *châtelaine* grandmamma's cashmere shawls; the table cover was a patchwork of several generations of silk and velvet gowns; the bit of square tapis was cheap and worn; there was no sofa; the chairs were rickety, modern, and mean. The bed-rooms were cheerful and the beds luxurious, but the toilet conveniences were scarcely less primitive than those of a prairie farm-house, and the carpets patched and darned. The small dining-room, except for a magnificent buffet, was of Spartan simplicity, as was the boudoir, where the sewing-machine stood.

There were twelve dozen dozens of

sheets in the overflowing presses, and as many pillow-cases. Of tablecloths and towels there seemed to be no end, and I could hardly find a place to hang up a garment because of the insolent ubiquity of packed piles of napkins. This wealth of napery had not been a *parti pris*, but was the accumulation of various heritages. One grand-uncle, dying at ninety-two, had left seven hundred sheets to be divided among his heirs! In our family was a special shelf set aside for linen "in use," and when a guest came who passed perhaps two nights, perhaps only one, in a year in our house, the bed linen which he had used during the last visit, ticketed with his name and the date of that event, was brought down from its shelf in the garret! Napery in bourgeois families is a property, like houses and land. Its owner never expects to wear his stock out, but to reckon it always a part of his wealth and important assets of his estate at death.

The old fashioned, coarse, and clumsy under-linen of the sisters was in scarcely less profusion. Some of it had descended from the *châtelaine* grandmother, some was woven by the piscatorial ancestress. This stock was held in common, as was every other right and possession of the establishment. Only the solitary brother has a right to say "*ma chemise*;" those garments in feminine form being not individual possessions, but common property, always spoken of as nuns in convents refer to theirs, not as "*ma chemise*," but "*une de nos chemises*."

One of the sisters, Juliette, had been eighteen months a governess in England. With the sharp but excessively limited powers of observation common to all the family, she fancied herself familiar with every in and out of the Anglo-Saxon character, every peculiarity of national, social, and domestic life. Juliette frequently declared that this *vie de communauté* would be impossible to the Anglo-Saxon temperament, — to

anything other than French *dévouement*. This is undoubtedly true; but, considering the tumult and turmoil of speech and spirit that a bit of ragged trimming or a ruptured place in "*une de nos chemises*" created in that communauté, the thunderings of doors, the banshee-like whistlings at keyholes, the red eyes, and the electrical upstarting of passionate hair, it is to be questioned if *dévouement* has every advantage over selfishness.

All the domestic labor of the family, except the washing, done every four months away from the house, was accomplished by two of the sisters (the youngest being an invalid and a spoiled child) with the aid of a *femme de ménage* a few hours each day. Bonnets and dresses, coats and trousers, thick petticoats and clumsy stockings, everything worn in the communauté as well as eaten by it, except the bread, were manipulated by those apt and busy fingers. Somebody once asked Gambetta what was the secret of the extraordinary wealth of the French nation, by means of which the heavy Prussian indemnity was so quickly paid.

"The thrift and industry of French women," was the reply.

This thrift and industry were exemplified in our family to an almost deplorable extent. Economy was the watchword; to *save*, the fundamental and pyramidal principle of every effort. It was an unintellectual, narrow system, involving a wearing-out of human brains and strength in a ceaseless struggle to stretch a pound of meat to the utmost limit of its nourishing tenuity, to extort its last fibre of wearing capacity from a yard of cloth. Body and soul were bent to the ignoble business of mere living, and it was pitiable to know what artistic inclinations and ideal aspirations were crushed beneath this Juggernaut of economy. It was the more pitiable as the whole family was generous by nature, hospitable to a fault, magnificent in *pour boires*, willing to dine off a crust

in order to give a roll to a beggar, and anxious to divide a last sou with a friend. As milliners, teachers, housekeepers in other families, these poor women could have lived fuller and happier lives, and it was only the narrow though sharp worldly prescience of the fisherman's son that bound them to this martyrdom of their higher natures. Struggling with poverty all his life, he died believing poverty the very blackest of earth's evils. He had outgrown, or rather overgrown, all his own aspirations, and forgot that such might be more tenacious of life in others. His marriage had proved unhappy, and he wished his daughters never to marry; he had worked at a profession all his life, and finished his heavy course at last with a deserted school upon his hands and not a penny more of money than the châtelain's daughter had brought him. He made his will, therefore, tying up the children's heritage in such manner that it could not be divided: binding his daughters to celibacy because without *dots*; forbidding them independent careers because without educations; and forcing the grinding toil, the mortifying privations, the inevitable intellectual narrowing, of the communauté upon them by refusing them the *right* to escape from it. The poor man never realized that he was thereby entailing the curse of his own contracted nature and defrauded experience upon children larger than himself, or he would have turned remorsefully in his grave to hear the unvarying response to every wild longing to escape to more congenial and better paid labor: "*N'en parle pas! Thy services belong to the communauté.*"

One of the fiercest quarrels I ever witnessed took place one evening as we sat by the dining-room fire. The youngest and least amiable of the sisters stooped and picked from the ashes a half-consumed piece of paper. She instantly recognized the handwriting as that of a lady in Paris with whom Juli-

ette was intimately acquainted, but who was only slightly known to the rest. The bit of paper bore Juliette's name, and no sooner did Marie behold it than she burst into fury, and the usual result of agitated doors, keyholes, eyes, voices, and tempers followed, in which all but ourselves took part, — just because Juliette had dared to receive a letter unknown to the rest of the communauté!

In truth she received many; for letter-writing was poor Juliette's sole literary distraction, and her scribblings were familiar to her absent friends. But the amount of intriguing, the undignified hustlings and shufflings of half truths, the real falsehoods forced upon her, that she might enjoy her innocent pleasure, and take time and postage for it from the communauté, the plottings with the postman, the connivings with the grocer's wife downstairs, were Machiavellian, and not calculated to recommend the community system to a dignified mind. Intrigue was thoroughly the rule of the establishment, each one's sole defense against the rest. The intrigues were innocent enough in intention, but the habit was a second nature with them all; and we always felt that we were turned loose among pitfalls and snares when with them, never knowing when incautious words of ours would betray some one's "little game" to some one else. That communauté system was in fact the most absolute of despotisms, totally wanting in reverence for individual rights, coarsely trampling down every instinct of personal dignity and delicacy beneath the brutal hoof of community rights. I firmly believe that Juliette spoke the truth, and that only the French nature could support it; not alone because of the French dévouement but because the French character is more supple, plotting, and conscienceless. Conscience is not its affair: it is the affair of the priests.

The intelligences of our family were bright and keen, although so low and

so circumscribed of horizon. "Papa" (pronounced "pappa"), albeit so long ago translated, was still their oracle, and "*Papa le disait*" the cap sheaf and key stone of all argument. To them "papa's" school was an all-comprehending microcosm of the universe, and not all the evidence of history, the testimony of the ages, the experience of nations and races, weighed anything against the triumphantly crushing "*Papa remarquait toujours à la pension.*"

Did we declare that the history of civilization proves that the strongest intellectual and moral forces are generated at that equalizing point between luxury and privation which we call the "middle classes," the confutation of our ignorance did not tarry to overwhelm us. "*Vous vous trompez, madame! Papa remarquait toujours à la pension* that the sons of poor fishermen and cobblers were better and brighter boys than the sons of rich grocers. Is n't it so, Émile?"

And the communauté, thus appealed to, would confirm with acclamation this annihilation of one of those "aristocratic" fallacies with which, according to our family, Americans were so generally deceived. In all our discussions the family argued for the virtues and the rights of the very humblest classes of society, and the aristocratic prejudice which they combated was merely our intellectual conviction of the superior moral and intellectual vigor of the class of society that to us was *moyenne*, but which to them seemed *haute*.

In spite of its want of real self-respect, — such want as enabled them to wage their warfare before any chance observer, — our communauté had a petty sort of susceptibility continually surprising us.

"Such proud, parvenu, upstart canaille as is Madame Bush," said Marie, coming in from market hot and angry. "She speaks French like a *poissarde*, and looks like a *femme de chambre*. She

passed me in the market without bowing."

"Such a *distingué* dame is Madame Bush. She speaks French with such distinction, and is a perfect *dame du grand monde*. She bowed to me this morning!" would be the next day's testimony from Marie. Jealous as they were of their bourgeois rights, shocked beyond measure to be detected by outsiders wearing the blue working aprons which they seldom quitted in-doors, they seemed never to take note of the fact that their lower class sympathies and proletarian theories were not a result of personal observation and judicial reflection, but of the simple material fact that a fisherman was their grandfather, a fisherman's son their father. And yet family feeling was even stronger than bourgeois susceptibility. Once walking with Juliette we met an elderly washerwoman returning from a day's work at the fountain, accompanied by a cowed-looking, shambling old husband in peasant costume, who carried the basket of wet linen upon his back. To my astonishment, Juliette greeted the old peasant cordially, kissed him upon both cheeks, and called him uncle. When we had left them, she explained that he was her father's only living brother.

"And he never comes to your house?" I asked.

"Never; his old washerwoman wife will not allow him. She mocks at us because our mother was born in a cha-teau."

None of our family were readers. As I have known two of them to consume all the available portions of seven days to recreate a gown, that recreation composed when finished of one hundred and sixty-two different bits of stuff, it is easy to know that they had no time for reading. But their active intelligences craved occupation, and that occupation they found in analyzing the characters of their acquaintances. A great deal of really keen observation, subtle thought,

and power of close analysis was continually thus displayed, evoking regret from one foreign member of that famille bourgeoise that fate had not given them a larger field and more dignified opportunity.

"The curé of Saint Léonards is so often *chez* Madame Doval as to make a perfect scandal," would be one item of the peurile gossip brought to every meal. "The Protestant minister drinks his wine pure and by the goblet full," was another; whereupon follows such minute and fluent dissection of curés' and ministers' characters as would be a lesson to Balzac or Henry James. The femme de ménage was never reproved for loitering long at the fountain, although she was paid by the hour, for there she drew gossip as well as water. When a change of these *femmes* took place, she was chosen from among all applicants who worked in "such and such intérieurs," where the family histories were liveliest, and monsieur was jealous of madame, or *vice versa*. I seldom dared ask who might be this man or that woman, lest I should bring down upon myself the history of their lives from the cradle, the *chroniques scandaleuses* of their ancestors, with really clever analyses of every probable and improbable cause and motive that has made them what they are. Once, in wandering for hours through one of the old burial grounds, I was told such startling tales of the dead who slept below, the gossip and scandal of lives that ended almost before that of their present *reconteuse* was begun, that I felt thoroughly shamefaced among those silent sleepers, and heartily glad to escape from their voiceless reproach.

In the matter of social etiquette we found our family also noisily effusive as they found us *roide* and cold. An uneasy atmosphere of fuss was about every act, it seemed as if about every thought, of the ménage, a fussiness almost as irritating to us as the stealthy action of a blister. When the sisters and Léontine

were together in the kitchen, the "gabble" of insistent assertion and equally insistent contradiction, of voluble argument, protest, and denial, reminded us of the gabble of a startled hen-coop. It was the etiquette at table, when a guest declined to partake again of a dish, to insist beyond measure with spoon or fork furnished with a portion of the debated viand poised in direction of the guest's plate. If still the guest insisted to decline, — and that seemed part of the etiquette, — his plate was forcibly seized upon by the nearest of the hosts. Then the guest would instantly grab the opposite edge, and a friendly tussle of words and forces would follow, ending sometimes one way and sometimes another as the guest's indisposition for "more" was real or assumed. Sometimes, as may be imagined, when several guests and several hosts were engaged in this tourney of politeness, the scene was more animated than conducive to tranquillity of spirit.

"Why do you do it?" I asked one day, after a dinner at which a bottle of wine had been overturned, the stopper of a vinegar cruet broken, and a plateful of *crevettes* scattered into our laps.

"Because it would be impolite not to," answered Martha impressively.

The sisters were all impressive on social forms. They thought our education — or want of it — required impressive treatment.

"It is not so *chez vous autres*," spoke up Léontine, the *femme de ménage*. "I was once well cheated for not knowing it. Once I took some clothes home to an English lady one very hot day. I was dying with thirst, and longed to arrive, knowing that madame would offer me a glass of wine. She did; I said '*Merci*,' expecting, of course, to be urged. To my astonishment she put up the bottle at once, and I have never said '*Merci*' when I meant '*S'il vous plait*' to an Anglaise since."

This same persistent insistence was

conspicuous all through the conduct of our family, and is really a marked peculiarity of the Norman character. One of our American artist friends assured me that his landlady almost insisted upon painting his pictures. Upon one occasion Juliette insisted so persistently upon some change in the sleeves of my new gown that she fairly took it off my back, carried it away, and made the change, thus forcing me to an expense of ten francs to my dressmaker for restoring it to its original condition.

L'insistance Normande is perfectly well recognized by Normans themselves as a characteristic of their race.

"*Voilà, Mademoiselle P.*," I heard a fishwoman in the market say to her daughter as Juliette and I drew near; "put up thy mackerel five sous; she will insist upon having them five sous below their price."

"And I will insist upon her paying six more," answered the younger *poissonnière*. "Am I not as much *Normande* as she?"

Our bachelor communist, Monsieur Émile, demonstrated his insistence in an original way. Like all the others of the family, he was in many things unselfish to a marvel, devoted to his sisters, and troubled about nothing more than to see them overworked. He frequently assisted them in domestic services little in keeping with his six feet of stature and voice like a windy trombone, — clearing tables, and even, at a domestic crisis, washing dishes as he had been taught to do as a boy. With all the extreme order of the sisters in their toilettes, strict order, but no daintiness, no elegance, no suspicion of coquetry, only a peasant-like simplicity, their house-keeping was a supremely shambling and disheveled affair. When Monsieur Émile did not clear the table, it not unseldom stood uncleared from one repast to another, and dishes were sometimes neglected for days. The stately buffet was forever cluttered with empty bottles

and decaying bouquets, untidy castors and half-emptied jam pots.

This peculiarity of refined personal neatness and domestic disarray is by no means unfrequent in France; hence Frenchwomen have a better reputation for neatness than they entirely deserve. Often on market days a succession of rustic visitors would defile through the house. To every one was hospitably offered a cup of tea, or a glass of wine or *liqueur*. Not unfrequently I have seen this whole procession of callers served, one after another, all day long, at a disordered, ill-complexioned table not yet cleared since the last meal; and I believe it was the habit of the house not to clear the dinner-table till the hour for morning coffee.

Émile took it into his head to spare his sisters the care of his room, and used to lock his chamber door behind him every morning when he left the house. Whether he ever made his bed or not they could not find out; he always insisted he did. The sounds of *Normande insistance* that I heard at his door morning and night as the sisters insisted upon entering, and he insisted they should not, would have been amusing, had I not known their inevitable issue of door-banging, keyhole whistling, red eyes, and uplifted hair. One day the sisters got a key from the locksmith, entered the room, and put it in order.

The storm that followed M. Émile's return beggars all human powers of description. My hair almost turned white as I heard its shrill and thunderous uproar from my own room.

Charlie and I dined alone that day, while the family, swollen eyed and gasping, lay scattered about in the different bed-rooms.

That very night M. Émile fastened a spring lock upon his door which could be opened only by the peculiar key in his pocket.

It is two years since that night, but no human eye save M. Émile's has pen-

etrated the mystery of that ever-locked chamber!

"*Un caractère de chien!*" agreed the sobbing sisters of their brother that night.

"*Espèce d'imbéciles!*" I heard him call them.

But next day the market was ransacked for a certain choice fish, an extra dessert graced the dinner. When I asked the reason of a mysterious parcel by M. Émile's plate,—

"It is the fête of our brother!" answered the beaming trio.

Our family showed two seemingly antagonistic characteristics, each to a marked degree. It would seem as if two strains of widely differing natures, château and fishing smack, met in them, not to mingle, but to flow side by side. Their hospitality, although, as is usual in France, confined to their own relatives, was free and flowing, while their acquisitiveness was even miserly. Not the meanest scrap of anything was ever thrown away, and the whole house was submerged beneath worthless trash: seedy artificial flowers, ragged and frowsy ribbons, old pasteboard boxes, dilapidated remnants of school-books, even broken crockery, in such smothering confusion as would drive a tidy housekeeper mad, and that reminded us continually of the overreaching grasp and greed of the Norman peasantry. On the other hand, with opportunity their hospitality would have been seigneurial. Guests were not infrequent at their table, and then the best was not too good for them. Exquisite wines, put down in the cellar at the date of "papa's" marriage, a celebrated vintage year, would appear; the cost of God only knows how many a pitiful sacrifice and struggle would be put into the banquet; the table would be dressed with flowers and massive plate, and the struggle between host and guest become animated. That this was not mere ostentation was proved by the truth that

the family was perfectly unostentatious in every other habit, and that its hospitality was free to all alike, "papa's" humble kindred as well as "maman's" bourgeois relatives. To be sure, the plate was not brought out to greet the presence of Père Patiot at the table, nor the flowers, but the wine was, and the best fish, flesh, and fowl of the market. Père Patiot was but an obscure peasant, who apologized in curious patois for sitting down with us with his hat on, saying that night and day for seventy years he had never been with uncovered head, and would die if he should take his hat off. But he came only twice a year, was simple, kindly, and good, and was an early friend of "papa's," which was claim enough to all honor.

Scarcely a child, rich or poor, ever

came to the house and went away without a handful of fruit or sweet English biscuits, and the mendicant habitués of our stairs were of varying countenances. And yet the fruit of our pudding was the squeezed skins of the currants used for jam: and when we drove one day to T—— in two donkey carts, and dined upon the contents of our own hamper upon weather-beaten tables in the auberge orchard, the furious discussion with the patrone over a difference of a franc for donkeys' feed was hardly to be endured. And when one of the communauté went to pass a day at L——, the others coolly discussed before our very faces how far her unconsumed portion of the day's food would go toward paying the amount of her railway fare.

Margaret Bertha Wright.

SOUTHERN COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS.

THERE is a great awakening in the South with regard to public schools; but in the higher education our policy, or rather tendency, has always been wrong. We have too many so-called colleges and universities, and too few preparatory schools. There has been no great advance, if any, in college work in the South since the war, and in preparation for college there has been a positive decline in most of the States. I am led to this view partly by my own experience; for in six years of college work in the South I have found few men whom I considered fully prepared, both in quantity and quality of work, for a good Freshman class. Besides, I have consulted by letter leading educators in most of the Southern States: of twenty professors, ten, whose experience covers both periods, say that preparation before 1860 was better than it has been

since; six, who began to teach after the war, make no comparison, but deplore in the strongest terms the present low state of preparation; four think we have improved somewhat in this respect. For other proof of the decline in preparatory work, it would only be necessary to remind Southern educators of the fact that most of our ante-bellum academies, or preparatory schools, — schools which, upon the whole, did better work than our Southern colleges did, — no longer exist. This fact is almost universally admitted by my correspondents. In Louisiana, out of twenty-four, or more, academies fostered by the State before the war, not one survives.¹ Louisiana is by no means alone in this respect.

What, then, are the causes of this decline in secondary education? The war

¹ Printed address of E. H. Farrar, Esq., of New Orleans, 1880.

had its effect. Many fine old academies went down in the general ruin. But too much stress must not be laid upon this; for why was the mortality so much greater among the schools than among the colleges? Besides, most of the academies in Louisiana, referred to above, had ceased to exist before the war. Again, business has taken the place of *otium cum dignitate*; the result has been eagerness, impatience, haste to get into active employment. Young men will not take the time to get ready for college, nor stay in college when they get there. Naturally there has been a reflex action on the part of the colleges, which have adapted their requirements to the new conditions. As to the effect of the public schools on college work, an eminent Georgia professor writes me, "The bastard 'common-school system' has broken up the large neighborhood schools that used to exist in Georgia, and the fragments are generally in the hands of young women and others, who are incompetent to prepare young men for college." In the same strain writes a professor from Virginia: "Our public schools have as yet done nothing towards making themselves preparatory schools to the colleges. They have, however, succeeded in totally destroying the 'old field schools,' that used to do that work before the war." There is at present serious trouble just here. We look forward to a better day, but the transition stage is very disheartening. A leading member of the school board in Nashville said recently, "It is a serious matter to know how to get a boy fitted for college. The public high school does not do it, and yet no private preparatory school can exist beside it." There are in Tennessee only four public high schools, but in none of these is Greek taught, and in only one sufficient Latin for the Freshman class of a good college; other branches are little ahead of the Latin. There is usually in the

South a gulf of one or two years between the public high school and the college. It would seem easy enough to put on extra classes at the top, and charge extra fees for the instruction, but it has not been done. It will be done, no doubt, as soon as the colleges make their terms of admission such as to require it. When we shall begin to approach the Massachusetts idea, where "in every town containing four thousand inhabitants and over a high school is required to be kept, in which the pupils are all offered the advantages of a preparation for any of our colleges," and where the high schools are so popular that "about eighty towns are now maintaining such schools, though not required to do so by law," and where the whole number of these public high schools is 226,¹ certainly we in the South shall have no fault to find with the public schools. This state of affairs in Massachusetts is but the legitimate result of the policy inaugurated in 1647 by the law of the colony, which required "that every town of one hundred families should maintain a school, the teacher of which should be able to instruct youth so far as they may be fitted for the university."

But the greatest cause of the decline of preparatory schools is, I believe, none of these. The great fault is with the colleges themselves. Preparation for college regulates itself by the law of supply and demand. All the colleges publish requirements for admission; very few enforce them. Since the boy is not required to prepare for college, he comes to college without preparation. What little there was in the way of college endowments in the South was swept away by the war; the colleges must live, however, and no resource was left but to live on tuition fees,—what no good college could live on. Hence arose an unseemly competition for numbers; and

¹ Private letter from the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education.

this has gone on, — as was natural, since there are among us at least three times as many colleges as the country can legitimately support, — until the colleges and universities have entered into competition with the very preparatory schools, and left them nothing to do. "The university," writes a professor in one of the oldest colleges in Virginia, "takes students whom we ought to have; we take boys who should be in our preparatory school; and it, again, takes infants (so to say) who ought to be taught at home."

The greatest evil in Southern education, it seems to me, is the fact that we have so many colleges and universities. One would suppose that in America the mere number of colleges would no longer impose upon any one, but such statements as the following occur in a recent defense of Southern ante-bellum education: "In 1860 the New England States had twenty-one colleges with 3738 students, and the single State of Georgia had thirty-two colleges with 3302 students." "This is a startling showing," the writer adds. Indeed it is. The irresistible conclusion seems to be that the State of Georgia was then better educated than all New England. The same writer compares the eight colleges in Massachusetts with the twenty-three in Virginia, and the two colleges in New Hampshire with the fourteen in South Carolina. He seems to proceed on the assumption that a college is a college. The paragraph that went the round of the newspapers a few years ago, to the effect that there were two universities in England, four in France, ten in Prussia, and thirty-seven in the State of Ohio, seriously taken, would prove Ohio to be the most highly educated land the world ever saw. A professor in a small Southwestern college once gravely informed me that the course in Latin in his college was higher than that in the University of Virginia, and *proved it by his catalogue*. Emerson, or Carlyle

(I forget which), writes to the other, "Nothing can lie worse than figures except facts." Suppose we were to work out the problem of the relative superiority of New England and the South, in point of culture, in this way: in the six New England States there are only seventeen male colleges; in six Southern States, namely, Georgia, Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia, there are sixty-seven male colleges, — just four to one. Is that the ratio of culture of the two sections? What better *reductio ad absurdum* could one wish? How many of our colleges would Harvard alone outweigh in any just estimate of higher education! Any one who will study the question carefully will be very likely to come to the conclusion that in the United States culture is generally in the inverse ratio to the *number* of colleges. Where you find the largest number of colleges you will be apt to find the fewest fitting-schools and the lowest state of what we call the higher education. In fact, great density of ignorance round about is necessary to the welfare of a certain kind of college.

It will, no doubt, be generally admitted that New England, and especially Massachusetts, approximates more nearly the proper state of the higher education than any other section of the United States; and on that assumption some comparisons are made, with no purpose, however, of depreciating the South, but simply to ascertain just how we stand in educational matters.¹

In 1880 Tennessee had twenty-one male colleges and universities, and sixteen female colleges and seminaries, ten of which latter confer college degrees; but there were only two distinct preparatory schools, — though at least nineteen colleges had preparatory departments, — sixty-three secondary schools,

¹ The authority for statistics, where not otherwise given, is the report of the United States Commissioner of Education for 1880 and 1881.

and four public high schools. It would be safe to assume that not more than one third of the sixty-three secondary schools could fit a boy for a good college. In Massachusetts, in 1880, there were seven male colleges and universities, and two female; but there were twenty-three preparatory schools, a large number of which would anywhere in the South or West be called colleges, and 215 public high schools (now 226), with 494 teachers and 18,758 pupils, besides forty-six other schools for secondary instruction.

The income of sixteen New England colleges in 1881 was \$1,024,563,¹ and they had 720,187 volumes in their libraries; all the one hundred and twenty-three Southern colleges and universities had together an income of \$1,089,187 and 668,667 volumes. Of the one hundred and twenty-three Southern colleges and universities, sixty-nine had each property in grounds, buildings, etc., valued at not more than \$50,000; of the sixty-nine, there were thirty-five with not more than \$25,000, and fourteen with not more than \$10,000. Of the sixty-nine, only five report productive funds valued at \$50,000; five more report \$25,000; the remainder report less, or none, — mostly none. In New England, in 1881, not a college reported property valued at less than \$100,000, and only two productive funds below \$150,000. The forty-three New England preparatory schools reported in 1881 nearly twice as much property and productive funds as the sixty-nine weakest Southern colleges, and indeed four of these preparatory schools had as much property and as much productive funds as the sixty-nine Southern colleges.

Of the one hundred and twenty-five regular preparatory schools in the United States in 1880, there were in New Eng-

land forty-six; in the six Middle Atlantic States forty-six; in the Southern States six; in the remaining (Western and Pacific) States twenty-seven. "Forty-four per cent. of the property, eighty-four per cent. of the productive funds, and sixty-three per cent. of the income from productive funds represented in the list of preparatory schools are from New England."²

Money will not of itself make a college or university, but it is equally true that college and university cannot be made without it. For universities, indeed, as President Gilman is reported to have said, "it is no longer a question of tens, or even of hundreds, of thousands of dollars; it is a question of millions;" and for a good college at the present day it is hardly a question of less than hundreds of thousands of dollars. We cripple our college work all over the country, and especially in the South and West, by spreading our resources too much. The money that would run a reasonable number of colleges well serves merely to protect the feeble existence of a great many. The policy of diffusion rather than concentration of resources is in education necessarily fatal to high and thorough standards. When I think of our educational policy, the anecdote about Franklin Pierce always occurs to me. After he had been nominated for the presidency, an itinerant lecturer asked an innkeeper among Pierce's native hills, "What sort of a man is General Pierce?" "Waal," he replied, "up here where everybody knows Frank Pierce, and where Frank Pierce knows everybody, he's a pretty considerable fellow, I tell you. But come to spread him out over this whole country, I'm afraid he'll be dreadful thin in some places." The "*tertium comparationis*," as the commentators on Homer call it, is the dreadful thinness

¹ Manifestly an error, for Harvard's annual expense account, a year or two ago, was said to be \$582,390, and Yale's over \$350,000.

² Report of the Commissioner of Education, 1880.

in some places, and some examples may now be in order.

A few years ago, in a certain backwoods section, there were in the same class in a large country school two boys: one the son of the principal: the other a man whom I afterwards knew at Harvard, and from whom I had the story. The principal determined, as he had more than one hundred pupils, to charter his school as a college. He did so, and in due time his son was made professor. The other boy went to Illinois, studied a while in a *university* there, and then went to Phillips Exeter Academy to get ready for Harvard. When I knew him he was in the senior class at Harvard; his former classmate had been for some time a professor in the new college. About that time a flaming puff in a local newspaper challenged the United States, England, or Germany to show a more learned faculty or better advantages than this college offered. I find its whole property reported in 1880 at \$4000. There is a chartered institution in Tennessee where a few years ago one man was running the presidency and all the professorships, and when he resigned a local newspaper claimed that he was one of the ablest educators in the land. Certainly he had need to be, if man ever had. A Vanderbilt professor received recently a letter from a man who said that a fund of \$10,000 had been raised in his town, and that it was proposed to start a college. One of the founders of the Culleoka Academy, the best preparatory school in Tennessee, says that when the school was first established people urged them to charter it as a college; and the pressure was so strong that, though their sole desire was to found a good fitting-school, they might have been forced to yield, had not Vanderbilt University been just then opened. The president of a university in Texas told me that he would have preferred to call his institution a college, but that there the

name of college was so common and in such ill repute, that the character of the institution would have been totally misunderstood. This agrees pretty well with a certain Texas girl's idea of a college. A modest graduate of a Georgia college, whom she persisted in calling "professor" and his school "the college," begged her not to put him to the blush. "Well," said she, "it was a college before it burned down, for it was *three stories high*." And this is about on a par with the report from a certain Western State, where, it is said, they have three universities and the *logs cut* for the fourth.

A certain Y. M. C. A. secretary once entertained the students of a Northern college with an account of his travels. He visited, one day, in a Southwestern State, a college, or university, the president of which was a D. D., and LL. D. He had been invited to dine with the president, and was puzzled to know where the dining would take place, as he saw no house near by. At noon the president produced a *tin bucket*, in which he was accustomed to carry his dinner to college, took off his coat and spread it on the floor, the dinner on that, and then cordially invited the secretary to "pitch in." Almost Spartan simplicity! True, Socrates gave a first-rate university education with, if possible, even less outfit; but without a Socrates it is perhaps impossible to get on with so little. This is a realization of President Garfield's ideal Ohio college, without, however, the great essential, — Mark Hopkins at one end of the bench.

The height and the depth of absurdity in college-making have perhaps been reached in the case indicated by the following letter, received last year at one of our larger institutions: —

MY DEAR SIR, — We have a fine College Building neare complesion in ——— ———, & will be ready for buisness 1st Sept 1883.

I write you to inform the board of directors of Some Good man that would take hold of our College as Principle. We want a wide awake man, a thiror graduate & a man of Repetation. Will you be so kind as to give us a name &c. I am sir yours &c.

I am told that there is now living in Tennessee a man who is the founder of seven colleges, and I doubt not, when he dies, his friends will record this fact on his tombstone as the proudest memorial of him. Indeed, it does seem that such a benefactor should be named in history along with Thomas Jefferson; for surely the founding of seven colleges ought to be considered an offset to the establishing of one university and the drawing up of one Declaration of Independence. But, seriously, I am afraid that there are at least twelve men in Tennessee, natives or aliens, who, if appointed to devise some suitable way of rewarding such zeal for education, would propose to hang the founder.

The writer is not alone in the views here expressed. Professor Blackwell, of Randolph-Macon College, Virginia, writes, "If you publish the facts about our system, or non-system, I think you will do the cause of education great good. But our people do not want facts; they want flattery. Our Superintendent of Education was boasting, some years ago, that there were proportionately more Virginians pursuing the higher education than any other nationality, not excluding Prussians. This nonsense was repeated all over our State, and even in the United States Senate. As long as our people think that a Virginia college is as good as the University of Berlin, why should they be concerned about their educational system?" By the side of that statement may be put the following. Though there are five universities in Louisiana, the able man who has been called to the presidency of the munificently endowed Tu-

lane University said recently in his printed report, "There is not a single youth pursuing within the borders of the State what can justly be called a university course. They have no opportunity to do so." Other remarks, quite as radical, indicating dissatisfaction with the present state of the higher education in the South, could be easily selected from my correspondence.

It is not meant to be implied, however, that the South errs more than some other parts of the country with regard to diffusion of resources in the higher education. For instance, in Ohio, in 1881, the combined income reported by thirty-six colleges and universities was \$302,436, and the whole number of volumes in college libraries was 321,147. Harvard University alone reported that year \$357,431 and 214,000 volumes. There were in Ohio seventeen colleges and universities with property valued at not more than \$50,000 each; nine of these, indeed, having not more than \$25,000, and three not over \$10,000. Again, eleven report no productive funds; twenty-six have not more than \$10,000 income, of which number eighteen have not over \$5000 income. The report of the Commissioner of Education reveals the same state of affairs in Illinois with twenty-eight colleges and universities, Iowa with eighteen, Indiana with fifteen; and so it is in other States.

In connection with this some comparison of the universities of the different sections of the country may not be uninteresting. Of 362 higher institutions reporting to the Commissioner of Education in 1881, 116 are called universities. Of these, forty-three belong to the South, six to New England, twelve to New York and Pennsylvania, and all the rest to the West. Of the 116 universities, thirty-seven have property valued at not more than \$50,000; of these, fourteen belong to the South (seven to the negroes), all the rest to the West.

Of the 116, again, fifty-eight report endowments valued at not more than \$50,000; or, to be more exact, seven have \$50,000, four \$25,000, fifteen \$10,000 or less, — mostly less, — and thirty-two report none. Of the fifty-eight, twenty-five belong to the South (ten to the negroes¹), one to New York, and all the rest to the West. There is sometimes a certain kind of consolation in finding others seemingly as bad off as ourselves, and so we might be pardoned for sympathizing with Kansas in the fact that she has five universities, — one with an endowment of \$6000, another with \$2000, and three without any; that one of these universities had in 1880 two professors and eighteen students, another three professors and twelve students.

With our own vast outfit, numerically, in the way of universities, it is interesting to look at the kingdom of Prussia. In Prussia there were in 1876 (the latest statistics to which I have access) only nine universities; but there were 233 *Gymnasien* and eighty-three *Realschulen* of the first rank (whose pupils are now admitted to the universities), in all 316 schools preparatory to nine universities. In 1880 the city of Berlin had fourteen *Gymnasien* with 7247 pupils, nineteen *Vorschulen* preparatory to the *Gymnasien* with 3787 pupils, seven *Realschulen* with 3946 pupils, and *one university*.

All these facts and figures go to prove, if they prove anything, the truth of a remark of the Commissioner of Education:² "When the resources necessary to meet the demands of modern education are considered, it seems that the concentration of means upon a few institutions for superior instruction, and the establishment of a sufficient number of vigorous preparatories, both public and corporate, secure to a State the

best conditions for liberal education." One of the great evils of the land is the vast number of so-called higher institutions of learning. "We may well exclaim," says Professor Rowland, of Johns Hopkins,³ "that ours is a great country, having more than the whole world beside. The fact is sufficient. The whole earth would hardly support such a number of first-class institutions. The curse of mediocrity must be upon them, to swarm in such numbers." "It may be urged," he adds, "that all these institutions are doing good work in education, and that many young men are thus taught who could not afford to go to a true college or university. But I do not object to the education, though I have no doubt an investigation would disclose equal absurdities here. . . . But I do object to lowering the ideals of the youth of the country. Let them know that they are attending a school, and not a university; and let them know that above them comes the college, and above that the university. . . . In other words, let them be taught the truth."

There is a very large number of so-called higher institutions which give neither preparation for college nor college training. By their low entrance standards they prevent a boy from getting a thorough preparation elsewhere, and, once entered, he is neither able to take, nor they to give, real college instruction. It is hard to look upon this otherwise than as a crime against the youth of the country.

Closely and perhaps inseparably connected with the evil of inadequate preparation for college is, I think, the very general adoption throughout the South of the so-called school system, which is an arrangement of studies in independent departments or schools, and permits unrestricted election throughout the whole course. At least thirty-five South-

² Report for 1880, page cxxxii.

³ *Science*, August 24, 1883.

¹ It is interesting, in connection with universities, to note the fact that of seventeen higher institutions for the colored race in 1881, *thirteen were universities*.

ern colleges and universities have adopted this system, following the example of the University of Virginia. All that will be said here applies to colleges and universities that do only college work. No one whom I have consulted doubts that for real university work, with such students as, for instance, Johns Hopkins has, a free choice of studies is the proper plan. I shall give now the arguments in favor of the school-system, compressing them into as brief space as possible:¹—

Its general adoption by the Southern colleges and universities was to suit the time and means of students, and it has opened the higher education to those who have no classical training, who were formerly excluded by the curriculum. Besides, it is well adapted to the somewhat irregular preparation of Southern students. Owing to the multiplication and enlarged extent of the subjects which might be taught in college, there must be some choice, if we want a thorough knowledge of a few things rather than a smattering of many, and if bent of mind and purpose in life are to be considered. Students can be more correctly classified under the school-system; for as few students come to college uniformly well prepared in all studies, to place one either according to his most advanced or least advanced studies would be equally hurtful. With this system he can be placed in each study just where he belongs. Besides, a bright boy will be stimulated by the prospect of rapid advancement. Public opinion at the University of Virginia holds students to a certain order of studies, which does not differ materially from a good curriculum, and thus the evil which might arise from the selection of light and easy courses is avoided. How strong is this student public opinion at the University of Virginia is shown by the fact that

a student, who had taken French and Spanish as the two modern languages for his degree, found, after he had gotten his certificates of proficiency, that student public opinion regarded no other modern language as an equivalent for German for the A. M. degree, and he therefore took German in addition. What enlightened student public opinion does in the University of Virginia, direction and oversight of the faculty must do in smaller institutions, where students are younger. Besides, the irregular element under a curriculum is as troublesome as any residuum that cannot be properly influenced under the school-system. This latter, by the independence of the different departments, removes the temptation to pass a student who is deficient in one department into the next higher class because he is good in other departments. This compensating system is, it is claimed, the bane of the curriculum, and is perhaps inseparable from it. Inasmuch as there are, with the elective plan, no classes holding together for long periods, there can be no development of that class spirit which leads to combination against the faculty on the one hand, and to hazing, cane-rushes, and the like on the other,—a feature the most troublesome to deal with in the government of the older colleges of the North. The curriculum, furthermore, tends to obliterate the individuality of professors, while the school system emphasizes the work of the individual, lays full responsibility upon him, opens the way to just reward for faithful work done, without subjecting him to disparagement on account of the negligence or unfitness of others. It has, by reason of these influences, introduced into Southern college work a greater degree of thoroughness, a higher development in special directions, than was ever known in our colleges before.

Nicolassen, of South-Western Presbyterian University, Tennessee; and N. T. Lupton, Vanderbilt University, Tennessee.

¹ The views here given are in substance those offered, in private letters, by Professors R. E. Blackwell, of Randolph-Macon College, Virginia; R. W. Jones, of University of Mississippi; G. F.

Against the school-system, as I look at it, the case may be stated about as follows:¹—

Whatever the original intention, the result of the adoption of the school-system has been, in most colleges, to lower standards by abolishing requirements for admission. In fact, it is not easy to prepare boys for the school-system. So long as the college adheres to a definite course, the lower schools know what they have to do. But when, in place of this, comes a plan with unrestricted election, they know not how to prepare for the various courses that may be chosen; and, if they knew, the work is too various and general to be done by them. Then there is the question of choice of studies. To arrange a judicious course, at the present day, would put to the severest test the best teacher's skill, and be too hard a problem for our best prepared Freshmen. How absurd it is, then, to expect men who are as wretchedly prepared as the vast majority who enter our Southern colleges to choose what is best! I am quite willing to believe that public opinion at the University of Virginia will hold men who look forward to taking degrees to a strong course, but I do not see how it could greatly affect that element which corresponds to "irregulars" under a curriculum, and which is, and must always be, larger with the school-system than with the other. The faculty of a college, by their utmost effort in directing choice of studies, can only partially control the matter, since so many of our students come to college expecting to stay not more than a year or two, and afterwards make up their minds to take a full course, only to find that they have wasted much time by rather aimless work

at the beginning. President Johnston says that he knew at Washington College a new student from the West who wished to elect as his course "the violin and mathematics," or, more plainly stated, "the fiddle and fractions." When President Johnston went to Baton Rouge he "found thirty-eight students in twenty-eight classes. One boy had for studies arithmetic and civil government only,—a course which might be the correct one, if he was predestined to be the auditor of the State." A student once came all the way from Texas to attend the gymnasium at Vanderbilt University, and though he chose certain studies he made no pretense of doing anything in them. He became the best gymnast at the university, but this was not considered sufficient cause for allowing him to continue his connection after the first year. The greatest evil I have observed, however, is not that men try to shirk hard courses, but that they attempt too many hours, or the higher work before they are ready for it. I have seen most of the time of a faculty occupied at weekly meetings for two months with petitions to be allowed to drop certain studies. In a class of nine I found recently two students who had such a combination as sub-college Greek and Hamilton's *Metaphysics*. This system gives professors a dangerous opportunity to magnify their own departments by requiring too much of a student's time, so that he must either neglect some other work or sink under the burden. While, in an institution like the University of Virginia, the school system may act as an incentive to the individual professors, the very independence of the different schools may work badly; for under the school-system the president can

¹ The following, in addition to the writer, are more or less responsible for the views here given, namely: Dr. A. A. Lipscomb, Ex-Chancellor of University of Georgia; President William Preston Johnston, Tulane University, New Orleans; Professor R. Means Davis, South Carolina College; Professor F. C. Woodward, Wofford College,

South Carolina; Professor T. W. Jordan, Emory and Henry College, Virginia; Professor E. Alexander, University of Tennessee; Professors W. M. Baskervill and W. F. Tillet, Vanderbilt University; Professor B. F. Meek, University of Alabama; President D. R. Hendrix, Central College, Missouri.

hardly be more than chairman of the faculty, and if trustees elect an incompetent man there seems to me to be no check upon him, and he may do, in a college, endless harm by his methods, or lack of any method.

An evil of the curriculum, in the South at least, is that often excellence in one department is allowed to compensate for deficiency in another, and a majority of the faculty vote a man into the next class over the protest of one or two. But this is not a necessary feature of the curriculum, for I have seen it worked entirely free from this evil; each officer being allowed to "condition" students as they required, and a certain number of conditions cutting off a man. Such heterogeneous elements as the school-system brings together, in our practical application of it, prevent anything like thorough drill or systematic progressive work in the class-room. It is my experience, and I think it is general, that in most classes will be found men differing in training all the way from one to four years. How much this adds to the labor of teaching may be easily imagined. I reckon honestly, from actual trial both in New England and Southern colleges, that the teacher must expend at least twice as much vital energy on our mixed lower classes, as on the better arranged classes there.

At its best estate it is, I fear, as President Johnston says, "collegiate work performed with university methods by students untrained, and therefore unfit, for this kind and degree of education;" and in the light of this statement it is fair to charge the system with a tendency to obscure the sharp distinction which should be drawn between university and college work. "It is just as demoralizing for a college to invade the domain of true university work as for a preparatory school to attempt to be a college." And as there is as little limit or check upon granting college or university charters in the South as there seems to be to

granting medical school charters in Massachusetts, it is easy to see, when once old traditions are broken up, what confusion may be wrought by ignorant trustees and incompetent faculties. The school-system has aggravated the endless tinkering on college courses in the South, and pretty much every institution has a course more or less peculiar to itself.

Under the school-system, the college, or university, does not get the hold on its students that the curriculum college has. Class feeling may be troublesome in some of its phases, but the *esprit de corps*, the fellow-feeling that grows up among those who march for several years toward a common goal, make students love the college all the more, help to hold them there, and then, more than anything else, perhaps, bind them as alumni to the Alma Mater. Of course no worse evil can befall a college than that its students should be perpetually changing. That the school-system seems to have some inherent weakness at this vital point I propose to show by the following comparison of colleges. In no case will graduating students be counted. Of the 226 academic students at Vanderbilt University in 1881-2, 111, or about half, did not return, though five of these entered purely professional departments of the university. In 1882-3, out of 201 academic students the loss was 93, or nearly half, though here, again, five entered professional departments. The great majority of these left during or at the end of the first year. It may be claimed that Vanderbilt is a young institution, and has not yet gotten the hold upon its students that such institutions as the University of Virginia have. Certainly, if any institution in the country may claim the allegiance of its students, that one is the University of Virginia. In 1878-9, of 226 academic and medical students combined, 126, or more than half, dropped out, though six or seven of these seem to

have entered upon purely professional studies. Of the 126, 67 had been at the university only one session, 37 two sessions, 11 three sessions, 4 four sessions, 1 five sessions. In 1879-80, out of 217 academic and medical students, the loss was 107, or about half, including seven or eight who returned for professional study. Of the 107, there had remained at the university one session, 51; two sessions, 37; three sessions, 12; four sessions, 2; five sessions, 3. After all due allowance made for rigid examinations at these two institutions, there would still seem to be a weakness in the system on the point under consideration.

Of the smaller colleges, Wofford College, South Carolina, adopted the school-system in 1880. In 1880-1, out of 128 students the loss was 51; in 1881-2, 58 out of 131. Davidson College, North Carolina — not one hundred miles from Wofford — has a curriculum with parallel A. B. and B. S. courses. In 1880-1, out of 90 students, only 16 failed to return. Emory College, Georgia, has the old curriculum. In 1879-80, the loss was 41 out of 137; in 1880-1, 53 out of 161.

It is fairest, of course, to compare Southern colleges only with Southern, for poverty has much to do with loss of students in that section; but a comparison with some Northern colleges may not be uninteresting. Out of 174 students at Williams College in 1880-1, the loss was only 24. From personal knowledge, I should say that there were as many poor students at Williams, working their way through college, as at the University of Virginia or at Vanderbilt. There is a great difference in this respect, however: students in the New England colleges allow poverty to interfere with their education far less than Southern students do. At Yale College, in 1880-1, there were 482 academic students, of whom only 51 failed to return next year. Of the 51, 25 were Fresh-

men, 14 Sophomores, 12 Juniors. The New England colleges sift their students at entrance; in the practical application of the school-system, the sifting process begins with the first, or rather with the first final, examination. To illustrate: Williams College rejected, in 1882, just *one third* of the applicants; and that means that it started with just one third less baggage than a college in the South, under the school-system, would have been burdened with.

The history of the school-system, as I have seen it worked, may, without much injustice, be epitomized about as follows: A large mass of mostly crude and perfectly heterogeneous material is taken in, and straightway the eliminating process begins. Many drop out during the year; many do not attempt the examinations; still more, trying, fail; and most of those who drop out, or fail, never return. Of 40 students in German in Vanderbilt University, in 1882-3, only 12 passed the examinations; in French, out of 33, only 12; of the remainder, in both studies, about half dropped out during the year, and the others failed in the examinations. Of the students in German only 12, in French only 8, returned. In chemistry, the same year, 59 were matriculated; only 19 passed the examinations. Some years ago there were in the Senior Greek class, at the University of Virginia, 75 men; of the 75, only 15 thought it worth while to attempt the examination; of the 15, only 5 got through. What does that mean? I am perfectly willing to admit that the examinations of the University of Virginia are the most terrible ordeals on this continent; but it is quite certain that if the seventy-five men had had any sort of preparation for a Senior Greek class, — in other words, if they had been in their proper places, — the proportion that passed this examination must have been greater than one in fifteen.

It may be proper to say, by way of

side remark, that it is refreshing to note the tone of respect in which all my correspondents refer to the University of Virginia. It is a tacit acknowledgment of her preëminent position in Southern education. The whole South owes her a debt of gratitude. She first, perhaps, introduced among us the element of real thoroughness in college work. When the war was over and our colleges were beginning to revive; at a time when we could not, under the smart of recent events, look to Harvard and Yale and Princeton for models in our rebuilding, then it was that the University of Virginia held aloft, as ever, her high standard of graduation, though it cost her professors money to do so, and she became the one model for all our institutions that aspired to do high and good work. Witness her influence in the fact that at least thirty-five Southern colleges and universities, mistaking the true source of her excellence, have adopted her school-system. With such professors as the University of Virginia has always commanded — and there, of course, has been the source of her strength — her work would have been of a high character under any system. But what might she not have done for Southern, for the national, higher education if, while selling her degrees and certificates so dearly, she had been as strict as Harvard in admitting students! But I must think, to use the language of one of my correspondents, that “the effort to imitate the University of Virginia has done no end of harm to Southern colleges.”¹ Again, this system emphasizes examinations too much and teaching too little. The best teacher is not the man who can “pitch”² the most men, but the one who can get the most men through fairly. The system requires more men and more means than most, perhaps any, of our Southern in-

stitutions can command, even if it be the best system in itself. It becomes impracticable, by the cost of the machinery, to run it.

It may not be out of place to give now the opinions of a few of the best known Southern educators with regard to the school-system. President Carlisle, of Wofford College, South Carolina, writes me, “We made the mortifying discovery that six men could not attend to one hundred and twenty boys without help from two students as ‘sub-tutors.’ That fact alone proves to me that we have not yet reached the wisest scheme for us. We are attempting too much.” Professor Joynes, of the South Carolina College, till recently an ardent advocate of the school-system, says now that it is “a failure all round.” President William Preston Johnston, of Tulane University, writes me, “While I approve of the ‘elective system’ for *real* universities, I regard its application to colleges and schools as a misfortune.” This opinion is, like the last, of especial value from the fact that this able educator published, in 1869, an article strongly defending the school-system even in an institution of college grade. Chancellor Garland, of Vanderbilt University, who bears the same relation to Southern that Mark Hopkins does to New England education, having been professor or president in leading Southern institutions of learning since 1830, says of the school-system, as compared with the curriculum, “It is susceptible of producing higher scholarship, if rightly applied, but most commonly its results are marked by less training of the mind and less thoroughness of attainment.” Dr. A. A. Lipscomb, late chancellor of the University of Georgia, writes, “The old system trained and disciplined young men better. The old B. A. curriculum has never been so many weaker institutions to imitate the University of Virginia is what I am principally concerned with here.

¹ It is not my purpose to criticise the University of Virginia. Her work has been of so high and thorough a character that I should hesitate to say anything against it. The attempt on the part of

² Southern college term for English “pluck.”

equaled for compactness and concentration. We have gained in quantity and lost in quality." President Hendrix, of Central College, Missouri, proposes "to return this year to the four-years curriculum, with certain elective studies after Sophomore year; to refuse to matriculate students under a given age and without specific requirements; and to have the preparatory department wholly distinct." The following opinion is from a man who is by common consent without a peer in his specialty in the South, but unfortunately I have not the liberty to use his name. To mention even that specialty would be to make known the man. He was himself educated under the school-system. "The elective course was proper enough in the University of Virginia, but one institution of the sort would probably have been sufficient for the entire South. The new state of affairs (after the war) induced other institutions to imitate the University of Virginia. Even this might have been without injury, if they had adopted elective curricula, and required students to select one or another of these. I am not in favor of requiring Greek, for instance, of all students; but I am in favor of requiring fixed courses to be pursued in a fixed order. I should certainly like, in a college, a good old-fashioned four-year curriculum,¹ but branching in about three directions; and then genuine university work."

It is a noteworthy fact that all my correspondents who propose anything constructive agree upon two or more curricula, as circumstances may allow, and would limit the choice of studies in college to curricula, with perhaps some elective studies after the Sophomore year. Vanderbilt University made last year the two first years of the undergraduate course required for all who propose to take a degree, with only a choice between curricula. Central Col-

lege, Missouri, and Wofford College, South Carolina, will this year go back to the curriculum course or courses. Emory and Henry College, Virginia, will hereafter give only the A. B. diploma.

Intimately connected with the school system, and no doubt sprung from it, so far as this country is concerned, is another evil that obtains largely in Southern college work, — I mean long examinations. When Vanderbilt University was first opened, the time for examinations was not limited; but after one professor had been kept up by classes two days in succession from nine in the morning till midnight, he moved that a limit of six hours be fixed. The time has since been reduced to five hours. This is simply an instance of the extreme to which examinations have been carried; in many colleges they are still unlimited as to time. Professor Blackwell, to whom I am so much indebted for views in favor of the school-system, expresses himself on the question of long examinations substantially as follows: There is something wrong about our present system of examination. There are teachers who give *the whole book*. "Discuss subordinate sentences," is merely a sample question. A student could prepare for that kind of examination and write all day without making a mistake, and yet might be unable to answer a few well-chosen questions, which would really test his knowledge. Such broad questions allow only the most meagre treatment, because of the vast extent of the ground to be gone over, and one who knows anything of the subject can write a large number of pages without showing either knowledge or ignorance. Twenty-five lines of Livy will test a man's mastery of Livy as well as one hundred, if the examiner is already acquainted with that man's general scholarship. One result of stressing the examination is that the student gets flurried. The fact that it counts so much

¹ He says elsewhere that he would call the classes Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior.

frightens him. In a monthly examination, on one occasion, forty-seven lines from Heyne's *Reisebilder* were assigned a class for translation; and, though the students wrote on their knees, without support for book or paper, all finished in one hour, and some in less time. Had it been a regular semi-annual examination they would have taken two hours or more. In the same college an examination paper on trigonometry, on which three and a half hours were allowed at the Naval Academy, was given to a class, — or rather only three fourths of it was given. The students took from six to nine hours to write it. In the one case one third of the year's work was involved; in the other the whole. Then, too, the effect on the health of the students is very bad. The best students in the colleges, where such examinations obtain, look, at examination time, almost like walking ghosts. In proof of this last remark of Professor Blackwell's, I may state that I have seen a young man examined for five days in succession, six hours a day. It was not long before he could neither eat nor sleep; he could not even think clearly. At the end of the time he was almost wild, and had barely passed on his examinations, though he was a hard student, and was conceded to be one of the brightest men in the institution. If that can happen in a daily six-hour examination, what must happen in those that last twice or three times six. I know the case of a young man in another college, who, after sitting in the examination room from eight in the forenoon till seven in the evening, came the next day to another examination, in which a medal was at stake, and in which he himself was acknowledged to have all the chances in his favor, and said, "Professor, I cannot stand the examination. I am utterly prostrated. Even if my diploma depends on it, I cannot stand it." In one town last year I heard, at one time, of six cases of brain fever, or other seri-

ous ailment, believed to be the result of overwork in college. I am firmly convinced that, below the university, examinations should be limited to four or five hours at the outside, — better three; and that they should count in a student's standing not more than one third, recitations counting two thirds. The custom and law at Yale, Harvard, and Williams is three hours.

I believe that these excessively long examinations belong, if anywhere, with the school-system, in the *real university*. One of the worst features in a system which allows such long examinations is the tendency to merge the teacher in the examiner, than which nothing can be more fatal to college work. Such instruction is apt to result in the professor's knowing as little of his pupils as the Latin professor at the University of Edinburgh, who always confounded Thomas Carlyle with a certain other dull Mr. Carlyle, for which Thomas never quite forgave him. In college work the teacher is infinitely above the examiner. As President Johnston says, in college we want "a teacher, and above all things a teacher." "There is no substitute for a live man in teaching;" he makes his pupils men as well as scholars, and inspires them to scholarship largely by his own enthusiasm for learning, and through their love and respect for him.

This mania for long examinations, beginning in the higher institutions, has worked downward until it has invaded even the primary schools. In the public schools of Nashville the examinations are held in writing from the time the children learn how to write, and they have two examinations a day, together equal to five or six hours. The children of one of my colleagues in Vanderbilt have written examinations, in one of the private primary schools in Nashville, covering five or six consecutive hours. They are eleven and thirteen years old respectively. Think of a child

of eleven years writing five hours in succession! It is physical torture! It is cruelty to animals!

The assignment of a considerable amount of parallel reading, especially in the classics, may be mentioned as another evil that obtains in Southern college work. This too is probably the offspring of the school-system, and belongs, with it, in the university. It is difficult to see the sense of assigning to a student, who has already as much as he can bear in his regular class-work, from fifty to five hundred or two thousand pages extra, to be read privately. It is simply putting a premium on translations. A professor of recognized scholarship and experience writes to me, "I do not publish any parallel reading, for I am determined to stop lying in print. I cannot understand how some of our teachers can get so much Latin and Greek read. I worked on the parallel reading at the University of Virginia honestly for a while. I very soon, from sheer necessity, took to the translations." Of course parallel reading is in itself highly beneficial, and all first-class students must read a great deal privately if they would become scholars. But in college it should not be assigned as a task. A good teacher may be trusted to inspire in a bright pupil so much enthusiasm that he will do the work simply on advice. The trouble is that an extra task, which is easy for the brightest man in a class, becomes an insupportable burden for the weaker men. There is great danger, too, that professors, especially young men, vying one with another in making high and hard courses, may grind the student as between the upper and nether millstones. Against this it has been urged, that "a teacher who acts as if his were the only department is a one-sided man. The right way to give parallel reading is to assign only so much as the average student can read, and then see that the class reads it." Yet the professor who wrote those

lines says, that when he began to teach, he required two thousand pages as parallel reading in German of one class in one year. Of course he soon learned better. But it happens that all the professors of my acquaintance who have used the method gave immense quantities at first, and only very gradually learned reason. Most of these have virtually discarded the custom of assigning parallel reading as a task. But while they were learning moderation, what was becoming of the poor boys?

We have also in the South, of course, the same trouble that exists all over the country, namely, the overtaking of students by requiring too many studies for graduation. It is an evil that thinking men see to exist even in the public school courses. Chancellor Garland says, "The vicious feature in our colleges is overtaking the pupil with routine work, and affording no opportunity for general culture by reading useful books. Our students have too many subjects to study. They have time only to *learn lessons*; none to *master subjects and principles*. It is a cramming process." It is a constant subject of remark among Southern professors how little students read. The students are aware of this, but claim, with much justice, that they have no time for reading. I was astonished, when professor in Williams College, to see how many daily papers were taken by the students. Still more surprised and delighted was I to hear a Sophomore say, that he and a classmate were accustomed to meet once or twice a week to read aloud and discuss Emerson, and that they had just finished *all his works*. That man stood near the head of his class. I remember with what a feeling of pride another student showed me his treasures, the British and American poets, and how I marveled at his knowledge of them. He was only one of many. Students crossing the campus of the South Carolina College late at night used to see George

McDuffie's light burning, and hear his sonorous voice as he read aloud some English masterpiece. I am afraid we do not allow our students time for that now. In Harvard and Yale, with the exhaustive preparation they can and do require for admission, the elective studies, in the higher classes particularly, seem to solve the problem in great measure. But with us, where wretched preparation is the rule, election is never safe before the third or fourth year, if then. It seems to me the only plan is for the better colleges in the South to have and rigidly enforce certain fixed requirements for admission; then to have two or more parallel courses, as circumstances allow, with fewer studies in each course, and more time given to each; and finally, in the third and fourth years, if possible, some elective studies.

After this jeremiad there is space only for the mention of a few of the hopeful signs in Southern educational work. I take hope from the fact that the South is more generally aroused on the subject of education than ever before, that primary education is more generally diffused. The effect will be seen in time. Young men who aspire to professorships are beginning to fit themselves for the higher work in a manner not known before. The unwritten law of good Northern colleges that a young man must have first-class university training, at home or abroad, if he hopes to rise, is

being established among us, too. Eleven graduates of recent years of a college in South Carolina, which has really not more than one hundred names on its rolls, are now pursuing, or propose to pursue, a university course either in this country or abroad. With two or three exceptions, these young men are seeking not professional training, but simply higher culture. Best of all, two thirds of them are making the money necessary for the course they propose. There was an increase in the incomes reported by Southern colleges from 1880 to 1881 of \$109,330. The idea that colleges must be endowed is gaining ground. There is a growing conviction that fitting-schools of a high order are as necessary as colleges. We do not yet, however, appreciate the truth that preparatory schools, in order to good work and *permanence*, must be endowed. Two facts have given me more encouragement than anything else. Culleoka, recognized as the best fitting-school in Tennessee, is every year crowded with students from all parts of the South, and sometimes rejects in one year applicants enough to fill another school. The other fact is the founding and *endowing*, a few years ago, of the Holy Communion Institute, a good *academy*, in Charleston, South Carolina. We have probably touched the lowest point, and those of us who are young will see better things in the "New South" than our fathers ever saw.

Charles Forster Smith.

THE SOLITARY BEE.

A VERY slight and fugacious hint from nature is enough to excite expectation in one who cultivates her friendship and favor. Fancy starts up, and follows the foot-marks along the earth or the wing-prints in air, — unless in-

deed it be a very dull and jaded fancy. Not long ago, as I was reading in the open air, I became conscious that some musical insect was busy in a rosebush near by. On looking up, I saw a bee just hovering in departure, a portion of

green leaf folded in its embrace. In an instant the creature was gone, with a mellow touch of the "flying harp." At that moment the whole visible world seemed to pertain to the ingenious bee: I had been singularly favored that I had seen the insect at all, and a glimpse of the queen of fays and her "little team of atomies" could scarcely have surprised or pleased me more. However, I began to regret that I had not seen the leaf-cutter plying her keen-edged scissors, and to wish that I might find where she went with her plunder. I examined the leaves of the rosebush, and was surprised to notice how many of them had been subjected to the scissors. The snipping had been done in two patterns, — deep, nearly circular scallops, and oblong segments with the corners rounded. The edges were left quite smooth, from which it was evident that the operant was no crude prentice hand.

After this chance introduction to the leaf-cutter (who I found bore the burdensome name *Megachile*), I watched the ways of my distinguished new acquaintance, and made sundry attempts to trace her from the rosebush to the laboratory in which she worked up the raw material of the leaves: this, I fancied, would be either an excavation in old wood or a burrow underground; it proved, in the case of my acquaintance, to be neither of these.

My quest met with no success, until, one day in the vegetable garden, I observed a thick-set, dusky bee, with narrow yellow bands, entering the hollow of an onion top, two or three inches of which had been cut off. No wonder my curiosity ran high: could this be the residence of the aristocratic leaf-cutter? Could it be, that one whom I had mentally associated with *Titania* herself should have no finer perception of elegant congruity than to set up house-keeping within walls of garlic, bringing thereto rose-leaf appointments? If so,

I thought it would be no slander to report the hymenopterous tribe as deficient in the sense of smell. I waited for the bee to come out, which she presently did, and then peeped into the onion top, where I discovered a cell in process of construction. As there were other cut or broken tops, I examined those also, and found several that were similarly occupied. Some stalks contained one, others two cylindrical cells about an inch long, the sides formed by overlapping oblong bits of rose-leaves, while the top and bottom were closed with circular pieces, the whole structure held together as though it had been pressed in a mould. The inner layers were united by means of a substance that acted as cement. Afterward, when I compared the pieces of which these cells were composed with the notches in the rose-leaves, it seemed not impossible that, with time and patience, the cut-out portions might be fitted in their original places. In some cases, as I split the onion stalk, the bee was still at work storing bee-bread for the support of her offspring, and could not be induced to leave until all but the inner walls of her laboratory had been torn away. Some cells were already closed, and within was the large waxen-looking larva, feeding on the provision laid up by its solicitous parent, its appetite unimpaired by the garlicky character of the flavoring.

I have yet to learn that a community of leaf-cutters (in an onion bed, too!) is a matter of ordinary occurrence; certainly, it will cause me some surprise if the novelty should be repeated another season. To speak of a community of solitary bees would be to speak in paradox, and it should be added that these insects, though occupying the same neighborhood, apparently exchanged no social civilities. I remember to have questioned one of these independents very closely on the subject, — to have questioned and to have been answered in some such way as the following: —

"Lone leaf-cutter in thy cell,
Where the green leaves of the rose
Thee, as in a bud, enclose,
Solitary, do thou tell
Why thou choosest thus to dwell,
Helping build no amber comb,
Sharing no rich harvest-home!"

Hummed the recluse at her task :
"Though an idle thing thou ask,
I will freely answer thee,
If thou, first, wilt clearly show
Something I have wished to know, —
How the hived honey-bee
Can forego sweet privacy!

Edith M. Thomas.

PALMER'S ODYSSEY.

WHILE Mr. W. J. Stillman is cruising among the isles of Greece to detect the actual route of Ulysses or Odysseus, an American professor has published a book¹ which leaves us no excuse for not exploring the original narrative of that hero's adventures. Bearing on alternate pages a sumptuous reprint of Homer's *Odyssey* and a charming translation, the volume offers at once a treat to the eyes and an invitation into the still air of delightful studies. It surely should have appeared earlier in the season, for it is emphatically a summer book, deserving indeed to head one of those lists entitled *For Summer Travel* with which all enterprising publishers delight to greet what has this year scarcely been the warmer season. The much-wandering Odysseus is in reality the very chief and type of all itinerants; nobody ever went so far within a small space; he was like Thoreau, who "had traveled a great deal in Concord." Nobody else ever extracted so much voyaging out of a limited sheet of water, nobody else ever stayed so long from home in order to do this, nor did any one else ever put his wife and son to so much trouble to find him. What are the trivial wanderings of Father Æneas to the two days' swim of Homer's hero; what was Dido for an enchantress, beside Kalypso? What eminent society, famous in the romantic records of all time, did this experienced

traveler encounter; sometimes conversing with gods or sailing with goddesses, and happening in as a stranger guest upon the restored domesticity of Menelaus and Helen. That traditional beauty of all the world, divine among women, δῖα γυναικῶν, did not indeed make him immortal with a kiss, as Marlowe's Faustus demanded; but she was for him the stately and gracious hostess: she bade her maids lay beautiful purple rugs for his couch; and she poured into his wine a drug, known to her only, that quenched pain and strife, and brought forgetfulness of every ill. "He who should taste it, when mixed in the bowl, would not that day let tears fall down his cheeks, although his mother and father died, although before his door a brother or dear son were cut off by the sword and his own eyes beheld." What hostess of these days, whether at Newport, or the Isle of Wight, or Trouville, has such a beverage to offer?

This is the book which we have, one might almost say, for the first time in English, at the hands of Mr. Palmer. Not that it has not been more than twenty times rendered into our language, but it was reserved for Mr. Palmer to hit upon a mode of translation so admirable that he succeeds in preserving, in Homer, for the first time, certain peculiar qualities that others have missed. All previous versions have been made either

¹ *The Odyssey of Homer*. Books I.-XII. The Text, and an English Version in Rhythmic Prose. By GEORGE HERBERT PALMER, Professor of

Philosophy in Harvard University. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

in verse, or in that other form of language which Molière's hero had spoken all his life without being aware of it. It was reserved for the present translator to hit upon a sort of rhythmic prose, constructed in loose iambs, which are sufficiently veiled to be unobtrusive, yet distinct enough to be effective; thus giving us, just as Homer supplies it, narrative and poetry in one. This mode of rendering was first tested in public readings at Harvard College, and most successfully; the exercises took place in the evening and were wholly voluntary, yet the attendance was large and the enthusiasm great. The general testimony was, both among the undergraduates and on the part of the general public, that they felt for the first time the real charm of Homer, when Mr. Palmer, seemingly in the most off-hand and colloquial manner, gave this fresh version of the immortal song.

Whether the result thus achieved has gained or lost by the printing may be seriously questioned. Mr. Palmer himself says, in his ample and admirable preface, "I cannot expect that methods originally fitted to the ear will be equally well-suited to the eye" (page xiii.). It is possible, as he further suggests, that many who enjoyed the reading may have failed to recognize the covert rhythm, although they felt its influence. The careful scholarship of the book is best tested by the eye, no doubt; but the eye is more critical than the ear as to this new experiment in prose metres. Take, for instance, the two lines describing the grief of Penelope.

Τόσσα μιν ὀρμαίνουσιν ἐπὶ λυθε νύκτους ὕπνος.
εἶδε δ' ἀνακλινθεῖσα, λύθην δέ οἱ ἄψευ πάνα.

(IV. 793-4.)

Mr. Palmer renders this, the marks of supposed quantity being our own: "Τό hēr in sūch anxīety swēet slūmbēr cāme and lyīng bāck shē slēpt and ēvery jōint rēlāxed." Here the alternate short and long syllables evidently require a little forcing from the voice, but with that aid

the hearer would not criticise, though the reader might. Again, the close following of the Greek arrangement of words, as attempted by Mr. Palmer, leads to a frequent inversion, which was charming when given as colloquial, but seems sometimes constrained in print. Once more, the demand of the rhythm leads occasionally to the insertion of undue particles in English, or to a slight stretching of the Greek particles; and this is more readily recognized by eye than by ear. Sometimes Mr. Palmer vibrates too visibly between a statelier and a more familiar vocabulary, according to the same rhythmic necessities. We can perfectly understand, therefore, in view of all these considerations that some of the more technical Grecians at Harvard College should have questioned these performances, as they would perhaps have questioned Homer's own, had they heard them; yet, after all, their loss is the world's gain; the rhythmic version gives a sense of wholly new enjoyment, and the result is, that Mr. Palmer has, to our thinking, come nearer the soul and spirit of the *Odyssey* than any translator before him. Whether his method would apply as well to the sterner strain of the *Iliad* may well be doubted; but he must be judged by what he attempts.

The story of *Odysseus* takes us back in many respects to the childhood of the world; but instead of finding there only grossness and rudeness, we see rather a dignified propriety of moral standard, a fine courtesy of manners, and a respectful and even refined treatment of women. Nothing can be more marked in this respect than the picture of the domestic attitude of Helen, as already mentioned; she moves among her household still a queen, and the recognized equal of her husband within the domain of home. The same is the case with the princess *Nausikaa*, the white-armed, *Ναυσικάα λευκώλεον*, who, although she goes with her maidens to the riverside

to wash clothes, yet rides in her father's best carriage, and plays ball, possibly lawn-tennis, when the work is done. The book is full of delicate touches of home life and high-bred courtesy, joined, it must be owned, with very hard hitting when the fight comes on. Homer is in truth as simple and straightforward in his blood-letting as in his love-making or his hospitality; and the tortures inflicted by the red Indians are hardly worse than the manner in which Ulysses and his son Telemachus handle the offending suitors and erring maidens when the wanderer comes back to his own. Mr. Palmer's version discreetly stops short before this carnival of vengeance, for he gives us only the first twelve books.

There is nothing finer, either in the original or in the translation, than when, at the beginning of the eleventh book, Odysseus visits the realm of the dead. Hardly less powerful than Dante's vision, it is less grim; and it makes Virgil's similar adventures seem remote and merely literary. "Then gathered there spirits from out of Erebus of those now dead and gone,—brides, and unwedded youths, and worn old men, delicate maids with hearts but new to sorrow, and many pierced with brazen spears, men slain in fight, wearing their blood-stained armor. In crowds around the pit they flocked from every side, with awful wail." (XI. 36-40.) Then follows a vision of fair women like Tennyson's; and at last comes the king of men. "When then chaste Persephonê had scattered here and there those spirits of tender women, there came the spirit of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, sorrowing. Around thronged other spirits of such as by his side had died at the house of Aigisthos, and there had met their doom. He knew me as soon as he had tasted the dark blood; and then he wailed aloud and let the big tears fall, and stretched his hands forth eagerly to grasp me. But no, there

was no strength or vigor left, such as was once within his supple limbs. I wept to see, and pitied him from my heart." (XI. 386-95.) This is one of the few passages in the *Odyssey* where Homer gives us a softened, or, as we might say, a modern strain; and we may indeed feel that the whole twelve books here translated do not together equal in depth of tenderness the two untranslated Greek hexameters in which Mr. Palmer inscribes the work to the memory of his own wife. After all, something has been gained since the days of the glory that was Greece.

It is hardly to be expected that a rhythmical translation, even in prose, should be as literal as one free from all such effort; yet after the comparison of many pages with the original, we should say that, even in the precision of single phrases, Palmer surpasses the translation of Butcher and Lang, his only real competitors. When, for instance, in the opening lines he renders *ἐταίρων* by "his men," it is more literal as well as more vigorous than the phrase "his company," twice used by Butcher and Lang. For the Greek word is plural, not a mere noun of multitude, and it is closely followed by a plural pronoun referring to the same party; and though it might be claimed that it carries a meaning of comradeship which is better represented by the word "company," yet the constant use in army and navy of "his men" or "my men," in the sense of subordinate companions, renders that word equally applicable as well as more terse. Again, in the early lines, the Homeric phrase *νύμφη πότνι* (I. 14) is rather inadequately rendered by "lady-nymph," in Butcher and Lang, while the statelier phrase "potent nymph" of Palmer is more satisfying. In the same line Kalypso is also called *θεάων*, and this the English translators render lightly as "fair goddess," while Palmer's "heavenly goddess" is surely better. This suggests a rather amusing

discrepancy between the two versions, in a later passage. Where Odysseus describes, with his usual grave dignity, an intrigue between the god Neptune and the mortal maiden Tyro, the English translators describe her as "lady" when the god is wooing her, but make him address her curtly as "Woman!" when he leaves her; while Palmer precisely reverses this arrangement, making her a "woman" when she is sought, but "Lady!" when the successful lover makes his parting address. The Homeric word is in both cases the same, *γυναικα* (XI. 244), *γύναι* (XI. 248); and it involves the delicate question whether a woman is entitled to more or to less courtesy after she is won. Mr. James or Mr. R. G. White might easily devise an "international episode" from this probably accidental divergence of the English and American translators. These authorities might also charge it as an undue cis-Atlantic familiarity, when Nausikaä appeals to her kingly father as "Papa dear;" but when we consider that the original phrase is *Πάππα φίλ'* (VI. 57), the equivalent English is unmistakable; and when we observe that the young princess was standing very

near her father, *μάλ' ἄγχι σταῖσα*, and possibly, though Homer does not mention it, had her hand on his shoulder, — we should no more wish to miss this touch of familiarity than the fact that she asked for "the high wagon with good wheels" (*ὑψηλὴν εὐκυκλον*) to transport herself and her attendants.

We do not propose, however, to discuss the comparative details of translation, where both competitors are so excellent. Mr. Palmer's *Odyssey* must stand or fall by the success of his rhythmic experiment, and the more poetic flavor that he has tried — successfully, as we think — to secure. If this success is less than when tested by the ear only, it is still very great, and we hear with much regret that the work is not to be completed. He has attained what Newman vainly attempted by his ballad-metre version of the *Iliad*; he has restored to us Homer the bard; and his strains are as fascinating as if "sung but by some blind crowder," — the phrase used by Sir Philip Sidney in speaking of Chevy Chase, — or as if we sat listening to the harp beside some cottage door in Scio's rocky isle.

THE LIFE OF BAYARD TAYLOR.

HERE is a book¹ which has the charm of autobiography, and a fascination of its own besides, to which the most ingenuous confessions of a life can hardly offer a parallel. When a man tells his own story, we never can be sure that he tells it quite right, and we can almost always be sure that he does not reveal the whole of his heart. However frank and truthful he may be, however little he may dread unsympathetic scrutiny,

there is a great deal of his character which he does not himself know. Bayard Taylor was one of the most open-hearted, sincere, and straightforward of men; he was as clear as a mountain brook; the lines of his character were beautifully simple and distinct, — but the last man in the world to describe him as he was would have been Bayard Taylor. It is fortunate for us that the delightful records of his inner life, pre-

¹ *Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor.* Edited by MARIE HANSEN-TAYLOR and HORACE E.

SCUDDER. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

served in his journals and letters, have been completed and illustrated by the companion who knew him best, who loved him best, and who appreciated most justly his rare union of masculine boldness and exuberance with feminine sensibility and reserve. The work has been done not only with affection, but with judgment and good taste. The result is a finished and accurate picture of a most attractive subject.

The hero of John Godfrey's Fortunes is made to say, "I belong to that small class of men whose natures are not developed by a steady, gradual process of growth, but advance by sudden and seemingly arbitrary bounds, divided by intervals during which their faculties remain almost stationary;" and this has been interpreted as Taylor's judgment of himself. His mind did expand quickly under the influence of external associations, but it seems to us that there never was a time when his powers were not enlarging faster than his opportunities. His early circumstances were singularly unfavorable, not only to the growth of the poetical spirit, but to any form of literary activity. The community in which his home was placed, and toward which the warm impulses of his heart were always directed, was a little society of Quaker farmers, who clung to their narrow beliefs and prejudices with a bigotry nearly akin to tyrannical fanaticism, and looked upon verses as vanity and the aspiration for a larger life than theirs as a sin. The rigorous restrictions of village opinion would not have troubled Bayard much if his affections had not been so strong; he broke through them when he forsook the farm, when he made his first adventurous journey abroad, when he entered the trade of authorship, when he left Pennsylvania for a more stirring career in New York; but the effort always cost him pain. It was not opportunity tempting him, but a sturdy intellectual growth bursting the trammels of circum-

stance. The book by which he first made a name, *Views Afoot*, was probably of all his writings the one he valued least; but it has a special interest to us as a remarkable example of the "self-dependence" which he set himself to cultivate as a precious element of character. It is curious to note that no special literary influence controlled his early powers. He speaks in one of his boyish letters of "Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell (all Americans, you know)" with an equal fervor; and at the age of seventeen he made a rapturous excursion into the pages of Tennyson; but none of these poets can be said to have formed him. Afterward he became a delighted student of Shelley; but by this time his development had taken its own course. The literary society into which he was first thrown was pleasant to an ardent and cheerful young man, yet it could hardly be called stimulating. Rufus W. Griswold was the great critic of that coterie; N. P. Willis, Charles Fenno Hoffman, "Major Jack Downing," Mrs. E. F. Ellet, were among the favorite authors; The Home Journal, Godey's Lady's Book, and Graham's Magazine were dread arbiters of opinion. "What a constellation!" exclaims Taylor, after penning a catalogue of the company at a literary assembly to which he has been invited, soon after his arrival in New York. Griswold, Willis, and Hoffman were good friends to him, and he never forgot them; but he soon soared beyond them. Longfellow gave him immediate sympathy and recognition. Lowell, Irving, and Bryant admitted him to their friendship; and he formed an intimate and congenial companionship, broken only by death, with two poets of nearly his own age, who belonged to a stronger race than the dilettante school then verging toward its decline, — we mean R. H. Stoddard and George H. Boker. To these a little later was added Edmund C. Stedman,

whose fine spirit was much like Bayard's own.

The truth is, Taylor was born a poet, and the faculty was too strong in him to be repressed or wasted. In his early letters, long before there is any attempt at literary form, or any mark of the influence of particular books, the indications of original poetical feeling are unmistakable. He looked on the flowers and the trees, the mountains, the storm, the painted sky, the swelling buds, the blue midsummer haze, with the poet's eye, and, as the biography well says, "with a latent passion for the exuberance of a warmer clime. There was an Orientalism in nature which he early discovered, even before he was brought into familiar knowledge of the actual East. Thus he used to greet the first dandelion of the year with delight; it was to him a symbol of the ascendancy of the sun; and in the early fall he welcomed the pale pink flower of the centaury plant, and its spicy odor, with its faint suggestion of the East."

It happened that while these poetic impressions were in their first force, a romance entered into his life which is told here with idyllic grace. Mary Agnew, the beautiful Quaker girl whom he loved with inexpressible tenderness and devotion almost from boyhood, and married on her deathbed, just as he was beginning to win the success which he had valued chiefly for her sake, had a happy influence on his genius. "She was not so much the inspiration of special poems addressed to her," says the biography, "as she was the guiding star to Bayard Taylor's passion and thought. It was no mere poetic commonplace which made his early verses insensibly turn to her, however their movement may have been first directed; and the plans which he laid for the course of his life all had immediate reference to Mary. The ambition which he possessed in no slight degree to make himself a name and place in lit-

erature was kindled by the thought of sharing his reputation with her, and the tumultuous discharge of his hopes and fears through the pages of his diary is witness to the ardor with which he mingles the happiness of the home for which he labored with the aspiration for enduring expression of his poetic genius." She seems to have been in every way worthy of the pure and fervent love which she inspired, — a gentle and spiritual being, absorbed in Bayard, and touching with exact sympathy whatever was noblest in his nature. Her letters are full of a simplicity, refinement, and wholesomeness of sentiment which give elegance to their unpremeditated style; and the quaint Quaker phraseology (which Bayard also used in writing to her) adds to the effect a certain old-fashioned composure and serenity. Clear, calm, candid, glowing, freighted with hope, trust, and patience, and mingling the whispers of love with the suggestions of the muse, the correspondence is itself a poem. After reading it, no one will be surprised that Taylor's early writings were distinguished by a sincerity and dignity of feeling which are the usual fruits of maturer years. Nor shall we wonder that amid the distractions to which his mind was soon exposed — the drudgery of a country newspaper office, and the still more disturbing labors of New York journalism — he was able to preserve the poetic faculty unimpaired. "To-night," he writes to a friend, "I have thanked God for one thing, and shall do so all nights henceforth, — the knowledge that I have not smothered the poetic feeling, not even weakened a spiritual nerve, by this life of toil, this perpetual struggle with the Little and the Earthly. It is purer and brighter, and I know that I can keep it so. Is it not a divine joy?"

The post to which Horace Greeley appointed him on *The Tribune*, in 1848, united employments which a leading metropolitan journal would now divide

among four or five industrious men. For the salary, which seemed munificent then, of twelve dollars a week, Taylor was sub-editor, foreign editor, leader writer, critic, man-of-all-work, and reporter. He throws down the pen with which he has been reviewing a new book or discussing the latest European complication, and rushes to Astor Place to describe the Macready riots, or to the wreck on Fire Island where Margaret Fuller has been drowned, or to some distant political gathering where a speech is to be taken for his paper. But with these multifarious employments he found opportunity for intellectual refreshment. "I reached Boston on Sunday morning," he writes to Mary Agnew, "galloped out to Cambridge, and spent the evening with Lowell; went on Monday to the pine woods of Abington to report Webster's speech, and dispatched it to The Tribune; got up early on Tuesday and galloped to Brookline to see Colonel Perkins; then off in the cars to Amesbury, and rambled over the Merrimac hills with Whittier; then Wednesday morning to Lynn, where I stopped a while at Helen Irving's; back in the afternoon to Cambridge, where I smoked a cigar with Lowell, and then stayed all night at Longfellow's; Thursday morning to Boston, where I visited some twenty places and people, and came away in the afternoon to Fall River; took the steamboat, saw Newport under a flood of crystal moonlight, walked the deck, looking over the glittering Sound, wishing for thee; at sunrise looked into the whirlpools of Hell Gate; and now I am back at my post, full of health, spirits, strength, happiness, and poetic inspiration. I am now ready for another six-months' siege, and my heart is filled with kindly recollections of kind friends." He led in fact a double life, not only at this time, but until the end of his career. He consecrated his happiest hours to love, friendship, and poetry; he gave a no less earnest and hearty de-

votion to prosaic duty, which, irksome as it certainly was to him, he accepted cheerfully as the servant of his sweeter aspirations. Hence it was that during his long and intimate connection with The Tribune he proved one of the most valuable and versatile of contributors, ready for any service, however exacting or unfamiliar, and accomplishing every task with a thoroughness, promptness, elegance, and fine workmanlike finish which left only one comment possible among his associates, — that "nobody could have done that job like Bayard." His ambition was sustained by the thought of earning a home for Mary, and leisure for his muse. Later, when time had healed the wound of Mary's loss, new and still happier ties gave him fresh incentives to exertion. But apart from these extraneous influences, Taylor was kept at a high level of effort by a sensitive conscience. He had a keen sense of the dignity of the literary calling; slovenly writing seemed to him profanation; to be ignorant of his subject was in his eyes to be insincere. The routine work of daily journalism, the letters of travel (first written for his paper), the essays, criticisms, magazine articles, miscellaneous labors for the publishers, and finally the lectures, were all part of his duty as a man of letters; and however the world regarded them, he at least must treat them with the respect due to his profession.

The persistence of his poetic facility in the midst of police reports and political speeches is less remarkable when we bear in mind the fervid, proud, and truthful spirit in which he performed his "struggle with the Little and the Earthly." Labor which is inspired by love and ambition, and dignified by sincerity and self-respect, cannot but strengthen the soul and the imagination. It was in the midst of his most prosaic duties at The Tribune office that Taylor wrote his fine Ode to Shelley, and penned the stirring Californian Ballads,

which indicate something like poetical clairvoyance, for they were made before he had seen the romantic and sturdy life they describe, and even before the discovery of gold had fixed public attention upon the Pacific coast. Hardly had the Ballads been published in a volume when the gold discovery followed. The travels which made such a conspicuous part of the achievement of his life were to a great extent, as we have already said, the fruit of his employment as a journalist, and the public has always held them distinct from his work as a poet; and yet, unaffected and direct as his books of travel are in expression, it is the latent poetical spirit in them, the clear vision, the sympathetic temper, the ingenuous and open mind, the pure and refined taste, which give them a lasting value. Except in two or three cases, moreover, it was an irresistible desire to place himself in communication with a larger intellectual life, and in closer association with poetic scenes and memories, that inspired his journeys; and all of them therefore had an important share in his poetical development. His early life was so simple and gentle, and his verse was so faithful an expression of his feeling, that he sang at first in a strain of almost artless directness. A healthy, vigorous, and courageous lad, stirred by high aspirations, buoyed by a hopeful and confident disposition, and blest with a true love, what had he to do with the vague yearnings and complex emotions of passionate poetry? When sorrow came to him, it was not in his nature to show it to the world. But with knowledge of life and affairs to which he was introduced by his employment in journalism, with the literary associations to which his position in New York admitted him, and the exceptional experience of his travels, he was always gaining depth and subtlety of thought as well as fluency and richness of diction. There was a marked growth in his poetry, and he was fully

conscious of it; but his work always showed a balance and directness which indicated a thoroughly healthy organization.

He refers more than once in his correspondence to a change in his intellectual condition; during his European tour of 1856 and 1857 especially, a period in which he wrote a great deal of good prose but very little poetry, he spoke of undergoing "a mental and moral fermentation," which he believed would bring "wine instead of vinegar, new vitality, fresh force, and a sparkling effervescence of cheerfulness and courage." But it was somewhat later than this when he reached his full mental stature. The gain in solidity of purpose, breadth of vision, and calm mastery of thought was distinctly marked after the year 1862, when he began a brief but valuable service to his country as diplomatic representative in Russia at a critical epoch. Whether it was partly the patriotic exaltation of war time, rousing whatever was best and strongest in Taylor, as it did in the case of so many other men, or only the natural expansion of his mind, stimulated by experience and study, we shall not pause to inquire; but certainly the era which flamed with heroism marked a stage in the career of this poet and scholar. The change was much greater and much quicker than any of the earlier intellectual transitions of which we find repeated record in the biography. It seemed as if, in suddenly reaching his maturity of power, he gained a higher sense of the dignity of his calling, — though that was always high, — a deeper and more complete poetic absorption, and a serener satisfaction in the expression of his best thought, without reference to public appreciation. To this last period of his life belong all his loftiest effort and most perfectly artistic achievement. "I am only just now beginning to do genuine work," he wrote while he was busy with his trans-

lation of Faust; "the past has been but an apprenticeship, my *Lehrjahre*; and now comes (so God will) the *Meisterschaft*. But if not, no difference! My life is at least filled and brightened." "I have had enough of mere temporary popularity," he wrote again, "and am tired of it; but I have now begun to do the things that shall be permanent in literature, and have not only the strength to undertake and carry them out, but they have also become necessary to me, a source of happiness as well as a means of success." "I know that I am doing better things now than ever before," he confessed to the painter McEntee; "I know also that my market value is not half what it was five years ago; yet I devoutly believe that I shall outlive many of the apparently brilliant successes which are now blazing around us. Nothing endures but genuine work: of that you may be sure. Now, my dear McEntee, I propose that we shall hold together in patience, bind each other's wounds, support each other's stumbling faith, and keep on doing our best. The joy and the reward is in the work itself, after all." There is something almost majestic in the tone of one of his letters to Stedman in 1874: "Mere grace of phrase, surface brilliancy, simulated fire, cannot endure: we must build of hewn blocks from the everlasting quarries, and then the fools who say, 'Oh, there is no color in that!' will die long before our work shall dream of decay. . . . The success of your volume of poems is an excellent sign, and delights me to the very heart. Your success means mine, and that of all honest poets. You may depend upon me: I will never flinch; my will is like adamant to endure until the end. I have large designs yet, and more real poetry in me than has hitherto come out of me. I see my way clear, recognize both capacities and limitations as never before, and bate no jot of heart or hope."

Taylor, as we have seen, took an hon-

est pride in doing thoroughly whatever literary work he undertook; and considering the mass and quality of his prose, it is not surprising that a careless public sometimes gave less prominence to his poetry than it deserved. Yet it was in verse that he not only reached his highest and most permanent achievement, but satisfied a lifelong passion. The poetical gift was dearer to him than anything else in the world, except family and friends, and is properly made the leading note of his biography. He did not care for praise of his prose; but it delighted him to be recognized as one of the immortal choir. "As for popular favor," he wrote to George H. Boker, "good God! what is there so humiliating as to be praised for the exhibition of poverty and privation, for parading those very struggles which I would gladly have hidden forever, when that which I feel and know to be true to my art is passed by unnoticed. For I am not insensible that nine tenths of my literary success (in a publishing view) springs from those very Views Afoot which I now blush to read. I am known to the public, not as a poet, the only title I covet, but as one who succeeded in seeing Europe with little money; and the chief merits accorded to me are not passion or imagination, but strong legs and economical habits. Now this is truly humiliating. It acts as a sting or spur, which touches my pride 'in the raw' whenever some true recognition sets me exulting." He was very happy in the reputation which poetry earned for him abroad. "Dresden is the literary city of Germany," he wrote to his mother from Berlin in 1856, "and I met with all the authors living there. I was delighted to find that they all knew me. When I called on the poet, Julius Hammer, he was at his desk, translating my poem of Steyermark. Gutzkow the dramatist, Auerbach the novelist, Dr. Andrée the geographer, and others whose names are known all over Europe,

welcomed me as a friend and brother author. We had a grand dinner together the day before I left. The Dresden papers spoke of me as a distinguished guest, and published translations of my poems. In fact, I think I am almost as well known in Germany as in the United States."

There is something characteristically candid in that confession, whose ingenuousness sets it on the pleasant borderline between native modesty and an innocent love of approbation. In the same spirit is his account of an interview with Tennyson, which we find in a letter to Boker: "I spent two days with him in June, and you take my word for it, he is a noble fellow, every inch of him. He is as tall as I am, with a head which Read capitally calls that of a dilapidated Jove, long black hair, splendid dark eyes, and a full mustache and beard. The portraits don't look a bit like him; they are handsomer, perhaps, but have n't half the splendid character of his face. We smoked many a pipe together, and talked of poetry, religion, politics, and geology. I thought he seemed gratified with his American fame; he certainly did not say an unkind word about us. He had read my Oriental poems, and liked them. He spoke particularly of their richness of imagery and conscientious finish. I need not tell you that his verdict is a valuable one to me. Our intercourse was most cordial and unrestrained, and he asked me, at parting, to be sure and visit him every time I came to England."

Lingering over such charming confidences, we half persuade ourselves that the genial poet, robust and gentle, whom everybody loved, is still with us. Nothing in the work of Mrs. Taylor and Mr. Scudder will please the myriad friends of Bayard more than the art with which, by well-chosen citation, by quick illustrative phrase, by sympathetic and vivid touch, they have set before

us his winning and beautiful personality. "I have been reading Rousseau's Confessions," the poet wrote, "and am struck with certain similarities which my nature bears to his. He was a man, evidently, whose very life consisted in loving. Love was the breath of his being; and the older I grow, the more I find that the same thing is true with regard to myself. I have felt all the transports and the tendernesses of passion which he describes, the same feminine devotion to the beloved object, the same enthrallment of the imagination and the affections. But as I have much less genius than he, so I have more worldly wisdom; and my affections, though they tyrannize over me completely, rarely betray themselves to the observation of others."

"So, George, you have found out my weakness, have you?" he writes to Boker. "Well, since we have it in common, there is no use in trying to conceal or suppress it. I confess to a most profound and abiding tenderness of heart toward those I love, whether man or woman." He reveled in the successes of his friends. He was never tired of praising them. His attachments were as lasting as they were fervent. The first use he made of fortune, when he began to prosper, was to share it with his relatives; when his income fell off — like that of other literary men — at the outbreak of the war, he sold part of his interest in *The Tribune* to give a thousand dollars for the defense of the Union. James T. Fields, in describing the cordial welcome given the budding poet by Longfellow and others in Boston, just after the publication of *Views Afoot*, says, "No one could possibly look upon the manly young fellow at that time without loving him." To the end of his life he had the same faculty of fascination. He went to Africa in the time of his great sorrow after the death of his first wife, and there, as he told Boker, he gained peace, strength,

and patience "from nature, but more from man." "Such kindness of heart as everywhere overflows toward me, I know not why. I have tried to fathom this mystery, but cannot; I find no particular quality in myself, no peculiarity in my intercourse with others, which can account for it. Why rigid Mussulmen should pray that I might enter the Moslem paradise; why guides, camel-drivers, sailors, and the like should show me such fidelity; why beys and pashas, to whom I had no word of recommendation, should pay me most unusual courtesies, is quite beyond my comprehension." It was on this journey that he made the acquaintance of a German traveler, Mr. August Buef, who conceived for him at once an ardent and remarkable attachment. "He has won my love," wrote this gentleman, "by his amiability, his excellent heart, his pure spirit, in a degree of which I did not believe myself capable." The intercourse thus begun ripened into a firm and fruitful friendship. The present Mrs. Taylor is Mrs. Buef's niece. Thackeray, as anybody might have foretold, took an instant liking to Taylor; so did Irving; so did Longfellow. "From the first," said Taylor to James T. Fields, just before his last departure for Europe, "from the first, Longfellow has been to me the truest and most affectionate friend that ever man had. He is the dearest soul in the world, and my love for him is unbounded." When he left Commodore Perry's fleet, after the expedition to Japan which he accom-

panied in 1853, the sailors of the flagship sent a deputation to the captain and asked permission to man the rigging and give him three cheers. "It is the most grateful compliment I ever received," he wrote to his mother; "for it came from a body of three hundred men, none of whom knew me as an author but only as a man, and it was all genuine; there is no humbug in a sailor's heart. It has repaid me," he says of the same season of wandering, "by inspiring me with a warm sympathy with all kinds and classes of men, and I shall have, for some years to come, friends in the desert of Nubia, the mountains of Spain, and among the hardy seamen of our navy, who, I am sure, will remember me with kindly feeling." Dumb animals instinctively loved and trusted him. At Khartoum he numbered among his friends a chained leopard whom he taught to climb upon his shoulders, and a full-grown lioness, who used to lick his hand as he sat on her back, and playfully open and close her jaws around his leg. "The birds know me already," he wrote Stoddard from Cedarcroft, "and I have learned to imitate the partridge and the rain-dove, so that I can lure them to me." Yet we doubt whether anything indicates more surely the beautiful and lovable disposition of the man than the fact, that with all his strong convictions, his ardent impulses, his hatred of what is mean, and his sharp insight, there is not in this entire collection of letters a censorious nor an ill-natured word.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE name of Worth is a familiar household word within the latitudes of fashion in all civilized countries; why then do we hear so much less of his neighbor and coadjutor, Madame Virot? For many years the two have worked in unison, the masterpieces of the former being incomplete without a finishing touch from the latter, in the shape of one of her exquisite articles of head-gear. In Paris, at least, she is no less a celebrity than he.

Virot began her career as an assistant to the milliner Laure, who was long at the head of her craft in Europe. It was while in this position that she attracted the attention of her future husband, a person almost as deserving of notice as herself. Monsieur Virot was the son of a Parisian locksmith, but chose sculpture as his own profession. He and Carrier-Belleuse were fellow-students, and afterward worked together upon a bust of the Republic,—the first order that Carrier received from the French government of 1848, and which he owed to the influence of his brother-in-law M. Arago, who was then in the ministry. M. Virot, however, gave up the pursuit of art for that of bric-a-brac in its widest signification. This took place some years after his marriage. The fair assistant of Madame Laure accepted him on the condition that she should be allowed to continue her occupation of bonnet-making. She moved into a small lodging in one of the side-streets of Paris, and set up business for herself. The story runs that her fortune was made by the Empress Eugénie's espying a bonnet in Virot's which struck her unerring eye for "a good bit" of finery, and which she immediately purchased. At all events, the milliner's fame grew apace, owing to her extraordinary native taste

and skill; she exchanged her modest abode for an expensive one in the Rue de la Paix, the headquarters of elegant extravagance, close to Worth's establishment; and there, in an incredibly short time, she became a millionaire.

It is not only as an inventor of picturesque hats and killing capotes that Madame Virot is known in Paris; her knowledge of all that pertains to the Renaissance is deep and varied, and her artistic instinct in collecting antiquities and curiosities has long been recognized by the best judges of those subjects. In this pursuit she was seconded, or rather trained, by her husband, who when he abandoned sculpture gave himself up entirely to his vocation of a collector. He passed his life in the shops of second-hand dealers, and among old, historic edifices which were being demolished, comparing his observations with the opinions of the authorities in household art. His object was to offer his wife a home in the style of the eighteenth century, which should be genuine, accurate, and artistic, and he set himself to study the subject in detail. Meanwhile he was picking up, as luck happened to favor him, bronzes, chimney-pieces, doors, mirrors, carved wood-work, and even bits of furniture, china, glass, stuff, and ornaments of all kinds belonging to that epoch. So it may be said that the house was made for its contents, rather than that the contents were made for the house.

When M. Virot had collected sufficient material to furnish his hotel, he confided the erection of it to M. Charles Duval. This distinguished architect found great difficulty in satisfying his client; they spent months in visiting together the finest buildings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries: the palaces of Versailles and the Great and

Little Trianons, the Hôtel Lambert, — a jewel of taste in design and decoration, now the property of Prince Ladislas Czartoryski, husband of the Princess Marguérite d'Orleans, — in short, all the fine châteaux and mansions of that period in or out of Paris were laid under contribution to furnish models for the smallest details, even to cornices, window-sashes, and door-knobs. From the Palais Royale they copied the dormer-windows and the beautiful balustrade that surrounds the roof. Among other charming relics which M. Virot discovered were a ceiling painted by Coypel, representing Apollo and the Muses, and he employed it to adorn a boudoir in which the goddess Pompadour herself might have displayed her graces. Besides this, there were portraits, cabinet pictures, and painted wall-panels by the eighteenth century masters, a large and valuable collection of proof engravings from Lawrence, Baudouin, and Moreau, and rare clocks and tapestries of the same date. These are some of the treasures which M. Virot gathered together, and finally placed in a small hotel which he built at the corner of the Boulevard Malesherbes and the Boulevard de Courcelles, probably the most correct specimen of the style of Louis XVI. to be found in Paris. While he was engaged in his researches, in which the fine taste of his wife was his surest guide, she continued to fabricate those wonderful Gainsborough hats with long plumes, and the coquettish little bonnets so dear to the fair sex, which have made their way over two hemispheres, thus the united artistic intelligence, knowledge, and taste of the pair erected their monument, with the help of American dollars, English pounds sterling, German marks, Russian roubles, and a few French *louis d'or*.

But when the nest was finished, the bird disappeared; M. Virot died, and his house in the Boulevard Malesherbes was lately sold to M. Hottinguer the banker

for half a million francs, or \$100,000. The collections went to auction, and the proceeds of the first day's sale alone were \$30,000. These enormous sums represent the experience and taste of a man and woman who began life, he as a locksmith, she as a milliner's apprentice. Such results can hardly be found anywhere in the world except in Paris, where the native artistic feeling of the working-classes, cultivated by the encouragement of the government, produces an incontestable superiority in the fineness and delicacy of their handiwork. There are frequent exhibitions of the Fine Arts applied to Industry, collections of furniture, wall-paper, carpets, stuffs, and ornaments, classified and arranged with a sure eye to effect and strict chronological accuracy, which create an art-atmosphere for the Parisian "ouvrier," refining his taste, educating his talent, and often making of the simple artisan a real artist.

— Who ever heard Old Age, — old age, with its long and tender memory — speak slightly of the sorrows of childhood? This is reserved for pre-occupied and callous Middle Age to do. From the indifference which many grown people exhibit toward the griefs of the very young, it might be inferred that their own childhood had become an indistinct vision, or at least that it no longer possessed aught of interest for them. The little troubles of children? But all trouble is relative, and great and small, in this respect, are movable terms. Sorrow itself grows old; even the sacred vehemence of grief felt for the lately dead suffers a mellowing change as the years lapse. How do we know but that in another life the most considerable tribulations endured in this take rank with the "little troubles of children"?

If grief may be estimated negatively, by the lack within itself of remedial expedients, then a child's grief, contrary to the belief of many, fills no shallow

measure. It is true the child may soon be diverted and soothed, but his trouble, while it lasts, is unmingled. We in our dismal day are able to command what the child cannot, the consolations of philosophy; often, also, there is present an exalting consciousness of martyrdom, or we detect in the situation a dramatic element that gives a certain zest to our bitter cup. Consider a child's view of time: how long are the day and the night in his measurement of them; he has not yet learned that the old scythe-man takes the cockles and the tares, as well as the corn, in his swath. I very well remember my first dim perception of the fact that time is on the side of the griever. It was at the close of a day that for me had been filled with disappointment and heart-ache, and I gave myself to drown misery in tears; all attempts of friends to soothe my distress were fruitless; only one thing promised relief, and for that I cried with foolish sobbing iteration, "I want it to be to-morrow!" until I dropped asleep, and so took the cross-cut to my desire. After this, none of my childish griefs was quite so inconsolable, for in some vague way I reasoned that what to-morrow would cure could not to-day be past endurance. In the mere thought of to-morrow there is something counteractive, something that steals the fire from the present's feverish feeling, whether the feeling be of excessive joy or excessive sorrow. Why should I be averse to owning that I have always drawn largely from this exchequer of comfort? In any mob of chagrins and miseries, at least, I shall not be prevented from counting on the coolness and indifference that come with the morrow. Certain it is that

"The sunrise never failed us yet."

— Following the example of Horace (Ode xx., Book II.), a bard addresses his Mæcenas:—

"Oh, not on spent or feeble wing
Up through the liquid air I spring,

Leave earth, and malice blind,
And critics far behind.

"Superior I, — then do not fear
Such worth shall die, Mæcenas dear;
The Styx's dingy flow
I shall not undergo.

"Now bristling quills and plumes I feel
Upon my arms and shoulders steal;
Now, now, my wings I loose,
I soar, — a very goose."

— I have been thinking with some wonder and disappointment, growing out of a visit to Wordsworth's cottage at Grasmere, of the limitations which beset even the most enthusiastic, when trying to sustain the thrill of great memories for any length of time. When I entered Dove Cottage a little more than a week ago, and saw the rooms in which Wordsworth, De Quincey, and Hartley Coleridge successively lived, and which with the garden adjoining remain substantially as De Quincey describes them in his *Recollections*, I was overwhelmed with feeling. Below is the little parlor, about sixteen by twelve; "very prettily wainscoted from the floor to the ceiling with dark polished oak, slightly embellished with carving." Above, reached by the same little staircase where De Quincey first descried Mary and Dorothy Wordsworth, is the little library-sitting-tea-room; in one corner the place where stood Wordsworth's couple of hundred ragged, uncared-for books, the beams overhead only seven feet from the floor, and the little fire-grate still unchanged. Close by is the guest room, low, small, cosey, where Southey and Lamb and Coleridge and De Quincey have slept; opposite this is William and Mary Wordsworth's room, about ten by twelve, and near by is the tiny box where Dorothy nursed her high poetical spirit. The whole cottage, once, as you remember, a village inn bearing the name of the Dove and Olive Bough, is just such a nook as one would expect to find devoted to "plain living and high thinking," Wordsworth's own phrase coined

in that little parlor. One fine touch remains that I must not overlook. In the Wordsworths' sleeping-room is a plain deal shelf three or four feet from the floor, on which their wash-basin and pitcher used to stand; beneath, another shelf for their boots and shoes. These are so rude that the present occupants of the cottage have desired to remove them in favor of a "smart" toilet stand, a wish which the owner has with good sense steadily refused. Ten guineas were offered a few days ago for one of those boards, but were declined.

Just outside is the little garden, filled with shrubs which, as in Wordsworth's time, blossom in succession from spring to autumn. The two yew trees spoken of by De Quincey still stand near the gate, the "Rocky Well" mentioned by Wordsworth is unchanged, and many of the flowers propagate themselves from year to year, from seed originally planted by the poet's hand. It is really a fascinating spot. The great tourist throngs troop by, because the street side of Dove Cottage is squat, unadorned, and even repulsive, so many ordinary buildings having been erected of late years which quite extinguish it. But take the trouble to go to the true front, which is in fact on the back side, and it is the most fascinating and poetical gem of a cottage that I have ever seen. And it is to be seen; for unlike Rydal Mount, it is not sealed up against the world, but is quite freely open to all who desire to see the place to which Wordsworth brought his wife, and where he wrote what Sara Coleridge always considered his finest poems. Here for instance were composed his incomparable

"She was a phantom of delight,"
his lines beginning

"My heart looks up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky,"

and ending with

"The child is father of the man,"
and

"I could wish my days to be,
Bound each to each by natural piety."

Here, too, was written what all agree is his greatest poem, *The Intimations of Immortality*.

Now when I first saw this place, as a true Wordsworthian I was filled with a holy awe, and forthwith was not content (since the house is occasionally open to lodgers) without securing rooms in it for a week. In this I have been successful; and for this week all the rooms which are to me most sacred are quite as free as if I owned them. But the wonder is that I do not find, with all the delight of this possession, with all the charm of reading and re-reading Wordsworth on this ground, that I am capable of living over what came to me at the first glance. And I learn the lesson, one which it is very good to learn, and very useful to impart, that travelers who under a similar high and venerating regard, wish to tarry and it may be to possess the places where they cherish this emotion would probably be disappointed as I have been. We cannot twice live over what we feel when for the first time a great and precious memory becomes a living thing, — at least I cannot, and I think I utter a universal experience.

— The late Professor Lanier, in an essay on *Moral Purpose in Art*, remarks concerning the common objection to Daniel Deronda as an intolerable prig, that "examination of what is precisely meant reveals that he is a person whose goodness is so downright, uncompromising, and radical that it makes the mass of us uncomfortable."

It seems to me that this comes near to hitting the true explanation of the fact, while yet it goes a little wide of the centre. I should hardly say of Deronda that it is his goodness, too straightforward to be overlooked, too downright to be denied, that makes him disagreeable to more easy-going mortals; I should rather say that his character in its whole conception is too ideal for comprehension by the average man and woman.

What is *Deronda's* attitude toward the other personages of the tale? He is not found assuming the office of Mentor to any one; *Gwendolen Harleth*, touched by some silent influence of his presence, appeals to him, throws herself upon him; he does not seek but only accepts the responsibility of leading and upholding her in her moral struggle. And if the case were the reverse, if it were *Deronda* who first approached *Gwendolen* with counsel and direction for the moral life, this alone would not put him beyond the pale of the general reader's understanding or sympathy. The mingled dislike and contempt which such reader feels for *Deronda* is all on account of that absurd scheme of his for devoting himself to the redemption of the Jews. It may or may not be that *George Eliot* had the condition of the Jewish race at heart, — it does not matter; neither does it matter, so far as her artistic purpose is concerned, whether or not we share *Deronda's* enthusiasm for his people, and approve of his projects for their elevation; it is enough that we recognize the pure unselfishness of his devotion, the nobility of a life dedicated to a large disinterested aim. But the consecration of a man's being to such lofty impersonal end inevitably removes him from the comprehension and the sympathy of the majority of his fellows. Witness *Mazzini*, compassionate, ridiculed, despised, by men unable to appreciate the intellectual greatness of his political ideas, or the moral greatness of his self-abnegating life. Professor *Lanier* observes that the "direct

moral teaching in *Adam Bede* is far more prominent than in *Daniel Deronda*, yet persons who lauded the former found the latter intolerable."

This is always the case; people will bear the direct enforcement of plain moral duties, but not the setting up of a standard of devotion to high, ideal aims. The champion who comes forward to overthrow some social wrong, which the moral sense of the people acknowledges to be an iniquity, though their indifference has allowed it to stand, will meet with approval, even applause, and in time, if he persist, with support. But let a man or a set of men attempt to erect a purer ideal of political action than at present is followed, to introduce into business relations and social intercourse a higher sense of honor and a truer conception of the ends of living, and where are those who will listen or tolerate for a moment such interference with the smooth running of the social wheels on the broad road? The ordinary man feels that it would be impossible for him to live such a life of strenuous devotion to pure ideals as is proposed to him; the best way for him to dispose of the question, and set himself at ease again, is to pronounce such ideals futile abstractions, such a mode of life impossible for human beings. We have heard of the unfortunate who exclaimed, "I said the world was mad, and the world said I was mad, — and alas! the world outvoted me." The world as yet outvotes the idealists; but labor on, brother; the world will come round one day to your side.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fiction. Lal, the heroine of Dr. W. A. Hammond's story (Appleton), is short for Lalla Rookh. The shortened name carries to the ears an impression which the book confirms. A more disagreeable book to one who loves art it would be hard to find. The veneer of philosophy which covers the cheap material out of which the book is constructed only makes the novel more objectionable. Every canon of good taste is violated, and one has not even a piece of rough humanity to fall back upon. The book is a piece of artistic falsehood. — The Fainalls of Tipton, by Virginia W. Johnson (Scribners), is a painfully elaborated work, with insufficient basis of story and character. It is a pity that so careful a writer should not see that her detail obstructs the story instead of carrying it on. — Among the Chosen (Holt) is an indistinct novel, which dimly hints at a community, vaguely outlines a few shadowy characters, confusedly suggests excellent sentiments, and in effect is written as if the author were trying to conceal the story. — Rutherford, by Edgar Fawcett (Funk & Wagnalls), is a novel in which Mr. Fawcett manipulates again the material which he has so frequently used. New York society, as an epitome of American life, young women who have high ideals, but are conquered by love as by something more valiant than they, young men who bring back more European mental clothes to America than the custom house allows, — all these are made to do service, and the result is scarcely more than a variation upon a familiar theme. We think we met this story years ago in periodical form. If so, it merely shows how long Mr. Fawcett has been doing pretty much the same thing. — Recent numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Library are Lancelot Ward, M. P., by George Temple, and Matrimony, by W. E. Norris.

Biography. Elizabeth Fry, by Mrs. E. R. Pitman, is the latest issue in the Famous Women Series. (Roberts.) The abundant materials for a sketch of Mrs. Fry have been used with discrimination, and the result is an agreeable book, which ought to stimulate workers to-day. — A little nearer home is a brief sketch of Richard A. Dugdale, under the title *The Work of a Social Teacher*, by Edward M. Shepard. (The Society for Political Education, New York.) Mr. Dugdale made his name widely known by his terrible work *The Jukes*, but his modesty and singleness of purpose needed to be set forth by some one else, and this little sketch gives only too faint a portraiture of a notable man. — *The Great Composers*, by Hezekiah Butterworth (Lothrop): a small volume, designed apparently for young readers, containing scrappy accounts of Mozart, Liszt, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and others, so arranged as to give a somewhat chronological review of the progress of music. We wish Mr. Butterworth had not employed a sausage machine for many of his paragraphs.

Finance and Business. Comptroller John Jay Knox has prepared a serviceable volume on United States Notes, a History of the Various Issues of Paper Money by the Government of the United States, with an appendix containing the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States and the dissenting opinion upon the legal tender question. (Scribners.) The decision upon the legal tender question has put an ominous weapon into the hands of Congress, and the historical statement of the question is of great value to all students who wish to be forearmed. — *Geology and Mineral Resources of the James River Valley in Virginia*, by J. L. Campbell (Putnams), is a straightforward statement of the material advantages of an interesting section, and it would be well if immigrants could always have at their command so well studied a survey of the country to which they look for settlement and fortune. — *Excessive Saving a Cause of Commercial Distress*; being a series of assaults upon accepted principles of political economy, by Uriel H. Crocker. (W. B. Clarke & Carruth, Boston.) The frankness with which the author informs the reader of the rejection by various magazines and journals to which the several contents of this volume were once offered goes far to inspire confidence in his sincerity; nor does one need to read far to know that the author is thoroughly in earnest and convinced of the integrity of his position. — *The Labor-Value Fallacy*, by M. L. Scudder, Jr. (Jansen, McClurg & Co.): a vigorous attack upon Henry George's fundamental position. — *Property in Land* is another small work, called out by Mr. George, who, if not witty himself, is the cause of wit in others. It consists of a wordy duel between the Duke of Argyll and Henry George. The Duke heads his paper *The Prophet of San Francisco*; Mr. George heads his, *The Reduction to Iniquity*; and so they go at it, with the reader's general sympathy on Mr. George's side. — A paper on *Cable Railway Propulsion*, by W. W. Hanscom, has been published by the author at San Francisco. The paper has a value for its illustration of a practical experiment which has thus far found its most successful trial in San Francisco and Chicago.

Hygiene and Physic. What is to be Done, a Handbook for the Nursery, with useful Hints for Children and Adults, by R. B. Dixon, M. D. (Lee & Shepard), is one of those serviceable little emergency books which would seem to make life more secure. There was an enthusiastic man once who was a propagandist for a little squirt gun which would put out any fire if one used it early enough, and he maintained that steam fire-engines would be rendered unnecessary. Doctors will probably lose none of their practice by reason of these little books, but they will be spared the necessity of running three miles, and waking up all the neighborhood, when a kerosene lamp is knocked off the shelf. — *Tokology*. A book for

every woman. By Alice B. Stockham, M. D. (Sanitary Publishing Company, Chicago.) A plain-spoken book, with the customary anathema of the corset. It is singular that that article should not long ago have given way under the severe bombardment of words to which it has been subjected. It will probably disappear with that offense to beauty, the stove-pipe hat. — Notes on the Opium Habit, by Asa P. Meylert, M. D. (Putnams.) For so small a book there is far too much sentiment and far too little sense. — The Principles of Ventilation and Heating, and their Practical Application, by John S. Billings (The Sanitary Engineer, New York). Dr. Billings has collected into this volume a series of papers addressed to a young architect. It deals with principles, but it illustrates them by a great variety of examples drawn both from private and from public buildings. — Number One and How to Take Care of Him is the captivating title of a series of popular talks on social and sanitary science, by Joseph J. Pope (Funk & Wagnalls), who delivers the now well-known sensible views on food, dress, play, and so forth, with a good deal of vigor. Again war to the corset.

Politics. The season naturally brings plenty of reading matter for the American citizen, and it is a little sign of the times that political literature takes a somewhat historical form. Here, for instance, are two books on the Democratic party, The History of Democracy considered as a Party Name and as a Political Organization, by Jonathan Norcross (Putnams), and The Democratic Party, its Political History and Influence, by J. Harris Patton. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) Mr. Norcross is an old Southern Whig, who draws a vehement indictment against the party down to the time of the rebellion. He aims to define legitimate democracy, and then to demonstrate that the party bearing the name is like the man who kept a tavern, but kept nothing in the tavern for hungry travelers. Mr. Patton writes in a somewhat more judicial frame of mind, but with substantially the same conclusion. The only measure, he finds, which was inaugurated by Democratic statesmen, and has remained the policy of the nation, is the sub-treasury system. — Cupples, Upham & Co. publish in pamphlet form The Winning Argument in the Legal Tender Case of 1884, being the argument by Thomas H. Talbot in the

case of *Juillard v. Greenman*. — The Eastern Pioneer of Western Civilization and the Recognition her Efforts Receive, is the title of a pamphlet by C. S. Eby, who writes from Tokio, Japan. Mr. Eby is an English missionary who discusses the relation of Japan to England, and modestly ventures into the arena of international politics. He makes a respectful but cogent protest against the present attitude of England toward Japan. Perhaps his protest gains from its coolness of tone, but those interested should re-read in connection with it the indignant paper entitled, The Martyrdom of an Empire, published in the Atlantic for May, 1881.

Education and Text-Books. Mr. W. J. Rolfe has edited Tennyson's The Princess, and it has been brought out in the style, so familiar to students, of the same editor's Shakespeare, Gray, and Scott. (Osgood.) The book is illustrated with cuts already used in the fine edition published by the same house last Christmas, and one discovers how much paper has to do with the excellence of wood-cuts. It is interesting to find The Princess thus turned into a school classic and supplied with notes. Such a book will help on the good cause of careful study of English literature as art. It is further to be commended as the outgrowth of class-work, and as giving young students the opportunity of using a variorum edition. — A Practical Method for Learning Spanish in accordance with Ybarra's System of Teaching Modern Languages, by General Alejandro Ybarra. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) The book is also quite as convenient for Spaniards who wish to learn English, and in either case it is the English of colloquial use which is taught. — In the Dime Series of Question Books (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) is one on Temperance, relating to Stimulants and Narcotics. It teaches very little, it assumes a great deal, and is generally of no use except in the hands of a teacher who knows more than the book. — Outlines of Psychology, with special reference to the theory of education, by James Sully. (Appleton.) The author contends that "mental science is capable of supplying those truths which are needed for an intelligent and reflective carrying out of educational work," and he has consequently had teachers in mind when writing his treatise, and has aimed to make frequent practical application of the result of his studies.

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IN WAR TIME.

XXI.

WENDELL received Alice Westerley's letter with delight which a year before would have been without alloy. He loved her very deeply, and in the presence of a passion so profound, the first and the only one of his life, his self-appreciation faded into the most utter humility, and he wondered that he had ever dared to hope; while at times there arose in his mind an overwhelming feeling of triumph when he thought of what those who had criticised him so freely would say when this became known. To be justified before men socially and in all other ways by the preference of such a woman was sufficient return for anything the world of lesser beings might have said or done.

It was hard to have any drawback, hard indeed; and he cursed his folly as he thought of being no longer an upright man, clear of shame, worthy of a pure woman's love. It cannot be said that this sense of degradation was altogether the growth of honest hatred of his weakness and sin, nor yet even the healthy reaction from single acts of wrong and a return to the normal despotism of moral habits which were good and cleanly. It was rather the fact that he had become accustomed to test himself and his ways, and even his little social habits, by the exquisite refine-

ment of purity in Alice, which seemed to envelop him with a charmed atmosphere as his love for her deepened in intensity. It was more by his ideal of her conscience than his own standards that he tried himself, and it was therefore not enough that he still felt secure against exposure; for there was for him an ever present idea that, come what might, he brought to her a life which, in her eyes, would seem hopelessly defiled. There were hours in these days of waiting when he felt inclined to go away, and to write to her that he was a man unworthy of her love and trust. But then the impossibility of inflicting on himself this anguish rose with her smiling face before him, and by an easy effort he put away the impulse. That Ann had begun to guess the secret of his love he well knew, and feeling that he ought now to tell her he would surely have done so had there not been constantly with him this association of his love with the sense of shame. He felt, however, that he must clear himself of the risks of exposure, and then he could speak with less alloy of discomfort in regard to whatever of terrible the near future threatened. He would wait.

His distress was increased, however, by the fact that four days after Alice left, a new and unpleasant actor came suddenly upon the stage. Wendell had heard nothing more from Henry Gray,

but as he was daily expecting to do so he had been worrying himself sick in his effort to replace the money he had taken. At one time he would have gone to Edward for aid, but already much money had been almost forced upon him by that generous friend; and the doctor's dislike to ask anew was made greater by Edward's present condition, which was one of growing weakness, with rare intervals of entire freedom from pain. Here was certainly a still possible resource, but it must be a last one. In his trouble he would have turned even to Mrs. Morton, but he was well aware that he was out of favor at present; and he had not forgotten that Mrs. Morton had once or twice, out of her affluence of ready advice, given him some quite friendly counsel as to his need to be rather more economical. Where else to go he knew not, and all the refinement of the man's emotional nature protested against any recourse to the purse and kindness of the woman he loved. That for him was impossible. Meanwhile, poor Ann worried herself over his haggard face and questioned him in vain. Her conclusion was that his present inclination towards Alice Westerley had not been pleasantly returned, and with her regrets there was mingled in Ann's mind some trace of another feeling, which she made haste to put down with all the decision of her loving nature. Her feeling that he was troubled, and also her remembrance of the ridicule he had cast upon her grave theory of the relation of Colonel Morton to the rebel Gray, combined now to indispose her to discuss with her brother Hester's engagement, or the awful difficulty which she conceived of as forbidding it. Once or twice when the new alliance had been referred to before him, he had either left the room, or in some way shown a displeasure which Ann could not comprehend, and which at times inclined her to suspect that possibly he, too, disapproved of it.

Wendell was on his way home from the city, after a vain effort to sell his stock and to raise money in impossible ways, when he saw a gentleman standing on the steps of his house. The stranger was a man about fifty-five, and was dressed in a closely buttoned black morning coat, neat check pantaloons and a well-brushed hat that was Piccadilly all over, and wore a rose in his button-hole. The figure was such as one sees in Bond Street by hundreds of a morning, except that the feet were small, the boots delicate and thin as a girl's, and that their owner carried a large, shining cane with a huge gold head. Wendell, who noticed faces as doctors learn to do, observed only that the clean-shaven, sallow features were rather strong and gaunt, and that the stranger wore his straight dark hair so long as to excite attention. The incongruities of dress of course escaped Wendell's observation. The moment the stranger addressed him the doctor knew who he was.

"Pardon me," said the gentleman, seeing Wendell take out his pass-key, "are you not Dr. Wendell?"

"Yes, I am Dr. Wendell."

"My name is Henry Gray. I should apologize because I have not written, but now I am here in person, which saves explanations. Permit me, sir, before I enter your house, to thank you for your long and great kindness to my young relative."

He spoke with a little old-fashioned sense of saying a fine thing, and there were unexpected inflections in his speech. Also his final *r*'s were softened into broad *a*'s, but the voice was pleasant and the tones were refined.

"You will think us well rewarded when you see Hester. Come in. You are very welcome."

Henry Gray followed his host into the large, low-ceiled room, and sat down while Wendell went in search of Ann and Hester.

Ann was, as she said, awfully flurried,

and to Hester's amusement insisted on her changing her gown. But Ann was a wise woman in her way; she knew the value of first impressions, and was not without a just pride in the maiden to whom she had given a home. As she hastily arranged the girl's dress, the thought went through Ann's mind that if she proved to be right about the grave matter recently in dispute, here assuredly was an ally who would see things as they should be seen. She was therefore glad to welcome the new arrival.

Houses and rooms, Mr. Gray took small note of. He had lived in camps and ranches, and slept on the plains, or housed himself in the *tepe* of the Indian; but to him as to most of those who have dwelt much in wild border lands there had come a habit of scanning faces closely; for in such semi-barbarous existences the features lose the diplomatic masks of guarded social life, and to look sharply at a stranger is a needed safeguard for those who mean to illustrate the survival of the fittest. The Cape Cod spinster, in her simple serge dress, with no gay colors save those in her clear eyes and ruddy cheeks, seemed to him a curious personage. He began to wonder what kind of a lady she must have made of his young kinswoman. Certainly the Carolina gentleman, with his personal belief in the Grays, his patriotism limited by state boundaries, and his after years of turbulent border life, was a not less new and amazing type to Ann Wendell, who was now looking with a double interest at one who might be Hester's future guardian.

Ann came in, with her usual quick movement.

"I am glad to see you, — very glad," she said with unusual warmth; "and Hester will be down in a minute."

Mr. Gray took Ann's proffered hand, and bending over it spoke with a sort of stately courtesy, the secret of which is almost lost to the present generation.

"I have mentioned — but with too much brevity — to your brother how greatly I feel your considerate kindness to my cousin. Allow me to thank you also. We have been fortunate, Miss Wendell, — fortunate."

"It has pleased God in his goodness to give us a pleasant duty," replied Ann, "and I trust that our stewardship may be found in his eyes to have been wise."

"By all means — yes — quite so. Your observations appear to me to be grounded on justice," said Gray; "I have no doubt that I shall find my fair relative all that I might desire."

"I trust so," returned Ann. "Hester is a good girl, and as a rule acceptable to her elders, and, as far as I have been able to teach her, a good housewife. But here she is, to speak for herself!"

"Upon my soul," exclaimed her cousin, going forward with both hands extended, "a Champney from head to feet!"

Then he kissed her quite formally on the forehead, as she said, —

"You have given us a great surprise, sir. But when did you arrive? I think you are very, very kind to come to see me."

"Bless me, my dear," he returned, "I think if I had known what I was to see, I should have come before! It is astonishing how you favor the Champneys. You don't remember Elinor Champney, I suppose?"

"No," replied Hester, embarrassed by his undisguised admiration, "I cannot say I do. Was she very plain, sir?" she added, slyly.

"Plain! A woman, my dear, men fought about. There was poor Tom Manley — but, dear me, that was ages ago! How old are you, Hester?"

"Almost eighteen."

"Well, well, what awful mile-stones you children are!"

Then Wendell rose. "We will leave

you to your cousin, Hester," he remarked; "you must have a world of things to say," and so went out with Ann.

"And you and I, Hester," said Mr. Gray, "are all that are left of the good old stock."

"And have I really no relation but you?" returned Hester, with an odd sense of being socially shipwrecked.

"Not one, my dear child, not one! The last, I reckon, was Jack Champney. You know he was your fourth cousin, once removed, — no, I should say twice removed, — and he was killed by those damned Yankees. Excuse me, but the two words come together so naturally! Shot at Shiloh. He commanded a division, and I have heard it said that if he had not been killed we should have exterminated Grant's army."

"Poor fellow!" murmured Hester, endeavoring to get up a little affectionate grief for the cousin once, twice, but now permanently, removed.

"There was Archie Gray," continued her cousin, reflectively. "I forgot him; but most generally people did forget Archie. He moved up into North Carolina, and set all his slaves free, and just went down in the world. Was n't much above a cracker at last."

Hester somehow felt a larger interest in this degraded scion of her race.

"Cracker?" she queried.

"Cracker, my dear, is a sort of no-account white man; mostly North Carolina folk."

"Was he any nearer to me, Mr. Gray?" she asked.

"Cousin Henry," he replied, "or cousin Harry, if you please, child. Stick to the good old Carolina way of standing by your own people. But, your pardon, you asked" —

"Yes, I asked if he were any nearer relation; and is he dead, too? It seems so strange to me, cousin, to be just all alone in the world. I knew I must be, but to be told so brings it home to me."

"There is one man your devoted servant," returned Gray, with a courtier-like tone in his voice, as he surveyed with appreciative eye the cleanly cut nose and proudly carried head above the sloped shoulders.

Hester felt like making one of Mrs. Morton's room-occupying courtesies, but she only said, with a mental note for Arty's amusement, —

"I never can forget your kindness. How could I, indeed?" And then, as it seemed right to partake of his interest in their family, she added, "This Alexander Gray, you were saying" —

"Archie, my dear, — Archibald; a family name. Your great-grandfather was Archibald, and this was his second son Archibald's third son; all the rest dead, you know."

"And he is dead, too?" said Hester, still curious.

"Yes, he is dead;" and then he continued with some reluctance, "A poor devil. Married a Yankee school-mistress. When the war broke out he entered the Union army. I did hear he raised a nigger regiment, and was in that business at Fort Pillow."

"And was he killed?" asked Hester.

"Well, he hasn't been heard of since. I understood that he was killed. A — a — I beg pardon, a good riddance. Had too much of that Compton blood. You know those Edisto Comptons? No-account folks. Don't you ever marry a Yankee, cousin Hester."

Hester colored. "You forget, cousin," she said, "that I might have starved if it had not been for my Yankee friends. In fact, I fear you will think me only a lukewarm Southerner. I have tried to be as quiet as I could about the war. I do not yet understand why it came, or why, as they say, it had to come; but it has cost me my father, and given me the love and help of my friends here, and yours too, and — and — everything, you know," she added, disconnectedly, remembering with a full heart

that her misfortunes had not been without pleasant palliatives.

"Yes, yes, I understand," he returned; "excellent people, I should say. I shall not forget them. But I suppose the name went for something."

"My dear cousin!" exclaimed Hester, much amused, "nobody here knows anything about us, except Mrs. Morton."

"Oh!" said he, "I don't consider that can be quite correct. We were here very often in old times. However, time makes sad changes. And Mr. Morton, — is he at home? A very elegant gentleman, my dear; for a Northern man, quite remarkably so."

"He is still in Europe," replied Hester.

"And his family? I must do myself the honor of a call."

"They too have been good friends of mine," said Hester.

"Then the more reason for me to thank them," returned Mr. Gray. "I go to Baltimore to-morrow, but next week I shall return here, and then I must go South. A sad visit, Hester. But it is folly to lament, and you must try, my dear, to look forward with hope. When next this country has a foreign war, we shall try it over, and I hope with better fortune. Just now the foot of the North is on us, and they have another Poland to govern."

This was all rather perplexing to Hester, who had divided allegiances, and with whom Arthur's opinions had considerable force.

"It is sad enough. I trust we shall have no more wars. Arthur — Mr. Arthur Morton says that this way of manufacturing history is disagreeable."

"Arthur?" he said, suspiciously. "Who is Arthur? Oh, Arthur Morton, is it? I think I saw him in England. Quite an unpleasant young person. Not so well bred as his father. Left the table because I said Mr. Adams was a — a — Yankee; you can supply the ad-

jective. I perceive you will keep me in order!"

This was rather too much for Hester. "I meant to write to you, but it was not quite settled; and I think I ought to say that I have promised to marry Mr. Arthur Morton, — Captain Morton he is now."

Mr. Gray stood up, with a look of amazement on his face. "And you a woman of our crushed and bleeding Carolina! You have so far forgotten your home, and your blood, and your dead father? You, the last of the Grays! Hester, Hester! And a Yankee officer, too! I thought we were low enough before!"

The girl rose also, and stood grasping a chair-back. The quick blood of a masterful race was in her face, and the blue iris, dilating, darkened around the central depth it bounded. "I owe you much," she said hastily, — "more than I can ever repay; but you would respect me little if I were to let you, or any one, say such things as this to me. No obligation can make it right for me to hear such words about the man I love. I think if you had reflected a moment you would not have said them, — never!"

Gray cared little for the wrath of men. He was always, as he said calmly, "personally responsible, sir." But the anger of a woman was, as it is to all chivalrous men, difficult to deal with; and then Hester was so splendidly handsome in her wrath. It cooled his own rage a little; but he was an obstinate man, used to having his way.

"Oh, child," he said, assuming the quiet tone of an elder person, "you have not yet seen your ruined home; you have not yet seen where Sherman's bandits cut down your old oaks, and made targets of your ancestors' pictures! Oh, Hester, our desolated South — wait, wait till you see it!"

Somehow this business of her ancestors' portraits, as to which Gray felt a

fierce resentment, struck Hester as a small part of so large a calamity as the war.

"I may have lost a home," she replied, "but I have also found one; and war — war is all wicked, and there is no good in it. There may be cause for you, a man, a Southern man, to feel bitterly; but you cannot expect that, situated as I have been, befriended as I have been, I should share your feelings."

"Then you should be ashamed to confess it!" he cried, with momentary anger, yet still wondering as he saw how her features responded to the thoughts she uttered, while her strong, erect form carried unstirred the changing passion of her face. It was like a fair young tree, whose leaves tremble, shaken by the wrath of stormy winds, while the trunk scarce sways, held firmly by its anchoring roots.

"Ashamed!" she repeated, with a smile; "and you talk to me about the pictures of my dead ancestors! I dare say I shall be proud enough of my people when I come to know more about them; but there is something nearer to me now, and you have dared to ask me to be ashamed of that!" Her heart swelled beneath the wild unrest of her bosom as she thought of Edward and of the life and love Arthur had laid at the feet of an orphan girl, a stranger in a strange and hostile land. Cry she would not.

"I have no personal objection to Mr. Morton," said Gray, a little embarrassed.

"Nor have I," returned Hester, scornfully.

"But how you," he said, "a woman of the South, can bend" —

"Stop!" she exclaimed. "I repeat what I said. You have no right to use your relationship and my obligations to enable you to insult me. And I will not bear it. I will not bear it from you, or from any one!"

"Good gracious!" said Gray, sitting

down suddenly. "There is no doubt of what your breed is! I think Mr. Morton will have his hands full."

"Very likely; but at least he knows how to respect brave men who could risk their lives for their beliefs."

This was a little unpleasant to Gray, who had been abroad on Confederate business during the war, and who had a slight sense of having fallen below his own standard, because he had not followed his flag into battle. He looked keenly at Hester, and became convinced at once that she had meant no personal slight, which was true.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked.

"No. I prefer to stand," she replied.

"But you will oblige me by sitting down." She seated herself.

"Cousin Hester," he said, "I have hurt you. But you must not forget how natural it is for me to feel as I do."

"Of course," answered Hester, who was easily softened, "I know that; but there are things dearer than home or country, and if I have spoken too strongly you should remember that I am here a waif, an orphan, a dependent, and that — that — oh, it is not just like any every-day matter; it is not just like any girl's love affair. I" — She could not go on. There rose up within her consciousness a sense of what her lover was to her: how considerate he had been, how tender; how in this warmth of love he had known how to evolve and ripen all that was best in her. The thought of it brought the color to her cheeks, and the anger went out of her eyes, over which the lids drooped in tender concealment. It was a moment when more than ever before the strength of her love became clear to her. As white light turned by the prism's plane breaks into unimagined color, the simplicity of maidenhood flashed into the passion and hopes and multiple emotionalities of one whom Love has baptized a woman.

She could not trust herself in speech.

Henry Gray observed her keenly. He was beginning to see the power and tenacity of Hester's nature.

"And do you really love this young fellow so much?"

Hester opened her wide eyes in pure reproach for answer.

"Yes," she said, after a moment. Just then a laughing face appeared in the doorway.

"Oh, Arthur — Mr. Morton!" exclaimed Hester, hastily setting her moral house in order. "My cousin, Mr. Henry Gray; Mr. Arthur Morton, cousin."

The two men shook hands, and began to talk about indifferent matters, carefully avoiding the topics which were still very bitter in men's mouths. Arthur had come to see Hester, and after a few moments of this strained conversation felt that Mr. Gray ought to go; but such was not the latter's intention, and he sat calmly chatting, resolved to have yet further speech alone with Hester. Then he tried the little social stratagem of silence; but this failed, with so joyous and ready a tongue as Arthur's, till at last Mr. Gray rose, and saying to Hester, "I will see you next week; we have still much to talk about," bowed over her hand, said a cool good-morning to Arthur, and left the room.

Then Hester said, "I have told him, Arthur."

"Oh, have you? What a plucky little woman! Wait a moment. I ought to say something to him myself;" and leaving her in spite of her protests, as she somewhat dreaded what might come of the interview, he overtook Mr. Gray.

"Let me show you the way to the station."

"Oh, thank you," returned Gray.

"Miss Gray has told you," said Arthur, "of our engagement. I owe you an appearance of need for apology, as you are her sole relative; but my mother, who does not disapprove, is unwilling that we should be publicly engaged

until my father is heard from. Of course he cannot be anything but pleased, and I had meant to write to you as soon as we received his answer."

Gray failed for a moment to reply.

"I hope I make myself clear," added Arthur.

"Perfectly," said Gray. "I perceive, sir, you have correct ideas. I perceive it, sir, with satisfaction."

"And I may presume," continued Arty, who, save for Hester's position and feelings, was blandly indifferent as to what Mr. Gray thought, — "I may presume," and he put on his finest manner, "that I have your approval?"

"To consider the matter with our Southern frankness," returned Gray, "I do not like it. I do not desire Hester to marry at all as yet; and you will pardon me if I say that it could not naturally be agreeable to me that she should marry a Northern man, or an officer of your army."

Arthur's inward reply was other than his speech; what he said was, "I dare say not;" and then he added, with a keen sense of the fun of it, "My father may have like objections. It did not occur to me before."

Gray saw well enough that he was being mildly chaffed. He did not relish it, and was unwise enough to reply.

"If your father's son, Mr. Morton, is as set in his ways as my cousin's daughter, the form of asking might very well be dispensed with."

"There are some things," Arthur answered, "which we do as mere ceremonies; but on my honor, if I had supposed I should be talked to after this fashion, neither your years nor Hester herself would have made me go even so far as the ceremony of asking."

Halting suddenly, Gray turned on him. "Mr. Morton, you are a young man, and I am well on in life. We can't quarrel like men, and when that decent course is impossible there is no use in scolding one another. A word

more. You have won, and we have lost. Make some allowance for sore bones, sir! There is my hand,—you shall hear no more of this matter from me; and by George, sir, I am glad you are a soldier. I said something foolish about that, I believe, but I did n't mean it."

Arthur shook his hand warmly.

"I dare say I have need to apologize myself," he declared. "Thank you. But here is your train. Hester will be pleased, I am sure."

Mr. Gray took off his hat, while Arthur touched his in soldier fashion, and then, seized by the contagion of Gray's ceremoniousness, made a salute as bountiful as that of the Southern gentleman, and went his way back to Hester, to condole with her over the pictures of her ancestors.

The interview was probably satisfactory, as Arthur was able to tell her that his mother had been very nice to him, and hoped it would all be well when the colonel was heard from, and also that Ned had sent his love. It was now Thursday, and by the next Thursday they would be sure to hear, because his father was to telegraph.

Meanwhile Ann Wendell was greatly dissatisfied with herself. The effect left upon her mind by the dying delirium of Hester's father had been profound, and Hester's engagement was to her as if a ghost had risen from the grave to chide her failure to perform a manifest duty, which she knew she had put aside, awaiting the hour when Hester should be old enough to hear so terrible a tale. It is impossible to estimate the force with which such grim events impress themselves on people of simple lives and limited range of experience. They are recalled as men recall their first sensation of the terrors of an earthquake. It was true that Dr. Lagrange and Ezra had smiled at it all; but they were both friends of the Mortons, and Ann knew but too well Ezra's tendency to put aside

unpleasant ideas, and that of course he would dislike to offend Mrs. Westerley. All this seemed clear; but to whom should she go in her deep and serious distress of mind? She had rashly promised not to speak to Hester,—not, at least, until she had heard what Colonel Morton would say; and if he too were again to pronounce what seemed to her so grave as but the dream of a dying man, what then? She had said it would satisfy her; but would it, or should it? Was not Hester the only competent judge? Had not she a right to hear this story? In vain the troubled and straightforward woman tried to see it as Edward saw it. Even if Hester's father had been, through pure accident, shot by a certain man, could Hester rightfully marry that man's son? In her worry Ann became singularly perplexed as to what was wrong and what right, grieving vainly over her promise of secrecy, until suddenly it came to her that this promise was limited to Hester. There was Mr. Gray, of whom already she had thought as an adviser,—of all persons the one on whose shoulders she could put her care, and rest content that it was where it should be. He should promise not to speak of it to Hester until they heard from Mr. Morton. The more she thought this over the clearer it seemed; for now, in Lagrange's silence,—and she had twice written to him,—it appeared to be her only resource, and something she felt sure she must do.

Hester had told her that Mr. Gray would call the next Friday afternoon, on his way to Newport, where he had landed property, which had been transferred to a Northern friend for security during the war. Meantime, he was to be moving about, and letters were uncertain; so that, much annoyed at the delay, Ann finally resolved to await the chance of a personal interview, and, having settled this, sought to put the whole matter aside for the time.

XXII.

Thursday was the earliest date at which Edward, who was now constantly in bed, could look for a reply by cable, and he was becoming anxious despite his own convictions. On Thursday afternoon he sent for Dr. Wendell. The doctor found him looking badly, and sat by his bedside a long while; liking to talk with him, and having it over and over again on his lips to mention that he himself was in debt, and needed large help. It seemed hard to do just then, and he decided that he would wait. Mr. Gray had spoken no word, and given him no chance to say anything of their business matters, and so he had yet a little time.

"Does my disease," asked Edward, "make you fear any sudden result? I mean, am I within the risk of dying suddenly? I have long meant to ask you."

"No. I do not think you are. The condition you are now in is common in these troubles, and will pass away. You may even be better than before."

"I am glad of that, for mother's sake. How strange it is that as life gets less and less worth having we should cling to it the more! I suppose this fierce clutch at what little is left of existence is really a feature of some diseases more than of others."

"Yes, it is so, I think," said Wendell.

"Well, for what has given to my life of late such sweetness as it has, I have to thank you, doctor. You see even now I can read." His bed was littered with books and scientific journals. "Do you remember giving me this little *Marcus Aurelius*? See how I have marked it! I sometimes wonder if in another world I shall be able to thank that grand heathen. Between pains, this morning, I have been worrying through Heine's *Philosophy and Religion*. It's hard reading, I can tell you, and I have done nothing but look in the dictionary at

every second line. It seems to me that Heine must have suffered a good deal as I do, and that has given me a more personal interest in what he wrote. But it is painful to see how his opinions shifted. Could n't you take it home and make out these three passages I have marked? I can't clear them up."

"I will try. I think I see your difficulty," answered Wendell, who read German well. "But I must go. When will you hear from the colonel?"

He was unaware of all that this telegram was to answer, as they had agreed that it was best to say nothing about the matter, and Alice, who very likely would have discussed it with him, was still away.

"We must hear to-morrow," replied Edward. "And by the way," he added, smiling, for he had for some time back suspected what was Alice's relation to Wendell, — "by the way, you will find our friend Mrs. Westerley here to-morrow afternoon. Don't fail to see me, please."

Then Wendell rose.

"One moment," said the sick man. "I have several times meant to ask you not to worry about our little debts, and to say also that when I am better I would like to talk to you about your money matters. I have a notion, from what Miss Ann let fall last week, that perhaps you need a little lift. It is a mere guess, but if I am right I trust that you will say so."

"It is only too true," assented Wendell, a great hope leaping up within him. "I have been very unfortunate in several ways."

"That is enough for me to know. Let us talk it all over to-morrow; but, by the way, give me some idea of what you need; how much, I mean, and don't hesitate about it, please."

"I scarcely dare to say how much. People don't pay my bills, and I — well, in fact, our little investments have all gone wrong, and" —

"Oh, but how much will set you fairly afoot, my dear doctor?"

"If I could borrow five thousand dollars" —

"If you could? You shall. Why not have told me before? Cannot you see that it is a great happiness to feel that I can help one who has so amply helped me? I shall be paying a debt, not making one. No mere money could pay what is due from me to you; just remember that, doctor, when we come to foot up our relative claims."

"I do not know how to thank you. You little know what it is you are doing for me. It is an inestimable obligation. I have been so wretched about my debts, — and — altogether" —

"Well, let us drop it now. You will hurt me if you make so much of it. What is money after all? Now, if it could buy me escape from pain for a month — or hire new legs" —

"Even if all you say be true, I too have been helped in turn, and I can never forget that whatever has been my fortune as a doctor in this place, you and yours have always stood by me."

"And with reason," exclaimed Edward. "We all of us owe you much, but my own little debts to you, doctor, are debts of the spirit, not to be counted; as Arty says, like the gold in the cloud banks of sunset."

"I don't think I deserve much praise for it," returned Wendell, smiling; "it was certainly for the most part unconscious benevolence, if that can be called benevolence at all."

"I rather fancy," said Ned, who was not to be talked out of his sense of gratitude, — "I rather fancy that what you call 'unconscious benevolence' is merely the outcome of habits of doing kind and fitting things. I can see that it must be a part of a physician's life to think of how he can teach the sick — I mean the crippled sick — to fill up the gaps which disease has made in their means of happiness."

"Yes; it may be so," remarked Wendell thoughtfully. He felt that perhaps he had not considered enough this side of his duties, except when, as in Ned's case, the patient had interested him. He was impressed now, as Edward talked on, with the manner in which by degrees the man of action had become the man of thought, as the shadows of pain and bodily disability had gathered about him; and the idea passed through Wendell's mind that it was like the thoughtfulness which comes at dusk of day, when the body is wearied, and the light which tempts to active ways is spent. "Yes, it may be so," he repeated. "I am afraid we do not always keep ourselves enough alive to the chances of such helpfulness."

"That may very well be; but the calls made upon a man by your work are so various that I can well imagine how hard it must be to give them all their just share of attention."

"You are right," returned Wendell, all of whose better nature was getting food for reflection out of the young man's sick-bed meditations. "A doctor's life has in it, however, a good deal to harm his moral growth, and needs watching. It is difficult not to become despotic from mere habit of control, and still harder to be tender and yet decided, and to keep good tempered amidst the unreasonableness of patients and their friends."

He was half consciously becoming morally autobiographic.

"I suppose," said Edward, "a doctor ought to be all of a man with the best of a woman. I think I should like to be a physician. The human nature he sees in its nakedness must be interesting, and a man who walks among the tragedies of life must have noble chances to help and guide and set folks right. You know, don't you, the Eastern proverb, 'Where the earthquake has been the best grain grows'?"

"No, I never heard it. It's good,

though, is n't it? But you have cheated me into overstaying my time, and I must go."

"Well, good-by. I think I feel better for our chat. Don't forget the medicine you said you would send, — I hope it will quiet my unruly heart; and don't come till the afternoon. You have always more time to talk then."

Ann Wendell's nature made her deal temperately with the lesser problems of moral life, but sense of wrong or injustice, or the presence of a distinctly neglected duty, disturbed her painfully. When once she was sure of what ought to be done, — and when sure, she was as a rule apt to be very sure, — she became uneasy until she had seized on that duty, and justified herself by shaking it into a state of incapacity to excite her further, much as a quiet terrier will suddenly awaken to the presence of a rat, and with instinctive abruptness of energy destroy its power to disturb him. Such outbreaks of activity antagonistic to the habits of a life baffle the student of human nature because of their exceptional rarity. We see this illustrated dangerously in animal life by the sudden stroke of the sluggish serpent, and as concerns man in the occasional rashness of the timid, the queer lapses of the methodical, or the strange self-committals of the naturally cautious and diplomatic.

Ann had reached such a crisis, and nothing but competent action would satisfy her. She would certainly have her talk with Mr. Gray, and at once; but there came to her now the suspicion that she might feel easier, and better able to face Mrs. Morton's anger, if she were to remind that lady beforehand that the pledge of secrecy applied only to Hester, and to tell her that she thought it an urgent duty to put the responsibility of an ultimate decision upon Hester's nearest relative. Ann would have been wiser had she spoken rather

than written; but she dreaded the possibility of being talked out of the course she had laid down for herself, and to leave no chance of a reply wrote and dispatched her note about four o'clock, and sending Hester to the city on an errand, told her that she herself desired to talk to Mr. Gray alone, and would detain him until Hester's return. Then, feeling that she had thus cleared her path, she sat down and awaited Mr. Gray's arrival, which she counted upon, as he had telegraphed Hester in the morning that he would be with her about five or six o'clock.

Meanwhile, Wendell went out, telling his sister that he might return late. He was doing some work for a doctor near by, who, being absent, had left him his carriage. He visited a patient on the way, and then drove rapidly over to the Mortons', full of hope and relief, and thinking as he went along of Alice Westerley. Edward's words had raised him into one of the moods of elation which had been rare or absent of late, and he drove through the lanes making thankful and honest resolutions for the happy future which opened before him. In his pleasant abstraction he passed Ann's messenger, a little lad who did their errands, and presently, leaving his carriage at the stable, walked up to the house. On the porch he saw Alice Westerley alone.

"Sit down here a moment," she said. "Mrs. Morton is with Ned, and Arty is writing letters. I cannot tell how glad I am to see you. You look better."

"Oh, do I? Gladness is a good physician. Alice, my Alice, you will not keep me longer in this horrible suspense? I have sometimes thought, this past week, that you could not care for me as I care for you. Why should you delay so long, and why should I still have to wait until it pleases Colonel Morton to write a telegram? What on earth have we to do with him?"

"Some day, soon, I will tell you why," she replied. "I have been unhappy about Hester. If you had been with me I should have had to tell you, but now — Do you know what that is?" and, laughing, she held up a telegram envelope.

"Oh, Alice!" he exclaimed. "And is it all right about Hester?"

"Yes," she returned, "it is all right. The colonel has said it is to be as Helen wishes. She has the telegram. But you are very nice to think first of Hester."

"And now, Alice" —

"Well?" she said, demurely.

"Your hesitations are over."

"They are over for life."

"My God!" he whispered. He felt like a slave who has found a jewel in his path, and trembled with the sense of a possession beyond even the dreams of love's sweet avarice. She realized at once, with her quick sympathies, the man's intensity of happiness, and looked up at him shyly, with watchful joy.

"I am going to walk home," she said. "Helen thinks I have gone; but I waited for you. I will go slowly, so that you can overtake me easily. Don't be long."

He looked at her, and then glanced about him. She turned quickly to go, but he caught her as she moved, and kissed her passionately.

"Oh, Ezra!" she cried, in alarm. "How could you!"

"I could not help it," he answered. "Ah, now I know you are mine! You will pardon me."

"If, — if," she said, smiling and red, "you will never, never do it again?"

"Never," he replied, and went into the house.

While this little matter was being thus arranged on the porch, Mrs. Morton was seated by her son's bedside. The telegram for which Edward had eagerly waited had come, and for the second time he was reading it aloud, when Arthur suddenly walked into his

chamber. "What's that, Ned?" he asked. "The answer from father?"

Mrs. Morton had meant that he should know only the general tenor of the dispatch until Ann had been seen, and the whole matter deprived of its mischievous possibilities. But fate had overruled her, and her son had heard enough to make it necessary that he should hear the whole. There was no help for it now, and she quickly cast about her for aid as she gave him the paper.

"That's droll," said Arthur, reading it aloud. "What does my father mean? He says, '*It is absurd. Use your own judgment. See letter.*' What does he mean by 'absurd' and all that?"

"It refers," returned Mrs. Morton, "to another question, which does not altogether concern you. The latter part does. Are you not satisfied, my son?"

Edward looked up. He hated indirectness, but he was silent.

"Oh, thank you, mother," said Arthur, rising. "And you will love her, too, mother, and you will feel satisfied, won't you?"

"I always did love her, but" —

"Oh, don't spoil it, mother," begged Ned.

"My son's wife will be my daughter," she answered, and then she kissed Arthur. "I will go over to see Hester to-night, and now I must send this to Ann Wendell." So she wrote a little note of caution to Ann, and gave it, with the inclosed telegram, to Arthur, that he might send his happy news to Hester Gray. Then Mrs. Morton rose from the bedside.

"Don't go yet, mother," said Edward. "I want to say something. I have learned lately that my friend, Dr. Wendell, is in debt. I don't think he has succeeded as he ought to have done, and the little money he and his sister had seems to have been badly invested, and so far as I can make it out has been lost."

Mrs. Morton interrupted him: "I never did think he had any sense about business matters, and I am equally sure that he is one of those people who must buy what they chance to want at the moment. Your uncle Richard was much that kind of person. I paid his debts twice. Did Dr. Wendell ask you to help him?"

"No, he did not. I have lent him a little money from time to time. Perhaps we, who have never had to think about money, do not realize the temptations of people like Wendell, who have refined wants and scanty means. I have offered to aid him further, but to do so effectually will, I fancy, demand at least five thousand dollars. I could not arrange this, lying helpless here in bed, and that is why I want to trouble you. In a week or two, or a little later, I shall have all I want; but I spent so much on the Sanitary and the soldiers' orphan business that really I shall lack at least a thousand of what he will need."

"But don't you think, my son" —

"Think! Mother," he said, wearily, "I am past thinking. I can only feel. And besides, I am a sick man, and I do not want to wait to do this thing. I wish to do it now, at once."

Mrs. Morton's impulse was always to act in accordance with Edward's wishes, but the habit of advising was also strong.

"I meant," she observed, "to ask you to think, dear Ned, if this is not a rather inconsiderate use of a large sum of money. I really cannot see what claim Dr. Wendell has on you, and I do certainly think there is a strange want of propriety, to say the least, in using his position as a doctor to get money out of a man so much his junior."

"Please not to say that. You hurt me when you talk in that way of Wendell. You forget, mother, that it was I who worried out of him the secret of his debts, and that it was I who offered him help, — not he who asked it. I

don't feel, mother, that you are ever quite just to the doctor."

"I have tried to be just, Edward. I never have thoroughly liked him, but nothing ever goes quite straight, and the next thing will be that Alice Westerley will marry him."

"I wish she would," said Edward, "for you would adopt him, then."

"How much have you lent him, Edward?"

"About six or eight hundred dollars. I never kept any account of it."

"I suppose not, Ned; and now you want to lend him five thousand?"

"Yes, mother; but let us drop this as a business matter. My love of books and botany and the microscope, and in fact all that has made life endurable of late, has been as it were a gift from this man. That the debt is uncommercial is the more reason why you and I should recognize it."

Had it been any one but Edward, Mrs. Morton would have smiled, amused at the debit and credit account thus set before her; but this large-eyed, pale, and wasting youth, and the shrunken, bony hand, so white and feeble, now resting in hers, held her, so that she seemed to become a part of the sick frame, and to feel with its gentle heart, until her worldly criticisms faded, with some realizing sense of the slight shame he felt that she should hesitate.

"You always have your way with me, Ned," she said softly.

"And you like it," he replied, smiling. "But kiss me, mother, and then go away, please. I am in a good deal of pain, and I shall fight it better alone."

"And I have made you talk so much, darling."

"That has its pleasant side, too, mother. Ah, there is a good deal of sweetness in life yet!"

"If only I could give you more!"

"But you are its biggest sugar-bowl, as it is," he returned, laughing, that he might send her away feeling, as he knew

she would, that if after all he was able to jest with her he could not be so very ill.

As he saw her leave the room, and heard her through the half-open door sit down at her writing-table, he set his teeth, and with clenched hands wrestled with the agony of gathering pain.

"My God!" he muttered, "what good can there be in pain like this? One cannot think for it! If pain does not make a man think, what use can it be? Ah, that is a let-up."

Humor, in some natures apparently the quickest at call among the lighter sprites who inhabit the caverns of the mind, which no illness destroys, and which is peculiarly apt to rise on the sudden subsidence of pain, was strong in this young man.

"Ah, if I only had hold of the grandfather, or whoever he was, that left me this little legacy of his laziness or his wickedness! Arty says 'every one is in the higher sense his own grandfather.' I wish I was mine. I'd feel more responsible. He says that's Emerson. I don't believe it. By George, I must have that anodyne!"

There were two vials, much alike, on the little table by his bed: one the medicine sent by the doctor the day before. Still resolute not to let his mother know of his increasing anguish, he tried to read the directions on the labels, but failing to see them distinctly, uncorked one of the bottles, thinking that the familiar odor of the anodyne to which he was accustomed might suffice to guide him. He found, however, that it was not what he sought. As he set it down his hand shook so much that he upset the vial, and spilt a large part of its contents between the bed and the table. He recorked it, murmuring, "I am no better than a child," and with a moan of pain gave up the task. To his relief he heard Arthur coming upstairs, laughing and talking with Wendell, — two eager, joyous men. They lingered on the top landing for what seemed to

the sufferer an age; but he waited with a stern patience which they who have seen or have themselves felt the grip of such suffering can alone appreciate.

At last they came in.

"How are you to-day?" asked Wendell gently.

"In torment," said Edward, under his breath. "But take care, or mother may hear."

At this moment Mrs. Morton entered the room, excited and angry.

"Let me speak to you a moment, doctor," she exclaimed.

"What is it?" asked Edward, who had rarely seen his quiet mother so manifestly disturbed.

"Matter enough," she said. "Ann Wendell writes me, as she says, from a sense of duty, to remind me that she has never pledged herself to conceal that ridiculous story from any one but Hester, and that this afternoon she means to tell it all to Mr. Henry Gray."

Wendell and Arthur looked amazed.

"What is it?" inquired Wendell.

"Your sister," replied Mrs. Morton, too vexed for reflection, "has got a craze about that stupid nonsense of poor Hester's father having been killed by my husband, and thinks Hester ought to know it."

"Ann!" cried Wendell, — "Ann of all people! Why, Mrs. Morton, she and I talked this over, a year ago at least. I never dreamed of its having any practical hold on her. Is n't there some mistake?"

"No; here is her note. It is an old story and a foolish one," said Mrs. Morton, "but it will make mischief."

"Let her tell it," said Edward, with his usual good sense. "It is time we had done with it."

"And that was the meaning of the telegram, was it?" observed Arthur. "I heard my father once mention it in France as a singular incident. But great heavens, to tell Hester! and to tell her now."

"And just as this telegram has come," exclaimed Mrs. Morton, "to want to talk it over with Mr. Gray, whom we barely know, and who does not want Hester to marry! What inconceivable folly! Just think how he may see fit to put it to Hester!"

"They both ought to know it some time," said Edward; "but it should be told quietly, and not by one who believes it."

"But it is simply ludicrous," returned Wendell.

"Ludicrous or not," said Edward, "we must stop her, and at once, too. Mother, order the doctor's carriage. Drive home at once, doctor, and possibly you may be in time. You can stop her, can't you? Hurry, mother."

"I think so, — I hope so," rejoined Wendell, who was vexed and flurried, and knew better than they what Ann was when on what Mrs. Westerley called the war-path of a duty.

Mrs. Morton had gone out at the first mention of action.

"Great heavens, how I suffer!" said Edward. "Doctor, give me the anodyne before you go. This pain will kill me some day. It is like knives in my heart!"

Wendell was terribly annoyed at his sister's folly, and in hot haste to repair it. "Is this the bottle I sent you today?" he asked. "I can't see; your curtains make the room so dark."

"Yes, that is it, I believe," returned Edward, groaning. "Look for yourself, I really don't know, and for God's sake hurry; I shall die of pain. But about Ann, your sister, — that is more important. I forget other people in my misery. Let Arty give me my medicine. But be quick, some one. Now do go."

Wendell glanced hastily at the vials in the half light of the darkened room, and taking up the one which was yet full, asked Arthur to put it on the mantel.

"There, Arthur," said Wendell, "is the anodyne, the one left on the table. It has been partly used." He spoke low, adding, "A teaspoonful, and be quick. I shall return as soon as possible. He is very ill."

"But perhaps you had better wait."

"No, I must go. He wants me to go. There is not a moment to lose. The medicine will ease him. Don't delay;" and speaking as he moved toward the door, he went away annoyed and in angry haste.

Mrs. Morton came into the room as the doctor left it, and while Arthur was pouring out the medicine.

"Is that his anodyne?" she asked.

"Yes, mother, it is all right. Lift him, please."

Then he put the glass to his brother's lips, saying, "There, dear Ned, that will help you."

Edward drank it hastily.

"Oh, mother, that pain — that pain! I was sure it would kill me. Bring back the doctor!" he suddenly called, in a sharply pitched voice. "Quick!" Arthur, without question, gave one glance, and fled from the room. Then Edward looked up at his mother with an infinite tenderness in his eyes, the thankfulness of a departing guest.

"What is it?" she cried. "Oh, what is the matter? Speak, Ned, — speak to me!"

But there was no answer. His face whitened; an awful semblance of a smile went over it. He was dead.

For an instant she said no word, but paused motionless by his side. Then a wild terror seized her. She picked up the vial, which had been left on the table by the bed, and staggered to the window. On the label she read, "*Poison. Tincture of Aconite. Dose one drop.*"

"My God!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Ned, my son, my own boy! and Arty. It will kill him."

For a moment she stood perfectly still, gazing at the label. Her faculties

seemed to gain a superhuman acuteness. All that was involved in this discovery came swiftly before her,—all that it meant for herself and for others, all the vistas of interminable misery for her only remaining child. The clear conception of what had happened and would happen was followed by that concentration of mind which is possible only when every power within the mental sphere is brought to a focus by such intensity of will as some one of the despotic instincts can alone call forth. Turning to the mantelpiece, she seized the bottle which stood where Arthur had placed it. With the vials clinking in her trembling hand, she moved swiftly to the window, looking, as she went, at the label, on which was written, “Anodyne. Take one teaspoonful as directed.” She returned quickly to execute her purpose of placing the anodyne on the table at the bedside. The dead, gray face smote her as she neared it, as with a physical blow, and, tottering, she dropped one of the vials. She stooped, groping about to find it: but this brief delay was fatal, for as she rose again with the bottle in her hand, Alice Westerley and Wendell hastily entered. At the terrible spectacle before them Wendell, always impulsive and emotional, lost the self-control which the doctor commonly learns to keep in the face of the most abrupt tragedies; but he loved Arthur well, and at sight of the dead a sudden terror dazed him, as with a quick step he strode to the bedside.

“My God, Mrs. Morton,” he cried, “he is dead! Where is the medicine he took?”

“Here,” said Mrs. Morton, firmly, handing him the anodyne. “I took it from the table.”

She was too late. Obeying an impulse, regretted an instant later, he put to his lips the spoon which Arthur had used, and as suddenly let it fall, with a shock of remembrance at his own responsibility for what had occurred.

Alice Westerley saw his dismay. She shut the door which was near her.

“Oh, doctor,” she asked, “what is it? What has happened? There is something wrong! Did he take the wrong medicine, Helen?”

“I—I don’t know,” returned Wendell, who had recognized the taste of the deadly poison, and was trying to collect his routed faculties. “When I left him he was in great pain, but I did not think in any danger.”

At this moment, Arthur, who had delayed to call a servant to take charge of Wendell’s horse, came in abruptly. He was painfully excited.

“Is he very ill? Oh, doctor, what is the matter?” Then he saw the open-eyed, blank face of death. “But he is dead! Impossible!—how can he be dead?” Then, coming nearer, he looked at Edward, and turning on Wendell seized him by the arm, saying with the strange, hoarse utterance of an awful dread, “What was it? What did it? Was the medicine right? I gave him what he always takes! Did I make a mistake?”

Wendell saw his own peril.

“Hush, Arty,” he said; “here is the bottle. Look, it is all right. No one is to blame.”

Arthur seized the vial, and strode to the window; then he sunk into a chair, exclaiming, “Thank God for that, at least! I was afraid, mother,—I was afraid I had made some mistake. Oh, my brother!”

“There has been no mistake,” said Wendell. “Take your mother away, my boy.”

Helen Morton, stern and tearless, put her hand on Arthur’s shoulder. “Help me to my room,” she murmured; “I am faint;” but as she passed Wendell she gathered force enough to say, “Thank you,” and went out like one who, on the crumbling verge of some abyss, has by a desperate effort won a firmer ground, but who now, when the effort is over,

feels all the accumulation of the horror which, while in action, it was impossible to realize. Full well she knew that Alice and Wendell understood what had happened, but Arthur, at least, did not, and come what might he must never know.

Alice and Wendell were left with the dead.

"Wait one moment," she whispered, and went to the door, where the anxious servants were collecting. "Go down-stairs," she said, addressing them, "and let Mrs. Morton's maid go to her at once. I shall want some of you presently. I will ring. Mr. Edward is dead. It is some heart trouble, I believe. Don't make a noise."

Alice was quiet and collected. She had, as she thought, seen through the matter only too clearly, and knew at once that Arthur must have made a mistake, and that for the present a great calamity had been averted. Closing the door she turned to Wendell.

"Oh, Ezra!" she said, in a suppressed voice, "how terrible! I don't mean for Edward, — God has been kind to him, — but Arthur and Helen! Oh, Ezra, what shall we do? I wish I had not known it all. It is such a dreadful thing to know; and how can it be hidden? How can it?"

"If," he replied, "no one ever speaks of it to Arthur, he will certainly not suspect anything. I — I had to set his mind at rest."

"Yes, yes, I know," she returned; "but what a sad necessity!"

She knew that he had not told Arthur the truth, but not for a moment did she blame him, nor could she dream how black the lie for self-protection had really been.

By this time Wendell had regained full possession of his mental powers. Many strange and dreadful possibilities went through his mind. He saw that he was safe if he played out the rôle which hard circumstance had arranged

for him, and which he had seemed to accept as a means of saving Arthur. There are men — and how many let each of us say — who would have frankly taken on themselves the blame of Edward's death. Had Wendell done so, he would have drawn to himself for life the woman at his side. Even now she was thinking of the immense courage which, from her estimate, it must have taken to shelter another with a falsehood. Unfortunately, Wendell's instincts of self-defense betrayed him, as they are apt to betray a too emotional and too imaginative nature; and when, later, he came to think it all over more calmly, he felt that were his true share known, Alice would shrink from him in horror. But men of half-feminine temperament rarely understand the grandeur of sacrifice of which women are capable. There are women who can love men they do not respect; but there are others who cannot love unless they also respect, and to them, when once their love is given, the path of some difficult duty is no less the path to their larger love than it is, as the poet has sung, the path to glory.

Alice had said that what he had done was a sad necessity.

"I think," he returned, "that you had better advise Mrs. Morton never to mention, nor discuss with Arthur, the subject of his brother's death."

"But you, — you will have to say of what he died; and isn't there some form? It is you I am thinking of. Won't you have to give a certificate about the cause of his death? Is not that usual?"

Strange to say, Wendell was more disturbed by this necessity of disobeying the habitual moral code of his profession than by the mere fact of the lie itself.

"Yes, I must do it," he rejoined, — "I must do it; there is no help for it. And what a sacrifice!"

"It does seem more than should be

asked of any one," she returned sadly. "How can you do it?"

"I shall simply say that it was death from paralysis of the heart, which is true. Can you see anything else I can do?"

"I cannot," she replied; "but I should rather do it myself than have you do it. I would rather lie than have you lie," and she began to feel a gathering horror at this discussion by the side of the mute form before them. "Do what you think right. God sees, and he alone can judge!" She would have submitted to any torture to win for him some escape from what, as she grew calmer, all her nature increasingly abhorred, and abhorred in vain. "Let us go. I cannot talk any longer, and — and — won't you close his eyes, Ezra?"

Wendell bent over the dead man, troubled deeply by his own capacity to evolve ideas which shook him emotionally.

"Now," he thought, — "now, perhaps he knows all. And how well he loved me!" Twice he touched the open lids, and twice drew back. At last he closed them softly. "And does he blame me?" he murmured.

Then Alice kissed the dead face, and went out, followed by Wendell. A few minutes later she came out of Mrs. Morton's room.

"Mrs. Morton wants to see you tomorrow, early," she said. "You have had a sore trial," and, standing on the

step above him, she kissed him, and went up-stairs again. Wendell stayed a moment looking after her, and then turning to meet Arthur, said a few words of commonplace consolation, such as people are apt to say on these occasions.

"You are very kind," rejoined the young man. "You are always very kind. Since I have had a quiet moment I remember that you pointed out to me the vial, so that of course there could not be any mistake."

Wendell hesitated a moment.

"I really don't remember. I suppose I did. Yes, of course I did. But why should you be troubled about the medicine. It was his heart disease that killed him. It had nothing to do with his medicine. That was all right."

He might yet have to say that he had thus spoken to insure Arthur's peace of mind.

"It's a great relief," said the latter, — "a greater than any one can imagine."

"Well, never speak of it to your mother," rejoined Wendell. "It's all right. No one was to blame. Best never to discuss it with your mother, or any one. It is God's doing." Then he had a sudden horror of what he had said. "I mean," he added, "it could n't have been helped." The young fellow wrung his hand and turned sadly away, as the doctor went slowly and thoughtfully down the staircase.

S. Weir Mitchell.

FRANCESCA TO PAOLO.

I KNOW the spring makes merry far and wide,
And birds are building nests with songful cheer,
In yon green world, lovely and love-denied:
Lo! this is hell; but thou art with me here.

Julie K. Wetherill.

MISTRAL'S NERTO.

AFTER a silence of more than ten years, broken only by the publication, under the title of *Lis Isclo d'Or*, of a collection of fugitive poems, the author of *Mirèio* and *Calendau* has given to the world another narrative or *nouvello* in modern Provençal verse. *Nerto* is a romantic tale of the fourteenth century, founded on a tradition concerning the mode of escape of the last Pope from Avignon, and comprising seven cantos, a prologue, and an epilogue. It bears the somewhat sinister motto of *Lou Diable porto péiro* (*Le Diable porte la pierre*); and the poet, after telling us in the first lines of his prologue that the days are past when he cared for scaling the mountain-peaks of song with girded loins, bare breast, and flowing hair, proceeds to offer a grave and cogent argument in favor of the obstinate persistence and undiminished power of diabolic agency in this world. He deplores the tendency of science, "falsely so-called," dangerously to weaken this conservative and salutary belief, and exhorts to constant vigilance and gallant warfare against the more than ever insidious wiles of the Evil One. Though he speaks of Satan with homely and almost jocose familiarity by the odd-looking Provençal abbreviation of his name, *Cifèr*, he contrives to convey a strong impression of his earnestness; and it is rather a relief to be assured, in the concluding lines of the prologue, that the poet considers the powers of good stronger, upon the whole, than those of evil. Shaking off his temporary gloom, and resuming his wonted *bonhomie*, he exclaims, —

"Raio, soulèn! Sian emé Diéu!
Dono, aparas, vòsti faudieu."

("Shine, sun! We are on God's side! Now, ladies, hold your aprons!") The ladies thus apostrophized are apparently

the select seven to whom he dedicates the seven cantos of *Nerto* respectively, the prologue having been previously inscribed to Madame Mistral.

The description of the ruined castle of Renard, with which the first canto opens, has a certain quiet charm: —

Twin turrets of chateau Renard,
Like hornèd beast descried afar,
Surmount the hill. Its crenelate wall
And gateways lie in ruin all;
And here, on sunny days of spring,
Comes the white phlox to blossoming;
The tufted thyme and pellitory
Replace high dames, renowned in story,
While lizards course the fallen stone
And list the pines' melodious moan.
So, now; but once, in high disdain,
Yon tower-crowned burg surveyed the plain
For many a mile, and haughtily
The 'scutcheon with its poignards three
Sustained the sun's o'ermastering blaze.
Return we to the papal days."

Pons, the lord of the castle, lay upon his deathbed. With a few strokes, — for M. Mistral, once so artlessly and charmingly diffuse, has become something of an impressionist, and aims obviously at a suggestive brevity, — a picture is given of the haggard old baron, as he lies, with clasped hands and eyes fixed upon the canopy of his couch, in a dim chamber richly tapestried with Cordovan leather, through whose mullioned window the light of early morning falls upon the gracious figure of his only child, the fair-haired *Nerto*, or *Myrtle*, who watches him from the *ruelle*. Through the same opening comes the pitiful whinnying of the baron's charger in his stall; while far down the hill we catch a glimpse of the Jew leech *Mordecai*, who has just pronounced the seigneur's doom; he is descending, upon his mule, the steep pathway which leads to the chateau.

The baron has a last confession to make, but there is no question of sending for a priest to hear it, for he has

long since placed himself beyond the reach of ecclesiastical succor. Thirteen years before, after a long revel in the castle of a neighboring baron, he had had a run of most disastrous luck at play:—

I staked and lost my falcon good,
My olive orchards and my stud;
I lost my Florence mantle red,
The jewels of thy mother dead;
I lost my river-islands all,
The noble 'scutcheon from my wall,
Whereof the field three poignards bore,
Nay, even the locks from off my door.
The cross of baptism on my brow
And shame alone were left me now!

Enraged by these multiplied misfortunes, and turning with a sort of frenzied revolt from the thought of a life of poverty and dependence, he took his way over the mountains, at midnight, to Chateau Renard. Fierce temptations assailed him. If he could but meet a merchant with full money-bags, how easy to leap upon and dispatch him! His daughter would then be the child of a murderer. Ah, bah! his daughter! The devil himself might have her for gold.

This is well known to be the sort of invitation which M. Mistral's respected friend never declines. Scarcely had the impious words passed the lips of Baron Pons, when he was confronted by a truly original apparition.

The shadow of a great cloud lay
On all the land. With sudden ray,
Forth of its mirk the moon leapt clear,
And in the uncanny atmosphere
I saw revolve a mighty wheel,
Whose air-hung circle did conceal
Belike a hundred rods of soil;
And, bracing, bending to the toil
Which made the monstrous engine turn,
With eyes that burned as torches burn,
With arms a mighty helm that plied,
A hideous Being I descried.

"They have stript thee like a beggar, eh?"
The monster spake with accent gay;
"So goes the luck! But, friend of mine,
A fellow with eyes as sharp as thine
Need never die of money lost."

And ever, as his jibe he tossed,
At his old well-wheel ground and ground
The jester dire, till, with a bound,

Forth of its bowels, — Holy Blue!
A torrent of gold rushed into view,
Rising and roaring under the moon,
With many a sequin and doubloon.
It leaped, it boiled, the yellow flood
Put sudden fever in my blood.

The time-honored pact was then proposed by the Being at the wheel: "All these things will I give thee, and, in fact, an unfailing supply of the same, for thy daughter's white soul, to be delivered at the end of thirteen years;" and the father agreed. Neither here nor elsewhere is the guilt of Baron Pons enlarged upon. He died and went to hell, we are told parenthetically, and that is all. The poet paints vividly the maiden's horror and despair, and then, by way of contrast, gives a touching picture of the bright innocence of her early days.

Alas, poor little châtelaine!
She had been queen of all the plain.
The peasant-folk were never done
With lauding her graces every one.
Full oft she set her dainty feet
Within their doors, and who so sweet?
"God's peace be here. What news to-day?
And how 's the spinning, Dame Babet?"
"Has nobody hired thee, Mother Jane?
Mine for the *lessive* then, 't is plain!"
And, "Nan, was it thou didst make this bread?
How good it is, how light!" she said.
"And when does little Marthe commune?
I shall have her for my handmaid soon,
If all goes well." So up and down
The narrow street of the tiny town,
With fingers white that ever played
About her purse-strings, Nerto strayed.

"The sire," they said, "is a were-wolf rude,
Who careth only for blows and blood,
But the little lady with golden hair,
Her like there liveth not anywhere."

A somnolent old aunt, Donna Sibylla, was her nominal duenna, but interfered little with the guidance of Nerto's own sweet will. The gay and good old times, the heyday of Troubadour minstrelsy, were nearly a century gone by; nevertheless, Nerto's studies were chiefly in the *Breviari d'Amor*, the famous compendium of Ermengaut of Beziérs:—

Ah, merry book, that shed its verse
Like autumn fruit. It did rehearse
Bird of the air, fish of the sea,
Beast of the field, and potency

Whereby are many wonders done
 With flowering plant and precious stone,
 Sapphire to wit, and diamond
 That wins the sword from the wielder's hand;
 Also the pathway of St. James ¹
 Along the sky, and the Zodiac's names;
 The fiery star with tresses long,
 Echo the nymph and the siren-song;
 The eight great winds that rule the deep,
 The points of doctrine all must keep;
 Grandmother Eve, and the spouse she had,
 And angels good, and angels bad,
 And Paradise with joy replete,
 And tortures ten of the nether pit.
 And, furthermore, the Tree of Love
 Was in that book, whose precepts move
 To fine allure and courtesy
 Whatever maid of high degree
 Is wooed for love. In fair designs
 All gold and blue illuminate shines
 The vellum page with flowers bedight,
 And these were Nerto's dear delight,
 The pictured people most of all.
 So when she saw a damsel tall,
 Blonde-haired, blue-eyed, red-lipped and thin,
 Carrying a spray of jessamine,
 With tender couplet writ below, —
 "That is myself; is it not so,
 Dear aunt?" she cried; — and drowsily
 Donna Sibylla made reply, —
 "*The maiden hid is the maiden sought;*
 That, my sweet, is the posy's thought," —
 And fell away to her doze again.

Into the calm of this bright morning time the father's ghastly avowal descends like a thunderbolt, quenching in an instant all its joy. "Is there no hope, then?" gasps the poor child; and slowly and with difficulty the Baron gives the result of his midnight wrestlings with the terror of his sin, and proposes a somewhat startling plan.

For five years now the so-called Anti-Pope Benedict XIII. has been besieged in his rock-reared palace at Avignon, and no man experienced in warfare, like Baron Pons, can doubt that the castle must soon fall. There is already a Boniface at Rome, acknowledged by France, England, and Germany, but Provence and the greater part of Spain are still devotedly loyal to Benedict; and if the latter can but effect his es-

cape from the foredoomed fortress on the Durance, they will rally at once under his sacred banner. "I ought to have been with him inside those walls," groans the father; "but it is now too late for that, and for all things except this one chance for thee. There exists," he goes on to explain, "a subterranean passage, more than a league in length, from the Avignonesse Vatican to the vaults of Château Renard. It passes under the bed of the Durance, and was constructed, with a view to supreme emergencies, shortly after the palace was built, by Pope Clement, with the advice and assistance of 'Madame Jeanne.' Only the pope of the period and the actual lord of the manor of Renard were ever to know the secret of this passage, to whose entrance and exit each of these personages possesses a key bearing the papal arms."² It seems more than probable to Baron Pons, however, that the present Benedict has never so much as heard of this mode of escape. At all events, he now commits the key to Nerto's keeping, and commands her to make her way, with her little greyhound Diane for a guide, through this passage to the palace at Avignon, to see the Holy Father and offer to conduct him to a place of safety. In return for such a service, Benedict, with his power over the destinies of souls, will surely, Baron Pons opines, consent to remit the innocent Nerto's share in her father's terrible forfeit. His own he proposes to take like a man.

"Go!" says the baron imperiously, "the castle may surrender at any moment! Do not stay lingering for my latest breath!" and the maiden obeys.

Canto II., entitled *The Pope*, opens with a brilliant picture of the stir and splendor of Avignon during the half

necting with Château Renard, and that this was the sole foundation, whether in history or legend, for the story of Nerto. The ex-pope died in 1424, in a monastery in Spain.

¹ The Milky Way.

² M. Mistral himself told me that there is a tradition in the neighborhood of Avignon that Pietro di Luna, otherwise Benedict XIII., escaped from his palace by an underground passage con-

century in which it was illustrated by the presence of the pontiffs. Royal visitors flocked thither; merchants of all nations brought their richest wares and trafficked in its streets; scores of lesser palaces, for the residence of lords and cardinals, rose up and encircled the papal towers; the trumpet-tones of the *mistral* blew wide o'er all the world the benediction of its sovereign priest. But the wave of glory fell as rapidly as it had risen. Schism rent the church, and the hosts of the faithful were divided. Two white-haired cardinals alone, out of all the sacred college, remained faithful to Benedict, and the palace, long besieged by a French army under Maréchal Boucicaut, was already falling into ruin. The olive-groves of its wonderful hanging gardens had been felled and used for fuel during the last hard winter; and the garrison, commanded by a nephew of the Pope, the valiant Roderic of Luna, was reduced to the very last extremity, while Benedict still stoutly refused to consult his personal safety and compromise his claim to the papacy by a surrender.

Emerging from her underground wanderings, Nerto appeared amid the soldiers like a spirit, causing for a moment a sort of superstitious panic. But Don Roderic, full details of whose *vie orageuse* in former days at Avignon are given with great spirit, was not to be daunted by anything in female form. When this lovely bit of prey dropped like a frightened robin into his hands ("*Figuras vous dono, l'entrigo*," — "*Figurez vous, Mesdames, l'intrigue*," — interpolates the poet archly), Roderic was fully equal to the occasion, and courteously inquired the maiden's wishes. And when Nerto answered simply that she had come to see the Pope, the count gallantly kissed her finger-tips, and offered her his arm to conduct her into Benedict's presence. Through court after court, and along interminable galleries, round about and up and down,

they make the immense circuit of the palace: —

And all the opulent ruin see
Of that luxurious dynasty.
Heaps upon heaps, aye, mines were there
Of silver and gold, in sacred ware;
A treasure of precious stones gave light
As of the star-set heaven at night;
Chalcedony and sardonyx
And carbuncle their splendors mix
With emerald and lapis-lazuli;
And then — what wealth of tapestry!
What wonder of banners, reft afar
From impious Moors, in the Holy War,
By Christian knights! And ere the end
Is won of the devious way they wend,
The tale of the hapless maid is told, —
How the Devil hath bought her soul for gold.

Roderic undertakes to reassure her. He knows, he says, a sovereign antidote for the malice of the Demon, and its name is *Love*. "But what is love?" inquires the little maid confidently; "I know the old songs and romances are all about it, but what is it, and how is it won?" "I will explain," says Roderic; and he proceeds to do so, at somewhat too great and ardent length for entire quotation. In the full tide of his impassioned eloquence, however, he is suddenly arrested. At the angle of a corridor, they come upon a great crucifix surmounted by a sculptured tiara. Nerto pauses reverently, crosses herself, and turns to her instructor: —

"Fair sir," she said, "thy precepts vary
From those of my dear breviary
Of love, whereof each leaf is gold;
For therein surely we are told
That love should be without a stain,
Like the first Eden come again."

Even while she spake, their feet they stayed, —
The grand seigneur and guileless maid, —
At the state-stairway's topmost height.
Untold degrees of marble white
Unroll beneath; a portal vast
Confronts, where Roderic taps in haste
And no more lingers, but to say,
"A kindlier answer some fair day,
Most noble maid, I hope to win;
Pass on! His Holiness is within."

All trembling, Nerto enters thus
The huge hall surnamed Marvelous, —
Avignon's wonder. High o'erhead
The groined arches leap, and spread
Their giant limbs about the ceiling,

Full many a pictured space revealing,
Where all the glory of Heaven shines
In Master Memmi's hues and lines.
All things in that stupendous hall
Revealed the seat majestic
Of him who moved earth's Pontiff yet ; —
The cross in each tall window set,
The leagues of hill and plain, descried
Their openings through, on every side.

The thirteenth Benedict kneeling there
At his prie-dieu, as if in prayer,
With sorrowful gaze fixt far away,
Saw haply the departing day
A rosy veil aerial throw
O'er great Ventour's attire of snow.
An aged man of stately height,
With sweeping beard, in garments white,
Heavily-browed and hollow-eyed,
And wasted, like the Crucified : —
Before his open vision come
The impending woes of Christendom.
He sees, as from the height of heaven,
The Church by schism rent, and driven
Rudderless through a raging deep ;
He hears the saintly souls who weep ;
He hears the laughter of the world
Over the cross — anathemas hurled
By warring councils ; yet, intent
Ever on that great sacrament
That sealed him Pontiff, in his thought
He swears anew to bate no jot.

The spirit-like Nerto interrupts his
reverie as she had before interrupted
the ribaldry of the garrison, and hurriedly,
yet with all reverence, explains
her father's plan for his escape. What
might have been his answer is uncertain,
for the interview is interrupted by a
new and terrible clamor arising from
below, and Don Roderic rushes into the
hall to announce that all is lost, — the
Greek fire of the besiegers has taken
effect, the palace is burning from base to
battlement, and the foe is already within
the walls. Whereupon, —

Plunging his look in infinite space
The stricken Pontiff kneels and prays ;
Till calm once more, and undismayed,
"The will of God be done !" he said.
And, as a tree uprears its form
After the onset of the storm,
The monarch of earth's wilderness
Did all his majesty redress,
And to the altar turned, where lay
The sacred species hidden away,
And these withdrew, and laid them, holden
Within a reliquary golden,
Right reverently upon his heart ;
So did the strange procession part,

The noble Sire, the maiden guide,
The greyhound leaping still beside.

Down the long stair, now soiled with red,
Between the dying and the dead
They pass ; they win the great court-yard ;
And once again the veteran guard
Close round their lord, and yet once more
They kneel his blessing to implore.
Full many a stifled sob and wail,
Unheard amid the roaring gale,
Brake from the prostrate folk distressed,
While, with his God upon his breast,
Benedict came, and passed from sight,
Ascending to the rampart's height.
Then from the palace-pinnacle
There pealed the note of a silver bell,
And the great city her breath did draw
Quick, and the gunners paused in awe,
Waiting some portent ; for they know
The silver bell sends never so
From that high tower its single tone,
Save when a Pope ascends the throne,
Or, haply, when death calls for him.

So now, upon the parapet dim,
Benedict rises yet once more,
White, rigid, mitred as of yore,
While all Avignon kneels below,
And even the army of Boucicaut
Lowers the standard, bows the head.
Then were the mighty arms outspread
Above the world and all who grieve,
Above the remnant who believe ;
And, *urbe et orbi* still addressing,
The Pontiff raised his voice in blessing : —
"Benedicat vos, Dominus,
Pater, filius, et spiritus !"
Even as the airy tones expire,
Awestruck before those towers on fire
The kneeling multitude on the plain
Answer with bursting sobs "Amen!"

And long within that lurid light,
Against the furious wind upright,
Upright on the Cathedral Rock
Pietro stood the tempest-shock ;
Then, turning with a face of woe,
Let fall one last long look below
The Babylonian gates to scan,
Of his Avignon Vatican.
So, muffled in his falling cope,
Vanished Avignon's latest Pope,
Seeking the vaults that know not day,
With little Nerto's taper-ray
Alone to guide him, as the sun
Sinks in the west when day is done.

We have quoted at some length from
M. Mistral's second canto, because it
seems to us, upon the whole, the finest in
the poem ; the most original both in sub-
ject and treatment. Canto III., — The
King, — though abounding in life, mo-

tion, and picturesque detail, is more conventional. The scene opens at Château Renard, which became the rallying-point for Benedict's supporters, as soon as the news got abroad of his escape thither. Louis II. was there, — the young Count of Provence, and king of Fourcalquier, Naples, and Jerusalem, for such was the style assumed in the charters of that day, — and with him a general concourse of all the greater nobles of the South, as well as his affianced bride, the wealthy Spanish Princess Yolande (or *Vioulando*, in the language of Provence), under an escort of Spanish grantees. It had been decided that Benedict himself should marry the royal pair in the ancient church of St. Trophimus at Arles, and great festivities were toward. The poet, as may be imagined, revels in describing the splendor of the wedding-cortège, and the naïf comments of the country-folk as it passes by : —

All in the dewy morning made
 Their start the joyous cavalcade,
 Long following where the trumpets blow
 The melody of "Belle Margot."
Aubado sang the nightingales;
 The bursting buds in grassy dales
 Breathed perfume; flag and streamer fair
 Fluttered along the early air;
 Shivered the silken banners through
 Their lily-bordered fields of blue,
 Or, undulate in red and gold,
 The hues of Aragon unrolled,
 Sun-kindled, with the breeze at play.
*Durant*¹ clomb fast, as people say,
 Untangling, as he rose, his braid
 Of fire-spun tresses, till he made
 Vanish the gleaming dew-pearls, worn
 By fair-haired dames in earlier morn.

On either side of the Pope ride the bride and bridegroom of the morrow, — Louis and Yolande. The former, full of exultant happiness, sets forth a fine programme of the Italian conquests to which he means to turn his attention as soon as his marriage is consummated, and by virtue of which he expects to reinstate Benedict in Rome. The air is merry

with the tinkling laughter of ladies and the gallant choruses of their cavaliers. They hunt larks with their falcons, they indulge in all manner of brilliant fooling; only one maiden, and she not the least fair among them, rides quietly and with a heavy heart, feeling herself cruelly separate from all this gladsome world. As soon as they were safe in Château Renard, Nerto had sought another audience with the Pope, told him the sad remainder of her history, and asked him to release her soul in return for the service which she had done him. But Benedict had answered sadly that his jurisdiction did not extend beyond Purgatory, and that he could assist her only by his prayers. He had then solemnly enjoined upon her to make her own life one of expiation in the Benedictine convent of Sainte Césaire at Arles, which she was to enter as soon as the royal marriage was over, and where he could at least dispense her from the necessity of a novitiate, so that she might take her vows without delay. The state and splendor of the wedding journey were not calculated to render obedience easier to poor Nerto; still, no thought of resistance would ever have entered her meek and child-like soul, had the same not been suggested by a dangerous counselor. Don Roderic had made the first use of his own freedom — for Boucicaut had raised the siege of Avignon as soon as he heard of the Pontiff's escape — to rally with the Provençal nobles to the standard of his uncle. He had overtaken the cavalcade upon the march, presented himself at Nerto's side, to her great amazement, and was proceeding to trouble her sorrowful spirit yet farther, by using his most plausible arguments to dissuade her from her pious purpose : —

"Thou reasonest, Nerto, like a saint,
 But surely we are made acquaint,
 By what these nightingales would say,
 With the true rapture of the May!
 'Tis to exult, as now they do,
 Free on the air, beneath the blue!

¹ A sobriquet bestowed by the Provençal peasants upon the sun, because he regulates the duration of the day.

Ah, unto one like me," he said,
 "Shut five long years in fortress dread,
 And heart-sick with the din of war,
 How good to be, as now we are,
 Alive, abroad! Look everywhere: —
 To grazing flocks, how light the care
 Of guardian swain, who none the less
 Capers to each young shepherdess;
 The ploughman whistles loud and sweet
 Along the furrow; where the wheat
 Is green, their toil the weeder's ply
 With laughter, jest, and piercing cry;
 In narrow ways, the muleteer
 Sets all his mule-bells jingling clear;
 In flowery meads the busy mower,
 The fisher basking on the shore,
 The maiden in her farmstead, and
 The huntsman sweeping o'er the land, —
 All come and go, with action life;
 In all ferments the wine of life!
 Ah, do but listen and attend
 The crepitation without end,
 The gentle buzz and murmur borne
 From whispering reed and growing corn,
 The tinkle of the waterfall
 Where sport the little fishes all, —
 Oh, earth 's aglow! her pulse goes fast!
 Under the bark the sap makes haste
 To mount; each blossom holds apart
 A drop of honey in its heart;
 Seeds germinate, and suckers leap,
 And opening buds their beauty steep
 In the great sun-bath, with no trace
 Of death in all their jubilant ways!
 Nay, even they whose eyes abide
 The sun, — the monarch and his bride, —
 Conduct, meseems, in humor gay,
 Love's triumph on this radiant day!

"Come then, we too, to nature's fête,
 We, too, whose nostrils titillate,
 Smit by the blended odors keen
 Of sloe, and thorn, and aubepine."

And so on to more impassioned and specific invitation, until the agitated Nerto ventures timidly to interrupt her bold wooer.

"Nay, rather, Roderic, let us be
 Like skylarks bold, for they," said she,
 "Fly straight to heaven. Yon swallow's wing
 Grazed us but now, and 't is a thing
 Brings always luck; for only list!
 The words he sings are, Jesus Christ!"

All this is very like portions of Calendau, but if the sensuous rapture of the earlier poem is never quite attained, Nerto is a worthier sister of Mirèio, and a far more human and credible creation than the weird enthusiast Esterello. The unequal debate of the now acknowl-

edged lovers is interrupted by the arrival of a deputation of the citizens of Arles, who propose to open their city gates to the King and the Pope, provided the former will agree to respect those ancient liberties which Arles has so long maintained under her Lion-standard. Louis makes gracious promises, and the daz-zling procession enters the town, horses neighing, banners waving, armor flashing. The celebration of the royal marriage is to be suitably followed by a great show, in the arena, of a fight between four wild bulls from the Camarque and the typical beast of the Arlesian republic, — the live lion, always maintained in the city at the public expense, and unchained only upon occasions of supreme importance and solemnity.

The Lion accordingly gives its name to the fourth canto, which opens in the goodly hostelry of Master Bertrand Boisset, the veritable author of a Provençal chronicle, covering the years between 1376 and 1404. The outside of this famous tavern is dazzling with quick-lime, and all the vessels and cooking implements displayed in the huge kitchen, described with Dutch fidelity, are spick and span, and polished till they shine like mirrors. Here the versatile Bertrand, who is also a land surveyor and a man of letters, as well as a publican, — and has been chosen to present to the king, after the games in the amphitheatre, the address of the senate of Arles, — entertains a large audience of his humbler townsfolk with a minute description of the splendors of the wedding ceremony which he has just witnessed at St. Trophimus. He dwells with great zest on the personal charms of the youthful pair, and the gorgeous costumes of knights, ladies, and ecclesiastics, interrupting his own narrative from time to time by a complacent aside: —

"Basto! èro quancarèn de bèn
 Lou marcarai au cartabèn."

("In fact it was altogether fine! I shall set it down in my note-book!")

He next proceeds to describe the wedding gifts:—

"And then,—what I had nigh forgot,—
Such offerings made! I'm jesting not,—
For Arles bestowed upon the pair
A dozen cups of silver-ware,
Marseilles, a little ship of gold,
The city of Apt gave sweets untold,
And Aix, a chest phenomenal,
And Tarascon, a copy in small
Of its own flag. Fourcalquier
Three loaves of wax,—three mounds, I say!—
And Avignon, a fair trousseau.
Lastly, the crown of all the show,
An embassy of the Three Estates,
Before the royal bridegroom waits,
To pour, like berries in the lap,
A hundred thousand crowns, mayhap,
In tinkling coin!—Pass me the claret!
This thirst,—I can no longer bear it!"

And, thrusting aside somewhat loftily the admiring gossips who besiege his door, Master Bertrand makes his way to the scene of his public and ceremonial duties. No need to say that M. Mistral gives a glowing picture of the circling spectators, or that he describes with power and gusto the conflict of the beasts in the amphitheatre. One by one the formidable bulls of the salt marshes succumb before the greater fury of the unchained lion, but not without inflicting grievous wounds upon the latter. We pass to the catastrophe of the occasion. Left in sole possession of the arena, but dripping with gore, and partially disemboweled, the so-called "king" of Arles pauses for one breathless instant, and then—

with instinct keen

He sniffs a rival on the scene,
Aye, and a worthy. With one spring
He turns on the usurping king.
The crowned beside the newly wed,
Unguarded in that instant dread,
Sat moveless, with unquailing eye
Fixing the beast defiantly,
While at the queen's feet, overpowered
With terror, little Nerto cowered.
Rapidly upward, four by four,
The amphitheatre benches o'er
Clomb the fell monster, till the blast
Of his hot breath upon them past,
But lo! where swirled the folk bereft
Of sense, Roderic of Luna cleft
His way, as lightning falls, and brake

His dagger in the lion's neck!
Drooped the dire snout, and swam the brain
Of the fierce beast,—who tumbled slain.

Then from the coronal of her hair,
Yolande the queen, Yolande the fair,
Gathered, for guerdon of the brave,
A ruby, and to Roderic gave;
And Nerto, as her senses woke,
Heard the wild plaudits of the folk,—
"The king is dead! Long live the king!"
Only the old men, sorrowing,
Said to themselves, "A bitter sign!
Farewell to Trophimus' bark divine!
The Lion dies, the Dolphin lives,
The commonwealth its doom receives!"
But none the less the maids and boys
Their tambourines beat with merry noise,
And little King Louis turned the while
And murmured with triumphant smile
Before the seneschal George de Marle,
"Now am I truly King of Arles!"

This agitating scene was, of course, little calculated to calm Nerto's rebellious pulses and reconcile her to the tremendous sacrifice of the morrow. Through all the fevered night which intervened between the royal bridal and her own solemn espousals to Heaven, she sees only the figure of Roderic in the stately guise of her deliverer from a dreadful death,— "in an orange doublet, black-shod, with tall plumes upon his helmet, like the Archangel Michael." One moment she bids him in her heart an impassioned farewell; the next, he passes before her like a vision far away, shining in the splendor of his high deeds, but with a dagger always in his heart,—a dagger from her own three-bladed escutcheon of Chateau Renard.

Spent with spiritual conflict, she half consoles herself at last with the thought that her days in the convent may at least be spent in prayer for Roderic; and so the night passes, and the fifth canto, entitled *The Nun*, opens with dawn, to the ringing of convent bells.

Very onomatopoeically they are made to ring in the verse of the *félibre*, with plaintive musical changes on *balalan*, *balalin*, and *balalon*, which it would be hopeless to attempt reproducing by our sturdy English ding-dong. Trembling like a leaf before the gale, Nerto essays

her meditation in the chapel, while the long-robed sisters come and go, and the cage is made ready for the hapless bird :

The convent corridors along,
Surged hither and yon a pious throng,
For Mother Abbess and her maids
To-day have well-nigh lost their heads,
Because the Pontiff and the King
And Queen, with all their following,
Are coming, — the cross before them borne, —
In grand procession on this morn,
To see assume her veil and vows
That daughter of a noble house,
Fair Nerto, of Chateau Renard.

Lo, on the instant, here they are.
Wide fly the ancient convent gates,
And the glad sunshine penetrates
Victoriously both parlor and grille,
Following the courtly people, till
Through all the pallid halls it flows.
With folded palms, in double rows,
Kneel the still nuns, as they assemble,
Eyes meekly bent, and hearts a-tremble,
To hear the wailing-viol-strain,
Voicing at once the parting pain
And joy of the God-given maid.
But little Nerto, in the shade,
Weeps wildly still, while Queen Yolande
And Louis the King her sponsors stand,
While one by one the candles flare,
While two by two the nuns repair,
To close her from the world apart.
Aye, death is at the maiden's heart,
Who listens the decree to hear
Of her unending penance drear.

That decree is pronounced by Benedict in person, before whom the stately abbess, Dame Barrales, bows until her forehead touches the ground. Then follows the Aspersión. Incense rises, and the chanting of psalms proceeds, while the soft hands of Nerto's holy attendants remove one by one the articles of her worldly attire. But when she feels the icy touch of the shears upon her neck, she cries aloud, praying that her beautiful tresses may at least be hung up in the chapel of Sainte Césaire, as an offering above the altar of her own patroness, the Virgin Mother.

"Oh farewell, springtime! and farewell,
Fair curls of gold I loved too well,
And in my sixteen summers' pride
So all exultingly untied
And combed them in the gold of morn
And bound them like a sheaf of corn!
Ah, if I kiss my curls," — wept she,
"The Blessed Virgin will pardon me!

Curls of a lamb too early fleeced,
No more by sunshine to be kissed,
To float upon the breeze no more
With quivering rings, and 'broidered o'er
Their silly silk with mountain flowers!
'T is childish, but the thought o'erpowers
And breaks my heart! Leave me alone
To weep one moment! Now, 't is done!
Now, tie with weights the fluttering wing
Of the Provençal lark! and sing,
Sing, happy birds, o'er field and hill,
Nor ever heed her silent trill!
My merry mates, leave not for me
The violet and the strawberry
Ungathered, where the bright Réal
Slips o'er its pebbles musical!
My little greyhound, who didst come
With me to Arles, — an early doom
Is thine, for thou mayhap wilt die
Of sorrow and pining, long ere I,
Smothered in cloister-glooms and wed
To the sad crucifix instead,
Attain the death for which I wait, —
Ah, pity my distressful fate!"

If this piercing lament was really articulate, it was drowned in the rolling bass of the organ, and the awesome rite proceeded to its close. The queen kissed her tenderly and presented her with an exquisite *Livre d'Heures*, with gold fleur-de-lys on the cover, and dainty illuminations from the master-hand of Brother Béranger of Mont-Majour, and the court folk went their way, murmuring that it was the will of God, no doubt, but that it was really a pity to see so young and beautiful a creature in the Benedictine dress.

Simultaneously, however, at the sign of the Sword, — the hostelry of a little village on the plain below the convent, — the "*diable à quatre*" was presiding over the revelries of sundry red-capped and knife-girt Catalan ruffians, hired by Roderic of Luna to be ready at curfew for whatever service he might choose to impose on them. The hour strikes, the tavern-lights are extinguished, and the band, armed with hatchets and scaling-ladders, creep noiselessly under the walls of Sainte-Césaire, which form on one side a part of the boundary of that most ancient cemetery of Arles, — the Aliscamp, or Elysii Campi: —

Now was the hour when the nuns break
Their slumber, and arise, and take

Into the shadowy church their way,
 Where by the lamps' uncertain ray,
 Each one within her dusky stall,
 They chant the midnight office all,
 And, heavy-eyed with slumber, there
 Perform their allotted task of prayer.—
 God ! What is this ? With sudden shock
 The doors are smit, the doors are broke : —
 'T is Roderic ! that warrior bold
 Become a spoiler of the fold ;
 And " 'Ware the wolf ! " his accents boom ;
 " Who calls the Devil ? He is come ! " —
 Close on his heels, his band accurst
 Into the sacred shadow burst,
 Red-beretted, with elf-locks brown,
 And mantles o'er their shoulders thrown.
 By holy Maximus, I swear
 The sudden trance of horror there
 Was as if earth had yawned, and shown
 The dead folk in their sleep of stone !
 The fascinate nuns, like turtle-doves
 When the fierce hawk above them moves,
 Wait ; but the eye of Roderic
 Hath fallen on her he came to seek ;
 And with one leap he gains the altar.
 " Oh help us Thou, good Lord ! " 'gan falter
 The Abbess with upraised eyes ; — but he,
 Thrusting her off disdainfully,
 Gathers the half inanimate child
 And flies, — yet flying murmurs mild
 " 'T is only I ! " — and, at the door, —
 " Fear nothing, darling, any more ! "

If you had seen what ensued in the church, remarks the poet dryly, you would know why the devil is sometimes called *Catalan*. The townspeople were promptly alarmed, however, and hurried to avenge the outrage, so that before Roderic had cleared the Aliscamp with his prize, he heard the tumult of a general fray behind him, and was fain to deposit Nerto under the tomb of Roland, — for the hero of Roncevalles is buried there, — while he returned to rally and bring off his band. And then we have a picture of that immemorial home of the dead, which is one of the most impressive in the poem : —

Far below Arles in those old days
 Spread that miraculous burial-place, —
 The Aliscamp of history,
 With legend fraught, and mystery,
 All full of tombs and chapels thrust,
 And hilly with heaps of human dust.
 This is the legend ever told : —
 When good St. Trophimus of old
 The ground would consecrate, not one
 Of all the congregation
 Of fathers met, so meek they were,

Dared sprinkle the holy water there.
 Then, ringed about with cloud and flam
 Of angels, out of heaven came
 Our Lord himself to bless the spot,
 And left, — if the tale erreth not, —
 The impress of his bended knee
 Rock-graven. Howso this may be,
 Full oft a swarm of angels white
 Bends hither, on a tranquil night,
 Singing celestial harmonies.
 Wherefore the spot so holy is,
 No man would slumber elsewhere ;
 But hither kings and priests repair,
 And here, earth's poor, — and every one
 Hath here his deep-wrought funeral-stone
 Or pinch of dust from Palestine ;
 The powers of hell in vain combine
 'Gainst happy folk in slumber found
 Under the cross, in that old ground.
 And all along the river clear,
 With silver laid upon the bier
 For burial fees, men launched and sped
 Upon the wave their kinsfolk dead
 Who longed in Aliscamp to lie ;
 Then, as the coffins floated by,
 Balancing on the waters bright,
 All sailors turned them at the sight,
 And helped the little skiffs ashore,
 And signed the cross the sleepers o'er,
 And, kneeling under the willow-trees,
 Piously prayed for their souls' peace.

Roused from her half-swoon by the din of ungodly conflict among the graves, Nerto returned to a terrified consciousness of what had befallen her. Stung by shame and anguish, she then contrived to slip away between the tombs and chapels and make her escape into the open country, so that when Roderic, having beaten off his assailants with no little bloodshed, returned to the tomb of Roland, it was to find his precious prey no longer there.

In Canto VI., — The Angel, — M. Mistral recurs to the style of the *legende pieuse*, in which, as the readers of *Mirièu* may remember, he has frequently made experiments. One of these, — the tale of the sinless shepherd among the mountains, who had forgotten even his prayers, he had been so long in the desert, and who had no worse crime to reveal to the holy recluse who confessed him at the last than that of having once thrown a stone at a bird, — was peculiarly happy. It had all the artlessness and verity, the exquisite form and per-

fume, of one of the *Fioretti* of St. Francis. We have a suspicion that it was a favorite with the author himself, and may have suggested to him the idea of amplifying a similar conception into the tale of the solitary with whom Nerto found refuge. If so, we must express our preference for the earlier and more naïf story, although there is no little beauty of detail in the later one.

Nerto, then, flies to the hills, and, after wandering all night, is led, in the early morning, by the tinkling of a small bell, to a tiny church and hermitage buried among deep woods, whence a white-bearded recluse comes forth to greet her. To this holy man she does not hesitate to tell her whole sorrowful story, which he hears with unfeigned interest and sympathy. He gives her food, he bids her rest, and after that, they sit side by side under the trees for nearly the whole of the long summer morning, and have much edifying and sweet discourse together. The hermit dwells at length on the happiness of all God's little creatures with whom he had become familiar in the wild, and when poor Nerto passionately calls his attention to the difference between their lots and hers, he is moved to so keen a compassion, that he confides to her the great and solemn secret of his life in the wilderness, whereby he is not without hope of finding a remedy even for her piteous case:—

“These white-stemmed trees, these boughs of thorn

So beauteously above us borne,
Are holy to St. Gabriel;—
A dove-cote, where he maketh dwell
Marvelous, pure visions of himself.
The chapel upon yon rocky shelf,
Mid lavender set, and grasses tall,
The title bears, majestic,
Of him who hailed in other days
Our Blessed Lady full of grace.
Look, where he smiles in marble o'er
The carven lintel of the door!
Thereon are storied all his deeds.
Daniel the prophet here he feeds,
And yonder draggeth by the hair
The prophet Habakkuk. How they glare
Upon the saint, those lions twain!

Ah, glorious Gabriel, not in vain
Our fathers, in the time gone by,
Set thee to guard eternally
The gates of that great mountain-world
Which gleams above us, dew-impearled,
While in St. Michael's tutelage
Our sires of the departed age
Placed all the lesser hills below.
Their gleaming blades, associate so,
An arch o'er all the heavens extend
And guard the land from end to end.

“The years are long, my poor, dear child,
That I have tarried in this wild;
And sure my pillow of stone is rough;
But, never, never so enough
So fast doth ripen folly's fruit
When one lives isolate and mute!
I bound myself to Christ, and he
Returned the slave his liberty.
I shut me in the leafy shade,
A vow to holy Gabriel made,
And now, for fifty summers bright,
I am the archangel's anchorite.

“Who gives himself, thrice blessed is he,
For Heaven restores abundantly!
Who dips in heaven's unsounded tide
Shall ever more be satisfied!
Once then, at Yule,—a bitter day,
Weather for wolves, as people say,—
No food had I; all had been given,—
(If this be pride, forgive me Heaven
For saying so!)—I had made dole,
To a poor beggar, of the whole;
When lo, toward midday, I discerned
A red rose-light aloft that burned,
A light like the reflection cast
From some great fire; I rose and passed
And rang my angelus bell, and clomb
The mountain-path, in hope to come
Where I might see this meteor plain;
But ere the summit I could gain
There dawned out of the deepening light
A most serene, resplendent sight;—
Himself,—the Archangel! Human speech
His gracious aspect may not reach;
His smile fell on the heart like balm;
And in a voice of golden calm,
'Who prays, must also eat,' he said;
'See, I have brought thee angels' bread!
And may our Lord, and may his power,
Be ever with thee from this hour!'—
So vanished like a star; but aye
At noon, since then, he draweth nigh
Each blessed day, and leaveth here
A basket of celestial cheer.
Oh bread of God! Oh favor sweet!
I am unfit, unfit, unfit!”

It is, however, to his heavenly visitant that the hermit proposes to refer Nerto's cruel case, and both are full of hope that Gabriel may devise some way to save her. At midday, therefore, leaving

the maid in earnest prayer below, the hermit makes his customary ascent, and awaits his daily vision. How dazzling, yet how dreamy, is the picture of the summer noon ! —

All through the still, unclouded day
The midges waltz their idle way,
The thyme and rosemary outpour,
From fairy bells, a honied store
To win the wanton butterfly;
And the slim lizards basking lie
Upon the pebbles, drunk with heat,
While sunward mounts a perfume sweet
And sacred, as of incense-smoke;
The spells of the mirage evoke
Afar the outlines of the land,
And hill and plain uplifted stand;
Yet on the mountain's outmost spur
The cowléd saint and worshiper
Stands tranced, and sees not any more
The things of earth ; but, hovering o'er,
Breaks on his wakeful spirit's ken
A shape unseen by other men ; —
Two long white wings extended clear
In the translucent atmosphere,
Quivering as canvas pinions do
Of ships, and melting in the blue.

The Angel spake: " And who is she,
The so young sister whom I see
In prayer below ? " With bended head,
" A poor, afflicted maiden," said
The hermit, " who my promise hath
To save her from the Demon's wrath."

As when o'er water, bright as glass
The shadow of a swift cloud doth pass,
So darkened Gabriel's aspect clear.
" Handful of dust ! " he spoke severe,
" Shut away in thy desert lone,
How knowest that thou hast held thy own
Against the master of all deceit ?
Barely thou savest thyself ! And yet
Thou wilt save others ! Feeble reed !
Ah, pitiable and poor indeed ! " —
And the strong spirit starward shook
His pinions, and the earth forsook.

There was possibly no other course for the anchorite, after receiving this terrible rebuff, but to scurry away to poor Nerto, bewailing his mistake and beseeching her to depart from him ; still, there is an effect of *lâcheté* about such a proceeding which lowers him hopelessly in the reader's estimation. In response to Nerto's piteous inquiry, where she can now take refuge, he directs her to the village of Laurado on the plain below, where he advises her to

" ask hospitality," and, on the strength of what she may receive, to make her way to a shrine of the Madonna hard by, Nosto Damo di Castén (Our Lady of the Castle), and present her petition there. Then, after naming a long list of saints, whose invisible company he hopes she may have upon her travels, he allows her to depart.

This brings us to the seventh and last canto, which bears the ominous title of *Lon Diable*. It opens with the wrath of Roderic, who, when he finds that Nerto has escaped him, invokes the Evil One, if ever he (Roderic) has done him good service in bygone days, to assist him to recapture her, and give her wholly into his power. Cifér responds promptly that he can well do so, for the thirteen years of Baron Pons' impious compact are exactly expired, and on the ensuing night the child's soul will inevitably fall into his hand. Moreover, he adds that she is now abandoned and astray in the neighborhood of Laurado, the hamlet to which the solitary had directed her ; wherefore he proposes presently to produce an enchanted palace in that region (*un castalet tout alesti — un petit château meublé*), with distinct apartments for each of the seven deadly sins, whither Roderic, having found Nerto, shall conduct her, and the rest, under the Devil's immediate auspices, will be easily arranged. We are then told how it was that Roderic, a man of generous nature, and the son of an honorable and pious line, came to be on such intimate terms with the master of all ill.

In the Avignonesé Vatican there was, necessarily, a vast collection of heretical literature, and Roderic had whiled away the tedious months of the siege by rummaging amongst it, very much to his soul's detriment.

There was forbidden fruit in store !
Mysterious parchments, occult lore,
The vain imaginings of that pair
The Greater and Lesser Albert. There
The theses doomed of heresy,

Tomes of black-art and sorcery, —
 Such as Agrippa's. Books that tell
 The rules for philter and for spell,
 Talmud and Cabala, and the Niere
 Of witch-world, and its Sabbath dire,
 Philosopher's stone, and Solomon's key,
 And Hermes upon alchemy.
 All lying systems, man-devised,
 All blasphemies anathematized,
 The arsenal of that Ancient One
 The lord of evil, lying prone
 Before the victorious crucifix.
 For as the waters of earth all mix
 In mother ocean, flows again
 To mother-church all lore of men.

Unhallowed studies such as these had gradually corrupted Roderic's mind, and left him small power of resistance to the wiles of Cifèr, who on his part considered a pope's nephew, or even an anti-pope's, worthy an extraordinary exercise of his power. The palace, therefore, which he reared in a night, to be the theatre of Nerto's fall, was of marvelous if bizarre magnificence: —

Nigh unto Gabriel's holy wood
 The sudden-conjured castle stood.
 A green peninsula in the waste
 Around Laurado saw amazed
 The vision of its fantastic towers,
 Conceived in other form than ours,
 Or than the Goth's, — but likening more
 The heathen Moor's, — all diapered o'er
 With tiles of gold, and tiles of jet,
 And crimson tiles, in order set;
 With airy arches, linked as if
 By drapery of the clover-leaf,
 While virevolte and arabesque fair
 Ran dazzling riot everywhere.
 Like writhing serpents when they rear,
 The slender, twisted shafts appear;
 A mazy dance of devils small
 Encircles every capital;
 From carven angles, dragon-wise
 The gargoyles leap, — and minarets rise
 O'er-topped by Islam's crescent-sign
 Goring with horns the blue divine.
 Moreover, every wall displayed
 A cunning Moorish frieze, inlaid
 With barbarous characters that writ
 A mystic meaning over it.
 And o'er the topmost magic tower,
 Rude-wrought with foliage and flower
 In bronze and gold, and gleaming down
 O'er leagues of land, there hung a crown, —
 Each leaf, a mask right horrible, —
 A very cauldron-lid of hell!
 Below are labyrinthine glades,
 With zigzag paths among the shades;
 But whosoever treads the same
 Is lost. He hears an evil name

Whispered about the boskage, — sees
 Funeral plants and tortured trees,
 And flowers unknown whose odor dense
 Mounts cloud-like, dulling all the sense.

Inducted into the possession of this ill-omened pleasure-house, Roderic roams for a while about the seven great halls, respectively dedicated to the indulgence of Pride, Envy, Avarice, Gluttony, Luxury, Rage, and Sloth, all of whose appurtenances are fully and vividly described. He had half hoped to find Nerto within, but the place is empty, and a feeling of languor and disgust creeps over him, which drives him forth again, to watch outside in the falling twilight for her coming. He has not long to wait: —

Flying the forest's deepening shade,
 Fear at her heart, the little maid
 Crept by the border of the fen.
 The lily of Hades, leaping then
 Forth of the ooze, her greenery spread
 Silently o'er the waters dead,
 And her great blossoms did unfold
 As moonlight, — colorless and cold.
 Through tangled marrish grasses there
 Struggled the typhas to upbear
 Their brimming cups; — but she, the child,
 Whither to turn, in such a wild?
 Suddenly, all ablaze with light,
 The castle breaks upon her sight;
 And, as the mirror lures the lark,
 Or the moth seeks the candle-spark,
 Thither she flies. From windows wide
 Pours o'er the dark a luminous tide
 Sparkling with wavelets green and red;
 And, from the roof-tree overhead,
 Changing, and pulsing bubble-wise,
 A fire-dome swells into the skies."

The momentary relief and rapture of Nerto, when Roderic comes forth from this strange house to welcome her, assures her that it is his house for the time being, and draws her in, is followed by a corresponding revulsion of horror when the truth dawns upon her, and she realizes that on this fatal night, of all others, she has been lured into a stronghold of her infernal foe. Gathering courage from despair, she firmly resists her lover's impassioned solicitations, and when the Enemy himself rises between them, triumphantly claiming her father's forfeit, she exhorts Roderic to give him

battle while she prays. They can but die together, she says, and it may be that for a sinless love no place will be found in hell. Thus inspired, Roderic lifts his cross-hilted sword, and a terrific conflict ensues, closed by a shock of whirlwind and the falling of a thunder-bolt which entirely consumes both castle and combatants, leaving only what may still be seen there, — the image of a praying nun in stone.

The epilogue of the poem remains, in which we are invited to return to the cell of the discomfited anchorite. It is satisfactory to know that he had received no angel-visits since the day when, in selfish panic lest he should lose the labor of years for the safety of his own soul, he had driven poor little Nerto from his door. The fourth morning finds him plunged in deepest dejection, as well as nearly famished through the failure of his angelic supplies; nevertheless he makes shift to climb the mountain as usual, and there the accustomed vision is once more vouchsafed. The prostrate reverence of the hermit is indulgently received by the archangel, who relates, for the benefit of the trembling saint, the blessed dénouement of Nerto's history. In brief, the faith and constancy of the nun, combined with the desperate valor of the knight in that final encounter, had sufficed to rout the demon, and for three days now there had been feasts and rejoicing in Paradise over the final rescue and mystical union of the lovers. "Glory to God!" sings the hermit generously, and with the promptitude of a class-leader, "but now tell me truly, most glorious patron, why did you repulse me so cruelly three days ago?" and the archangel is absolutely obliged to explain to this obtuse penitent that he needed a lesson in humility! After this, and very gracefully, the poet closes and dedicates his romance in his proper person —

If haply some day, reader bland,
Thou voyagest through St. Gabriel's land,

Caring for aught that might avail
To prove the truth of this my tale,
There in the levels fair with corn
Thou shalt behold my nun forlorn,
Bearing upon her marble brow
Lucifer's lightning mark. But now,
Mute as a milestone. All these years
The murmur of budding life she hears;
And the white snails for coolness hide
Her rigid vesture-folds inside,
Mint-perfumed; while about her feet
The shadow turns, the seasons fleet,
And everything beneath the sun
Changes, except the lonely nun.
Mute, said I? Nay, the whisper goes
That here, when high midsummer glows,
There breathes, at noon, a dulcet tone.
Lay then thine ear against the stone,
And, if thou hearest aught at all,
'T will be the hymn angelical.

St. Gabriel hath, not far away,
An ancient, small basilica;
Sorrowful, as it would appear,
Because for now so many a year
No Christian footstep thither goes,
But there the guardian olive grows,
And, in the archivolt of the door,
St. Gabriel, — kneeling as of yore, —
Says Ave to Our Lady, while
The snakey author of all guile,
Twining around the knowledge-tree,
Lures from their primal innocence
Adam and Eve. A silent place:
The careless hind upon his ways
Mayhap salutes the Queen Divine,
But sets no candle at her shrine.
Only the blessed plants of God,
Among the courtyard stones untrod,
In fissures of the massy wall,
Between the roof-tiles, over all,
Take root and beautifully bloom,
And in the heat their wild perfume
Rises like altar-incense. There
God's tiny living creatures fare;
Flutter the chickens of St. John;
Butterflies light and waver on;
Among the grass-blades, mute and lean
The *mantis* kneels; the rifts between
Of the high roof-ridge, hides the bee
His honey-board right busily;
Neath gauzy wings, the livelong day
The innocent cicalas play
One only silver tune; — and these
Are as the parish families
Who throng the door, and tread the choir
Evermore gilt by sunshine. Higher
In window-niches, with the wind
For organ-bass, the sparrows find
Their place, and emulously swell
The *laudo* of that good Gabriel
Who saves them from the hawk. And I,
Maillano's minstrel, passing by
Thy widowed church this very day,
Did enter in, and softly lay, —
O Gabriel of Tarascon! —

Upon thy altar this my song :
A simple tale, new come to light,
And only with thy glory bright.

It is perhaps fortunate that the exigencies of the new Provençal poetry do not demand an argument as the indispensable adjunct of a narrative poem ; for it might be a little difficult clearly to define the moral position and bearing upon the action of the tale of Benedict, or Cifer, or the hermit, or even the angelic patron himself. That a love with so very large and frank an admixture of earth as that of Roderic and Nerto should be a more powerful antidote to the venom of original evil than word of pope, or prayer of saint, or even the intervention of one of the highest officers of the celestial hierarchy, cannot surely be the lesson which a believer of M. Mistral's earnestly professed orthodoxy intended to convey. Yet this appears to be the gist of the poem, and we know — on the authority of its altogether serious and sententious prologue — that it lay very much upon his heart, whether primarily or as an after-thought, to render the story of Nerto instructive as well as entertaining. Can it be that the prologue is by way of an apology ?

But why tease a poet, even a professedly pious one, for a specific moral ? Nerto has no pretension to rank with a great Satanic epic like *Paradise Lost*, nor with a great Satanic allegory like *Faust*. It even suffers a little, we think, by comparison with a natural, straightforward story of superstition and sorrow, like *Jasmin's Françonette*. But the old sweetness is here, a good deal of the old richness in rusticity, the old mobility and variety, almost, occasionally, the old *élan*. If the idea more than once recurs that the note of *naïveté* has been pressed until the string has become a little worn and the vibrations thin, there are still many passages in every canto of Nerto whose inspiration is drawn from none of the literatures with which

the reading world is familiar, if from any literature at all. The poem has been warmly received in Paris. The critic who first likened it to an illuminated missal had perhaps unconsciously in mind one of that new variety which M. Renan proposes to compile ; yet the poem does resemble an illumination — and one of the best days of that art — in the soft brightness of its coloring, the beauty of its bird and flower decoration, and the childish yet graphic drawing of its figures, no less than in the artless and abrupt succession of its incidents, and in a certain lack of perspective and of atmosphere.

To the form of the verse, — though managed, it is needless to say, by M. Mistral with the ease of a master in rhyme, — we have not been able fully to reconcile ourselves. The short step of what, in the absence of a more precise term, we must call the iambic tetrameter, that octosyllabic measure adopted by Chaucer from the old romances of chivalry and formed by him, illustrated by Milton, abused by Butler, revived by Byron and re-polished by William Morris, is, in spite of old Provençal precedent, far better suited to the manly genius of our own language than to the slipshod grace of the modern Provençal. We miss the long undulating lines and affluent double and triple endings of the verse of Mirèio and Calendau. The double ending, as employed in Nerto, seems even to entangle and impede the forward movement of the phrase, as the gait may be impeded by a too full drapery ; and it is a sore trial to the translator, who, in essaying to turn the thought into a language so much poorer than the original in feminine rhymes and fluent polysyllables, is almost compelled, in some instances, to fill out the verse by a multiplication of epithets.

The wealth of the poet's vocabulary, as displayed both in the Provençal narrative and in his own parallel French

version, remains a wonder and a despair. French men of letters are the foremost to admire M. Mistral's inexhaustible store and ingenious employment of rare

and curious French words. They say that he baffles their best philologists at times, and taxes the resources of M. Littré himself.

Harriet Waters Preston.

THE EMBRYO OF A COMMONWEALTH.

THAT the governments and laws of nations, to be permanent, must result from long years of steady growth is among the most impressive of the lessons of history. Ready-made constitutions, revolutionary empires and republics alike, perish as suddenly as they arise. They cannot withstand the strain of faction or the shock of war. Nothing reaches great age that rushes quickly to maturity.

To this general law, however, there is apparently an exception. The American people are not unusually credited with having suddenly invented the written constitution. And certainly the rapid conception and adoption of this idea in the last century, and the stability which the governments then founded have since shown, may well seem an anomaly in history. Yet such can hardly be the fact, for Americans are subject to the same general laws that regulate the rest of mankind; and accordingly, in point of fact, it will appear on investigation that they have worked out their destiny slowly and painfully, as others have before them; and that, far from cutting the knot of their difficulties by a stroke of inventive genius, they earned their success by clinging tenaciously to what they had. Their political genius did not lie in sudden inspiration, but in the conservative and at the same time flexible habit of mind which enabled them to adapt the institutions they had known and tested as colonists to their new position as an independent people. The germ of the written con-

stitution is very ancient, and appears to have existed at the dawn of English history; and the process by which this germ has developed, with the lapse of ages, into the organic law of the American republics is a most curious and interesting example of the growth of political and legal conceptions.

The Middle Ages were times of violence. Speaking generally, oppression was the accepted condition of society, and no man not noble had the right in theory or the power in practice to do anything he might want to do, without the consent of his feudal superior. When such a state of things exists, the only hope for the weak is to combine; and so it has resulted that pretty much all the early triumphs of freedom have been won by combinations of commons against some noble, or by combinations of nobles against a king.

For the peasantry, indeed, such combination has always been difficult; but it was easy for the burghers of the towns who were harassed by the neighboring barons, and from the outset they seem instinctively to have united for their common defense, and thus was born the mediæval guild.

Generally there are but two ways in which men can get from others anything of value. They can fight for it, or they can buy it. Apparently the ancient townsmen were not commonly strong enough to take what they wanted by force, though, to do them justice, they not infrequently tried the experiment, so they usually resorted to purchase;

they agreed with their lord upon a price which they were to pay for a privilege, and in return for their money received a grant, which, because it was written, was called a charter.

The following charter of the Merchants' Guild of Leicester is very early, and, of course, in very simple form. Yet it is interesting, for it shows that the corporation of Leicester existed at the Conquest, and must have held property in succession, made contracts, and been liable to suit, through two reigns. It presupposes that there could be no doubt as to the customs of the town, which are therefore not enumerated.

"Robert, Earl of Mellent, to Ralph, and all his barons, French and English, of all his land in England, greeting. Know ye, that I have granted to my merchants of Leicester their Guild Merchant, with all customs which they held in the time of King William, of King William his son, and now hold in the time of Henry the King. Witness

"R. THE SON OF ALCITIL."

Such was the ancient charter. The corporate existence was recognized, and that was all. But, necessarily, the early like the modern corporation must have had succession, the power to sue and be sued, to make contracts, and to hold property. These functions were always exercised as a matter of course. It was not till after several centuries that lawyers learned, by observing these customary companies, what powers were necessary for every such association. Gradually, as time elapsed, the charter grew more elaborate; until at last it came to pass that the existence of no new corporation was recognized unless it received from the king a written grant of every power it was to exercise. Thus it has always been with the common law. A custom grows up from the needs of the people, this custom is recognized by the courts, then the custom is forgotten and the rigid rule of law remains, which in its turn is modified by legislation.

Still, many prescriptive corporations exist in England, the most remarkable among them being the city of London, which, though it has received innumerable charters from different kings, has never been regularly incorporated by any single grant.

A word or two is necessary about the Merchants' Guild which was granted by the Earl of Mellent to his merchants of Leicester. It was an association of the townsmen to promote their common welfare. All traders were called merchants in those days; and traders were almost necessarily land owners, to the extent at least of their own dwellings. Thus, at first, the guild seems to have practically included all the townsmen, and the guild hall became the place where town business was transacted; thus, gradually, the guild corporation became the town corporation, and the recognized government of the borough. The town hall of London, for example, is still called Guild Hall. The guild was originally a popular institution; but in the course of centuries its character changed. Membership became a valuable privilege, and grew to depend on birth, purchase, marriage, or election; so that at last the corrupt condition of these corporations, possessing as they did the right of returning members to parliament, actually threatened a revolution in England, and culminated in the agitation which led to the Reform Bill.

As it was with the merchant guild, so it was with the craft guild. Each trade banded together for its own protection, — the weavers, the grocers, the mercers, the goldsmiths, the tailors, and so on through the whole list; and they too, from being popular associations formed to protect the weak against the strong, became by degrees an aristocracy as oppressive as that which they were originally meant to resist.

It is beside the object of this article, however, to go into the history of mediæval guilds and boroughs, interesting

as the subject is. What we are concerned with is the trading company, which was an offshoot of the guilds, and intended to give protection to Englishmen trading abroad. Obviously, some such association was necessary; for if property was insecure within the realm, it was far more so without. Indeed, the position of English merchants of the fourteenth century domiciled on the continent was not unlike, so far as safety goes, that of those Europeans who now garrison the so-called factories upon the coast of Africa.

It is impossible to learn when such companies were first established. At the Conquest, the Hanse merchants had a house in London, which afterward became famous as the Steel-Yard. These Germans lived a singular life, a mixture of that spent by the trader, the soldier, and the monk. Their warehouse was a fortress constantly exposed to attack by the ferocious mob, and occasionally taken and sacked. Shut up within, they were subject to a discipline of more than military rigor. Not only were they forbidden to marry, but they were never allowed to pass a single night without the gates, nor was any woman, even a servant, permitted within the walls. For many years they appear to have pretty much monopolized the carrying trade; in later days they became a recognized guild of London, had their hall, and took part in the city shows; it was not till the end of the thirteenth century that Englishmen seem to have had the enterprise to attempt foreign commerce themselves.

About 1296, certain London mercers are said to have obtained a grant of privileges, from the Duke of Brabant, and to have established a wool exporting house at Antwerp. Obviously, the permission of the Flemish government was necessary to enable them to trade in that capital, but it seems hardly possible even at the outset that they could have maintained themselves without some kind of recognition from the authorities at home.

Although domiciled abroad, they were English merchants, and they must have relied principally upon the protection of England and English law. No very early documents remain by which this fact can be proved, but the elaborate charter granted in 1463 by Edward IV. shows that the company had been recognized as a corporation for many years previously. In it the king confirms the existing governor in his office, and also the laws and regulations then in force. He gives the governor and company jurisdiction over all merchants and mariners trading to those parts, and empowers them to regulate the trade and exercise control over the traders. In fact, the same revolution had taken place here as in the guild. The company had been organized, for mutual protection, by all the Englishmen who sailed to Flanders with merchandise, and every man who chose to join was welcomed as a member, since numbers added to their strength. Once established and strong enough to feel secure, the popular brotherhood, which had now taken the name of Merchant Adventurers, became a monopoly, claiming exclusive privileges, restricting its own numbers, and ruthlessly oppressing outsiders. How intolerable their rule became is shown by a curious petition which was presented to Parliament in 1497. It was a protest against the exactions of these Merchant Adventurers, and alleged that the company made all outsiders trading to Holland and Flanders pay a fine of £40 (a large sum of money in those days), whereas by their first charter, which the petitioners stated was granted in 1406, any one might join the fraternity by paying one old noble or about 6s. 8d. Whereupon Parliament seems to have made a compromise, as usual, and enacted that in future no trader should have to pay more than 10 marks, or £6 13s. 4d.

During the Middle Ages all society tended strongly toward aristocracy and

monopoly, and trading companies shared in the general movement. The world moved slowly. We can hardly realize how little change a century wrought in public institutions, or in habits of life, five hundred years ago. Supposing the Merchant Adventurers to have been organized about 1300, no other company comes into notice till near 1400, during which time also no trace remains of the progress of the Adventurers themselves. The sixteenth century, however, was at hand. With it came the great awakening when Europe broke into new life, and the world was shaken with a new energy. Trade shared in the impulse, and fresh enterprises were started on every side.

In 1554, Philip and Mary incorporated the Russia Company in regular modern form, with all the technical legal verbiage. In 1581, the Turkey Company was organized. In 1599, that greatest of all trading enterprises, the East India Company, received its charter; and, to come directly to what concerns us, in 1628, or the fourth year of King Charles I., the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England came into existence.¹

The company of Massachusetts Bay was organized in the form of a trading corporation, just as the Merchant Adventurers, the Turkey, or the East India Company had been organized. This as a legal proposition does not seem to be open to dispute.² At the same time, nothing can be more certain than that the enthusiasts who settled at Boston came to America with no idea of gain. They came here, on the contrary, abandoning all worldly advantages, to found a religious republic, in a land so far from England that they thought themselves unlikely to be disturbed. Nevertheless, the form in which the British government gave its sanction to their

emigration was as an association of Englishmen going to a foreign country for the purpose of trade, and taking with them the authority necessary to enforce order among themselves, just as the Merchant Adventurers had done centuries before in Flanders, and as the East India Company was then doing in Hindostan.

Nobody can doubt this fact who will make a very slight examination of the old charters, which vary from one another only in details, and are evidently drawn up upon the same model. How the lawyers of that day viewed the question is also quite clear. It was the duty of the law officers of the crown to draw up a short memorandum of the substance of any document needing the king's signature, so that he might know what was before him. This memorandum was called the king's docket, and was attached to the instrument. The material portion of the king's docket of the Massachusetts charter is as follows:—

“Incorporating them also by the name of the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England in America, with such other clauses for ye electing of Governors and Officers here in England for ye said Company, and powers to make laws and ordinances for settling ye government and magistracy for ye plantation there, and with such exemptions from Customs and Impositions and some [such?] other privileges as were originally granted to the Council aforesaid and are usually allowed to Caporaçons in England.”

The docket is signed by the solicitor general, Sir Richard Sheldon. His opinion is therefore clear enough. He advised the king that the charter submitted to him was one in ordinary form, incorporating a company in England who proposed to establish plantations or

¹ Massachusetts is chosen because for my purpose some one colony must be taken as an example, and Massachusetts happens to be the most convenient.

² See a very able paper by Mr. Charles Deane, published in *Proceedings of Mass. Hist. Soc.*, Dec., 1869, p. 173, in which the point is demonstrated.

trading posts in America for commerce, just as other merchants were then establishing them in India, or like those afterward built by the Hudson Bay Company.

It was because their position was legally false that the colonists fell into most of their political difficulties with the authorities at home. As already pointed out, their object was to establish a religious republic in America. The king, however, had sanctioned nothing of the kind, and it is at once interesting and instructive to contrast the machinery with which they had provided themselves with that which they were actually compelled to use.

The machinery of the charter is simple, and comes to little more than this: The general court of the company, which was composed of the freemen, or, in modern language, stockholders, was to meet once a quarter; and this general court was empowered to choose the governor and assistants (president and directors), and pass such laws as were necessary for the prosecution of the objects of the corporation, that is, for the regulation of their business and the maintenance of order at their factories in America, as the Merchant Adventurers had been doing for centuries.

This was the extent of what they were legally empowered to do. What they actually did do, and indeed what circumstances forced them to do, was something quite different and altogether more comprehensive; and by exceeding their legal powers they worked a forfeiture of their charter at the outset.

Blackstone says (vol. i. p. 485): "A corporation may be dissolved by forfeiture of its charter, through negligence or abuse of its franchises; in which case the law judges that the body politic has broken the condition upon which it was incorporated, and thereupon the incorporation is void."

Almost at once the colonists com-

mitted a flagrant breach of law. They found that it was impossible to keep up even a form of government in England, and boldly decided to take their charter to America. The object, of course, was to get rid of the supervision of the government and of the courts. But such an act was evidently contrary to the whole theory and spirit of the law, which was to keep the imaginary being within the jurisdiction which gave it life and whose power supported and at the same time controlled it. Although in one sense even then the American wilderness may have been held to have formed a part of the British empire, it certainly was not such a portion of the realm of England as to be within the regular jurisdiction of the courts, or to have any analogy to an English county.

Though neither English judges nor lawyers ever seem to have had any serious doubt that the removal of the charter to New England worked its forfeiture, yet that act was one of the smallest of the usurpations of which the company had been guilty; indeed, it is hardly going too far to say that it had paid no attention to the law whatever. The general court ought to have been a meeting of the free-men, or, as we say, of stockholders; they turned it into a representative assembly, whose only point of resemblance to the thing they were authorized to maintain was in the name, which has thus descended to the Massachusetts legislature. They went on to incorporate towns and counties. They invented a strange criminal code founded on the law of Moses, not then recognized in Great Britain, in which they made a number of odd offenses capital. They even coined money. And for none of these things was there a shadow of legal sanction. Thus when the scire facias came on for hearing in 1684, the chancellor had no hesitation in annulling the charter, and his law was unquestionably good, though the motive that actu-

ated him may have been political.¹ Yet singularly enough, while at every turn the colonists found themselves forced by events to disregard the terms of their charter and to act in defiance of its evident meaning, they held it in almost superstitious reverence, so much so that they clung to the parchment on which it was written, after it had become void by a judicial decree, as though the possession of the scrap of paper was a matter of grave importance, when the vital principle was dead. But so much did they prize it that they never would part with it; and it hangs to this day in the State House in Boston.

By the revolution of 1688, England liberalized its government. Certainly William III. was not inclined to interfere unnecessarily with his subjects, yet he was no more disposed than a Stuart to restore the old state of things. Nor would such a policy have been statesmanlike. The time had come to end the old pretense of a trading company, and deal with existing facts. A large colony had grown up in Massachusetts, whose institutions ought long before to have been recognized and regulated by law. Besides, unless Great Britain was prepared practically to abandon all control over this part of her empire, something had to be done to sustain her authority. Some supervision had become necessary over legislation, and appeals from the courts had to be entertained. It was necessary that England should be represented by an officer powerful enough to be respected, who could regulate in some degree the action of a people whose most marked characteristic was not docility.

Accordingly, in 1691 the king granted the second or provincial charter, which remained in force till the Revolution. It is in some respects a very remarkable example of how tenaciously

ancient forms survive their usefulness and their meaning. The venerable formula of incorporation was scrupulously followed with its endless and then absolutely unmeaning verbiage, but though the old shell was left the spirit within was modern. The provincial charter bridges the gulf between the Middle Ages and our own times. The great change had come; the new instrument, though still in form a charter of incorporation, was in fact a written constitution of government, such as now exists in the United States. It was less elaborate than those drawn subsequently, it is true, but the pervading principle is identical.

The executive was the governor, who was appointed by the crown, though his pay was fixed by the legislature. The legislature was a regular representative body, with powers almost identical with those since granted by the people to the general court of Massachusetts. Its members were elected by the towns. The appointment of judges was provided for, who were to preside over courts to be established by the legislature. Provision was also made for a militia and a police.

In short, the figment of a trading company had vanished, and in its place England gave to its colony a written instrument of government to serve for the fundamental law of a democratic republic. It was a first attempt, and therefore somewhat crude. The balancing of the three departments against each other was not understood, and perhaps was not necessary where the executive drew its power from another source than the people; yet it was well adapted to its purpose. It was deeply venerated by the people, who, at the Revolution, seem never to have thought it possible to get on without it, or at least something like it to take its place. They thought, how-

¹ The original writ of *quo warranto* brought by Sir John Banks in 1635 was abandoned, and final process was by *scire facias*. Palfrey, vol. iii. p.

390, note. See the able paper by Mr. Deane on the Charter, *Memo. History of Boston*, vol. i. p. 329. Also Story on Constitution, Book I. § 66.

ever, it might be improved, and they therefore held a convention to redraft it. They cut out the antiquated form of incorporation ; they separated as completely as they could the executive, legislative and judicial departments ; they omitted portions that displeased them, and added a bill of rights, of which they had felt the need. Then, as they no longer owed allegiance to the king, who had formerly been the grantor, they granted to themselves by a popular vote their new charter, which they named a constitution.

An extract taken almost at random will show how closely the convention followed their model, even to adopting the exact words where it was possible to do so.

POWERS OF THE GENERAL COURT.

CHARTER.

And we do further, for us, our heirs and successors, give and grant to the said Governor, and the Great and General Court or Assembly of our said province or territory, for the time being, full power and authority from time to time to make, ordain and establish all manner of wholesome and reasonable orders, laws, statutes and ordinances, directions and instructions, either with penalties or without (so the same be not repugnant or contrary to the laws of this our realm of England), as they shall judge to be for the welfare of our said province or territory, and for the government and ordering thereof, and of the people inhabiting, or who shall inhabit the same ; and for the necessary support and defense of the government thereof.

CONSTITUTION.

And further, full power and authority are hereby given and granted to the said General Court, from time to time to make, ordain, and establish all manner of wholesome and reasonable orders, laws, statutes and ordinances, directions and instructions, either with penalties or without (so as the same be not repugnant or contrary to this constitution), as they shall judge to be for the good and welfare of this Commonwealth, and for the government and ordering thereof, and of the citizens of the same, and for the necessary support and defense of the government thereof.

The necessary changes were in truth very slight, so slight that Rhode Island and Connecticut thought their colonial charters good enough, and kept them in force for many years after the establishment of the federal government ; and no

one needs to be told that as the constitution of Massachusetts was the first to be adopted, so it served more or less as a model for those that came afterward, including that of the Union. Such is the history of the written constitution, from its germ in the ancient charters of the mediæval guilds, through the era of the trading company and the phase of colonial charters, down to its latest development as it now exists, — the fundamental law of the American republics.

It is worth while to pause for a moment to realize the startling difference in the destinies of those two great enterprises, begun so nearly together, the East India Company and the Company of Massachusetts Bay. The spirit in which they were organized differed widely, it is true, for the one was really what it pretended to be, a venture by English merchants in the East ; while the other was an emigration of fanatics, who, far from seeking their fortunes in the West, were abandoning all worldly wealth in the hope of finding a spot in the wilderness where they would be able to carry out undisturbed their own peculiar notions of theocratic government.

Still, though the motives that actuated these two bodies of men were wide asunder as the poles, their legal position was identical. They were both corporations before the law, and if they both founded empires, some similar development of constitutional principles might not unreasonably be anticipated in the two states. Nothing of the kind has happened. Planted on different continents, under different climates and in different soils, they have borne strangely different fruit. The one in Asia, ruling a subject and inferior people, soon became a pure military despotism, so far as its subjects were concerned ; and when at last it perished under the weight of its own conquests, it left to England a vast empire whose only constitution or law is

the will of the master race. The Massachusetts company, on the contrary, starving on the sterile and bleak New England coast, and composed of men of stern and courageous nature, was destined to foster the purest democracy the world has ever seen, and at last to provide, by its traditions and its laws, the foundation upon which the American Union rests.

There still remains to be told a most interesting portion of the history of the development of those constitutional principles which are peculiar to the United States, — the process by which the courts acquired the jurisdiction they have always exercised of acting as interpreters of the organic law, and of holding void statutes passed by the legislative department of the government that, in the opinion of the judges, conflicted with its meaning.

It is evident that from the earliest time there must have been some one to pass upon the abuse of corporate privileges. Towns or guilds could never have been allowed to use their powers in any way they chose without restraint, and the way in which society could most readily protect itself was by taking away the franchise it had granted. Thus, for example, the Plantagenets were constantly, upon one pretext or another, revoking or suspending the franchises of London, often, no doubt, with justice, but sometimes for the purpose of reselling them. And as it gradually became clear that charters, to be worth the having, must be beyond the power of the grantor, it came to be established as law that the king could not rescind his own grant. So by degrees the judges assumed the entire jurisdiction over these questions, and if for any reason the government wished to annul a charter, the attorney-general began proceedings in the courts. But judicial regulation could not stop here, as a moment's reflection must show. A man may be made responsible in his own person, all

his contracts may be held binding on him, and yet society may protect itself by punishing him if he breaks the law, although in point of fact there are many contracts that no man is allowed to make. Corporations stand on a different footing. Citizens are permitted to associate together and act like one being for certain purposes clearly stated in their charter. If instead of using their privileges for these purposes they undertake something entirely different, it is clear that they act beyond the law, in defiance of the power that gave them life, and that the act is void. Otherwise corporations might do anything that seemed likely, in the opinion of the members, to promise profitable results. The proposition seems clear enough, but it opens a vast field for controversy; for there are no questions on which men are more apt to disagree than whether a given act is fairly within the scope of a grant. And from the earliest times controversies of this kind have arisen. There is a curious case reported in the *Liber Custumarum*, vol. i. pp. 416-424.

In 1321, the London weavers were alleged to have passed certain by-laws intended to raise the price of cloth, and therefore injure the public, by limiting the number of working days, the length of the working day, and the number of apprentices that the members of the guild might take at once. They were accordingly indicted for abuse of their privileges, and a jury having been impaneled, a trial was had. The jury found the truth of a number of the charges, but the upshot of the process does not appear, as the roll breaks off in the middle of the record.

With English companies established in distant and oftentimes barbarous countries, the danger to be apprehended from usurpations of power was necessarily much more serious than with those at home; because from the nature of things they were obliged to deal with more serious questions. Not only did

their officers have to administer both civil and criminal justice within their own territory, but they might be obliged to make war or negotiate treaties. So from the very beginning, although it would seem plain that corporate laws passed contrary to the intent of the charter must be worthless, and that any law contrary to the law of England must be contrary to the charter, it appears to have been customary to guard especially against improper legislation.

For example, Edward IV. granted a charter to the Merchant Adventurers in 1463, authorizing the governor and merchants to meet and elect twelve justices who were to hold courts; he then confirms the existing laws which the governor had approved, but expressly forbids the passing of any laws contrary to the intent of the charter, providing that such legislation should be null. In like manner the East India Company might make all reasonable laws, constitutions, etc., agreeable to the laws of England. And the general court of the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay could make all manner of reasonable and wholesome laws, statutes, etc., not contrary to the laws of England.

No explanation is necessary, therefore, to show that, whenever a case arose which turned upon some law or regulation of one of these companies, it was open to the parties to the litigation to set up that the act in question violated the charter and was void; and, of course, the judges had to rule one way or the other. The same provision was inserted in the charter of William III. to Massachusetts, and it would be reasonable to presume without investigation that cases must have arisen before the Revolution which involved the constitutionality of colonial legislation. In point of fact, several important cases did arise at quite an early date. The most striking of these was *Winthrop v. Lechemere*, which was in Connecticut, it is true, but that is immaterial, as the legal situation of

the two colonies was in this particular identical. Waite Winthrop died in 1716, leaving two children, John and Ann, wife of Thomas Lechemere. John took out administration and divided the personal property, but took to himself the entire real estate, as the heir of his father, instead of allowing a division as the colonial statute required. In 1724, Lechemere, in right of his wife, applied to the probate court of Connecticut for administration of the whole estate of the deceased, both real and personal. After much litigation, and an appeal to the Assembly in 1725, the Superior Court held that real estate should be inventoried and distributed like personal property, in conformity with the statute. Thereupon Winthrop appealed to the Privy Council in England; where, after argument, this decision was reversed, and the statute of distribution was held void as contrary to the charter and to English law.

The Connecticut legislation was copied from a similar law of Massachusetts, and had been in force since 1699. The success of Winthrop in this appeal probably induced a similar attempt in Massachusetts, for in 1737 the same point was raised in *Phillips v. Savage*, but the colony managed to manipulate the council in such a manner as to obtain a favorable decision. The decision in *Winthrop v. Lechemere* remained unshaken for seventeen years, during which time the greatest confusion and uncertainty prevailed in Connecticut in regard to the settlement of estates, until at last, in 1742, the colonial government succeeded in obtaining a reversal in *Clark v. Tousey*, after a continuous struggle throughout the entire interval.¹

At the outbreak of the Revolution, the supervision of the English courts was removed, but the people having either retained their old charters, or granted

¹ Conn. Col. Records, vol. vii. p. 191, note. Proceedings of Mass. Hist. Soc., 1860, 1862, pp. 64-80, 165-171.

themselves new ones in the shape of constitutions, the same questions must have arisen after the independence of the colonies was established as while they formed part of the British empire, the only difference being that the court of final resort was the highest court of each State, and not the Privy Council, to which an appeal no longer lay. A good example occurred in Rhode Island in 1786, three years before the adoption of the national constitution, Rhode Island at that time still carrying on its government under its colonial charter. The case was this: One Trevett having bought meat of Wheeden offered in payment a legal-tender bill of the State. By statute any person declining to receive these bills in payment of debts was liable criminally upon summary trial without a jury. Upon argument, the judges held the act unconstitutional, as contrary to the charter.¹

Thus, when the constitution of the United States was adopted, the whole theory of the province of the judiciary as interpreters of that instrument was almost as well understood, if not altogether so firmly established, as it is now. Nowhere is the doctrine more clearly stated than by Hamilton in number 78 of the *Federalist*.

"A constitution is, in fact, and must be regarded by the judges as a fundamental law. It therefore belongs to them to ascertain its meaning, as well as the meaning of any particular act proceeding from the legislative body. If there should happen to be irreconcilable variance between the two, that which has the superior obligation . . . ought to be preferred."

From its organization the Supreme Court has sustained Hamilton's view,

which was the view taken of their duty by the judges in the various States; though it is sometimes spoken of as if it were a discovery, or at least an original theory, of Chief Justice Marshall. No error could be more profound than to suppose it originated with him. The doctrine was laid down at the New York circuit only three years after the federal government was established, and it was supported by at least one eminent justice in an elaborate opinion given in a great cause which was argued shortly afterward before the full bench. Thus, when at length the question came up for actual decision in 1803, in *Marbury v. Madison*, the chief justice seems to have considered his opinion rather as a solemn declaration of what was already received as law than as advancing anything new.²

It is true that the court has not established its jurisdiction without opposition. Its claim to entertain appeals from state courts in matters touching the federal constitution, and to be the final tribunal for passing upon the constitutionality of congressional legislation, has not been conceded without a bitter struggle, even if the latter branch of the controversy can yet be said to be ended. But the actual relation of the judiciary to the legislature in the United States is too large a subject to be treated within the limits of this article. My purpose is accomplished if I have succeeded in showing that the governments and institutions of the American people are not the ephemeral growth of a moment of revolution, but that they are the offspring of a history and tradition as ancient as those which have moulded the common law, and upon which rests the fabric of the British empire.

Brooks Adams.

¹ *Trevett v. Wheeden*, 2 *Chandler's Criminal Trials*, 270. See also *Bayard v. Singleton*, 1 *Martin*, 48.

² See *Hayburn's Case*, 2 *Dal.* 409. Opinion of Iredell J. in *Chisholm v. Georgia*, 2 *Dal.* 419. Opinion of Marshall C. J. in *Marbury v. Madison*, 1 *Cranch*, 137.

IN THE HAUNTS OF THE MOCKING-BIRD.

THE mocking-bird has been called the American nightingale, with a view, no doubt, to inflicting a compliment involving the operation, known to us all, of damning with faint praise. The nightingale presumably is not the sufferer by the comparison, since she holds immemorial title to preëminence amongst singing birds. The story of Philomela, however, as first told, was not an especially pleasing one, and the poets made no great use of it. Nowhere in Greek or Roman literature, so far as I know, is there any genuine lyric apostrophe to the nightingale comparable to Sappho's fragment *To the Rose*; still, the bird has a prestige gathered from centuries of poetry and upheld by the master romancers of the world. To compare the song of any other bird with that of the nightingale is like instituting a comparison between some poet of to-day and Shakespeare, so far as any sympathy with the would-be rival is concerned. The world has long ago made up its mind, and when the world once does that there is an end, a *cul de sac*, a stopping-place, of all argument of the question. Indeed, it is a very romantic distance that separates the bird from most of us. Chaucer's groves and Shakespeare's woods shake out from their leaves a fragrance that reaches us along with a song which is half the bird's and half the poet's. We connect the nightingale's music with a dream of chivalry, troubadours, and mediæval castles. It is as dear to him who has heard it only in the changes rung by the Persian, French, and English bards as it is to him whose chamber window opens on a choice haunt of the bird in rural England. I might dare to go further and claim that I, who have never heard a nightingale sing, can say with truth that its music is, in a certain way, as familiar to me as the sound

of a running stream or the sough of a spring breeze. I often find myself reluctantly shaking off something like a recollection of having somewhere, in some dim old grove, heard the voice that Keats imprisoned in his matchless ode. There is a sort of aerial perspective in the mere name of the nightingale; it is like some of those classical allusions which bring into a modern essay suggestions with an infinite distance in them. So thoroughly has this been felt that it may safely be said that the nightingale has been more frequently mentioned by our American writers, good, bad, and indifferent, than any one of our native birds. No doubt it ought to provoke a smile, this gushing about a music one has never heard; but, like the music of the spheres and the roar of the ocean, the nightingale's voice is common property, and we all take it as a sort of hereditary music, descending to us by immemorial custom. Its notes are echoing within us, and we feel their authenticity, though in fact we know as little about the bird as chemists do about Geber. How shall we doubt that the bird whose song inspired Keats to write that masterpiece of English poetry is indeed a wonderful musician? Shakespeare and rare Ben Jonson and Burns and Scott and Shelley and Byron heard this same song; it was just as clear and sweet as it is now when Chaucer was telling his rhymed tales, when Robin Hood was in the greenwood, even when the Romans made their first invasion. In a general way, we do not think of the nightingale having a nest and rearing a brood and dying. It is simply the incomparable nightingale, philomela, rosignol, or whatever the name may be,—a bird that has been singing in rose-gardens and orange-orchards and English woods night after night for thou-

sands of years without a rival. Its song is to the imagination of all of us

"L'hymne flottant des nuits d'été,"

as Lamartine has expressed it. So it can easily be understood how hard a struggle our American mocking-bird is going to have before it reaches a place in the world's esteem beside the nightingale. Nor is it my purpose to do anything with a special view to aid it in the struggle; but I have studied our bird in all its haunts and in all seasons, with a view to a most intimate acquaintance with its habits, its song, and its character.

To begin with, the name *mocking-bird* is a heavy load for any bird to bear. Unmusical as it is, the worst feature of such an appellation is the idea of flippancy and ill-breeding that it conveys. To "mock" is to imitate with an ill-natured purpose, to jeer at, to ridicule; it was for mocking that bad children were made food for bears. Such a name carries with it a shadow of something repellant, and no poet can ever rescue it, as a name, from its meaning and its eight harsh consonants. It would indeed require some centuries of romantic and charming associations to make of it a name by which to conjure, as in the case of the nightingale. The bird, with almost any other name than *mocking-bird*, would fare much better at the hands of artists and poets, and might hope, if birds may hope at all, finally to gain the meed of praise it so richly deserves.

In a beautiful little valley among the mountains of North Georgia I first began to study the mocking-bird in its wild state. It was not a very common bird there, just rare enough to keep one keenly interested in its habits. I had great trouble in finding a nest. Many a delightful tramp through the thorny thickets and wild orchards of plum-trees ended in nothing, before my eyes discovered the loose sticks and matted midribs of leaves which usually make up the

songster's home. The haw-tree, several varieties of which grow in the glades of what is known as the Cherokee region, is a favorite nesting-place, and so is the honey-locust tree, which is also much chosen by the shrike or butcher-bird. There is so strong a resemblance in colors and size between this shrike and the mocking-bird that one is often mistaken for the other by careless observers, hence in some neighborhoods I have found a strong prejudice existing against the mocking-bird on account of the fiendish habits of the shrike.

A mountain lad once led me over a considerable mountain and down into a wild dell to show me a nest in a thorn tree, where he was sure I should find every evidence that a mocking-bird was a soulless monster, murdering little pee-wee fly-catchers and warblers, and impaling them on thorns out of sheer wantonness. I felt sure it was a shrike, but the boy said he knew better. Did n't he know a mocking-bird when he saw it? He had heard it sing and "mock" all the birds in the thickets around, and had also seen it doing its brutal work. Boys are sometimes very close and reliable in their observations, and this one was an inveterate hunter, and so stoutly asserted his knowledge that I was induced to test his accuracy by going with him to the place he called Mocking-Bird Hollow. Of course the nest was that of a shrike, but a number of mocking-birds were breeding in the immediate vicinity, hence the mistake.

The mocking-bird does not appear to be a strictly migratory bird, its range being much narrower than that of the brown thrush, the cat-bird, and the wood-thrush. I have never been able to find it a regular visitant in the West north of Tennessee, though I have no reason to doubt that it comes at times much farther, even into the Ohio valley. In the mountain valleys it is extremely wary and shy, its habits approaching very close to those attributed to the nightin-

gale of England. It chooses lonely and almost inaccessible nesting-places, and will not sing if at all disturbed. Often, while I have been lying on the ground in some secluded glade, I have heard, far in the night, a sudden gush of melody begun by one bird and echoed by another and another all around me, filling the balmy air of spring with a half-cheerful, half-plaintive medley. This is more common when the moon shines, but I have heard it when the night was black.

At several points near the coast of the Carolinas I have found the mocking-bird apparently a resident, and yet, so far South as Savannah, Georgia, it seems to shrink from the occasional midwinter rigors. In the hills near the Alabama River, not far from Montgomery, it is certainly resident, but I found it a much shyer bird there than in the thickets along the bayous of Louisiana. Early in the winter of 1883 I made a most careful search for the mocking-bird in Pensacola, Florida, and its environs, but found none. I was told that the bird would appear about the last of February. At Marianna, Florida, and along the line of the road thence to the Apalachicola River, I saw it frequently in mid-winter. On the gulf coast, down as far as Punta Rassa, and across the peninsula to the Indian River country, in the orange, lemon, and citron groves, in the bay thickets, and even in the sandy pine woods, I noted it quite frequently. In this semi-tropical country it is not so shy and so chary of its song as it is farther north. Near the mouth of the St. Mark's River, as I lay under a small tree, a mocking-bird came and lit on the top of a neighboring bush, and sang for me its rarest and most wonderful combination, called by the negroes the "dropping song." Whoever has closely observed the bird has noted its "mounting song," a very frequent performance, wherein the songster begins on the lowest branch of a tree and appears liter-

ally to mount on its music, from bough to bough, until the highest spray of the top is reached, where it will sit for many minutes flinging upon the air an ecstatic stream of almost infinitely varied vocalization. But he who has never heard the "dropping song" has not discovered the last possibility of the mocking-bird's voice. I have never found any note of this extremely interesting habit of the bird by any ornithologist, a habit which is, I suspect, occasional, and connected with the most tender part of the mating season. It is, in a measure, the reverse of the "mounting song," beginning where the latter leaves off. I have heard it but four times, when I was sure of it, during all my rambles and patient observations in the chosen haunts of the bird; once in North Georgia, twice in the immediate vicinity of Tallahassee, Florida, and once near the St. Mark's River, as above mentioned. I have at several other times heard the song, as I thought, but not being able to see the bird, or clearly distinguish the peculiar notes, I cannot register these as certainly correct. My attention was first called to this interesting performance by an aged negro man, who, being with me on an egg-hunting expedition, cried out one morning, as a burst of strangely rhapsodic music rang from a haw thicket near our extemporized camp, "Lis'n, mars, lis'n, dar, he's a-droppin', he's a-droppin', sho's yo' bo'n!" I could not see the bird, and before I could get my attention rightly fixed upon the song it had ended.

Something of the rare aroma, so to speak, of the curiously modulated trills and quavers lingered in my memory, however, along with Uncle Jo's graphic description of the bird's actions. After that I was on the lookout for an opportunity to verify the negro's statements. I have not exactly kept the date of my first actual observation, but it was late in April, or very early in May; for the crab-apple trees, growing wild in the

Georgian hills, were in full bloom, and spring had come to stay. I had been out since the first sparkle of daylight. The sun was rising, and I had been standing quite still for some minutes, watching a mocking-bird that was singing in a snatchy, broken way, as it fluttered about in a thick-topped crab-apple tree thirty yards distant from me. Suddenly the bird, a fine specimen, leaped like a flash to the highest spray of the tree and began to flutter in a trembling, peculiar way, with its wings half-spread and its feathers puffed out. Almost immediately there came a strange, gurgling series of notes, liquid and sweet, that seemed to express utter rapture. Then the bird dropped, with a backward motion, from the spray, and began to fall slowly and somewhat spirally down through the bloom-covered boughs. Its progress was quite like that of a bird wounded to death by a shot, clinging here and there to a twig, quivering, and weakly striking with its wings as it fell, but all the time it was pouring forth the most exquisite gushes and trills of song, not at all like its usual medley of improvised imitations, but strikingly, almost startlingly, individual and unique. The bird appeared to be dying of an ecstasy of musical inspiration. The lower it fell the louder and more rapturous became its voice, until the song ended on the ground in a burst of incomparable vocal power. It remained for a short time, after its song was ended, crouching where it had fallen, with its wings outspread, and quivering and panting as if utterly exhausted; then it leaped boldly into the air and flew away into an adjacent thicket. Since then, as I have said, three other opportunities have been afforded me of witnessing this curiously pleasing exhibition of bird-acting. I can half imagine what another ode Keats might have written had his eyes seen and his ears heard that strange, fascinating, dramatically rendered song. Or it might better have suited Shelley's

powers of expression. It is said that the grandest bursts of oratory are those which contain a strong trace of a reserve of power. This may be true; but is not the best song that wherein the voice sweeps, with the last expression of ecstasy, from wave to wave of music until with a supreme effort it wrecks its fullest power, thus ending in a victory over the final obstacle, as if with its utmost reach? Be this as it may, whoever may be fortunate enough to hear the mocking-bird's "dropping song," and at the same time see the bird's action, will at once have the idea of genius, pure and simple, suggested to him.

The high, beautiful country around Tallahassee, in Middle Florida, is the paradise of mocking-birds. I am surprised to find this region so little visited, comparatively speaking, by those who really desire to know all that is beautiful and interesting in our country. Perhaps it is because the places most frequented by the mocking-bird have not been sought by those deeply interested in bird-habits and history, that so little is known of the most striking traits of its character. Quite certain it is that no monograph exists which gives to the general reader any approximate idea of our great American singer. I must say just here that the mocking-bird's song in captivity, strong and sweet as it is, and its voice from the cage, liquid, flexible, and pure, are not in the least comparable to what they are in the open-air freedom of a Southern grove. If you would hear these at their best, and they are truly worth going a long journey to hear, you must seek some secluded grove in Southern Alabama, Georgia, or Middle Florida about the last of March or the first of April, when spring is in its prime and the gulf breezes are flowing over all that semi-tropical region.

It is a silly notion, without any foundation in fact, that the mocking-bird in its wild state is a mere mimic, without a song of its own. The truth is that all

birds get their notes, as we get our language, by imitating what they hear. Very few of them, however, are sufficiently gifted mentally and vocally to be able to pass the limitation of immemorial heredity, or to feel any impulse toward any attainments of voice beyond what they catch as younglings from their parents. Hence, as a rule, the young bird is satisfied with the pipes and calls caught from its immediate ancestors. No doubt a lack of finely developed vocal organs has much to do with this. But the mocking-bird, the brown thrush, and the cat-bird are notable exceptions to the rule. Nature has endowed them with an instinctive impulse toward a cultivation of their vocal powers, as well as with voices capable of wonderful achievements. A mocking-bird reared in captivity becomes much more a mere mimic than the wild bird, and yet, so strong is the hereditary tendency, the caged bird will perfectly sound the notes of a grossbeak or a blue-jay without ever having heard them. I have heard a mocking-bird, reared in a cage in Indiana, utter with singular accuracy the cry of the Southern woodpecker (*Picus querulus*), a bird I have never seen north of the Cumberland Mountains. Many little incidents noted in the woods and in the orchards haunted by the mocking-bird have led me to conclude that a genuine sense of the importance of singing well inspires some of its most remarkable efforts. One morning in March, 1881, I looked out of a window in the old City Hotel at Tallahassee, and witnessed a pitched battle of song between a brown thrush and a mocking-bird. In the grounds about the Capitol building across the street stood some venerable oak trees just beginning to leave out. The birds had each chosen a perch on the highest practicable point of a tree. They were not more than fifty feet apart, and with swelling throats were evidently vying fiercely with each other. This gave me the best

possible opportunity of comparing their styles and methods of expression. To my ear the brown thrush in the wild state is a sweeter singer than any caged mocking-bird; but when both are free, the latter is infinitely superior at every point. There is a wide variety of pure flute notes expressed by the wild mocking-bird. These notes become vitiated in captivity and their tone degraded to the level of mere mellow piping. In the hedges of Cherokee rose that grew along the old Augustine road east of Tallahassee, mocking-birds were so numerous that their songs, mingling together, made a strange din which could be heard a long way on a still morning.

I have already spoken of the injustice done the mocking-bird by the name given it, but at this point I may say that other American song birds of a superior order have suffered even more from this cause. *Cat-bird* and *thrasher*, — what names to be embalmed in poetry and romance! It required all the genius of Emerson successfully to use a titmouse as the subject for a poem. If Bryant's Lines to a Waterfowl had been addressed to a duck or a snake-bird, one would scarcely be content to accept the poem as perfect. A name certainly has an intrinsic value.

Mr. Cable in his powerful novel, *Dr. Sevier*, speaks of the mocking-bird's morning note as unmusical. At certain seasons of the year the bird's voice is not especially pleasing, but this is not in song-time. Early morning and the twilight of evening in the spring call forth its most charming powers. Its night song is sweet and peculiarly effective, but except on rare occasions in the nesting season, when the moon is very brilliant the nocturnal notes are pitched in a minor key and the voice is less flexible and brilliant, as if the bird were singing in its sleep.

In Florida and in the valley of the Alabama, I observed the mocking-bird assuming a familiarity with man very

closely approaching voluntary domestication. A pair had their nest in a small vine-covered peach tree close to the window of a room for some weeks occupied by me. They seemed not in the least disturbed when I boldly watched them, though occasionally the male bird was inclined to scold if I raised the window. Every morning, just at the peep of dawn, the singing began, and was kept up at intervals all day. The house was a mere cabin with unchinked cracks. All out-door sounds came in freely. The Suwanee River, made famous by the Old Folks at Home, rippled near, and the heavy perfume of magnolia flowers filled the air. My vigorous exercise in the woods and fields by day, which was sometimes continued far into the night, made me sleep soundly, but very often I was aroused sufficiently to be aware of a nocturne, all the sweeter to my half-dreaming sense on account of its plaintive and desultory rendering. In the neighborhood of Thomasville, Georgia, a mocking-bird's nest, built in a pear tree, was close to a kitchen door, where servants were all day passing in and out within ten or twelve feet of the sitting bird. The brood was hatched, and the young taken by a negro and sold to a New York tourist for twenty dollars. The birds tore up their nest as soon as it was robbed, and appeared greatly excited for a few days; but one morning the singing began again, and soon after a new nest was built a little higher up in the same tree. It has been told of the mocking-birds that, in Louisiana and other Southern regions, when such of them as have taken a summer jaunt to New England or Pennsylvania return to the magnolia and orange groves in late autumn, they are attacked by their resident brethren. My observation has not tended to verify this. Nor can I bear testimony to the bravery and fighting qualities of the mocking-bird. The blue-bird whips it, driving it hither and yon at will, though not more

than half its size. It is, however, a famous scold and blusterer, accomplishing a good deal by fierce threats and savage demonstrations. I do not believe the story about it killing snakes. It would be a very small and weak reptile that such a bird could kill, being so poorly armed for warlike exploits.

On a pedestrian tour through the loveliest and loneliest part of Middle Florida, I was struck with the strong contrast between the negroes and the white people as to the extent and accuracy of their ornithological knowledge, a contrast almost as marked as that of color. I could get no information from the whites. They had never paid any attention to mocking-birds. The subject appeared to them too slight and trivial to be worth any study. But the negroes were sometimes enthusiastic, always interested and interesting. Somehow there has always seemed to me a fine touch of power in the way a cabin, a few banana stalks, a plum tree or two, and a straggling bower of grape-vines get themselves together for the use of indolent negroes and luxury-loving mocking-birds. I have fancied it, or else there is a marked preference shown by the songster for the cots of the freedmen, and there can be no doubting that a warm feeling for the bird is nursed by the ordinary negro.

As I have suggested, the nature of the mocking-bird is that of a resident more than that of a migratory bird, and I am inclined to name its true habitat semi-tropical. Even so far South as Macon, Ga., and in the region of Montgomery, Ala., the chilly days of midwinter are sufficient to drive the birds to heavy cover. In fact, a large majority of the species of *Mimus* (*Mimus polyglottus* being the scientific name of the mocking-bird) are to be found in South America and in the tropical islands of the Atlantic. The plantation negroes used to have a saying which might serve the turn of Mr. Harris or Mr. Macon:

"Takes a red-hot sun fo' ter bri'l de mockin'-bird's tongue, but er mighty small fros' er gwine ter freeze 'im froat up solid." Mr. Fred. A. Ober, in his report of explorations made in the Okeechobee region, does not mention seeing the mocking-bird, but it is there, nevertheless, or was in 1867. I remember seeing a fine fellow flying about in some small bushes, near the remains of a deserted cabin, on the northeastern shore of the lake. I saw some paroquets at the same place.

On what is known as the Dauphine Way, running west from Dauphine Street in Mobile, mocking-birds used to be numerous, nesting in the groves on either side and filling the air with their songs. Whoever has walked out on this lovely road will remember a low, old-fashioned brick house, no doubt a plantation residence one day, with a row of queer little dormer windows on the roof in front, and graduated parapets to hide the gables, a long lean-to veranda and a row of chimneys, a dark, heavy-looking building near the south side of the Way. In a small tree just east of this house used to sing a mocking-bird whose voice was as much above the average of his kind as Patti's voice is above the average woman's voice. If one could get a caged bird to sing as that one did, he might profitably advertise it for concerts. A friend and I sat down across the Way from the house, and, while the gulf breeze poured over us and the bird music filled our ears, got a sketch of the charmingly picturesque old place; but somehow we could not put in the song of the wonderful mocking-bird.

Bird-fanciers and bird-buyers may profit by what I now whisper to them, to wit: the best-voiced mocking-birds, without a doubt, are those bred in Middle Florida and Southern Alabama. I have no theory in connection with this statement of a fact; but if I were going to risk the reputation of our country on the singing of a mocking-bird against a

European nightingale, I should choose my champion from the hill-country in the neighborhood of Tallahassee, or from the environs of Mobile.

No doubt proper food has much to do with the development of the bird in all its parts, and it may be that the dry, fertile, chocolate-tinted hills that swell up along the gulf coast produce just the berries, insects, and other tid-bits needed for the mocking-bird's fullest growth. Then, perhaps, the climate best suits the bird's nature. Be this as it may, I have found no birds elsewhere to compare with those in that belt of country about thirty miles wide, stretching from Live Oak in Florida, by way of Tallahassee, to some miles west of Mobile. Nor is there anywhere a more interesting country to him who delights in pleasant wildwood rambles, unusual scenery, and a wonderful variety of birds and flowers in their season. Most of our descriptive ornithologists have taken great pains to assure their readers that the American mocking-bird is very plain, if not positively unattractive in its plumage. But to my eye the graceful little fellow, especially when flying, is an object of real beauty. There is a silver-white flash to his wings, along with a shimmer of gray, and a dusky, shadowy twinkle, so to speak, about his head and shoulders, as you see him fluttering through the top of an orange tree or climbing, in his peculiar zigzag way, the gnarled boughs of a fig bush. His throat and breast are the perfection of symmetry, and his eyes are clear pale gold, bright and alert. The eggs of the mocking-bird are delicate and shapely, having a body color of pale, ashy green tinged with blue and blotched with brown. The eggs of the shrike closely resemble those of the mocking-bird, so that the amateur naturalist is often deceived. The nests of the two birds are also very much alike in shape and materials, and the places in which they are usually found are exactly similar, a lonely

thorny tree being preferred, if in the wildwood, and a pear tree or a plum tree if in an orchard.

I am quite sure that every one who has studied, or who hereafter may study, the mocking-bird in its proper haunts will agree with me that its voice is something far more marvelous than has ever been

dreamed of by those who have heard it only from the cage, and especially will the lover of high dramatic art and consummate individuality of manner and vocalization be charmed with the bird's exquisite "dropping song," if once he has the good fortune to witness its delivery and hear its rhythmic gushes of rapture.

Maurice Thompson.

CRUDE SCIENCE IN ARYAN CULTS.

IN the Hebrew Genesis the creation of the world is the result of a divine decree. God spake, and it was done. His simple fiat called all things into existence, and is regarded as a sufficient explanation of them. This attitude of mind towards questions of cosmogony is peculiarly Semitic.

Wholly different is the spirit in which the Aryan has always approached such problems. A solution of them depending upon the intervention of a *deus ex machina* would not be accepted by him as any solution at all. In the very beginnings of his intellectual development, so far as they have left any traces of themselves, he shows a marked tendency to examine into the origin and essence of things, and to discover their real causal principle. This characteristic is especially remarkable in the Indo-Aryan mind. Not only in the later philosophical and theological treatises, but even in the earliest monument of Indian literature and the oldest record of Aryan thought, the Rig-Veda, there is much speculation of this sort, often curiously and subtly interwoven with abstruse and enigmatic symbolisms, and occasionally lighted up by flashes of genuine poetic feeling; and it is truly wonderful with what boldness the sacred singer attacks the toughest themes, and to what depth he sometimes succeeds in probing mysteries which no mind has

ever yet completely fathomed. In the midst of his hymn, he suddenly starts off in childish chase of some gaseous will-o'-the-wisp, and stops only when he finds himself up to the neck in metaphysical quagmire. Unanswerable questions of ontology and cosmogony seem to have had a strange fascination for the Vedic seer, who is constantly merging the poet into the philosopher, breaking off descriptions of phenomena to search after noumena, fluttering about in hopeless queries and quandaries, and vainly beating the wings of his imagination against the invisible, but impassable, barriers which separate the knowable from the unknowable.

"Who beheld the first-born? Who saw the bodiless bring forth the embodied? Where, indeed, are the life, the blood, and the soul of the earth?" "Who in the form of the unborn propped up these six regions of the firmament?" "What was the fulcrum, what the lever, what the means by which the all-seeing all-maker established the earth and stretched out the sky?" "What was the wood, and what the tree, from which they formed the heavens and the earth, that they stand together undecaying and ever-enduring whilst many days and dawns have passed away?"

Such are a few specimens of the puzzling questions with which the Vedic

seers were forever vexing their inquisitive souls.

There is one hymn (x. 129) which is especially noteworthy as the production of a thinker who approaches the sublime and mysterious subject wholly free from mythological bias or theological preconceptions; and although he does not formulate his ideas with precision, nor unfold them in orderly sequence, but rather throws them out as hints and quasi-hypotheses, the process of his reasoning is logical, and the attitude of his mind strictly scientific. He goes back to a time, if time it may be called, when there was neither entity nor non-entity, and seeks to discover how existence sprang from this absolute void, this unthinkable negation of nothingness.

"1. Non-being was not, nor was there being then; nor was there space nor sky beyond. What enclosed it? Where was it, and of what the receptacle? Was it water, the yawning gap?

"2. Death was not, nor deathlessness then; nor of night and day was there distinction. Breathless breathed by self-sustaining power that monad (*tad ekam*); beside it there was nought else whatever.

"3. Darkness was; by darkness shrouded in the beginning, a formless sea, was this all. The potency which was wrapped in emptiness, that monad, was developed by the power of heat.

"4. First hovered over it desire, the primal germ of mind; the bond of being in non-being the seers discovered by searching thoughtfully in their hearts.

"5. Athwart was stretched a ray. Was it from beneath or from above? There were impregnations and mighty forces; peculiar receptiveness from below, vigorous energy from above.

"6. Who, indeed, knows, who can declare whence it sprang, whence came this evolution? The gods were produced later through this evolution. Who knows, then, whence it derived its being?

"7. Whence this evolution arose,

whether self-originated or not, he who is the overseer in the highest heaven knows perchance, or even he knows not."

After raising the query whether the genesis of creation may not be sought in water, the yawning gap (*gahanam gabhīram* corresponding etymologically and cosmologically to the *ginnunga gap* of the Edda), the Vedic singer pushes his inquiries still farther into the arcana of primeval chaos. The use of the word *ambhas* instead of *ap* implies that this original element is regarded as the essence, rather than the substance, of water. The poet then affirms the unity of this primogenial principle, whatever it may have been, strips it of all qualities, attributes, and conditions, and lifts it into the highest realm of the abstract and the absolute by declaring that it breathed breathless, that is, without the agency of air, by its own inherent, self-sustaining energy. This principle is not a personality or being of any kind, but is spoken of as *tad ekam*, that unit or monad; in other words, that elementary, indivisible, unextended, immaterial, and indestructible point of force, which plays such an important part in the philosophy of Leibnitz as the determining cause of all phenomena. In this respect it resembles the ultimate atom of Leukippos and the ἀρχή; that is, the unconditioned and undeveloped *materia prima* or pure potency postulated by Anaximander.

The *primum mobile* or first impulse to movement is said here to be power of heat, one of the most subtle and impalpable of forces and the universal source and symbol of life. But this heat is not only a vital, but also an intelligent, force; it combines the fire of Herakleitos with the *voûs* of Anaxagoras; it sets the inert and inane vortex in motion, and puts the chaotic elements in cosmic order; it is heat in the conscious form of desire or love, the first germ of intellectual activity, the same

power that has been discovered by sages expanding and pulsating in their own hearts towards the great ends of generation and creation. The bond which bridges the vast and mysterious chasm between non-existence and existence is described as a ray shooting across the abyss; an idea which reappears in the cosmogony of the Manichæans, who assert that the first impulse to creation was given by a ray falling from the region of light into the region of darkness. How this effusion of fecundating force was produced, whence this vigorous emanation came, the poet confesses himself unable to tell, and is finally content to escape the difficulty by the rhetorician's trick of taking refuge in tropes and metaphors, thus imparting to his ignorance a semblance of knowledge by clothing it in familiar phallic imagery. The gods, he says, are incompetent to furnish a solution, since they, as mere personifications of natural phenomena, are later results and outgrowths of this development, and it would be absurd to appeal to them for an explanation of processes of which they themselves are the products. Possibly the chief supervisor of the universe, who sits on high and sees it go, may know how it started on its course; equally possible is it, however, that he, too, is only a comparatively recent superintendent and curator of preëxistent materials and forces and knows nothing of their origin; sublime as his functions are, they may be purely administrative and not creative.

From the very earliest period of Brahmanical speculation this hymn has exercised the exegetical ingenuity of Indian scholiasts, and furnished occasion for all kinds of fanciful exposition and transcendental twaddle, each sect endeavoring to twist the sacred texts into props for its peculiar creed. A careful analysis will show that it contains the prolific germs of nearly every important phase of Greek cosmogony from Thales to Plotinus. It even hints at the theory

of spontaneous generation, and, in its repeated references to evolution, emphasizes the popular catchword of modern science. Like all ancient cosmogonies, it really explains nothing. It is interesting only as indicating a scientific tendency of the Aryan mind, a spirit of investigation and speculation concerning the phenomena of the universe which has put forth many crude and fantastic theories, but has not been without worthy witnesses of itself in every age, and has worked out, in our own day, the great systems of thought associated with the names of Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer.

The same scientific tendency that is perceptible in Indo-Aryan cosmogonies pervades also Indo-Aryan theogonies and theories of worship. In our own day, the progress of knowledge has left the sorcerer in a very low estate, but in primitive society he was the only man of science, the "upward-striving man," as Grimm calls him. The wizard, as the word implies, was originally the wise man *par excellence*. Milton, in his ode On the Morning of Christ's Nativity, speaks of the wise men from the East who came to worship at the manger in Bethlehem as "the star-led wizards." Magic is based upon the scientific assumption that the laws of the universe are fixed and regular in their operation, and that, by discovering them, the forces of nature can be controlled and made to subserve human interests. In the presence of powers which are variable in their character and arbitrary in their actions, man can only prostrate himself in abject adoration and beg for mercy. All that he can do is to propitiate them by supplication and by sacrifice. But the magician, instead of bowing down to the gods in servile fear and craving their compassion, or bribing them with gifts, commands them, and, by virtue of his occult science and powers of enchantment, forces them to do his will.

This is the fundamental characteristic of Brahmanism as a cult. It is no worship at all, in the sense of mere reverence and homage paid to supernatural beings, but a vast and complicated system of applied magic. So far as isolated prescriptions are concerned, the Brahmanical and Levitical rituals present some striking points of resemblance, especially in the manner of performing animal sacrifices. But the underlying principle and informing spirit are wholly different. Levitical precepts are positive injunctions originating in the simple will of Jehovah. No attempt is ever made to discover a reason for them in the nature of things. Thou shalt do this and thou shalt not do that, for "thus saith the Lord;" and that's the end of it. The expositor of the Brahmanical ritual, on the contrary, endeavors everywhere to trace the ceremony to some principle in nature, to connect it somehow with the laws of the universe, and thus impart to it a permanency and solidity which could not be predicated of an arbitrary decree, however lofty the source from which it might emanate. What he is constantly seeking is a firm footing for his rite, a knowledge which he can stand upon with the assurance that it cannot be shaken and will not slip from under his feet. He is not satisfied with any form of words or any ceremonial until he can say of it *prati-tishthati ya evam veda*: he who knows this stands fast. His assumptions may be absurd, his inferences illogical, his symbolisms far-fetched and flimsy, and his speculations sheer twaddle; nevertheless he reasons and philosophizes, observes and draws general conclusions from supposed facts.

The whole structure of Brahmanical ritualism is built upon a system of correspondences, a mystical relation of types to antitypes, often expressed in the form of numerical proportion. Here, too, as in other fields of investigation, etymology plays an important, though

precarious part; and many a sacrificial rite or sacred observance, when traced to its origin, is found to spring from the forked root of a poor pun. In the Aitareya Brâhmanam (II. 1, 4), the Word is said to have made all things. Thus in the earliest speculative theology of India, the Gnostic theory of the Logos is anticipated and its creative power asserted in language identical with that used in the Gospel according to St. John. The mysterious, telephonic character of speech as the swift and invisible vehicle of thought, conveying its freightage of intelligence instantaneously from person to person and from place to place, excited the naïve wonder of the old Indo-Aryan, and at a very early period led to its deification as the goddess Vâch. A peculiar potency was ascribed to it, especially when woven into rhythmic form. The fascination which metrical expression, even as a mere jingle and jargon, still retains for the youth of individuals was yet more strongly felt in the youth of the race. The simple song was repeated as a spell and the rude chant mumbled as a charm.

The vague and crude notion of a mystic virtue inherent in such collocations of words grew in strength and consistency with the lapse of time, and finally assumed the authoritative character of a divine revelation and sacred tradition, and became fully developed and systematized in the ritual hand-books known as Brâhmanas. In these treatises such metre is endowed with a particular property and assigned its own place; the objects for the attainment of which it may be used are also minutely specified. The incantatory quality or essence of a verse, its so-called *rasa*, may depend upon its radical signification or its rhythmic structure, whichever happens to furnish the easiest point of connection and the most suggestive symbolism. Thus a person who wishes an increase of live stock and wealth in cattle must have a formula in the *Jagatî* metre re-

peated at the sacrifice, because *Jagat* means moving; but if children are desired, he must employ a *Dvipad* or verse of two feet, which is supposed to be potent for the procreation of bipeds. Dimeters, trimeters, quadrimeters and pentameters correspond with double, triple, quadruple, and quintuple forms of life, and become the efficient cause of their production. Perhaps in this whimsical theory there may be a dim perception or faint presentiment of the fact that all nature is bound together by continuous and indissoluble links of affinity; a truth, the establishment of which is one of the latest and most brilliant achievements of modern science. There is nothing that the priest cannot accomplish by a proper manipulation of the metres, whether for good or for evil; by purposely jumbling them he can even work confusion in nature and beget monstrosities. It is necessary, however, that all parts of the magical machinery should be accurately adjusted and kept in perfect order. A false accent or the mispronunciation of a single letter breaks the connection, so to speak, and vitiates the whole ceremonial, just as the slightest mathematical error invalidates all the computations of the astronomer. In this system of worship reduced to an exact science, grammar was cultivated as a means of grace, and phonetics and prosody were prized as passports to eternal bliss. The beginnings of geometry in India, also, were its applications to mensuration in the construction of altars. Here, too, we have the same rude symbolism founded upon external resemblances and specious analogies: he who would attain heaven must offer sacrifice upon an altar in the form of a falcon with outspread wings, "for the falcon is the swiftest and strongest of birds, and thus the sacrificer mounts upward, falcon-like, to the celestial world." For other purposes, the altar must be built in the shape of a heron, a hawk, a tortoise, a chariot-pole, or a

chariot-wheel. Diseases were treated on a like principle. The wizard of the Atharva-Veda healed the sick and restored the decrepit to health and vigor by putting them into hollow trees or pushing them through holes in rocks, as signs of their new birth and bodily regeneration; and cured jaundice in men and yellows in cattle by the crude homœopathy of yellow herbs and yellow birds. A survival of this superstition is the buff pigeon which the European peasant keeps in his house to "take on" fevers and distempers that might otherwise assail his family.

Occasionally the Brahmanical exegete, in the midst of his descriptions of the ritual, runs off into little episodes of scientific explanation; and it is interesting to note how close he sometimes comes to the discovery of a great truth. Thus, in the Aitareya Brâhmanam (III. 44), it is said that the hotar in repeating the *s'âstra* should be guided in the modulation of his voice by the course of the sun and the intensity of the solar heat from sunrise to sunset. As a matter of fact, he then continues, the sun never rises and never sets, but maintains a fixed place in the heavens, and produces the phenomena of day and night by turning on its axis. In no case does it go down (*na kadâchana nimrochati*), but simply turns round (*viparyasyate*). When this revolution of the sun presents the dark side to us, we have night; the light side, however, illuminates other regions and makes day in an opposite direction. It must be confessed that this theory, in clearness and simplicity and suggestiveness, is far superior to that which Christian theologians upheld and contended for during so many centuries and with such extreme bitterness. The consideration of chief importance, in this case, is not the correctness of the hypothesis, but the free spirit of investigation and the readiness to accept its results which characterize the Brâhman's speculations.

The grounds upon which the Christian apologist is wont to rest his belief in the Bible as a divine revelation are chiefly moral and historical, and sometimes metaphysical. The Brahmanical defender of the faith also urges the same considerations in proof of the supernatural character of the Veda, which is to him self-radiant like the sun, and evinces its divine origin in its wonderful adaptation to all classes and conditions of men, being the refuge alike of the ignorant and of the learned (*idam sara-nam ajñānām idam eva vijñātām*). But he does not stop here. In his effort to be scientific he carries the discussion into the province of acoustics, and endeavors to prove the eternity of the Veda by showing that sound, the medium of Vedic revelation, is eternal. And thus a question of hermeneutics is made to hinge ultimately on a point in physics.

The error of mistaking illustration for argument, especially if the former is drawn from any fact in nature, is very common with Brahmanical theologians. Thus the Vadakalais assert that man comes to God by his own voluntary act and personal exertion, clinging to Him as the young monkey clings to its mother; this doctrine is called *markata-nyāya*, or the monkey-method of salvation. The Tenkalais, on the other hand, affirm that man in coming to God is not a free agent and has no power to help himself, but is carried to Him as the kitten is carried by its mother: this doctrine is called *mārjāla-nyāya* or the cat-method of salvation. These systems of redemption, which might be characterized respectively as the simian and the feline, correspond essentially to Arminianism and Calvinism in Christian theology. In every discussion between adherents of the two sects, it is curious to observe how pertinaciously each disputant reverts to, and revolves round, his own trope, and appeals to "great creating nature" in confirmation of his theory.

"Does not the young monkey, when it sees danger, seek safety by clinging to its mother?" "Certainly it does." "Well then." "Does not the cat, when her kitten is in peril, seize it and bear it to a place of safety?" "Certainly she does." "Well then." Thus each silences the other with an apt figure of speech and is convinced that his doctrine must be true, since it has its foundation in the laws of the universe.

A still more striking example of quasi-scientific tendencies in Aryan religions is furnished by Indian asceticism. Brahmanical and Buddhist ascetics differ essentially from Christian ascetics both in the means which they employ and the ends which they desire to attain. The yoga of Patanjali has hardly more in common with European monasticism than with the philosophy of Antisthenes. Greek cynicism was really an Indian exotic transplanted to Hellenic soil, where, owing to the uncongenial brightness of earth and sky, it failed to attain its normal development of sturdy and tranquil austerity, but degenerated into a sickly and unseemly shrub bearing only the bitter fruits of moroseness and misanthropy. There is something factitious in the churlish irritability and snarling cynanthropy of a Diogenes, indicating a want of harmony and originary connection between the asperity of his aims and the allurements of his environment, and presenting a significant contrast to the cheerful self-renunciation and perfect serenity of the gymnosophist, who has acquired such complete supremacy over carnal appetites and passions and the seductions of the senses, as not even to be fretted by them into censoriousness. The ascendancy of the higher faculties has led to the extinction of the lower propensities, so that the pain of the physical abstinence seems absorbed and lost sight of in the genuineness and fullness of the spiritual aspiration.

In like manner, the asceticism of the

Christian monk is but an indiscriminate and illogical self-torture as compared with the well-grounded and thoroughly systematized austerities of the yogi and the bhikshu. The fanatical friar scourges himself, wears an excoriating shirt of hair-cloth, mingles ashes with his food, drinks filthy water, and does a variety of painful and disgusting things, simply because they are painful and disgusting. Whatever is offensive to the natural man is assumed to be edifying to the spiritual man. This is the sole principle which governs him in his blind pursuit of sanctity. But the most zealous and fervent fakir never torments himself on account of any virtue supposed to be inherent in mere physical suffering, nor endures privations because they are unpleasant. His aim is not so much to mortify the flesh as to emancipate the spirit; and if this purpose could be attained by pampering the body, he would greatly prefer to do so. In his most rigorous austerities he proceeds according to a regular system based upon a knowledge of human physiology and a study of natural history. If he sits for days cross-legged, holding a great toe in each hand and gazing intently at the tip of his nose, he knows why he does it and can give a rational account of his conduct.

"Though this be madness, yet there's method in it."

Yoga means junction, and is used in philosophical terminology to express union with the Supreme Spirit. In order to effect this absorption in the Deity, man must free himself from all the carnal ties and sensual conditions which constitute what is commonly called life or individual existence. It is not necessary, and would be tedious, to enumerate the different agencies employed for the attainment of this end. Indeed, they vary with varying circumstances; all tend, however, to produce complete concentration of the mind by reducing to a minimum every bodily want and

bodily function. Suffice it to say that the greatest importance is attached to diet, posture, and breathing, as means of promoting mental abstraction and accomplishing the final emancipation of the soul from the bondage and limitations of the senses.

The yogi believes that whatever diminishes the volume of carbonic acid exhaled from the lungs contributes to the detachment of the spirit from its thralldom to matter and its release from the necessity of transmigration, and helps it onward towards that state of ecstatic isolation and perfect beatitude known as *kaivalya*. This is why he practices so assiduously the seemingly absurd religious exercise called *kumbhaka*, which consists merely in holding the breath as long as possible. The normal respirations of a man average about twelve a minute, during which time he exhales a little more than fifteen cubic inches of carbonic acid. If he can hold his breath for ninety-five seconds the volume of carbonic acid exhaled is reduced to less than one cubic inch a minute. Pure air, especially if cool and dry, increases this exhalation and intensifies the desire for food, and is therefore favorable to great vigor and activity of the vital energies. A warm, moist, deoxygenated atmosphere, having about the temperature of ordinary animal heat, diminishes the amount of carbonic acid emitted, weakens the appetite, and lowers the tone of the whole system. But this is precisely what the yogi wishes to accomplish. From his point of view nothing retards growth in grace like good ventilation. Accordingly he takes up his abode in a *guhâ* or small cave, closes the entrance with clay, and there, undisturbed by light, or sound, or fresh air, gives himself up to contemplation of the absolute and thoughts of the unthinkable.

A child has warmer blood and breathes more rapidly than an adult, and starves more easily. A bird, with a high tem-

perature, quick pulsations of the heart, and short, panting respirations, will die in two or three days if it is deprived of food, and very soon suffocates in close air. A tortoise, which has an extremely sluggish circulation of the blood and breathes only three times a minute, can live for months without food, and be kept for hours in a vessel hermetically sealed and yet produce a hardly perceptible deoxygenation of the air in which it is confined. A toad may remain a whole day in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump without the slightest injury or apparent inconvenience to it. It is facts like these which the yogi observes and applies to his spiritual discipline. He studies and imitates the habits of reptiles and hibernating animals in order to acquire the powers which they possess, and even lets them regulate his diet. The turtle and the water-lizard, the Himalayan marmot, the badger, and the bear prescribe his food. In conformity to their tastes he eats a few soft and succulent roots and fruits, lettuce and other lactiferous plants, rice, wheat, barley, milk, sugar, honey and butter, and scrupulously abstains from salt and every kind of sour.

Again, the yogi avoids all contact with metals. It is well known that hardware merchants, particularly in cold weather, need a greater amount of sustenance than dealers in woolen goods and other non-conducting substances. Metals, as the best conductors of heat, disturb the equilibrium of temperature between the body and the surrounding air, and thus excite the senses and strengthen the consciousness of individual existence which the yogi seeks to destroy. Such an environment would therefore be fatal to ascetic contemplation and that complete concentration of thought by which absorption in the Supreme Being is to be attained. This lesson is also learned from hibernating animals, which make their beds of non-conducting materials. The yogi profits

by their example and prepares his couch of kusa grass and wool.

The exhalation of carbonic acid, or, what amounts to the same thing, the consumption of oxygen, is supposed to be diminished by the low and continuous muttering of certain monosyllables, the chief of which is *om*, although *bam*, *ham*, *lam*, *yam*, and several other words are also used. *Om*, however, is considered most effective for hypnotic purposes and may be regarded, in this province, as an example of the survival of the fittest, since it is now almost exclusively employed. This exercise is called *japa* and is designed to produce slower and deeper breathing, somnolence, and the emancipation of the soul from the dominion of the senses. The yogi is convinced that the longer he can make the interval between his pulmonary respirations, the nearer he approaches the goal of his spiritual aspirations. Herein lie the significance and sacredness of the mystical syllable *om*.

Tapas, which is usually translated *penance*, expresses in reality a very different conception. It means *heat*; not as some writers affirm, because heat is one of the principal causes of pain, but because it is preëminently a purifying agent, purging all things and burning up the dross. Devotion, in the Christian sense of the term, is a feeling wholly foreign to the heart of the yogi. He is never what we call a pious man. His austerities are not intended to please or propitiate the gods; on the contrary, there is nothing that excites so great fear in celestial minds as the persistent *tapas* of the Indian saint. It was Satan who tempted St. Anthony with visions of voluptuous women; but, in the old Aryan legend, it was Indra who sent heavenly nymphs to disturb Visvâmitra in his ascetic practices and finally succeeded in seducing him through the charms of the beautiful Menakâ, who became the mother of Sakuntalâ. Even the boy Dhruva so frightened the gods

by his intense fervor that they besought Vishnu to put a stop to it. But Vishnu declined to interfere, and the youthful rishi, by the force of his austerities, ascended to the skies, where he shines forever as the polar star. From this feat he received his other name, *Grâhâhâra*, "the pivot of the planets."

The object of *tapas* is the acquisition of superhuman power. There is no element of humility or contrition in it; no effort to conciliate or crave the favor of the deities, but rather to compete with them for supremacy. "Virtue," says Seneca, "is man's own gift to himself, and by it he ceases to be a suppliant and becomes a peer of the gods." Horace expresses the same sentiment: "Jupiter may bestow upon me life and riches, but I will be indebted to myself for a quiet and contented mind." Cicero admits it to be the duty of man to thank the gods for vineyards and cornfields, for health and strength, and all physical benefits. "But who," he adds, "ever prayed to Jupiter that he might be good, temperate, and just, or gave tithes to Hercules to be made wise?" From time immemorial this has been the intellectual attitude of the Aryan towards the gods. The Vedic rishi implores Indra and the Maruts for wealth in cattle and horses, for victory in battle, and for vigorous sons; but the ascetic rishi, who despises external things and seeks spiritual ascendancy through the subjection and extinction of the senses, puts his trust solely in himself, and, by dint of knowledge (*jñâna*) and the discipline and development of his own faculties, wins success in defiance of the deities.

The evolution of monotheism among the early Aryans furnishes an additional illustration of the tendency to scientific method in the growth of their religious conceptions. Among Semitic peoples, the idea of one god has been uniformly reached by a process of theocratic centralization, whereby all power has been gradually concentrated in the hands

of a single tribal god, who has outstripped his rivals and seated himself as an absolute autocrat upon the throne of the universe. If the Semitic gods were originally personifications of the forces of nature and particularly of solar phenomena, this side of their character was very soon obscured by the strongly anthropomorphic features they assumed and the strictly political functions assigned to them. Now and then, they may appear clothed in cloud, and tempest, and fire; but for the most part they have outgrown and discarded these primitive habiliments and put on the pomp and pageantry of human sovereigns. This accounts for the mythological poverty of the Semitic religions, the extreme difficulty of tracing their deities and demi-gods to their meteorological origin, and the facility with which they lend themselves to the support of Euhemeristic theories.

The Aryan, on the contrary, arrived at the idea of one god by observing and generalizing the facts of the physical world, by recognizing the interdependence of all natural phenomena, and referring them to a common principle or general law, postulated either as a personal first cause or as an immanent and ever-operative force. The mental process by which he came to this conclusion was precisely the same as that by which Newton established the doctrine of universal gravitation. Polytheism, with its populous pantheon of rival deities, was superseded and set aside by the monotheistic conception, just as the Ptolemaic system, with its cumbrous machinery of cycles and epicycles, was superseded and set aside by the discoveries of Kopernik and Kepler. The first suspicion of the existence of a single, subtle force, manifesting itself in all the operations of nature, originated in the perception of the ubiquity and universality of heat, the vivifying influence of which was perceived in all the movements and transformations of the

material and spiritual world. It shone forth in the sun, the dawn, and the lightning. Its effects were observable in the germination and growth of vegetation, in the varied colors of earth and sky, in the refreshing verdure of spring and the rich hues of autumn. Thus, this element came to be regarded as the omnipresent and exhaustless spirit of life, the source of vital energy in plants and animals and men, and even in the gods themselves. It was the great creative force latent in chaos, "the one out of which the all was evolved." It was ardor (*tapas*) in the soul of the ascetic. It excited and sustained the passions, melting the heart with love and kindling the consuming fierceness of wrath. Wherever in the Veda the monotheistic idea is expressed, it centres in Agni, the god of fire, of whom the other gods are only subordinate forms or special functions. "All beings are his branches;" "he comprises all other divinities as the felly incloses the spokes of a wheel;" "the wise poets in their hymns represent under different forms the well-winged god who is one;" "reverence to that Agni who is in the waters, and has passed into plants and shrubs, and who formed all these worlds." It would be easy to multiply passages in which the omnipresence and supreme sovereignty of the god of fire are asserted. He is Varuna, the upholder of law and the punisher of sin; he is Indra, the wielder of the flashing bolt; Mitra the wonder-worker; the far-striding Vishnu, and the radiant Savitri; he is Rudra, the wild ruler of the air, and the hosts of the Maruts, the storm-gods; he is Bhaga, the giver of good fortune; Pūshan, the protector; and the Ribhus, the cunning craftsmen and artificers in metals. Visvakarman, the architect of the universe, and Brihaspati, the lord of increase, are merely appellations of Agni. The Asvins, the divine physicians, personify the therapeutic or sanitary effects of warmth and light. Among

the Vedic deities, there is scarcely one that does not represent some attribute or office of this vast elemental force, so diverse in its origin, so manifold and mysterious in its manifestations, so marvellous in its operation, so universal in its diffusion, and so powerful in its appeals to the imagination. Fire is pre-eminently the bright one, the *deva*, and the root of this word enters into the name for god among nearly all Aryan nations.

Notwithstanding the sharp, schismatic antagonism of religious rites and tenets which characterized the Indian and Iranian scions of the Aryan stock, they agreed in paying reverence to this sacred element. In the Avesta, "the blazing, beneficent, and pervasive fire" is praised as the soul of nature, the supreme cause of growth, vigor, and splendor in the universe, the one divine principle revealing itself in the diversified phenomena of the physical world. The vague and somewhat fetichistic conception of it entertained by the early priests was exalted and spiritualized by the great Iranian prophet, and formulated as the creator of all life, Ahuramazda, of whom fire was not the substance, but the purest and most perfect symbol.

In Indo-Aryan theology, Brahma expresses the highest conception of abstract being; yet this invisible, immaterial, illimitable, self-existent, eternal, absolute, and incomprehensible essence is only the evolution of a blade of grass. When a child brought a handful of grass to Walt Whitman and asked him what it was, the poet confessed that he could not tell. Had he been better versed in Indian lore, he might have replied: "Dirty little boy, it is Brahma." And what a vast field for his fancy to fly or to flounder in would this discovery have opened to him in the development of his graminifolious epic! Brahma is derived from *brih*, to grow, and signifies growth, as typified by the commonest and most useful of herbs, a simple leaf

of grass. A peculiar power is attributed to emblems of this kind by many savage tribes. The natives of the Chatham Islands exorcise evil spirits with a bunch of spear-grass; the Kingsmill Islanders use a sprig of a cocoa-nut tree for the same purpose; and the Todas practice incantations with a twig of the tude-bush. But owing to the intellectual indolence of such low tribes and the feebleness of this faculty of generalization, the object never assumed the character of a type, but remained a mere fetich. With the more highly endowed races, however, this phase of rude rubbish-worship soon passed away and gave place to a refined system of magical symbolism. Thus Brahma came to represent the hidden principle and universal cause of growth. In the Vedic age it meant, not prayer as it is usually translated, but that occult power which was the resultant of the combined ritual machinery of song and sacrifice and ceremonial, and which the priests alone claimed to be able to produce and to direct towards desirable ends, just as electricity is generated by a properly constructed battery and may be applied by expert operators to telegraphic and telephonic purposes. Brahma, in this sense, was recognized as the source of all life and energy. There

was no physical, moral, or spiritual effect which it could not accomplish. It was the one great force in the universe, whether for creation, or preservation, or destruction. By the skillful manipulation of it the priest could cause drought or rain, make the fields barren or fertile, turn the scale of battle, dethrone a king, or even dismay and strike down a god. It gave its name to the sacerdotal caste who were its official guardians, and as metaphysical speculation increased in subtilty and the great schools of philosophy arose, Brahma was finally identified with the Supreme Spirit from which all things proceed and to which all things return, the absolute, indivisible, and imperishable essence, into which seers and sages sought to merge their individual existence by means of mental abstraction and intense concentration of thought.

In the history of this single word we can trace the intellectual evolution of the Indo-Aryan race through all its stages from fetichism to pantheism. It furnishes also a striking illustration of the scientific spirit and the tendency to scientific method which distinguish the Aryan mind, even in its relations to the supernatural and its futile attempts to grasp "the void and formless infinite."

E. P. Evans.

BIRCHBROOK MILL.

1750.

A NOTELESS stream the Birchbrook runs
Beneath its leaning trees:
That low, soft ripple is its own,
That dull roar is the sea's.

Of human signs it sees alone
The distant church-spire's tip,
And, ghost-like, on a blank of gray,
The white sail of a ship.

No more a toiler at the wheel,
It wanders at its will;
Nor dam nor pond is left to tell
Where once was Birchbrook Mill.

The timbers of that mill have fed
Long since a farmer's fires:
His doorsteps are the stones that ground
The harvest of his sires.

Man trespassed here; but Nature lost
No right of her domain;
She waited, and she brought the old
Wild beauty back again.

By day the sunlight through the leaves
Falls on its moist, green sod,
And wakes the violet bloom of spring
And autumn's golden-rod.

Its birches whisper to the wind,
The swallow dips her wings
In the cool spray, and on its banks
The gray song-sparrow sings.

But from it, when the dark night falls,
The school-girl shrinks with dread;
The farmer, home-bound from his fields,
Goes by with quickened tread.

They dare not pause to hear the grind
Of shadowy stone on stone,
The plashing of a water-wheel
Where wheel there now is none.

Has not a woman's cry been heard
Above the clattering mill?
The pawing of an unseen horse
Who waits his mistress still?

Yet never to the listener's eye
Has sight confirmed the sound;
A wavering birch line marks alone
The vacant pasture-ground.

No maiden's arms fling up to Heaven
The agony of prayer;
No spectral steed, impatient, shakes
His white mane on the air!

The meaning of that common dread
 No tongue has fitly told,
 The secret of the dark surmise
 The brook and birches hold.

What nameless horror of the past
 Broods here forever more?
 What ghost his unforgiven sin
 Is grinding o'er and o'er?

Does then immortal memory play
 The actor's tragic part,
 Rehearsals of a mortal life
 And unveiled human heart?

God's pity spare the guilty soul
 That drama of its ill,
 And let the scenic curtain fall
 On Birchbrook's haunted mill!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

MALTA.

IN the middle of the sixteenth century, the Knights of the Order of St. John, who for nearly five hundred years had houses successively at Jerusalem, Cyprus, and Rhodes, and had developed from pious hospital nurses into tough soldiers, sought a new and more impregnable position in the Mediterranean. The efforts of the Grand Master and the Pope to induce the sovereigns of Europe to provide them a suitable position resulted in the cession to the Order, by the Emperor Charles V., of the little group of islands of which Malta is the largest. The appearance of their new territory, of which they took possession in 1530, must have been, especially when contrasted with their beautiful home at Rhodes, uninviting enough. But the heads of the Order seem to have fully understood the value of the harbors and of the geographical situation of the islands as a base of operations for maritime warfare; and they

speedily began, in the old vigorous fashion, the work of fortification.

There are probably few places in the world better adapted for the purpose. On the eastern side of the island two narrow entrances admit to safe and commodious harbors, divided and commanded by an elevated tongue of land, then called Mount Scebberas, now occupied by the city of Valetta and its beautiful suburb Floriana. The larger harbor is to the south. Its northern shore has but little unevenness for more than a mile and a half. The opposite side is indented by three deep bays, each of which affords a good and secure anchorage. Upon the central promontory on this side the knights placed their town, which they called the Bourg, and their principal fort, St. Angelo. In the course of about twenty-five years other works were constructed: so that when the celebrated La Valette became Grand Master, in 1557, the defenses consisted

of St. Angelo, already mentioned; Fort St. Michael, now better known as Senglea, upon a rocky promontory parallel with and partly commanding that of the Bourg; and Fort St. Elmo, on the point of Mount Scebberas.

La Valette, seems to have been a perfect incarnation of the military monastic idea, the beau ideal of the soldier monk. Deeply religious, with the unquestioning, uncompromising piety of his church; simple and temperate in his habits, though not ascetic to the enfeeblement of splendid physical powers; with intellect ample enough for the work of a commander and for the conduct of a purely military government; intrepid in spirit, regarding his own or any other life only as an instrument for the performance of duty, he stands out as a true embodiment of a chivalry which was rapidly passing away. The Order was his life and his world. He had joined it as a youth of twenty, had aided in the defense of Rhodes, and had worked his way, step by step, to the supreme command. From the day of his first profession to that of his attaining the highest dignity, he never once left his convent, except when cruising against the Infidel. Such was the man upon whom devolved the dangerous honor of meeting the last Moslem attempt to crush the warriors of the Cross in the Mediterranean.

Intelligence of the assembling of a vast armament at Constantinople filled the maritime provinces of Southern Europe with alarm; but the Grand Master's spies soon convinced him that Malta was the Sultan's object, and that the scenes of Jerusalem, Acre, and Rhodes were about to be reenacted. La Valette was equal to the emergency. His stirring and pathetic appeal to the priories aroused the old crusading fire. Lavish supplies of money were sent by those who could not come in person, and the best and bravest of the knights flocked to Malta.

On the morning of the 18th of May, 1565, the Turkish fleet hove in sight: one hundred and thirty galleys, besides smaller craft and transports. The army consisted of thirty thousand men, five thousand of whom were Janizaries. They were well supplied with siege apparatus, being particularly strong in heavy artillery. Mustapha commanded the army and Piali the fleet, both veteran warriors. The defenders numbered about nine thousand, five hundred being knights. The siege continued for something less than four months, and the fighting was characterized on both sides by an unrelenting desperation which made its mark even upon those pitiless times. Never had the sensuous fanaticism of the Crescent and the devoted courage of the Cross exhibited in more terrible fashion the heroism of which both were productive. 'Among a crowd of incidents of battle, so numerous that they present a monotony of deadly strife, one seems to stand out in a preëminence of tragic interest.

The first efforts of the Turks were directed against Fort St. Elmo, upon Mount Scebberas. It was defended by about sixty knights and two hundred men-at-arms, augmented from time to time by supplies from the main fortifications to fifteen hundred men. Its reduction cost the Turks a month's precious time and eight thousand of their choicest troops. They succeeded, after a time, in cutting off the communication with St. Angelo, and battering St. Elmo with their powerful artillery until it was a mere heap of ruins. Many were the desperate assaults that were repelled by the isolated garrison; but each attack rendered the defenders weaker. At last the night came which was evidently to be the critical one. It was clear that on the next day the Turks must carry the ruined redoubt by sheer weight of numbers. Surrender was not even suggested. Nothing was left but to die like crusaders.

They assembled in the little chapel, where they confessed one another and received the sacrament. Weary with ceaseless vigil, worn out by constant effort, many of them wounded, the band of heroes for the last time consecrated themselves, their swords, and their lives to their holy cause; and then each man went to his post and waited. With the first blush of morning the Turks rushed upon them; but so fierce was the struggle of utter despair that even then they were held in check for a while. But overwhelming odds bore them down; quarter was neither asked nor given. In the confusion, a few of the Maltese men-at-arms plunged into the sea and escaped to the other side. With these exceptions they were all killed.

Mustapha's reflections upon his first success seem to have resembled those of Pyrrhus on his victory over the Roman legions. When the Turkish commander entered St. Elmo, and looked from its ruined bastions across the harbor at the lofty ramparts of St. Angelo, he is said to have exclaimed, "What will not the parent cost us, when the child has been gained at so fearful a price!"

Whether he really made such a remark or not, its thought was amply justified by the event. The attack and defense continued from day to day and from week to week, with a terribly reckless expenditure of life on the part of the Turks. At last, after the entire failure, on the 23d of August, of a more than usually comprehensive and carefully calculated assault, it was evident that the Turkish soldiers had lost heart, and could be no more led to those corpse-encumbered trenches and walls.

Within a few days came the tidings that a heavy force was on the way to relieve the beleaguered garrison. This concluded the matter. Although there was some fighting with the new comers, the siege was practically at an end. The Turks got on board their galleys and sailed away. Of the thirty thou-

sand men who had in May landed at Malta, scarcely ten thousand found their way back to Constantinople. The losses of the Order were relatively quite as heavy. The Grand Master, when the siege was raised, could not number six hundred men in fighting condition. But the exultation of success and the prestige of this unparalleled defense were strong points in their favor. The name of the "Bourg" was changed to that of "Città Vittoriosa," in honor of their triumph. The effect of the great deliverance which thus crowned the valor and devotion of the Order was by no means confined to Malta. The security of every European throne and the peace of every European nation was confirmed by it. Very especially were the great commercial ports of the Mediterranean relieved of the constant dread of the approach of the Turkish galleys.

The attack on Malta was coincident with the highest point of the Mussulman power. When Solymán received the news of the collapse of his grand effort, and the shattered remnant of the once splendid armament were again assembled in the Golden Horn, he indeed resolved to renew the attempt, and passionately swore so to deal with Malta that not one stone should be left upon another; but Solymán was now an old man, and years must elapse before an adequate force could again be brought together. The exhaustion of the resources of his empire was greater than he was perhaps aware of. His death, soon after, removed the greatest danger which had threatened Christendom for many years.

But La Valette and the knights were not men to leave anything to chance. The terrible experiences of the siege had shown them that the weakness of their position lay in the location of their principal fortifications. The loss of St. Elmo had given their enemy the advantage of occupying the commanding situation of Mount Scebberas. It was

therefore determined to make that the chief point as speedily as possible.

The elastic power with which they recovered from apparently hopeless exhaustion and set to work upon fresh enterprises had always been one of their most brilliant characteristics. And never did this admirable quality appear in stronger relief or brighter colors than in their work upon the new city and its defenses. Plans were made, lines drawn, and workmen brought from well-nigh every town in Southern Europe; and in a marvelously short time the barren expanse of yellow rock began to be encircled with an inclosure of rampart and fosse of immense solidity, depth, and strength, and within the lines churches, palaces, auberges, and humbler dwellings seemed to grow by magic. The original plan appears to have been to cut the entire hill down to a certain point, and to build the town upon the tableland thus secured. But information of the renewal of preparations for attack which were making at Constantinople induced them to give up this scheme as too expensive of time, and so the sloping sides were left.

To this circumstance is due one of the most curious and inconvenient features of Valetta. The streets running lengthwise, or from east to west, are level; but most of the cross-streets which lead to the harbors on both sides are stairways, only passable on foot; so that to reach the marina of the grand harbor, or the landing places of the Marsa Musceit, now known as the Quarantine harbor, a horseman or vehicle must make a *détour* of over a mile. Of course neither La Valette nor any of his generation lived to see the completion of the plans for the city.

A wonderful amount of work was accomplished in a short time; but the town has gradually grown into the Valetta of our knowledge:

The defense of the island against Solymán's attack may be said to be the

last great feat of arms of the Order. They fought much at sea, and participated in almost all hostilities against the Turks for years afterwards; but the progress of events and the inevitable changes that accompanied it at last effected that which Arab, Saracen, and Turk had for five hundred years attempted in vain. The subsequent history is an exemplification of the old fable of the wind and the sun. As long as the Moslem was a powerful foe, worthy of their steel and demanding the ceaseless exercise of military prowess, the knights exhibited the soldier virtues in the highest degree of perfection. With the gradual decline of their enemy's power came the decline of their military ardor.

This is strikingly evident in the pictures which adorn the walls of the palaces. Not only do we see, in the dress of the Grand Masters and high functionaries, the chain and mail superseded by velvet and gold, but the alteration is clearly perceptible in the countenances and expression of the wearers. A still stronger sign of this decadence of spirit is the manner in which the island came into the hands of the French. Napoleon, who was as able and calculating in diplomatic intrigue as he was prompt and masterful upon the field of battle, had fully informed himself of the condition of things at Malta. He knew the disaffection which existed amongst the knights towards the then Grand Master, and in 1797 French gold and French promises were lavishly employed to forward the work of corruption. Thus it came about that when, in 1798, he anchored off the mouth of the harbor, with that armament the exploits of which form so large a part of the history of Europe, the great fortress, many times stronger than the one from which the baffled forces of the Turk had retired, surrendered without even firing a shot. Pensions and rewards were distributed among the traitors. The event gives us one of those mocking contrasts of

which history is so full: in 1565 the bleeding, exhausted defenders of St. Elmo, receiving the last sacrament by night, and then going to their posts to die in arms in the morning; in 1798 their successors, with swords undrawn, bargaining away their grand and glorious heritage for so much apiece. The French seem to have appreciated the situation. It is said that when Napoleon entered the gates General Caffarelli remarked to him, glancing at the massive defenses, "It is fortunate that we have some one to admit us, for we should never have got in of ourselves."

The degenerate knights soon found that they had a conqueror as unscrupulous as the Turks. All the treasure was seized. The gold and silver decorations of churches, palaces, and auberges, the relics of five centuries of heroism, were swept away in a week. But the corruption which gave the island to the French was ultimately the cause of their losing it. Had it been fully victualled and stored, its final disposition might have been different. As it was, the French garrison, closely blockaded, were compelled by famine to capitulate, and in 1800 the British obtained possession. It was confirmed to them by the treaty of Paris in 1814. It may be predicted with some certainty that it will remain in English hands as long as modern means of attack and defense leave it its use and strength as a strategic point.

Its more immediate and modern interest is of a different character; redolent of Captain Marryat, King Teru, and Mr. Midshipman Easy. True, the remembrance of Napoleon, Nelson, Toulon, Aboukir, Sir Sydney Smith, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and a crowd of other gallant names and stirring events, is full enough of fighting and chivalry, but of a very different kind of chivalry. In the ancient chronicles the element of humor and fun, which is so prominent and so attractive a feature in the later war narratives, seems entirely wanting. The

mingling of the two lines of thought; the grafting, so to speak, of the nineteenth century and its ideas and personalities upon these grand and beautiful surroundings, so full of reminiscences of mediæval heroism, is one of the most fascinating experiences of travel in this part of the world. To people possessing any imagination at all, a visit to Malta is quite worth while, if for the mere sake of this novel sensation. But there is much to see and admire: the Cathedral of St. John, with its mosaic pavement, said to be the most perfect specimen of such work in the world; the palaces of the Grand Masters, now occupied by the governor and other officers; the auberges of the languages, now used as the regimental officers' quarters, club-rooms, etc.; the Baracca, a court situated upon one of the highest points of the ramparts, open overhead, but surrounded by noble arches, and commanding a magnificent view of the grand harbor and the opposite towns and fortifications; the vast granaries, which will hold provisions for seven years: and then, outside of the towns, the exquisitely-kept walled gardens, oases in a desert of yellow stone, the earth for which was brought over from Sicily in boats; the "casals," or villages, each with its handsome church.

Some of these features deserve more than a passing mention; the Baracca, especially. Either in the early morning, before the sun has had time to convert the entire city into a bake-shop, or about sunset, it forms a delightful promenade. Let us imagine ourselves enjoying it. At its western extremity we look over the parapet into the main ditch, cut sheer down into the rock for sixty feet. Take a few steps to its southern face, and below is the Grand Harbor, with the Mediterranean fleet, perhaps a dozen first-class men-of-war, at their moorings; beyond, the dock and victualing yards, forts St. Angelo and Senglea, the towns of Bourgo and Burmola;

further to the left, Righi Bay and the Naval Hospital, occupying the beautiful site which it is said Napoleon intended for his palace. Almost immediately beneath us is the marina, to which are moored feluccas and speronari, laden with grain and fruit from Sicily, and gayly painted native boats, somewhat of the gondola character and build, in abundance. Their owners and occupants are buying, selling, bargaining, quarreling, laughing, and gesticulating in various languages and dialects. They are handsome, well-made fellows, picturesque dressed, and conduct their business with prodigious vehemence and noise. A perfect babel of tongues comes up to our ears from the scene. These people are good humored, but fiery tempered. Sometimes a knife will be drawn and a tragedy enacted, but not often.

Now walk to the other end, and we look over forts St. Elmo and Ricasoli, and through the narrow entrance out into the blue Mediterranean. Just below this end of the Baracca are the famous "nix mangiare stairs." The legend of the origin of the title seems to be as follows: Like all Italian and semi-Italian places, Malta has, or had, its share of beggars. The portion of the marina now under consideration is a much-frequented landing place, from the fact that it leads directly to one of the streets of stairs affording access to the centre of the town. It was, consequently, a favorite ground for young mendicants, who, looking as fat and jolly as may be, would appeal to the sympathies of the people landing in the somewhat polyglot formula, "Nix madre, nix padre, nix mangiare for six weeks, give me a copper, seigneur." The tradition also records that in order to be on hand betimes in the morning they would pass the night with great comfort by inserting their heads and shoulders into empty flour barrels, which stood near the head of the stairs; but that when the British took possession of the island

this pleasant arrangement was interrupted by unsympathetic midshipmen, who would send the barrels and their sleepy occupants bowling down the stairs, not to stop until they plunged into the harbor. As barrels and beggars could swim with equal facility, a wetting was the only result. Truth compels the admission that this is a legend of bygone times, as the beggars are now far less numerous, and the barrels have disappeared altogether.

Sometimes the prospect from this outlook is very different. Occasionally in the winter, the *gregala*, or easterly gale, blows directly into the harbor with great violence. Although the narrowness of the entrance to some extent breaks the force of the sea, and the government moorings are strong enough to hold the war ships secure, wrecks of smaller craft, accompanied by loss of life, have more than once occurred. A peculiarly distressing case of the kind happened about forty years ago. During a *gregala* of unusual severity, a Sicilian brig was observed trying to make the harbor. She was watched with painful interest from the battlements. To the great joy of the observers she succeeded in steering clear of the rocks on either side, and was driven at racing speed through the narrow entrance. A few minutes more would carry her well into the harbor, where she would be in comparative safety. Just at this juncture it is supposed that the steering gear broke; at any rate, she swerved from her course, was caught broadside on by a tremendous sea, and in two minutes was smashed to pieces under Fort St. Angelo. The soldiers let themselves down with ropes, and risked their lives in trying to save the unfortunate crew, but without success.

A very noticeable feature of Valetta is the richness and taste displayed in the architectural ornamentation of many of the buildings. This lavish adornment is accounted for by the fact that the inhabitants, mostly the knights and those

associated with them, had no other employment for their wealth. This peculiarity makes Strada Reale, the principal thoroughfare, one of the most quaint and beautiful streets in the world.

The winter climate of Malta is very pleasant, not unlike that of our own Florida. But after the month of May there is a very different state of things. When the latitude and the vicinity of the parched African deserts are remembered, the atmospheric conditions may be imagined. Between May and October the sun pours down with almost tropical intensity. The streets, pavements, and houses are made of the yellow stone of which the whole island is composed. The ground becomes so hot as to be painful to Northern feet; the brilliant yellow of the houses reflects the burning glow; and the sirocco, laden with a fine, impalpable, but distressing sand, frequently adds its contribution to the general exasperation. It is evident that these conditions prompted the rather profane lines of Byron :—

“Adieu, ye joys of La Valette,
Adieu, sirocco, sun, and sweat;
Adieu, ye cursed streets of stairs,
Sure every one who mounts you swears.”

Nothing could bear stronger testimony to the energy and purpose of the knights than the fact that they maintained their vigor and enterprise in spite of such a terribly depressing climate. At present it is only those whose official duties compel them to remain who brave the summer heats. The fleet disperses to its various stations; the yachts sail away in search of coolness; the invalids go back to England, and of a summer afternoon Valetta is as deserted and silent as a fashionable street in an Eastern city during the same season. But for the rest of the year, or between November and May, there are few places pleasanter than Malta. The most insatiable appetite for gayety will for once find enough. The evenings present an unceasing round of entertainment. Balls

at the palace, in the club-rooms, on board the ships, and at the regimental quarters, private parties, and the opera—where, by the way, several have made their début who afterwards became stars—take up every night, from Monday to Saturday, both inclusive. The frequent effect of all this upon the duties of Sunday may be gathered from the following conversation, overheard *en route* to church :—

“Good morning, Colonel——! Beautiful day, is n’t it?”

“Charming, madam. Are the young ladies with you this morning?”

“Well, no. You see they were out every night last week, and I thought they had better rest to-day.”

There is one peculiarity of Malta society which is a little inconvenient,—the great preponderance of men. But even this has its advantages, rendering it a perfect paradise for “wall-flowers.” Ladies who have been decidedly *passées* at Chatham, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and wherever else officers do congregate, at Malta can renew, if not their youth, at any rate that consequence of it which makes them eagerly sought as partners in the dance. When the introductions are performed and the centre cleared; when the floor is admirable, and the band begins a waltz with that perfection of accentuation and time which long experience alone can give; when young ladies are scarce, and the wearers of epaulets are eagerly scanning their dance cards, what difference does a few years one way or the other make?

But amusement is not confined to the evening. In the afternoon a regimental band plays at the Pietà, half an hour’s drive from Valetta, and picnics are always in order. These are of two kinds. One is managed thus: Permission is obtained for the use of the Verdalla, one of the governor’s country palaces, about twelve miles from Valetta. To this point a band and a champagne luncheon are conveyed. The company proceed

thither in carriages and on horseback ; wander about the valley made beautiful by landscape gardening, and known as the Boschetto Garden ; lunch ; and then dance until sunset. The short twilight soon fades, and they ride home by moonlight.

The other kind is more rural and unsophisticated. There is a wonderful conveyance, dear to the memory of all sojourners at Malta, known as a "go-cart." It is mounted on two wheels, and generally drawn by a small, vixenish-looking pony. It usually carries three. Two ladies recline on the gayly covered mattress, with their heads and shoulders towards the driver, who sits in front, but sideways, so that he can handle the "ribbons" and talk to the occupants, whose heads, it will be seen, are close by his elbow. A dozen or so of these vehicles, one being in charge of a native with the provisions, a few outriders, and perhaps a mamma or two in a more sober and elderly carriage and pair, will furnish the materials for as merry an afternoon as one is likely to pass. The roads are excellent, if somewhat dusty ; the ponies make good pace. Perhaps they go to St. Paul's Bay, where they will hear rather astonishing versions of the Apostle's shipwreck, and will be able to buy, at a surprisingly small charge, relics of that event ; perhaps to Citta Vecchia, or some other point, where there is a fountain of cool water and a delightful grove of orange-trees : but whatever may be the destination, the event and its memory will be charming.

Sometimes a more adventurous group of pleasure-seekers will charter a boat and go round to the neighboring island of Gozo. The sea-breeze is somewhat fresher, the surroundings are not quite so arid and stony, and the *soula*, or native clover, is particularly rich and beautiful upon this island. Here the delights of donkey-riding can be had for a small outlay. Upon a detached rock, separated from the main-land by about three

hundred feet, grows a curious red fungus, to obtain which one is hauled over in a box slung on ropes, some fifty feet above the sea.

The sea, after all, is the great charm of Malta, and especially at night. There is perhaps nothing which satisfies the combined sense of beauty and rest more completely than a couple of moonlight hours in a boat in the harbor. Architecture is improved by moonlight, and the rule applies with peculiar force here. The softening of all the harsher features of the landscape, the extreme clearness of the atmosphere, the deep blue of the sea and sky, the coolness after the sultry hours of the day, seem to produce the very essence of the *dolce far niente*. The native Maltese are well aware of this, and itinerant orchestras — most of the people are musical — will come alongside the ships, just as we see the German bands in our streets. Some of these improvised bands are poor enough ; others are exceptionally good.

The recollection of this custom brings an old story to mind. The English were blockading Toulon. It was hard service. Provisions were running short. The whole fleet was storm-worn and battered ; but some of the ships were leaky and strained to the point of danger. So a squadron of the worst cases was detached, placed under the command of a flag officer of conspicuous energy and determination, and ordered to Malta with all possible speed, there to refit and return with provisions and stores. The admiral dipped his colors to the commander-in-chief, and made sail for Malta. Steam navigation was unknown in those days. All went well until he was within a day's sail of the island, when a gregala caught him in the teeth, and blew him half-way back to Toulon. At length the wind shifted, and once more he steered for Malta. Again he was baffled by the wind ; but finally got into the harbor about the time he should have been back at Toulon with the bis-

cuit, beef, and rum for the fleet. British naval commanders are not, as a general rule, distinguished for the sweetness of their tempers at the best of times; and it will be readily imagined that this officer did not enter Malta harbor in an especially Christian frame of mind. But he went at his work like one of the old Grand Masters. No sooner were the anchors down than carpenters, riggers, caulkers, and every description of artificer that could be brought to bear upon the repairs were set to work. In the midst of the confusion and racket the governor's barge was reported. The guard was turned out, and the high functionary was received with all appropriate ceremonies. But the work did not cease for a moment. When the formalities were over the governor stepped into the admiral's cabin, and there were a few minutes' more familiar conversation. The caulkers were making a pandemonium of deafening noise overhead; but between the strokes of their mallets could be heard occasionally the strains of an itinerant band of music. The governor, roaring to make himself heard, said, —

"My dear admiral, do come to the palace for a few days' rest."

"Rest, sir!" snarled the old salt. "I've got too much to do, to think about rest."

"Well, then, just get into my barge, and come on shore for an hour or two, out of all this horrid noise."

"Noise, sir! I don't hear any noise, *except those d—d fiddlers under the stern.*"

The devotion of everybody to dancing is worthy of the occupants of the home of the Knights of St. John. The last ball of the season is given at the palace in honor of Her Majesty's birthday. It is kept in the month of May. It is a full-dress affair: the uniform coats are buttoned to the chin. It will be the last waltz; and although the atmosphere reminds one of the Black

Hole of Calcutta, there is no finching. Next week the fleet will be gone, and sirocco and silence will settle down upon the city. "On with the dance," though the labor is severe.

But Malta has other inhabitants besides British officials and their families. The native population deserve more notice than is usually accorded them. They are mostly very poor, — so poor that the English penny is divided into twelfths, called "grains," for their benefit; but they are industrious, hardy, and frugal. They are of Arab stock, qualified in the harbor towns with a large admixture of Italian. This is observable in the language. In Valetta it is a mingling of Italian and Arabic; but in the outlying casals, the Arab tongue predominates. The peasantry of the country are home-loving and affectionate in their families; very ignorant and very pious. A large percentage of their hard-earned wages is given to the church. One of the things that most strikes a visitor is the number and size of the churches and the multiplicity of priests. An interesting and remarkable instance of this spirit of devotion may be seen in the village of Musta. Here there is a large, new, and beautiful church. Not many years ago there was a smaller one upon the same site. The problem of how to rebuild was solved thus: The money that could be collected from the villagers was altogether insufficient for the purpose; so they procured their plans, the foundation of the new edifice was laid, and the lines were drawn outside the walls of the old one. The people gave their labor as they could afford it, and in this way, little by little, the building rose. To stand on the unfinished dome, look down upon the church beneath, and hear the chanting of vespers was a unique experience. At last it was finished, and the old church was dismantled, pulled down, and carried out piecemeal.

The Maltese are good sailors and boatmen. Many of them make a living

by serving the naval officers' messes in the capacity of "bum boatmen." This is an arduous business, and in pursuing it they exhibit many excellent qualities. Their memory is wonderful. They can neither read nor write, but they will recollect and execute accurately a marvelous number of small commissions. Then they are good-tempered and obliging. Of liberty, in our sense of the term, they have not much idea. Inheriting a long pedigree of servitude, accustomed to nothing but domination,—military, ecclesiastical, and atmospheric,—they seem to thrive under it. They are very fond of and have a deep veneration for religious processions, and keep the various "festas" and fasts of the church with exemplary devotion. One outcome of their piety is distressing to strangers. All the churches have bells which are not swung and rung in the ordinary manner, but either beaten with a hammer from outside, or sounded by a rope attached to the clapper. This bell ringing, or rather hammering, is an essential part of the Maltese idea of worship. None can be carried on without it. Matins, vespers, festas, fasts, weddings, funerals,—all must have plenty of bell. As there is no attempt at chimes, or musical arrangement of any kind, and as, especially during Lent, they begin very early in the morning, the effect may be imagined.

There used to be a personage more or less familiar to residents at Malta, very distinct from the English officials,

from the seekers after pleasure and the seekers after health,—distinct, too, from the native population,—whom it is to be hoped may never be seen there again. When Ferdinand of Naples was outraging humanity by his cruel and perfidious persecution of the men whom he had solemnly sworn to protect and respect; when the best and purest spirits in his kingdom were chained to the floor in loathsome dungeons, for the crime of attempting to secure constitutional liberty for themselves and their countrymen; when Italy was in the throes of revolution; when Garibaldi was gathering about him the fiery youth of a people driven to desperation, Malta was often the resting-place of the Italian refugee. Gallant and worthy gentlemen, who had been reared in wealth and refinement, were giving lessons in French and Italian, and living in stifling garrets in Valetta upon the pittance they could earn. Happier times have come. We see a new Italy, flushed with all the ideas of modern progress, and buoyant with hopes of a yet brighter future. The recent mention of Malta as the possible pontifical residence—or refuge—suggests an impressive turning of the tables.

That it should be chosen as the seat of that great spiritual government which is accused, with such fierceness of vehemence, of making common cause with all that is tyrannical and oppressive would afford another instance of the vicissitudes of the history with which the island is so strikingly associated.

J. M. Hillyar.

MALICE.

WHAT now! You deem that Fiend of Malice dead?
Medusa died, but still her severed head,
By Perseus borne o'er Libyan dune and dell,
Shed blood-drops, changed to scorpions where they fell!

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

STEPHEN DEWHURST'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

[Among the papers left by Mr. Henry James, Sr., was one entitled "Immortal Life : illustrated in a brief autobiographic sketch of the late Stephen Dewhurst. Edited, with an introduction by Henry James." Under the slight disguise of a fictitious autobiography, Mr. James began a sketch of the growth of his mind upon a back-ground of personal history. The paper was left in a fragmentary form, and is here published, with two omissions and with the exception of the explanatory introduction.]

I.

MY EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS.

I WILL not attempt to state the year in which I was born, because it is not a fact embraced in my own knowledge, but content myself with saying instead, that the earliest event of my biographic consciousness is that of my having been carried out into the streets one night, in the arms of my negro nurse, to witness a grand illumination in honor of the treaty of peace then just signed with Great Britain. From this circumstance I infer, of course, that I was born before the year 1815, but it gives me no warrant to say just how long before. The net fact is that my historic consciousness, or my earliest self-recognition, dates from this municipal illumination in honor of peace. So far, however, as my share in that spectacle is concerned, I am free to say it was a failure. That is, the only impression left by the illumination upon my imagination was the contrast of the awful dark of the sky with the feeble glitter of the streets ; as if the animus of the display had been, not to eclipse the darkness, but to make it visible. You, of course, may put what interpretation you choose upon the incident, but it seems to me rather emblematic of the intellect, that its earliest

sensible foundations should thus be laid in "a horror of great darkness."

My father was a successful merchant, who early in life had forsaken his native Somerset County,¹ with its watery horizons, to settle in Baltimore ;² where on the strength of a good primary education, in which I was glad to observe some knowledge of Latin had mingled, he got employment as a clerk in a considerable mercantile house, and by his general intelligence and business sagacity ere long laid the foundations of a prosperous career. When I was very young I do not remember to have had much intellectual contact with my father save at family prayers and at meals, for he was always occupied during the day with business ; and even in the frank domestic intercourse of the evening, when he was fond of hearing his children read to him, and would frequently exercise them in their studies, I cannot recollect that he ever questioned me about my out-of-door occupations, or about my companions, or showed any extreme solicitude about my standing in school. He was certainly a very easy parent, and I might have been left to regard him perhaps as a rather indifferent one, if it had not been for a severe illness which befell me from a gun-shot wound in my arm, and which confined me for a long time to the house, when his tenderness to me showed itself so assiduous and indeed extreme as to give me an exalted sense of his affection.³ My wound had been very severe, being followed by a morbid process in the bone which ever and anon called for some sharp surgery ; and on these occasions I remember — for the use of anæsthetics was still wholly undreamt of then not usual game of fire-ball that he was confined to his bed for two years, and two thigh amputations had to be performed.

¹ County Cavan, Ireland.

² Albany, N. Y.

³ At the age of thirteen, Mr. James had his right leg so severely burned while playing the

— his sympathy with my sufferings was so excessive that my mother had the greatest possible difficulty in imposing due prudence upon his expression of it.

My mother was a good wife and mother, nothing else, — save, to be sure, a kindly friend and neighbor. The tradition of the house, indeed, was a very charitable one. I remember that my father was in the habit of having a great quantity of beef and pork and potatoes laid by in the beginning of winter for the needy poor, the distribution of which my mother regulated; and no sooner was the original stock exhausted than the supply was renewed with ungrudging hand. My mother, I repeat, was maternity itself in form; and I remember, as a touching evidence of this, that I have frequently seen her during my protracted illness, when I had been greatly reduced and required the most watchful nursing, come to my bedside fast asleep, with her candle in her hand, and go through the forms of covering my shoulders, adjusting my pillows, and so forth, just as carefully as if she were awake. The only other thing I have to remark about her is, that she was the most democratic person by temperament I ever knew. Her father,¹ who spent the evening of his days in our family, was a farmer of great respectability and considerable substance. He had borne arms in the Revolutionary War, was very fond of historic reading, had a tenacious memory, and used to exercise it upon his grandchildren at times to their sufficient *ennui*. I never felt any affectionate leaning to him. Two of his brothers had served throughout the war in the army, — one of them, Colonel F. B.,² having been a distinguished and very efficient officer in various engagements, and an intimate friend of Washington; the other, Major W. B.,³ who, if my memory serve me, was an aid of Gen-

eral Lafayette. These of course are never ungratifying facts to the carnal mind; and when accordingly we children used to ask our mother for tales about her uncles, she gave us to be sure what she had to give with good-will, but I could very well see that for some reason or other she never was able to put herself in our precise point of view in reference to them. She seemed some way ashamed, as well as I could gather, of having had distinguished relations. And then I remember I used to feel surprised to see how much satisfaction she could take in chatting with her respectable sewing-women, and how she gravitated as a general thing into relations of the frankest sympathy with every one conventionally beneath her. I should say, indeed, looking back, that she felt a tacit quarrel with the fortunes of her life in that they had sought to make her a flower or a shrub, when she herself would so willingly have remained mere lowly grass.

But I must say one word of my mother's mother, whose memory I cherish much more than that of my grandfather. She came to us at times in winter, and as long as she lived we spent a month of every summer with her in the country, where I delighted to drive the empty ox-cart far afield to bring in a load of fragrant hay, or gather apples for the cider-press, refreshing myself the while with a well-selected apricot or two. She was of a grave, thoughtful aspect, but she had a most vivacious love of children, and a very exceptional gift of interesting them in conversation, which greatly endeared her society to me. It was not till I had grown up, and she herself was among the blessed, that I discovered she had undergone a great deal of mental suffering, and dimly associated this fact somehow with the great conscience she had always made of us children. She had been from

¹ John Barber, of (then) Montgomery, Orange Co., N. Y. (near Newburgh).

² Francis Barber.

³ William Barber.

youth a very religious person, without a shadow of skepticism or indifference in her mental temperament; but as life matured and her heart became mellowed under its discipline, she fell to doubting whether the dogmatic traditions in which she had been bred effectively represented divine truth. And the conflict grew so active ere long between this quickened allegiance of her heart to God and the merely habitual deference her intellect was under to men's opinions, as to allow her afterwards no fixed rest this side of the grave. In her most depressed condition, however, she maintained an equable front before the world, fulfilled all her duties to her family and her neighborhood, and yielded at last to death, as I afterwards learned, in smiling confidence of a speedy resolution of all her doubts. I never failed to contrast the soft flexibility and sweetness of her demeanor with the stoicism of my grandfather's character, and early noted the signal difference between the rich spontaneous favor we children enjoyed at her hands and the purely voluntary or polite attentions we received from him. Nor could I doubt when in after years my own hour of tribulation sounded, and I too felt my first immortal longing "to bathe myself in innocence," that this dear old lady had found in the ignorance and innocence of the grandchildren whom she loved to hug to her bosom a truer gospel balm, a far more soothing and satisfactory echo of divine knowledge, than she had ever caught from the logic of John Calvin.

I have nothing to say of my brothers and sisters, who were seven in number, except that our relations proved always cordially affectionate; so much so, indeed, that I cannot now recall any instance of serious envy or jealousy between us. The law of the house, within the limits of religious decency, was freedom itself, and the parental will or wisdom had very seldom to be appealed to to settle our trivial discords. I should

think, indeed, that our domestic intercourse had been on the whole most innocent as well as happy, were it not for a certain lack of oxygen which is indeed incidental to the family atmosphere, and which I may characterize as the lack of any ideal of action but that of self-preservation. It is the curse of the worldly mind, as of the civic or political state of man to which it affords a material basis; it is the curse of the religious mind, as of the ecclesiastical forms to which it furnishes a spiritual base,—that they both alike constitute their own ideal, or practically ignore any ulterior Divine end. I say it is their curse, because they thus conflict with the principles of universal justice, or God's providential order in the earth, which rigidly enjoins that *each particular thing exist for all, and that all things in general exist for each*. Our family at all events perfectly illustrated this common vice of contented isolation. Like all the other families of the land it gave no sign of a *spontaneous* religious culture, or of affections touched to the dimensions of universal man. In fact, religious truth at that day, as it seems to me, was at the very lowest ebb of formal remorseless dogmatism it has ever reached, and offered nothing whatever to conciliate the enmity of unwilling hearts. When I remember the clergy who used to frequent my father's house, which offered the freest hospitality to any number of the cloth, and recall the tone of the religious world generally with which I was familiar, I find my memory is charged with absolutely no incident, either of manners or conversation, which would ever lead me to suppose that religion was anything more in its votaries than a higher prudence, or that there was anything whatever in the Divine character as revealed in the gospel of Christ to inflame in common minds an enthusiasm of devotion, or beget anything like a passionate ardor of self-abasement.

Thus the entire strain of the Ortho-

dox faith of the period was at fault, and restricted the motions of the Divine life in us to the working out at most of a conventionally virtuous and pious repute. It was eminently respectable to belong to the church, and there were few insatiate worldlings, I suspect, who did not count upon giving in a prudent adhesion to it at the last. We children of the church had been traditionally taught to contemplate God as a strictly supernatural being, bigger personally than all the world; and not only therefore out of all sympathy with our pigmy infirmities, but exceedingly jealous of the hypocritical homage we paid to his contemptuous forbearance. This dramatic homage, however, being of an altogether negative complexion, was exceedingly trying to us. Notoriously our Orthodox Protestant faith, however denominated, is not intellectually a cheerful one, though it is not so inwardly demoralizing, doubtless, as the Catholic teaching; but it makes absolutely no ecclesiastical provision in the way of spectacle for engaging the affections of childhood. The innocent carnal delights of children are ignored by the church save at Christmas; and as Christmas comes but once a year, we poor little ones were practically shut up for all our spiritual limbering, or training in the divine life, to the influence of our ordinary paralytic Sunday routine. That is, we were taught not to play, not to dance, not to sing, not to read story-books, not to con over our school lessons for Monday even; not to whistle, not to ride the pony, nor to take a walk in the country, nor a swim in the river; nor, in short, to do anything which nature specially craved. How my particular heels ached for exercise, and all my senses pined to be free, it is not worth while to recount; suffice it to say that, although I know my parents were not so Sabbatarian as many, I cannot flatter myself that our household sanctity ever presented a pleasant aspect to the an-

gels. Nothing is so hard for a child as *not-to-do*; that is, to keep his hands and feet and tongue in enforced inactivity. It is a cruel wrong to put such an obligation upon him, while his reflective faculties are still undeveloped, and his senses urge him to unrestricted action. I am persuaded, for my part at all events, that the number of things I was conventionally bound *not-to-do* at that tender age has made Sunday to my imagination ever since the most oppressive or least gracious and hallowed day of the week; and I should not wonder if the repression it riveted upon my youthful freedom had had much to do with the habitual unamiableness and irritability I discover in myself.

My boyish Sundays, however, had one slight alleviation. The church to which I was born occupied one extremity of a block, and sided upon a public street. Our family pew was a large, square one, and embraced in part a window which gave upon the street, and whose movable blinds with their cords and tassels gave much quiet entertainment to my restless fingers. It was my delight to get to church early, in order to secure a certain corner of the pew which commanded the sidewalk on both sides of the street, and so furnished me many pregnant topics of speculation. Two huge chains, indeed, extended across the street at either extremity of the church, debarring vehicles from passing. But pedestrians enjoyed their liberty unimpeded, and took on a certain halo to my imagination from the independent air with which they used it. Sometimes a person would saunter past in modish costume, puffing a cigar, and gayly switching ever and anon the legs of his resonant, well-starched trousers; and though I secretly envied him his power to convert the sacred day into a festivity, I could not but indulge some doubts as to where that comfortable state of mind tended. Most of my *dramatis personæ* in fact wore an air of careless

ease or idleness, as if they had risen from a good night's sleep to a late breakfast, and were now disposing themselves for a genuine holiday of delights. I was doubtless not untouched inwardly by the gospel flavor and relish of the spectacle, but of course it presented to my legal or carnal apprehension of spiritual things a far more perilous method of sanctifying the day, than that offered by men's voluntary denial of all their spontaneous instincts, of all their æsthetic culture.

I may say, however, that one vision was pretty constant, and left no pharisaic pang behind it. Opposite the sacred edifice stood the dwelling-house and office of Mr. O——r, a justice of the peace; and every Sunday morning, just as the sermon was getting well under way, Mr. O——r's housemaid would appear upon the threshold with her crumb-cloth in hand, and proceed very leisurely to shake it over the side of the steps, glancing the while, as well as I could observe, with critical appreciation at the well-dressed people who passed by. She would do her work, as I have said, in a very leisurely way, leaving the cloth, for example, hanging upon the balustrade of the steps while she would go into the house, and then return again and again to shake it, as if she loved the task, and could not help lingering over it. Perhaps her mistress might have estimated the performance differently, but fortunately she was in church; and I at all events was unfeignedly obliged to the shapely maid for giving my senses so much innocent occupation when their need was sorest. Her pleasant image has always remained a fixture of my memory; and if I shall ever be able to identify her in the populous world to which we are hastening, be assured I will not let the opportunity slip of telling her how much I owe her for the fresh, breezy, natural life she imparted to those otherwise lifeless, stagnant, most unnatural Sunday mornings.

II.

CONFLICT BETWEEN MY MORAL AND MY SPIRITUAL LIFE.

I have always, in looking back, been struck with the fact, and used at first to be somewhat disconcerted by it, that my conscience, even in my earliest years, never charged itself with merely literal or ritual defilement; that is to say, with offenses which did not contain an element of active or spiritual malignity to somebody else. For example, there was a shoemaker's shop in our neighborhood, at which the family were supplied with shoes. The business was conducted by two brothers who had recently inherited it of their father, and who were themselves uncommonly bright, intelligent, and personable young men. From the circumstance that all the principal families of the neighborhood were customers of the shop, the boys of these families in going there to be fitted, or to give orders, frequently encountered each other, and at last got to making it an habitual rendezvous. There were two apartments belonging to the shop,—one small, giving upon the street, which contained all the stock of the concern, and where customers were received; the other, in which the young men worked at their trade and where we boys were wont to congregate, much larger, in the rear, and descending towards a garden. I was in the habit of taking with me a pocket full of apples or other fruit from home, on my visits to the shop, for the delectation of its occupants, several of the other lads doing the same; and I frequently carried them books, especially novels, which they were fond of reading, and their judgments of which seemed to me very intelligent. The truth is, that we chits were rather proud to crony with these young men, who were so much older than ourselves, and had so much more knowledge of the

world; and if their influence over us had been really educative, almost any beneficial results might have been anticipated. I do not know exactly how it came about, but one step probably led to another, until at last we found ourselves providing them an actual feast, some of us supplying edibles and other portables from our own larders and cellars. I used, I recollect, to take eggs in any number from the ample, uncounted, and unguarded stores at home, cakes, fruits, and whatever else it was handy to carry; and I do not know to what lengths our mutual emulation in these hospitable offices might not have pushed us, when it was brought to a sudden stop. Among the urchins engaged in these foraging exploits were two sons of the governor of the State, who was a widower, and whose household affairs were consequently not so well looked after as they might have been. By the connivance of their father's butler, these young gentlemen were in the habit of storing certain dainties in their own room at the top of the house, whence they could be conveniently transported to the shop at their leisure without attracting observation. But the governor unfortunately saw fit to re-marry soon after our drama opened, and his new wife took such good order in the house, that my young friends were forced thereafter to accomplish their ends by profounder strategy. And so it happened that their step-mother, sitting one warm summer evening at her open but unilluminated chamber-window to enjoy the breeze, suddenly became aware of a dark object defining itself upon the void between her face and the stars, but in much too close proximity to the former to be agreeable, and naturally put forth her hand to determine the law of its projection. It proved to be a bottle of madeira, whose age was duly authenticated by cobwebs and weather-stains; and from the apparatus of stout twine connected with it

there seemed to be no reasonable doubt that some able engineering was at the bottom of the phenomenon. Search was made, and the engineers discovered. And to make a long story short, this discovery did not fail of course to propagate a salutary rumor of itself, and eke a tremor, to the wonted scene of our festivities, begetting on the part of the *habitués* of the place a much more discreet conduct for the future.

But this is not by any means the only or the chief immorality that distinguished my boyish days. My father, for example, habitually kept a quantity of loose silver in a drawer of his dressing-table, with a view, I suppose, to his own and my mother's convenience in paying house-bills. It more than covered the bottom of the drawer, and though I never essayed to count it, I should judge it usually amounted to a sum of eight or ten dollars, perhaps double that sum, in Spanish sixpences, shillings, and quarters. The drawer was seldom locked, and even when locked usually had the key remaining in the lock, so that it offered no practical obstacle to the curiosity of servants and children. Our servants, I suppose, were very honest, as I do not recollect to have ever heard any of them suspected of interfering with the glittering treasure, nor indeed do I know that they were at all aware of its exposed existence. From my earliest days I remember that I myself cherished the greatest practical reverence for the sacred deposit, and seldom went near it except at the bidding of my mother occasionally, to replenish her purse against the frequent domestic demands made upon it, or the exaction of my own weekly stipend. My youthful imagination, to be sure, was often impressed on these occasions with the apparently inexhaustible resources provided by this small drawer against human want, but my necessities at that early day were not so pronounced as to suggest any thought

of actual cupidity. But as I grew in years, and approached the very mundane age of seven or eight, the nascent pleasures of the palate began to alternate to my consciousness with those of my muscular activity,—such as marbles, kite-flying, and ball-playing; and I was gradually led in concert with my companions to frequent a very tempting confectioner's shop in my neighborhood, kept by a colored woman, with whom my credit was very good, and to whom, accordingly, whenever my slender store of pocket money was exhausted, I did not hesitate to run in debt to the amount of five, ten, or twenty cents. This trivial debt, growing at length somewhat embarrassing in amount, furnished the beginning of my moral, self-conscious, or distinctively human experience.

It did this all simply in making me for the first time think, with an immense though still timorous sigh of relief, of my father's magical drawer. Thus my country's proverbial taste for confectionery furnished my particular introduction to *the tree of knowledge of good and evil*. This tragical tree, which man is forbidden to eat of under pain of finding his pleasant paradisiacal existence shadowed by death, symbolizes his dawning spiritual life, which always to his own perception begins in literal or subjective darkness and evil. For what after all is spiritual life in sum? It is the heart-felt discovery by man that God his creator is alone good, and that he himself, the creature, is by necessary contrast evil. But this life in man, being divine and immortal, is bound to avouch its proper grandeur, by thoroughly subjugating evil or death to itself; that is, absorbing it in its own infinitude. Hence it is that man, constitutionally requiring the most intimate handling of evil, or the intensest spiritual familiarity with it, actually finds *himself provisionally identified* with that principle, and so far furthered consequently on his way to immortal life.

The sentiment of relief which I felt at the remembrance of this well-stocked drawer remained a sentiment for a considerable time, however, before it precipitated itself in actual form. I enjoyed in thought the possibility of relief a long time before I dared to convert it into an actuality. The temptation to do this was absolutely my first experience of spiritual daybreak, my first glimpse of its distinctively moral or death-giving principle. Until then, spiritual existence had been unknown to me save by the hearing of the ear. That is to say, it was mere intellectual gibberish to me. Our experience of the spiritual world dates in truth only from our first unaffected shiver of guilt. Our youthful innocence, like every other divine-natural endowment of humanity, dwells in us in altogether latent or unconscious form, and we never truly recognize it until we have forever forfeited it to the exigencies of a more spiritual and living innocence. It is sure, for example, never to come to direct consciousness in us until we are seriously tempted to do some conventionally opprobrious thing, and have incontinently yielded to the temptation; after that, looking back at ourselves to see what change has befallen us, we become aware of our loss, and immediately, like the inapprehensive spiritual noodles we are, we bend all our energies to recover this fugacious innocence, and become henceforth its *conscious* guardians!—as if man were ever capable by *consciousness* of embracing anything good! As if the human *conscience* were *ever* open to anything else but evil in some of its myriad-fold modulations!

I doubtless relieved myself of debt, then, by two or three times borrowing freely from my father's drawer, without any thought of ever making restitution. But it is idle to pretend that my action in any of these cases was spiritually criminal. It was clandestine, of course, as it could hardly help being if it were

destined ever to take place at all, and was indeed every way reprehensible when judged from the established family routine or order. I had no idea at the time, of course, that the act was not sinful, for no one existed within my knowledge capable of giving me that idea. But though I should have felt excessively ashamed of myself, doubtless, if my parents had ever discovered or even suspected my clandestine operations, yet when my religious conscience became quickened and I had learned to charge myself with sin against God, I practically never found that acts of this sort very heavily burdened my penitential memory. I did not fail, I presume, to ventilate them occasionally in my daily litany, but I am sure they never any of them gave me a sense of spiritual defilement, nor ever cost me consequently a pang of godly sorrow. The reason why they did not spiritually degrade me in my own esteem was, I suppose, that they were at worst offenses committed against my parents; and no child, as it seems to me, with the heart of a child, or who has not been utterly moralized out of his natural innocency and turned into a precocious prig, can help secretly feeling a property in his parents so absolute or unconditional as to make him *a priori* sure, do what he will, of preserving their affection. It would not have seemed so in ancient days, I grant. The parental bond was then predominantly paternal, whereas of late years it is becoming predominantly maternal. At that period it was very nearly altogether authoritative and even tyrannous with respect to the child; while in our own day it is fast growing to be one of the utmost relaxation, indulgence, and even servility. My father was weakly, nay painfully, sensitive to his children's claims upon his sympathy; and I myself, when I became a father in my turn, felt that I could freely sacrifice property and life to save my children from unhappiness. In fact, the family senti-

ment has become within the last hundred years so refined of its original gross literality, so shorn of its absolute consequence, by being practically considered as a rudiment to the larger social sentiment, that no intelligent conscientious parent now thinks of himself as primary in that relation, but cheerfully subordinates himself to the welfare of his children. What sensible parent now thinks it a good thing to repress the natural instincts of childhood, and not rather diligently to utilize them as so many divinely endowed educational forces? No doubt much honest misgiving is felt and much honest alarm expressed as to the effect of these new ideas upon the future of our existing civilization. But these alarms and misgivings beset those only who are intellectually indifferent to the truth of man's social destiny. For my own part, I delight to witness this outward demoralization of the parental bond, because I see in it the pregnant evidence of a growing spiritualization of human life, or an expanding social consciousness among men, which will ere long exalt them out of the mire and slime of their frivolous and obscene private personality, into a chaste and dignified natural manhood. This social conscience of manhood is becoming so pronounced and irresistible that almost no one who deserves the name of parent but feels the tie that binds him to his child outgrowing its old moral or obligatory limitations, and putting on free, spiritual, or spontaneous lineaments. Indeed, the multitude of devout minds in either sex is perpetually enlarging who sincerely feel themselves unfit to bear, to rear, and above all to educate and discipline children without the enlightened aid and furtherance of all mankind. And it is only the silliest, most selfish and arrogant of men that can afford to make light of this very significant fact.

But to resume. What I want particularly to impress upon your understand-

ing is that my religious conscience in its early beginnings practically disowned a moral or outward genesis, and took on a free, inward, or spiritual evolution. Not any literal thing I did, so much as the temper of mind with which it was done, had power to humble me before God or degrade me in my own conceit. What filled my breast with acute contrition, amounting at times to anguish, was never any technical offense which I had committed against established decorum, but always some wanton, ungenerous word or deed by which I had wounded the vital self-respect of another, or imposed upon him gratuitous personal suffering. Things of this sort arrayed me to my own consciousness in flagrant hostility to God, and I never could contemplate them without feeling the deepest sense of sin. I sometimes wantonly mocked the sister who was nearest me in age, and now and then violently repelled the overtures of a younger brother who aspired to associate himself with me in my sports and pastimes. But when I remembered these things upon my bed, the terrors of hell encompassed me, and I was fairly heart-broken with a dread of being estranged from God and all good men. Even now I cannot recur to these instances of youthful depravity in me without a pungent feeling of self-abasement, without a meltingly tender recognition of the Divine magnanimity. I was very susceptible of gratitude, moreover, and this furnished another spur to my religious conscience. For although I abounded in youthful cupidity of every sort, I never got the satisfaction of my wishes without a sensible religious thankfulness. Especially rife was this sentiment whenever I had had a marked escape from fatal calamity. For I was an ardent angler and gunner from my earliest remembrance, and in my eagerness for sport used to expose myself to accidents so grave as to keep my parents in perpetual dread of my being brought home

some day disabled or dead. I distinctly remember how frequently on these occasions, feeling what a narrow escape I had had from rock or river, I was wont to be visited by the most remorseful sense of my own headlong folly, and the most adoring grateful sentiment of the Divine long-suffering.

To sum up all in a word: my religious conscience, as well as I can recall it, was from infancy an intensely *living* one, acknowledging no ritual bonds, and admitting only *quasi* spiritual, that is natural, satisfactions. There was of course a certain established order in the house as to coming and going, as to sleeping and waking, as to meal-times and morning prayers, as to study hours and play hours, and so forth. I certainly never exhibited any willful disrespect for this order, but doubtless I felt no absolute respect for it, and even violated it egregiously whenever my occasions demanded. But at the same time nothing could be more painful to me than to find that I had wounded my father's or mother's feelings, or disappointed any specific confidence they had reposed in me. And I acutely bemoaned my evil lot whenever I came into chance personal collision with my brothers or sisters. In short, I am satisfied that if there had been the least spiritual Divine leaven discernible within the compass of the family bond; if there had been the least recognizable subordination in it to any objective or public and universal ends, — I should have been very sensitive to the fact, and responsive to the influences it exerted. But there was nothing of the sort. Our family righteousness had as little felt relation to the public life of the world, as little connection with the common hopes and fears of mankind, as the number and form of the rooms we inhabited; and we contentedly lived the same life of stagnant isolation from the race which the great mass of our modern families live, its surface never dimpled

by anything but the duties and courtesies we owed to our private friends and acquaintances.

The truth is that the family tie — the tie of reciprocal ownership which binds together parent and child, brother and sister — was when it existed in its integrity a purely legal, formal, typical tie, intended merely to represent or symbolize to men's imagination the universal family, or household of faith, eventually to appear upon the earth. But it never had the least suspicion of its own spiritual mission. It was bound in fact, in the interest of self-preservation, to ignore this its vital representative function, to regard itself as its own end, and coerce its children consequently into an allegiance often very detrimental to their future spiritual manhood. For any refining or humanizing influence, accordingly, which the family is to exert upon its members, we must look exclusively to the future of the institution, when it will be glorified for the first time into a natural or universal bond. It is a denial of order to demand of the subterranean germ what we expect of the full corn in the ear. If, for example, the family as it once existed had ever been conscious of its strictly representative virtue; if it had for a moment recognized that spiritual Divine end of blessing to universal man which alone inwardly consecrated it, — it would have incontinently shriveled up in its own esteem, and ceased thereupon to propagate itself; so defeating its own end. For the only spiritual Divine end which has ever sanctified the family institution and shaped its issues is the evolution of a free society or fellowship among men; inasmuch as the family is literally the seminary of the race, or constitutes the sole Divine seed out of which the social consciousness of man ultimately flowers. Thus the only true Divine life or order practicable within the family precinct, the only sentiment truly spiritual, appropriate to the isolated as such,

would have been fatal to its existence, as it would have taken from it its proper pride of life; for it would have consisted in each of its members freely disowning all the rest in the faith of a strictly unitary spiritual paternity or being to all men, and a strictly universal natural maternity or existence.

We seem in fact only now becoming qualified to realize the spiritual worth of the family considered as a representative economy. For unquestionably we do as a people constitutionally reject — in the symbols of priest and king — the only two hitherto sacred pillars upon which the ark of man's salvation has rested, or which have based his public and private righteousness; and it is very clear that we could not have rejected the symbol unless the substance had first come empowering us so to do. That is to say, we as a people are without any proper political and religious life or consciousness which is not exclusively generated by the social spirit in humanity, or the truth of an approaching marriage between the public and private, the universal and the particular interests of the race; so that our future welfare, spiritual and material, stands frankly committed to the energies of that untried spirit. Happy they who, in this twilight of ever-deepening spiritual unbelief within the compass of the old symbolic Church, and hence of ever-widening moral earthquake, confusion, and desolation within the compass of the old symbolic State, intelligently recognize the serene, immaculate divinity of the social spirit, feel their souls stayed upon the sheer impregnable truth of human society, human fellowship, human equality, on earth and in heaven! For they cannot fail to discern in the gathering "clouds of heaven," or the thickening obscuration which to so many despairing eyes is befalling the once bright earth of human hope, the radiant chariot-wheels of the long-looked-for Son of Man, bringing freedom, peace, and unity

to all the realm of God's dominion. But these persons will be the promptest to perceive, and the most eager to confess, that the family bond with us, as it has always been restricted to rigidly literal dimensions, and never been allowed the faintest spiritual significance, so it must henceforth depend for its consideration wholly and solely upon the measure in which it freely lends itself to reproduce and embody the distinctively social instincts and aspirations of the race.

III.

SAME GENERAL SUBJECT.

Considering the state of things I have been depicting as incident to my boyish experience of the family, the church, and the world, you will hardly be surprised to hear me express my conviction that the influences — domestic, ecclesiastical, and secular — to which I was subjected exerted a most unhappy bearing upon my intellectual development. They could not fail to do so in stimulating in me, as they did, a morbid doctrinal conscience.

The great worth of one's childhood to his future manhood consists in its being a storehouse of innocent natural emotions and affections, based upon ignorance, which offer themselves as an admirable Divine mould or anchorage to the subsequent development of his spiritual life or freedom. Accordingly, in so far as you inconsiderately shorten this period of infantile innocence and ignorance in the child, you weaken his chances of a future manly character. I am sure that my own experience proves this truth. I am sure that the early development of my moral sense was every way fatal to my natural innocence, the innocence essential to a free evolution of one's spiritual character, and put me in an attitude of incessant exaction — in fact, of the most unhandsome mendi-

cancy and higgling — towards my creative source. The thought of God in every childish mind is one of the utmost awe and reverence, arising from the tradition or rumor of his incomparable perfection; and the only legitimate effect of the thought, accordingly, when it is left unsophisticate, is to lower his tone of self-sufficiency, and implant in his bosom the germs of a *social* consciousness, — that is, of a tender, equal regard for other people. But when the child has been assiduously taught, as I was, that an essential conflict of interests exists between man and his Maker, then his natural awe of the Divine name practically comes in only to aggravate his acquired sense of danger in that direction, and thus preternaturally to inflame all his most selfish and sinister cupidities. Our native appreciation of ourselves or what belongs to us is sufficiently high at its lowest estate; but you have only to dispute or put in peril any recognized interest of man, and you instantly enhance his appreciation of it a hundred-fold.

Our selfhood, or *proprium*, is all we have got to dike out the inflowing tides of the spiritual world, or serve as a barricade against the otherwise overwhelming influence of heaven and hell. My body isolates me from the world, or separates between me and the outward or finite; but I should be literally stifled in my own inward genesis, actually suffocated in my creative substance, were it not for this sentiment of selfhood, — the sentiment of a life within so much nearer and dearer to me than that of the world, so much more intimately and exquisitely my own than the life of the world is, as spiritually to guarantee me even against God or the infinite. The world gives me sensible constitution or existence, and if consequently you put yourself between me and the world, you doubtless inflict a sensible but not necessarily a vital injury upon me. But my selfhood, or *proprium*, is all I know

of spiritual life or inward immortal being, is all I am able consciously to realize of God himself, in short; and whenever, therefore, you impinge upon that, — as when you assail my vital self-respect, when you expose me to gratuitous contumely or contempt, when you in any manner suppress or coerce my personal freedom to your own profit, — you put yourself, as it were, between me and God, at all events between me and all I thus far spiritually or *livingly* know of God; you darken my life's sun at its very centre, and reduce me to the torpor of death. You fill my interiors in short with an unspeakable anguish, and a resentment that knows no bounds; that will stickle at absolutely nothing to give me relief from your intolerable invasion.

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The thought of God as a power foreign to my nature, and with interests therefore hostile to my own, would have wilted my manhood in its cradle, would have made a thoughtful, anxious, and weary little slave of me before I had entered upon my teens, if it had not been for nature's indomitable uprightness. It aroused a reflective self-consciousness in me when I ought by natural right to have been wholly immersed in my senses, and known nothing but the innocent pleasures and salutary pains they impart. I doubt whether any lad had ever just so thorough and pervading a belief in God's existence, as an outside and contrarious force to humanity, as I had. The conviction of his supernatural being and attributes was burnt into me as with a red-hot iron, and I am sure no childish sinews were ever more strained than mine were in wrestling with the subtle terror of his name. This insane terror pervaded my consciousness more or less. It turned every hour of unallowed pleasure I enjoyed into an actual boon wrung from his forbearance; made me loath at night to lose myself

in sleep, lest his dread hand should clip my thread of life without time for a parting sob of penitence, and grovel at morning dawn with an abject slavish gratitude that the sweet sights and sounds of nature and of man were still around me. The terror was all but overpowering; yet not quite that, because it called out a juvenile strategy in me which gave me, as it were, a new proprium, or at all events enabled me *bel et bien* to hold my own. That is to say, nature itself came to my aid when all outward resources proved treacherous, and enabled me to find in conventionally illicit relations with my kind a gospel succor and refreshment which my lawful ties were all too poor to allow.

There was nothing very dreadful, to be sure, in these relations, and I only bring myself to allude to them by way of illustrating the gradual fading out or loss of stamina which the isolated family tie is undergoing in this country, and indeed everywhere, in obedience to the growing access of the social sentiment. Man is destined to experience the broadest conceivable unity with his kind, — a unity regulated by the principle of spontaneous taste or attraction exclusively, — and it is only our puerile civic *régime*, with its divisions of rich and poor, high and low, wise and ignorant, free and bond, which keeps him from freely realizing this destiny. Or rather let us say that it is the debasing influence which this civic *régime* exerts upon the heart and mind of men, that keeps them as yet strangers even in thought to their divine destiny. Now the isolated family bond is the nucleus or citadel of this provisional civic economy; and practically, therefore, the interest of the isolated family is the chief obstacle still presented to the full evolution of human nature. Accordingly, even in infancy the family subject feels an instinct of opposition to domestic rule. Even as a child he feels the family bond irksome, and finds his most precious enjoyments

and friendships outside the home precinct. I do not say that the family in this country *consciously* antagonizes the social spirit in humanity, or is at all aware, indeed, of that deeper instinct of race-unity which is beginning to assert itself. For the family with us is not an institution, as it is and always has been in Europe, but only a transmitted prejudice, having no public *prestige* in any case but what it derives from the private worth of its members. Still it is a very rancorous and deep-rooted prejudice, and speculatively operates every sort of vexatious hindrance to the spread of the social spirit. The "rich" family looks down upon the "poor" family, the cultivated family upon the uncultivated one, the consequence being that this old convention which we have inherited from our European ancestry still profoundly colors our practical ethics, and blights every effort and aspiration towards race-harmony.

I have no desire, either, to intimate that I myself suffered from any particularly stringent administration of the family bond. My intercourse with my parents was almost wholly destitute of a moral or voluntary hue. Whether it was that the children of the family were exceptionally void in their personal relations of malignity or not, I do not know; but strive as I may I cannot remember anything but a most infrequent exhibition of authority towards us on my father's part. And as to my mother, who was all anxiety and painstaking over our material interests, she made her own personal welfare or dignity of so little account in her habitual dealings with us, as to constitute herself for the most part a law only to our affections. I presume, however, that our childish intercourse with one another was unusually affectionate, since it incessantly gave birth to relations of the most frankly humoristic quality, which would have been repugnant to any tie of a mere dutiful regard.

Nevertheless, I was never so happy at home as away from it. And even within the walls of home my happiest moments were those spent in the stable talking horse talk with Asher Foot, the family coachman; in the wood-house talking pigeons, chickens, and rabbits with Francis Piles, the out-door servant; in the kitchen in the evenings hearing Dinah Foot, the cook, and Peter Woods, the waiter, discourse of rheumatism, Methodism, and miracle with a picturesque good faith, superstition, and suavity that made the parlor converse seem insipid, or, finally, in the bedrooms teasing the good-natured chambermaids till their rage died out in convulsions of impotent laughter, and they threatened the next time they caught me to kiss me till my cheeks burnt crimson. These were my purest household delights, because they were free or imprescriptible; that is, did not appeal to my living heart through the medium of my prudential understanding. But sweet as these "stolen waters" were, they were not near so refreshing as those I enjoyed outside the house. For obviously my relation to the household servants, however democratic my youthful tendencies might be, could not be one of true fellowship, because the inequality of our positions prevented its ever being perfectly spontaneous.

I was indebted for my earliest practical initiation into a freer sentiment to the friendly intimacy I chanced to contract with my neighbors, the shoemakers, whom I have described in a former chapter. Unfortunately, these plausible young men had really no more moral elevation than if they openly cultivated some form of dubious industry; and they were willing, I think, to take advantage of our boyish frankness and generosity to an extent which, on the whole, rendered their acquaintance very harmful to us. I cannot in the least justify them, but, on the contrary, hand their memory over to the unfaltering

Nemesis which waits upon wronged innocence. But at the same time I must say that their friendship for a while most beneficially housed my expanding consciousness, or served to give it an outward and objective direction. They had, to begin with, such an immense force of animal spirits as magnetized one out of all self-distrust or timidity, barely to be with them. And then they were so utterly void of all religious sensibility or perturbation that my mental sinews relaxed at once into comparative ease and freedom, so that the force of nature within me then felt, I may say, its first authentication. They gave me, for example, my earliest relish of living art and art criticism. There was no theatre at that time in the city, but its place was held by an amateur Thespian company, whose exhibitions they assiduously attended; and the delight they manifested in the drama, and the impassioned criticism they indulged in

upon its acting, made me long for the day when I, too, should enter upon the romance of life. They were also great admirers of the triumphs of eloquence, and I used to bring collections of speeches from our own library to read to them by the hour. It was a huge pleasure to be able to compel their rapt attention to some eloquent defense of liberty, or appeal to patriotism, which I had become familiar with in my school or home readings. There was an old workman in the shop, an uncle of the principals, who sacrificed occasionally to Bacchus, and whose eyes used to drip very freely when I read Robert Emmet's famous speech, or the plea of the prisoner's counsel at the trial scene in the *Heart of Midlothian*. He even went so far in his enthusiasm as to predict for the reader a distinguished career at the bar; but apparently prophecy was not my friend's strong point. [End of the manuscript.]

Henry James.

THE CONSUMING FIRE.

As in the fiery furnace stood the three,
 Naught burning but the bonds that bound them fast,
 While the great multitude looked on aghast,
 And, full of wonder, stilled their cries, to see
 That like unto the Son of God seemed He
 Who stood among them till their trial was past —
 So may I, in Thy fiery furnace cast, —
 Thy Holy Spirit's fire consuming me, —
 Have burned away, before it is too late,
 My weary burdens, and the chains of sin,
 The things I dare not bring before Thy face,
 The clinging, hindering sins I love and hate.
 Burn, burn them all, and make me pure within,
 And my poor heart fit for Thy dwelling-place.

R. N. Taylor.

THE LAST STAND OF THE ITALIAN BOURBONS.

THOSE of us whose memories recall the early months of 1861, which ushered in our civil war, may be interested in synchronizing with that gloomy period of our history the salient events which at the same time were inexorably closing the career of Bourbon royalty in Italy.

In the previous November, Victor Emmanuel had entered Naples. Garibaldi, refusing all honors, titles, wealth, — half in patriotic pride and half in bitter indignation against Cavour, on account of the pressure which had constrained him to turn over his conquest to the king without completing his programme by an assault on Rome, — had sailed away to Caprera in a fishing-smack. Hero and very child that he was! What he had conquered by the unselfish greatness of his soul he would certainly have lost through the simplicity of which certain volunteer aulic counselors — Alexander Dumas, the elder, for instance — were thronging to Naples to take advantage. Cavour saved at once the dictator and his work by taking affairs out of his hands. As to a march on Rome, it would not have been a simple contest with Lamoricière and his papal zouaves, but an assault on the flag of France, which would have involved Italy in a French war. A Garibaldi could gallantly shut his eyes to all this, for he scorned diplomacy. The Italian statesman appreciated him none the less while he breathed more freely when the hero abdicated and withdrew in wrath to his island home.

The week subsequent to the entrance into Naples, Francis II., defeated on the Garigliano and at Capua, took refuge, with his young Bavarian queen and younger brothers and sisters, in Gaeta, where he was at once besieged by Generals Cialdini and Menabrea. On this

last promontory between the Neapolitan and the Papal States young Bourbon royalty stood gallantly at bay. The investment could be maintained, however, only on the land side. No Italian naval force was permitted to coöperate, for a few French vessels rode at anchor in the harbor, representing Napoleon's persistent interference in Italian affairs; and, though themselves taking no active part in the defense, the fleet kept open the communications from without by which Francis received such supplies as he might need, as well as provided an ever-open door of departure.

The young king showed himself, during this siege, in no respect wanting in soldierly courage; but, apart from this, he did nothing to win the affections of his defenders, the regard of his *quasi* allies, or the respect of his assailants. A siege carried on under these circumstances could be very little more than *pro forma*; and the attention of those who watched and waited in Rome was far less occupied with the operations of the Italian army than with the presence of the French fleet and with the ebbs and flows of French politics.

That Napoleon was hopeful, or even desirous, of saving the falling dynasty no one imagined, — probably not even Francis himself. That the French emperor was anxious only to retard the progress of Italian nationalization, and to retain his influence in Italian politics, in the faint hope that some unexpected turn of fortune would put it within his power to secure the throne of South Italy for his cousin, Lucien Murat, was plain then to not a few, and is now, of course, well understood. He yielded this aim and policy only as he saw more and more clearly its utter hopelessness, and the cost to him of the attempt. Early in December, it was said that

Napoleon had written to Francis; condemning, indeed, the course of the Italian government, but advising him to make no further resistance. Yet the French vessels continued none the less to occupy the bay of Gaeta. The Italian admiral could take no part in the siege, and it dragged on; or, rather, the issue was frankly turned over to diplomacy.

In the mean time the fever of political excitement was increasing in Rome. The vanguard of the Piedmontese had advanced, in September, as near as Ti-voli; and this was enough to turn the heads of the populace. About the 21st of November, there appeared, moreover, a French pamphlet, *Le Pape et l'Empereur*, actually discussing the limits of Napoleon's duty to the Pope; and, close upon this, it was rumored that the Count of Morny had come to Rome, bearing an ultimatum for his Holiness, and announcing the approaching withdrawal not only of the French vessels from Gaeta, but also of the French troops from Rome. Napoleon was, as it would seem, once more upon the Liberal tack.

There was not a very exalted estimate current that winter, certainly not in Rome, of the motives of the imperial policy, whichever way it might veer. The pro-papal leanings which had been evident in the autumn and the presence of the French vessels in the bay to Gaeta were quite as often attributed of the influence of the Princess Metternich as to any settled principles of statesmanship; and it was now whispered in semi-diplomatic circles, on the authority of a monsignore, "who knew the facts," that, to secure a change in the councils of St. Cloud, Count Cavour had had recourse to female counter-diplomacy, and, taking a hint from the dealings of Louis XIV. with Charles II., had sent a certain fair countess from Turin to Paris, in the hope that she might supplant the princess in influence with the emperor.

It is strange — or at least it seems so to us now — that many of the Americans and English at the time resident in Rome not only were skeptical of the ultimate success of the Italian revolution, but even sympathized with the old *régimes* which were then, one by one, giving way before it. The enthusiastic new-comer was quietly assured by the better informed old resident that the apparently rising tide would soon ebb again, as in 1849; and that the inevitable reaction would reestablish more firmly than before the thrones now placed in seeming jeopardy.

But whether Napoleon was or was not then feeling his way towards a radically anti-papal policy, both in Rome and in France, he did, at all events, give Francis notice that he could no longer extend to him even a negative support. The siege of Gaeta was suspended from the 9th to the 11th of January; the French vessels departed; Admiral Persano at once invested the port by sea; and the attack was now pressed in earnest on every side.

The capitulation of Gaeta, on February 13th, relieved the long suspense. The ex-king and queen of the Two Sicilies withdrew by sea to Rome. Simultaneously with these tidings from the south came news of the vote in the Prussian Chambers that it was neither the interest nor the policy of Prussia to place any obstacle in the way of Italian unity; and also of language addressed by Napoleon to the *Corps Législatif*, which implied that his policy at Gaeta and at Rome was and must be the same.

By the early Italian spring of 1861, therefore, it seemed certain that the revolution which had rolled downwards from the Alps and surged upwards from Sicily was now at last about to close in upon Rome itself. To meet this threatened catastrophe by counter-revolution, to stem the tide of coming perils, all the subtle statesmanship of Antonelli, reinforced by such strength as could be con-

tributed by Bourbon doggedness and by the lingering hopes of the Lorraine dynasty of Tuscany, was now put forth. Rome became from this time, in the language of a French writer, "a hot-bed of conspiracies, of attempts at restoration, and of organized brigandage in South Italy." There was thenceforward, all this spring, ever a *si déce* on the Piazza di Spagna of some consultation or plotting of Antonelli with Francis, General Bosco, and representatives of the dispossessed princes of Central Italy.

A considerable number of the disbanded Neapolitan troops had betaken themselves to the valleys and villages of the Abruzzi Mountains, and thence kept up a guerrilla warfare, with frequent banditti incursions upon the peace of the nearer provinces; sorely harassing the new government in their efforts to bring Piedmontese order out of Bourbon chaos. That these brigands were supplied with money by Francis, and that they were encouraged, and even on occasion protected, by the Roman authorities, was well known. In vain the national forces attempted to protect the country or to break up these bands; for whenever hard pressed they took refuge across the nearer frontier in the "neutral territory of the Holy See," whither the soldiers of Victor Emmanuel could not follow them without embroiling the Italian government with Napoleon, yet whence, if they were nominally disarmed and interned, they invariably "escaped," armed, into the Abruzzi again, as soon as the way was clear to them, to resume operations once more.

While Antonelli thus threw himself into the intrigue to restore Bourbon rule at Naples, Pius IX. welcomed the late royal family with somewhat ostentatious hospitality. The Quirinal Palace was placed at their service for such time as they might need a residence at Rome. The shadow of a court gathered round them there. Some grim festivi-

ties were said to have been observed on certain state occasions; and during the rest of the winter and in the spring which followed they were not infrequently seen driving in the Villa Borghese or on the Pincio. The young queen ever won upon the kindly interest and sympathy of every one who looked upon her almost girlish figure, her fair face and placid brow, and who thought what it must be to be the wife of an exiled king of Naples. Francis sat silent, gloomy, saturnine; not a man from whom, as he grew older, his late kingdom could apparently have had much to hope as an improvement upon his father, the unlamented King Bomba.

But had all the ex-royalty of Italy been concentrated bodily in Rome, and had the Quirinal been a very Vesuvius of reactionary energy and activities, it would have availed nothing. The political genius of Cavour, sustained as it was by the confidence and resolution of the Italian people, was irresistible. The Italian Parliament met on the 18th of February, and accorded to Victor Emmanuel the title of King of Italy. On the 20th of the month following, the cabinet was reconstituted so as to include representatives from the whole nation, and especially from the southern provinces. In April, Cavour spoke the famous words, "*Libera Chiesa in Libero Stato*," and Rome was formally declared to be the capital of Italy.

In Rome itself popular patriotism was now seething. Patient it had ever been, and all-enduring; but occasionally, at all risks, it was not able to deny itself an opportune "demonstration." Even so early as December, when the news came that Napoleon had forewarned Francis of the early withdrawal of his vessels, on the morning of Tuesday, the 18th, a number of tri-colored placards bearing the audacious legends, "*Viva Vittorio Emanuele! Viva l'annessione!*" were discovered, by the horrified police, posted in different parts of

the city, on the walls of houses in the Piazza di Spagna, in the Corso, and even on the Propaganda. They were of course promptly torn down, and only those early abroad had the opportunity of seeing one: but they were the talk of all Rome before night, and how they could have been so posted in such places was a puzzle which no one could solve. In Liberal circles, however, of which many Americans enjoyed a sort of honorary membership, the mystery was soon explained. Not all the cardinals kept their own carriages; and therefore certain livery establishments were, it seems, provided with the proper equipage to supply to them, — a large, ponderous, old-fashioned red coach, blazoned on its panels with a cardinal's hat, and by its color proclaiming its character from afar. Now, some daring wits had, in the name of one of these princes of the church, hired such a carriage on this night; and some inside, and others, disguised in livery, on the box and behind, drove about the city during the small hours almost with impunity. Those inside pasted the placards and handed them out through the windows to the lackeys behind. The driver chose suitable places, and, turning the carriage so as to bring the back near the walls, — a very easy thing to do where there were no sidewalks, — the lackeys could quickly affix the placards while the coach drove on without stopping. No papal police would think of watching a cardinal's carriage; and if any one of them noticed it, he would only suppose that there was some pressing business going on at the Vatican.

The police afterwards, however, owed the Liberals a bitter grudge for thus outwitting them; and when Gaeta fell they were on the keen watch for patriotic bursts. The Italians were indeed, as one of the Liberals said at the time, "in the highest glee and the Neri in most dolorous mood." This particular patriot added that he was himself "in-

vited to eat macaroni in three places, in honor of the fall of Gaeta."

"That evening," to quote a journal entry for the 15th, "there was quite a touching demonstration on the Corso. About dusk, or a little before, it was filled with the best dressed people, ladies included, walking. No noise, no excitement; everybody intensely pleasant, greeting everybody else with a 'Buona sera' or a 'Bella serata'; saying nothing else, but tacitly sympathizing with each other in the general happiness." It would seem as though such a demonstration would be harmless enough, even in the eyes of the papal police, and certainly offer no ground for repressive procedure. But no: "soon a company of dragoons came in to clear the Corso, when the people quietly opened everywhere before them, and the whole assembly melted away down the side streets." Later in the same evening, a homeward-bound pedestrian, coming up the Condotti, was suddenly startled by a green Bengal light succeeded by a white light blazing out high up on the Spanish Steps. There was undoubtedly also to have been a red light, to make up the national tri-color; but probably the match failed which was set to ignite it. The whole neighborhood was of course illuminated, instantly and brilliantly, — the long ascent of the steps, the piazza below, the piazzetta in front of the church above. The police were promptly on the spot, but no one was to be seen.

Four days after this, however, — that is, on the 19th, — it was noted in the journal just quoted that "some fifty persons had just been exiled by the government: some say, for taking part in the quiet demonstration upon the Corso, on the evening of the 14th; and some, for eating macaroni that night in honor of the fall of Gaeta." The government, not being obliged to give any reason, left it in doubt which was the ground of action; but it was evident that if its

strict and eminently paternal regimen could not forestall this patriotic wit of the Roman Liberals, they would at least be brought afterwards to strict account. Such discipline did not, at all events, do much to conciliate the good-will of the Roman people towards the papal government.

The popular enthusiasm at the progress of a revolution which was to bring back to Italy a golden age had additional reason in the great distress among the lower classes, which had been witnessed during the winter and spring. This distress was produced largely by the heavy taxes and by the monopolies in the sale of some of the necessities of life, by which the government supplied its treasury, rewarded ostentatious political devotion, or, as was popularly believed, sustained the brigands, through whom they hoped to set up Bourbon rule again in Naples. "The suffering from starvation is terrible," wrote a lady: "the men who carry bread from the bakers are often stopped in the streets and the bread forcibly taken from them. All provisions are dear and beyond the means of the poor: but I hope this is almost over now. The Romans are wonderfully patient and enduring." It was currently reported, and, whether true or not, believed at the time, that when some one remonstrated with Cardinal Antonelli for giving such a monopoly to his brother, on the ground that the people had scarcely bread to eat, he replied, with a sarcastic laugh, "Let them eat hay, then; or grass, since spring is coming."

Not always, however, could this characteristic Roman patience be depended on; for the record is found under date of February 11th, but two days before the fall of Gaeta, "There have been two flagrant cases of robbery committed lately upon Americans. Young Mr. C. was, on Saturday night, attacked in his own entry by two men armed with knives, and robbed of all he had about him, — watch, gold chain, diamond pin,

and purse. Some one else, last night, was attacked in Mr. R.'s entry, in the same manner; but he was strong enough to defend himself, and put the fellow to flight." But, however sternly prompt to punish sympathy with the national movement, to "irregularities" of this kind the police paid no attention. An American seized a thief who had just robbed him, in the midst of the crowd on the Corso, during the carnival, — seized him with the stolen purse still in his hand; and, holding him by the throat, marched him up to a policeman, and delivered him then and there into custody. The policeman merely restored the purse, and, telling the thief that he was a fool to allow himself to be caught in this manner, let him go!

Small wonder that the Roman people gave little welcome and scant greeting to the young ex-king and queen of Naples, with whose presence in Rome they so closely associated the miseries of that weary spring! The royal pair occasionally drove through streets silent of any vivas for them; they assisted at some function of the church, protected from possible insult more by the Swiss guard of the Pope than by any popular sympathy with the expiring cause of which they were both the representatives and the victims.

Another, and so far as the writer is concerned a last glance at this hapless pair, thus passing out of history, is found in the following extract from a journal description of the ceremonies at St. Peter's on Thursday of Holy Week of the same year: —

At the *lavanda*, — that is, the formal pontifical foot-washing, — "I remained long enough to see first the pilgrims come in, and then the royalties. Of the latter, first came Queen Christina of Spain, accompanied by her son," — she, by the way, on whom, of all royal womankind, the Pope had bestowed the golden rose! . . . Next came the Neapolitan royal family, — the king in

his uniform, and the queen, of course, in black and a veil. He had a very disagreeable look; something malignant about it. He looked even worse than in the photographs; for in these his features are in repose. He seemed to be near-sighted, and kept contracting his brow most loweringly and repulsively. With the queen we were all pleased. She is perhaps not beautiful, but very bright and interesting, — a face full of spirit. Near Francis were, apparently, his three brothers, every one of whom was better looking and had a better expression than the king. His four or five young sisters also were, all but one, pleasing-looking girls. General Bosco,

the only one of his prominent generals who was faithful to him from first to last, was with him; his stepmother, also, I believe."

These last Bourbon royalties of Italy remained in Rome for some years, vainly hoping and attempting to create a favorable occasion for stirring up a reaction, or at least a conspiracy of one kind or another, in the late kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Certainly, nothing that the Pope or Antonelli could do to aid them in these laudable efforts was left undone. At last, one by one, they left Rome for Austria or for Bavaria. Bourbon rule in Italy was at an end forever. *Exeunt omnes.*

William Chauncy Langdon.

DE SENECTUTE.

THE new translation by Dr. Andrew Peabody, of Cambridge, revived an old interest in the *De Senectute*, and being now unfortunately familiar with the subject I felt called upon to bear testimony as follows.

We drift toward old age imperceptibly. None of us can tell the exact moment when our sun crosses the equator. Suddenly we notice that the days have grown shorter. Some morning we rub our eyes, and look! there it is behind us, — the high wall, unscalable, that separates us from youth. We are on the wrong side. We may cling to our old dress, amusements, occupations, friends, — it is of no use. We are outside the pale. The youngsters gaze down upon us with indifference, tinged with contempt; keep both, my lads, for your own use. I hold with Steele that a healthy old fellow in easy circumstances (who despises hair-dye, let me add) has the happiest condition of existence. An essayist who wrote eighteen hundred years before Steele has made Cato say

as much and more: "If I were offered the chance to be young again, — *Valde recusem*, — I would emphatically refuse."

Thus I spoke to my friend Thompson, a nobody like myself. We had been young together. Our parents were respectable, but poor. The star of our nativity was of the ninth magnitude, — a two and sixpenny star. Youth, I admit, has the charm to console for the lack of money. We were needy, but we did not mind it much. Voltaire, who was rich, said sneeringly to Piron, who was very poor, "*Vous n'êtes pas riche, mon pauvre Piron.*" "Non," said Piron, "*mais je m'en . . . ; c'est comme si je l'étais.*"

Wealth came to us when we were elderly and inert, as it did to Tityrus, in the first *Eclogue*. Thompson growled that the struggle of his life had been to make the end of his income meet the end of the year. The pleasure of victory was now taken away from him; he was reduced to opulence. What was

he to do for occupation? Tityrus lay under his beech-tree and made the woods resound with the name of Formosa Amaryllis. For men of his age in this climate the grass were a dangerous couch; and Formosa Amaryllis in the nineteenth century is not satisfied with loud and empty compliments. She prefers to see her name on parcels from the jeweler's shop.

I went on with my discourse. Senex, to be happy, must know his place; he will not try to be as good as new, — a *senex recotus*, who affects youth and the manners and pleasures of young men, lingering about the banquet like a disreputable servant in search of heel-taps. He will be too much of a gentleman to indulge in dissolute stories, foul with wine and grease like a dirty tablecloth. He will have too much sense to relate jokes and anecdotes of Egyptian antiquity which, like the letters in the Flying Dutchman's mail bag, were meant for men dead years ago; and he will not be pompous and garrulous, abounding in highly colored, not to say imaginary, reminiscences of the wonderful things done by himself and his fellows in their young days, most of which his surviving friends probably wish were buried out of sight and forgotten. He should never give advice unless it is earnestly asked for, and very little of it even then. Such a man will improve with age, like good wine and Turkey rugs, softened, mellowed, toned down, unaggressive.

T. Your model old man reminds me of the typical Irish gentleman: the most perfect specimen of the gentleman, if you could only meet one. You have heard the saying.

I. You will admit that the condition of the ordinary veteran has been improving since tradition begins. It must have been a dreary moment in the career of the noble savage, our ancestor, when his wind and sight began to fail him, and he could no longer hunt for his share of the larder, nor hold his own in a scrim-

mage with his neighbors. He became a burden to his relatives; there was no place in the world for him, and he was duly put out of it, — knocked in the head by the heir at law with the Kith club kept for that sacred purpose in the family cave, and gathered to his children, roasted or baked according to their taste or conveniences for cooking. Trollope's fixed period was the universal law. When mankind advanced to houses and farming and became reasonably certain of getting their daily meals, the old man was kept alive. New uses were found for him. Savages are conservative and governed by precedent. He was a chronicle of the past. He sat at the gates and told how things were done in the times of the fathers, and his experience seemed wisdom. Savages are also very fond of listening to story-tellers; and the inclination natural to age to talk about himself and his contemporaries, made him an object of delightful and respectful interest. We see this stage in Nestor, in the Iliad. If Nestor were to be reproduced in this generation he would seem a garrulous old bore. Cato's position was much better than Nestor's, but not nearly so good as that of the nineteenth-century old man. Modern science and modern pursuits make him almost as good as new, or at least keep him middle-aged. He has spectacles and false teeth, umbrellas and India-rubber goloshes, fires and gaslight. He can drive in C-spring carriages and move about like the gods without the weariness of motion. He can be a trader or a professional man as long as he pleases. For the weaker brethren there are directorships in banks and insurance companies, trusteeships in clubs or hospitals or public libraries, and so on down to vestryman. There is no end to this kind of occupation but death or *dementia*, and almost any old fellow can have a *tolerabilis senectus* in this way. There is little excuse for the worst disease of age, *ennui*, — *tedium senile*. Nor

do years bring to a man who fills places of this kind the loss of consideration that Caius Salinator and Spurius Albinus — *homines consulares*, ex-consuls — so bitterly complained of to Cato.

T. You omit the newspaper, a resource and pastime within reach of the poorest. The newspaper is the magic mirror of our time. We see the whole world in it twice a day, and news “doth the spirit move like rum and true religion.” The dullest inhabitant of the earth of Indolence loves to nod over his paper; and with what he gets from it, and a few castaway opinions he picks up derelict, can make quite a respectable figure.

I. I shall also take note of the pleasure we get in the care of our health. The modern invalid, instead of being despised and destroyed as in the aforetime, derives a certain dignity and importance from his infirmities. He rather boasts of *my* cold or *my* gout as if it were a possession to be proud of, and keeps his sign up of “Whines and Ails” like a dram shop. If he can afford professional services, an army of smiling and gossiping physicians are ready to visit him; if his means are limited, there are patent medicines of all kinds, from the mild tonic to some fierce drug, — a *doppia purgazione*, as the Italians say. Hunyadi before breakfast, hot water before dinner, — he can improve each shining hour. He will also meet many friends in the same physical and mental condition with whom he can have a pleasant interchange of ailments, and discuss what to eat and what to avoid; carefully connoting dishes with their attendant diseases.

T. I have in my library Every Woman her own Housekeeper, published by John Perkins, of London, in 1809. I will send it to you for your friends. In the table of contents of this curious receipt book, the penalty of indulgence is placed alliteratively beside each kind of food, as thus: Apples and Asthma —

Custards and Colic — Gravy and Gout — Jelly and Jaundice — Pickles and Piles — Appetite and Apoplexy — Drams and Death.

I. We are not as active and strong as we once were, and many of the pleasures of young men have gone from us; but, as Cato says, we have ceased to care about these things, — *sed ne desideratio quidem*. Taking one thing with another, I aver that a man is as well off in our stage of life as in the earlier. Healthy, wealthy, and wise old men have said so.

T. I doubt that they really believed it. There is something ridiculous about old men even in each other's eyes. “Nil habet senectus durius in se quam quod homines ridiculos facit.” I have changed the line, for it is truer of age than of poverty. All your modern improvements are merely alleviations, — anodynes that dull the pain of the stings of time. The awful fact is ever present: we are condemned to disease, decay, death, and undergo a portion of our sentence every day. Have you read Edgar Poe's story of the prisoner who noticed each morning when he waked that there was one window the less in his dungeon? So with me: I notice the loss of some faculty or taste every day.

I. Then it is surely wise to make the most of what is left. As long as there is a window in your prison, let the sun shine in. The man who tries to see life without its illusions hardly sees life at all. Any one can analyze life into the contemptible and the miserable; but it is all we have got. Even the vulgar excitement of brass bands and pink fire is better sense than your dreary pessimism. You are rich: sweet are the uses of prosperity. If you were a pauper, I would throw up your case. Poverty and old age together are indeed too heavy a load for man to bear. You are in good health and in good repute.

Salus, honor et argentum,
Atque bonum appetitum

make a comfortable residuum.

T. Dregs is the better word, — dregs of a life unfulfilled. I lament the happiness I could not grasp. Now it is too late. What a lying proverb: Better late than never! Late may sometimes be better than never, but very seldom. There is a saying that every man smells once of the rose that blooms in the garden of Eden. My chance to sniff at it has come when I have nearly lost the sense of smell. Another lying French proverb tells us "*Tout vient à point à qui sait attendre.*" Only the ghost of *Tout* comes if one has to wait long. Hope deferred, like dinner delayed, destroys the appetite. What might have been gold when Polk was President is paper at a ruinous discount under Arthur. When Jacob won Rachel after fourteen years' service she was not the same Rachel, nor was he the same Jacob. I asked for fresh bread; I got it stale and hard as a stone.

I. There was a Rachel, then! Why were you not as pertinacious as Jacob?

T. I had read Ovid's "*Nubere si qua voles, differ,*" long before I saw Punch's celebrated advice. I thought Look before you leap a good maxim, and I looked too long. Matrimony is like the ministry, — not to be entered into without a call. I never felt my calling sure, and I was quite sure I could not afford a wife. Poverty makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows. I had a dread of discomfort, overcrowding, little tempers, the noise of children; the worry culminating when to the pinched papa comes the first shrill cry for pocket money. The horse leech is not the only parent whose daughters cry, "Give, give." Now come the twaddlers, who tell me I ought to have somebody to inherit my money. I do not see that it is of much consequence to the world at large whether a Smith or a Jones leaves offspring or not; nor to a dead man who is to spend his money. We would all take it with us if we could. It is too late. I am not silly enough to marry

a young woman, and the loves of my youth are faded, when they are not gone. Some have become matrons in protuberant health, and some still languish on the native thorn, "unclaimed blessings," as Max O'Rell calls them, prim, perpendicular, angular, angels no longer, — *non angli, sed anguli*. I met some of them lately at a small and early tea. They said it seemed like old times. To me it seemed like a resurrection party, and I, a social metempsychosis, recollected having existed in some previous and pleasanter state of probation.

To return to Cato: —

Much of his contention is idle stuff. He sneers at the inconsistency of mankind. All men, he says, wish for old age, and complain when it comes to them: *omnes optant accusant adepti*. What all men wish for is long life, not old age. A youth lives with the feelings of the immortals; one would be happy forever if one could stop at five and twenty. And again, *nemo est tam senex*, nobody is so infernally old that he does not pray to live longer. The dread of death is instinctive in man and in all animals, and to us mere consciousness is a pleasure we do not care to give up. And what an uncommon old man is this Cato! He has none of the pains of age, *nec afflixit senectus*; and none of its weakness, *sed aliquid pristini roboris*. He married his second wife at eighty. He was a very vain man; like the Priscus Adams, he thought "all was vanity or vexation of spirit." He had his delight in talking about himself, and his fellow citizens were obliged to listen, as he was rich, powerful, and the most famous man of his day in Rome. He boasts of his rank and influence as a crown, — *apex senectutis est auctoritas*; he compares himself to the pilot (*gubernator*), who apparently does no work, but who steers the ship. How does all this apply to you or to me, who are single, old, and feeble, and have never risen even to the rank of corporal in the grand army

of the unknown? Yet this exceptional veteran, old only in the number of his years, warns us that we must not give up to old age, but fight it. Keep mind and memory busy to avoid senility. "Pugnandum contra senectutem, semper agens aliquid." There is something dreary and almost humiliating in this daily struggle with destiny.

I. But he mentions other ways of mitigating age that are within our easy reach, and are not dreary. He lent money at high rates, and he loved to lay it up. Accumulation — literally, the growth of the pile — is a constant pleasure. Age does not weary of its infinite variety. Money, at our time of life, gives in this way the most enjoyment. He studied Greek in his declining years, and had such joy in the language that he dreamed in Greek. He liked books. We have half a dozen languages and literatures, and thousands of books to choose from. Cato enjoyed a joke, and although those that have come down to us as his are not good he probably heard better than he made. Then gardening and farming were *incredibilia delecta*. "No man is so old that he may not hope to live another year to see his flowers bloom and his fruits ripen." Here again he was right. Nature does not grow old, and never suggests age to us. The trees and the grass and the birds seem the same year after year. As we advance in life we enjoy nature more and more. Paradise was and will be a garden. Cato gave dinners frequently, *propter sermonis delectationem*, for the pleasure of conversation as well as of eating and drinking. Old people never weary of their dinner. Even deaf ears seem to hear the sweet jingle of silver and glass.

T. I find dinner parties cheerful enough in a way, but not in the old way. Time changes old friends and ices warm hearts. Our jolly club mottoes in college, "Fide et amicitia," "Dum vivimus vivamus," have an empty sound

to me now. I find keeping myself alive all I can manage; *fides* means little or nothing, and the *amicitia* is mostly dead or forgotten. I fear that the survivals are mostly *olla amicitia*, pot friendship, the high consideration of the invited: so many of our brilliant acquaintances are like the stars in the hymn,

"Forever singing, as they shine,
The man who feeds us is divine."

Cato had another remedy for age. Cicero omits to mention it, but Horace has indiscreetly preserved it for us. "*Sæpe mero caluisse virtus*:" He frequently heated his great qualities with wine. I do not blame him. A good dose of this sparkling liquid rubs off the rust from the old man; the shadows of his approaching fate vanish; he is strong, happy, hopeful, young, again. For an hour or two it is the elixir of life. Ponce de Leon toiled painfully through the swamps of Florida in search of the Fountain of Youth. He might have found it in Jamaica, or Antigua, or Santa Cruz, or even in New England, had he lived a few years later.

I. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table says that drinking is the only resource when a man has survived his *émotions à l'égard du beau sexe*, if he has retired from business, and has no scientific, literary, or charitable hobby to ride.

T. Cato's principles were cynically loose. You remember the *sententia dia Catonis* in Horace, and how he increased his income by hiring out his female slaves. He married the second time to keep up appearances. Do you notice he does not allude to the gratification old people derive from their grandchildren? Evidently he had not the domestic virtues. The truth is, Cato was a coarse, sensual, hard, and disreputable old man, a typical Roman. You and he, in the excellent reasons you have offered why old people should be happy, forget the real difficulty, — the nearness of the end. The world is indeed "full of pleasant people and of curious things," but

it will not last. Years ago, in a Mexican village, I heard a young girl sing,

“Que bonito es el mundo,
Lastima que go me muera.”

There is our trouble: “Every second dies a man.” The air is full of death. Charon sees souls falling into Hades thick and fast, noiseless and white, like snowflakes. One cannot help feeling an infinite pity and sadness when one thinks of the thousands of kind, harmless, often happy beings who are so incessantly thrust out of existence. And I lament over myself especially. I shall soon have to give up the *bonito mundo*. Finis for me must be written in a year or two. “Wie hässlich bitter ist das Sterben!” Do you think that a man who knows he is to be hanged the next morning would enjoy his dinner, even if Ude or Francatelli came back to cook it? There are healthy, happy, careless fellows, friends of the gods, like the Phæacians, who are satisfied with the hour when they are comfortable, and put aside thoughts of a future; but to men of my temper Cato’s talk is empty and childish. When a man has reached the home stretch, in the course of life, he cannot help seeing the end of the race and the Judge’s stand. That is another rub. What will the Judges say of a man like me, who dies and leaves no sign of his existence behind him, and is put under ground as an empty bottle is thrown into the dust bin? No! You and Cato

and the Phæacians, with your cheery, self-encouraging talk, get your “calm contentedness of seventy years” as the beasts do, — for want of thought.

The gloomy Thompson leaves me alone with his “fleeting world and piteous.” It is evening, and nearly dark. As the fitful firelight dances upon the parlor wall, the shadows take on the shape of the fair faces I liked to look at years ago. They seem to ask me with their sad *Geisteraugen* why I still sit waiting here. I am coming, my darlings, I am coming, but not quite yet. Why should I? I have a good cook, and a housekeeper who is willing to do anything for me. The wood blazes brightly on a clean-swept hearth, my chairs are easy, my books and *bibelots* lie about me within reach. I have also the pleasure of watching the doings and the sayings of the actors who are making the world of to-day. It is true that I have little personal relation to what is going on beyond the amusement of the hour, but I am interested and amused, like a spectator at the play who has a good front seat. A selfish existence, perhaps, — but on the whole I am glad to be a Phæacian. No, not quite yet. Comfort, if it does not replace youth, love, hope, makes life endurable, I may say pleasant. It is the only solid standpoint in this world of phantoms. There are days in the Indian summer as fair as any in the spring.

F. Sheldon.

AIVAZOFSKY.

It was near the close of one of the short, brilliant afternoons of the Northern winter, and after a week of persistent picture-staring, that I had almost accomplished the whole vast round of that doubly imperial palace of art, the Hermitage of St. Petersburg. The pro-

longed strain of attention had brought my faculties wellnigh to that stage of deadness to impressions familiar to all frequenters of art galleries, — my brain confused with a shimmer of the color and traits of all the schools, in whose masterpieces that Northern treasure-

house of painting is so marvelously opulent. I stood before the door of a single unexplored room. "This apartment," said my attendant *commissionaire*, "is the gallery of our yet unformed Russian school, and contains scarcely anything worthy of attention."

I entered, nevertheless, the small chamber facing the splendid plaza of the Winter Palace, and discovered a space dim with an air of neglect, and evidently unfrequented even by native visitors. It was obviously the corner of the vast palace unpenetrated by the pride of the authorities. The walls were mostly unhung with pictures, their gaping blanks decorated at best by about a score of canvases, — for the most part, indifferent historical pieces, interpolated here and there by yet more indifferent portraits of Russian sovereigns. An elaborate scene or two, marked with the name of Bogoluboff or Lossenko (the reputed founder of the Russian school, in 1757), appeared at first glance to exhaust the merits of the entire collection. It was not so, however. As I turned to the wall from which I had entered, where the light from the great square fell in a direct generous blaze, and again to the spaces on my right in the half shadow, Russia's genius in color was revealed! It was the hand and art of Ivan Aivazofsky, — the name then first seen by me as I glanced at the catalogue of the Imperial Collection in my hand. The numbers on four canvases of the largest size corresponded to the name of the painter on the list of the native school. Two were marine pieces, inspired by views of the Black Sea, and two were studies directly from the artist's brain, their subjects marked respectively *The Deluge* and *The Creation*. There was in these pictures a quality that instantly summoned back to my fagged faculties their lapsed energies of admiration.

The art before me varied in its technical detail from none of the conventional rules, but both in inspiration and

coloring it was differentiated from all the historic and Western schools. In it were force, vividness, intensity, to the highest limit, and these combined with a weird sombreness of treatment that recalled Doré and even Dante. The marine views, in their sweep and freedom of coloring, suggested the flowing, powerful brush of Turner, while the daring imaginativeness of the original scenes was akin to that of Ary Scheffer himself. But what separated these canvases from all comparisons, withdrawing them from every hint of the schools and art of the West, was their dominating imagination, which was neither Western nor European, but a veiled glow born evidently of the fire of the Orient and the genius of its struggling, mysterious races. The observer beheld, as if standing on the very shore, a vision of sunrise over the Euxine, — the low-lying Cimmerian darkness cloven with a rush of purple splendor out of the East, flooding down over sullen gray waves, cut like life and breaking into foam and spray against a violet coast; and again, a gleam of light rayed from the extremity of a funnel of blackness deep as eternity, — the sublime and audacious but simple conception of the Creation! Such in tone and power were these paintings. Their motive was melancholy, — the motive, indeed, of all Russian art.

One peculiarity more, however, there appeared in the work of Aivazofsky, — and I know not whether it is to be judged a virtue or defect of his art, though an element common in literature: in studying his scenes the mind of the observer was drawn insistently back to the painter himself; recognizing instinctively in the art a subtle and powerful relationship to the personality of the artist. Piqued by a curiosity so awakened, as well as by a singular fascination of his work, I was not long in acquiring what was known of the painter in St. Petersburg.

Aivazofsky was not a resident of the capital; he was an unfamiliar personality even in Russia; the available details of his life were then, as now, meagre. He was born in the Crimea, at Theodosia, on the shore of the Black Sea, in 1817. His family was not Russian, but Armenian, descended from the ancient family of Aivaz, or Haivaz, which prior to its settlement in the Crimea had been established for more than two hundred years in Galicia. The members of this family, however, with the tenacity of their Eastern race, had retained during the long exile all the instincts of their Asian origin.

Like his elder brother, Gabriel, who became a half century ago one of the foremost of Russian historians, Aivazofsky inherited genius. He was sent as a boy to be educated in St. Petersburg, where his precocious artistic talents drew the attention of the Czar Nicholas, by whose special order he was made, at the age of sixteen, a pensioner of the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts. Graduating a few years later, he traveled in Italy, and returned to Russia; making, in an almost incredibly brief time after, a "tremendous reputation," as it was called, by his landscapes, his *genre* pictures, and his sea sketches and naval battles. He easily took rank as the first of native marine painters, was elected professor in the Imperial Academy, his *alma mater*, and was decorated with the order of St. Anne of Russia.

As early as his twenty-fifth year Aivazofsky had become known also outside of Russia. Before that age, in fact, he had obtained his third medal from Continental societies. In 1848 he was elected to honorary membership in the Academy of Fine Arts in Amsterdam, and not many years later received the decoration of the Legion of Honor at Paris.

The general remoteness of his themes and the high imaginativeness of their treatment have been, no doubt, the con-

spiring elements which have kept the fame of Aivazofsky caviare to the public. His singular merit, however, has been for more than a quarter of a century thoroughly familiar to the circle of his profession in Europe. To borrow a phrase used of a kindred profession, he may be said in some sense to wear the enviable reputation of being a painter for painters. Dowered so generously with native gifts and inspired from a novel field of imagination, he has certainly achieved much with which to instruct his Western brethren in art. The works by which his talent is best known in Europe are those which have been sent from time to time to the exhibitions of the French Academy, where he is peculiarly distinguished. Among these are, *A View on the Southern Shore of the Crimea*, *A Turkish Café at Rhodes*, *The Armenian Monks in Venice*, *Calm on the Mediterranean*, *The Island of Capri*, *A Pirate Bark attacked by a Russian Brig*, and *A View of Venice*.

By some fatality of their selection, almost none of these pictures which have reached Western salons exhibit his art at its best, few of their subjects being those instinctive to his genius. Of the themes of his brush exposed in museums and private galleries throughout Russia, and in which his imagination has had freer play, the following are representative: *Sunset on the Steppes*, *Fields of Wheat in Little Russia*, *Trebizond by Moonlight*, *A Storm at the Foot of Mt. Athos*, *Tempest on the Black Sea*, *Winter in Great Russia*, *The Steppes of New Russia*, and various naval scenes from Russian history.

During my stay in St. Petersburg, I returned often to the Hermitage, to gather fresh impressions of the painter's powerful studies in the Imperial Collection. I left the capital, however, with my curiosity unsatisfied about Aivazofsky. The mystery of his personality, persistently suggested by his art, was unsolved. Three months later I found

myself on the shore of the Black Sea, looking from the frozen harbor of Odessa towards the warm lands of the South. Among my companions of travel over the lower steppes were two Russian architects in the imperial service, on their way to the Crimea, arrested here in Odessa, like myself, by the impassable Euxine. With the delicate courtesy of the noble Russian class, they came one evening to propose to an American stranger the pleasant relief of a visit in a resident family, whose friends they were. In half an hour we were entering the low doorway of a villa-like structure in a secluded street of the city. Our greeting, extended in perfect accent in whatever tongue we chose, whether Russian, English, German, French, or Italian, was from a household of beautiful women. The oldest of their number was a lady advanced in age, alert in faculties, with a noble figure and face, and carrying her nearly eighty years with the self-possession and ease of middle life. The next in years was our hostess, her daughter, a woman of fifty, whose pale face, dark hair and eyes, and exquisite air of high intelligence and noble breeding gave the impression of a most rare personality. Three others were her daughters, who in feature and manner copied the beauty and refinement of their mother.

The apartment into which we were welcomed corresponded to the grace of our entertainers. Along its sides were divans in the Oriental fashion; dressed skins and soft Asian rugs were on the polished floor; the walls were ornamented with objects of curious interest, relieved by engravings and occasional bits of color. There was nowhere anything of stiff conventional fineness, but over all an air of ease, softness, elegance, and art. We had entered the home of Ivan Aivazofsky! Wooed by imperial favor and the flattery of aristocratic society in St. Petersburg, invited by his renown toward the art capitals of the West, the

painter had refused the fascinations of fame, to establish his modest home here, by the remote verge of the Black Sea.

During my enforced sojourn in Odessa, Aivazofsky, as was usual with him, was absent in Armenia. Many renewals of my visit, however, in his charming and hospitable circle discovered the missing key to the painter's personality which I had sought. Aivazofsky's temperament is, as I then learned, the melancholy. He is not in love with the world nor with reputation, but with solitude, with his art, and more than all with nature in the regions of his birth and childhood. The tone and *motif* of his mind, like those of the genius of his race, are in the minor key. Moreover, the Asian strain in his lineage and blood has bound him with its link of fatal passion to the East. He is a representative artist of Russia, but of something added. The North for him is too remote and cold; its skies are too monotonous, its plains too unrelieved to be always endured. His genius is sombre, but he is yet the son of the South and of sunny lands, shadowed though they are by awful mountains and washed by dark waters.

Aivazofsky's life has been largely passed around the borders of that mysterious sea whose waves he so marvelously pictures. The mood of the Black Sea is his own. He is enamored of this sea as of another self. He has watched it in childhood, and appears never to tire of catching on his canvases its scenes of weird and splendid loveliness, infinitely varying under sun and storm, under twilight and morning. The whole circle of lands around these waters is the instinctive home of his imagination. Ararat, the Caucasus, and the Euxine are the trinity of natural elements that draw the worship of his genius; and no trinity of nature could be more august.

Moving in these brilliant and quaintly classic regions and over this remote sea covered with the twilight of fable, Aivazofsky moodily forgets the world, and

seldom returns even to the charmed circle in the quiet street in Odessa. Tiring of the too vivid contrasts and splendor of these scenes, he drops at intervals down through the gates of the Bosphorus and Hellespont into the mellower lights of the Ægean and the Levant. He pays the tribute of worshipful art under the snow-crowned altars of Samothrace, and halts at the feet of cloudy Athos to gather the impressions of tempest.

In the whole range of geography there is no realm more fascinating with weird and changeful scenes, with the solemn grandeur of waters and mountains, with august solitudes and historic memories, than that which Aivazofsky has elected as the central field of his art, — the coasts of the Black Sea. And in this romantic realm, endowed with a power to reproduce its sublimities, he is

without a rival, — solitarily plucking its marvelous fruits of poetry.

In the broad field of art, Aivazofsky's place is in that modern triad of Russian genius, — voicing in color, as Turgenieff in literature and Glinka in melody, the genius of an emergent people, whose joy is in the minor and whose aspiration is a sob. But to the imagination of Muscovy, which in development is that of a *quasi*-barbarous, youthful stock, this painter adds through birth the instinct of a polished and ancient race, — the race of Armenia. His conditions would seem the ideal ones of an artist. To students of the West he should be at least known, and a master; since, independently of his individual gifts, the novel inspiration of the Slave which he represents is destined yet to play its powerful rôle in the education of the future.

William Jackson Armstrong.

THE SONG OF SILENUS.

Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane coacta
Semina terrarumque animæque marisque fuissent,
Et liquidi simul ignis; ut his exordia primis
Omnia et ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis;
Tum durare solum et discludere Nerea ponto
Cœperit, et rerum paulatim sumere formas;
Iamque novum terræ stupeant lucescere solem,
Altius atque cadant submotis nubibus imbres;
Incipiant silvæ cum primum surgere, cumque
Rara per ignaros errent animalia montis.

VIRGIL, ECL. VI. 31-40.

I.

WHAT old reveler, what monster, riding hither on an ass,
Bald, and fat, and red of visage? Say, you, shall we let him pass?

He is drunken, he is swinging by the handle his canteen, —
Hist! it is the god Silenus! Quick to cover, or be seen!

Wait till from his ass he tumbles on the greensward, and ere long
We shall have him at our mercy, we shall win from him a song.

For he is not half the dullard that he seems, with his queer ways;
We it is that are the dullards, if we hear and do not praise.

He will sing, if so his mood is, sweetly as a great god can ;
If he chooses, he will charm you with the seven pipes of Pan.

Twist a chain of flowers and follow, softly through the shadows creep,
Till beside some rock or fountain you shall find him sound asleep.

II.

So we gathered long-stemmed lilies, bluebells from their rocky shelf,
Roses blooming first that morning, each a little morn itself ;

And the flowers the name still bearing which Apollo's favorite bore,
With the syllable of sorrow marked upon them evermore.

Then a potent chain we twisted, and, to please him unaware,
Wrought a crown of tender vine-leaves, since the old man's head was bare.

And within the hour we held him in the charmèd, flowery knot,
While we shouted, Ho ! Silenus ! till he owned that he was caught ;

Till the reeds that by the river once in voiceless shadows grew,
And are now a power on earth, he lifted to his lips and blew.

Loud and mirthful, weird and solemn, low and tender, came the strain ;
Pausing oft he changed the measure, blew, and paused, then blew again.

And amid the many pauses, as if from the leaves he twirled,
He retold the famous story of the making of the world.

Wind and tree forgot their murmur, and the nisy brook its tongue,
While he mingled truth and legend in his music, for he sung :

III.

" Mark you how the bright Aurora through the golden gateway steals,
And the Night as swiftly follows on her silent-running wheels ?

" Mark you how the constellations roll through heaven's arch by night,
All the noiseless alternations of the darkness and the light ?

" Have you marked the change of seasons, and the tides that rise and fall,
And the wind that ever varies, and the law that runs through all ?

" How one thing another follows, and not very far away ;
After waking comes the slumber, after life and growth decay ?

" Know that through the framework of the universe a soul,
All-pervading, all-foreseeing, lives and regulates the whole.

" Know that as in æons perished all from a beginning rose,
So in æons uncreated waits for all a final close.

IV.

- "Once there were no lands nor waters, and no glorious rolling air,
And no sunlight breaking earthward, and no starlight anywhere :
- "Only nothingness, an ocean that extended more and more,
With its billows that were silence and that broke upon no shore ;
- "And the many-figured atoms, rough, and smooth, and round, and square,
Falling in the void in silence, just as snow-flakes in the air,
- "Till a single atom, shaken by an unknown impulse, swerves,
Sends its thrill through all the others, crossing parallels with curves.
- "Round, in ever narrowing circles, were the nebulous masses whirled ;
Centred in the inmost spiral lay the seed that is the world.

V.

- "There in mist it lay and hardened slowly to a granite core,
Whereon dropped the ceaseless atoms as on the eternal floor.
- "Afterwards, the heaven, pressing with its mighty hemisphere,
Rose, the thinner from the denser, like a bubble, crystal-clear ;
- "And the luminous globular wonders, — one by day, the rest by night,
Floating in the liquid ether. And the world was filled with light.
- "Next, the mighty flood of waters outward from the centre rolled,
Wrapped the earth, o'er all its surface, in a blue and trembling fold ;
- "Till the hollows were created, and adown the mountain steeps
Fell the waves to roar forever in their dark and lonely deeps.

VI.

- "Fell the waves and rose the mountains, and the windy reach of shore,
Wading outward, far and farther beat away the foam and roar.
- "Streaming clouds began to gather, 'gan the scathing fire-balls fly,
And the elemental tempest shook the great frame of the sky.
- "Land and water were at warfare, earth and air were racked with pains ;
Earth was furrowed into valleys, pounded here and there to plains.

VII.

- "Then the land was filled with beauty, all its undulating sweep
Silver-threaded with the waters flashing backward to the deep ;
- "Belted o'er with shining forests that began to drink the breeze,
Fanning silence into music with their millions of great trees.
- "Came and went the gorgeous seasons, sang the breezes, sang the brook ;
Passed the grand primeval splendors, with no human eye to look !

"By the river-marge the ripples fondled with the tuneless reeds;
On the ground, for countless ages, trees in silence dropped their seeds.

"Inland from the distant ocean rolled the murmur of his lips,
While as yet he recked no navies, felt the burden of no ships.

"Oh, the mighty preparation for the lord that was to be!
Oh, the waiting of the forest! oh, the solemn, solemn sea!

VIII.

"First, the noisy waves were peopled, and a race of monsters seen,
Dying in their generations, and an æon passed between.

"To the air came flying reptiles, — came and went, and left their bones,
Which to those who read the ages are as letters in the stones.

"To the hills came walking creatures, of a less repulsive mien;
But they died, as died the others, and an æon passed between.

"Thus the forms of being followed in succession slow, each race
Somewhat fairer than the former and more perfect in its place.

"Last of all her many children which the common parent bore,
Man appeared, a god in figure, lord of all her boundless store."

IX.

Mute we sat; the skilled Silenus filled our ears with heaven's tide,
As he sang the great creation and a thousand things beside, —

Sang the interstellar spaces where the blest immortals dwell
In a sacred calm together, while the world goes ill or well;

Where they bask in pleasant sunshine, counting not the days or years,
And the sound of human sorrow never finds their blessed ears;

And the mystery of the mountains, and the wonder of the sea,
And the power of floods and earthquakes, all the changes that would be:

How the race of men would perish, when our mother Earth no more
Can sustain the teeming millions that must feed upon her store;

How the sun would slowly darken to a cinder till destroyed,
And with all his burnt-out planets still keep falling down the void;

How the sky would fall in ruins, and the earth into decay,
With the dead sun dropping downward like a pebble thrown away;

And at last how every atom would resume its separate form,
Through the gulfs of darkness falling, just as in the primal storm.

X.

So he sang till on the water melted evening's golden bar,
 Till the fire died on the hilltops, sang until the evening star,
 Till we saw the silent Archer climb his zenith-winding stair,
 And across the northern heavens stream the dark Egyptian's hair.
 Then he paused as if to listen, half in earnest, half in fun,—
 But he grasped his empty wine-bag, and the old man's song was done.

XI.

Homeward as we carried in our hearts a new delight,
 Much we mused upon the story, much upon the seer, that night, —

How the ugliest of bodies may contain the keenest soul,
 As the richest wine may sparkle in a very common bowl.

And the wind that journeyed with us shook the dewdrops on the grass,
 While we heard far down the valley some one shouting for his ass.

Samuel V. Cole.

THE LAKES OF UPPER ITALY.

III.

THE fate of things of beauty is to become hackneyed. The choicest poetry and music are repeated until everybody is tired of them; the masterpieces of art are vulgarized by constant reproduction, and even the beauties of Nature lose their freshness by being overrun and overpraised. The lake of Como has come to be a mere by-word for beauty; it can hardly be mentioned without an apology, yet it is impossible to pass by the Helen of Italian waters in silence. Many mountains, streams, and cascades have an individuality of their own; the presence of the unseen *genius loci* is felt, often unconsciously, by mankind. One might suppose that this influence would be strongest where Nature's haunts are still inviolate, among solitary peaks and pathless woods; but for me, at least, the lake of Como possesses it in the highest degree, — a personality so distinct and

feminine that a beautiful woman might be jealous of it. The charm does not lie exclusively in the scenery, but is a composite result of climate, atmosphere, cultivation, and also, in a subtle, unrecognized way, of the works of art which are scattered along its shores. The lake of Como is no mountain nymph, but is like Titian's Venus lying naked on a magnificent couch with pearls braided in her hair.

The sheet of water is shaped like a long fish with a cloven tail, the three portions being of about equal size, the lower ones divided by a broad wedge of land, the base of which, to the southward, is known as the Brianza, the point being the promontory of Bellagio. Each has its characteristics; the two lower bays or branches are called respectively the *lakes* of Lecco and Como, the latter giving its name and fame to the whole expanse. There are none of the grand and rugged features of Lago Maggiore

here; the prospect is soft and alluring, embellished by two thousand years of cherishing care. The ancients were drawn hither from distant parts of Italy, and from the days of Augustus to our own, the most celebrated statesmen and men of letters have borne witness, in prose and verse, to that witchery which Ugo Foscolo declared distracted him from his work.

The town of Como, at the foot of the lake, is on the line of the St. Gothard railway, and it is to be feared that this facility of access will rob the proud little port of the aristocratic air with which she has borne herself through many centuries of change. The city is regularly laid out on the only flat bit of ground of any extent on the entire circumference of the lake, and gains distinction from this peculiarity above the straggling, clambering towns of the neighborhood. A fragment of wall, and a massive square gate-tower, pierced by three tiers of arched openings after the manner of the Coliseum, are relics of Frederick Barbarossa's fortifications, which withstood many assaults and sieges. The churches are older than the defenses; the original cathedral, now the collegiate church of San Abbondio, dates, as it stands, from the tenth century, being founded on the remains of one still more ancient. It is a remarkable specimen of late Lombard architecture; the first sight of it in a suburb near the railway raises the traveller's hopes very high; it has two towers of unusual solidity for that style, and five naves of different heights, and is externally an imposing structure, but the interior is a wreck of poverty-stricken restoration. San Fedele is reckoned as still older than San Abbondio, and its singularity is even more marked. The building takes one by surprise; a beautiful octagonal apse and cupola with round-arched galleries, and an extraordinary side-door with a triangular arch, thrust themselves upon the street between or-

dinary houses that shut off the rest of the church in a most provoking way. Within there are traces of the original structure, and of its old, semi-barbarous sculptures, discernible amid horrible modern alterations, but it is a piteous instance of pious desecration. Both these churches are more interesting than the cathedral, which is nevertheless a beautiful black and white marble edifice of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, a happy combination of Italian Gothic and early Renaissance, the older and nobler style predominating. It gains by proximity to the Broletto or town-hall, a fine municipal palace of the thirteenth century; this building looks rather long and low, overtopped as it is by a tall square tower; it stands upon two streets, and presents to them both a front with an upper row of Gothic windows and a rich central balcony, and a lower one of round arches through which are seen short, stout, octagonal columns, as the ground-floor is occupied by an open pillared hall, serving as a public thoroughfare and place of business. The Broletto forms an angle with one side of the cathedral, and the space inclosed between these noble samples of ecclesiastical and secular architecture is a good post of observation on a *fiesta* in summer, as the peasants come out of the hot sun of the market-place with their fruit-carts into this cool corner, and the church-door gives glimpses of rich tapestries, glimmering lamps, and groups of worshippers.

The striped effect of alternate courses of different colored marble (the Broletto has red introduced occasionally between the black and white) is apt to strike a spectator who is unused to it disagreeably. In the cathedral of Como, however, as in all old buildings of similar materials which have not been lately restored, the crudeness of the contrast has been softened by time, and results are obtained which are impossible where the stone is of but one tint. As in most

Italian cathedrals of the same period, the surfaces are not broken up by decoration, the sculpture being confined to the pilasters, door-ways and windows, which are elaborately carved without impairing the integrity of the whole. The restorations of the interior have not essentially interfered with the original intention, so that there is no shock or revulsion on entering; within and without, the church is in keeping with the town and see to which it belongs; it is stately, without assuming airs of sublimity, and one has all the more satisfaction in it because of this measure and proportion. It contains startling examples of the way in which the Renaissance artists, even of the earliest and best days, treated sacred subjects. One of the beautiful side-doors is surmounted by an *alto rilievo*, if I remember right, of St. John and the Virgin supporting the dead Christ, a group touching in its devout simplicity and pathos; immediately below it there is a fight between sea-deities riding marine monsters and slinging bundles of fish at each other, in the freest pagan enjoyment of irresponsibility. The door-posts of the opposite portal are pilasters covered with *bassi rilievi* of angels bearing the instruments of the Passion, while the lintel, towards which they are ascending, represents a procession of *putti* or wingless Cupids at play, and driving little chariots, the central figure being intended for the Infant Jesus, with the globe in one hand and the fingers of the other upheld in benediction, although there is nothing but these symbols to distinguish him from the other children. On a pier of the nave there are tablets with allegorical figures of two of the Christian virtues, and beneath them, set in chaplets of fruits and flowers, leering satyrs' heads which would throw Mr. Ruskin into agony.

The wealth and importance of the bishopric of Como in past times is attested by the opulence of its treasure, which I saw displayed on the feast of

San Abbondio, the patron of the city and region, or at least so I was assured, although the day was the 31st of August, and the calendar assigns him the 2d of April. On the high altar there were four silver busts of bishops of Como, larger than life, inlaid with gold and jewels, and a forest of gold and silver candelabra. Every side-chapel has its array of candlesticks, platters, vases, and lamps of the precious metals; that of San Abbondio boasted a splendid tabernacle, a church in miniature of carved wood gilded and colored, a most elaborate performance, with innumerable compartments and figures, *baroque* in taste, but of cunning and patient workmanship, and mellowed to a fine tone by time and dust. The church was adorned also with very large and handsome bits of tapestry representing scenes from the Old Testament on one side and from the New on the reverse; they are fine both in design and color, and were made expressly for the cathedral in the middle of the sixteenth century. Owing to these trappings it was not a good occasion to see the monuments and pictures, some of which are exceedingly beautiful; they are of the Lombard school, and one altar-piece by Luini, a Nativity, in which the herald angels are depicted as little celestial waits standing in a line and piping, on a cloud under the stable-roof, is intimately sweet and tender.

There are so many enchanting sites on the lake that from Pliny down to the Marchesa Trotti there have been lucky mortals who could not be satisfied with one habitation here. Among these *dilettanti* of Nature was Tolomeo Gallo, born in the sixteenth century at Cernobbio, a small town, now the first steamboat-station from Como. His father was neither rich nor noble; but the sons, by their own ability and by the aid of powerful protection, got on well in the world. In that age patronage was an active force in the social system, so

vital indeed that without it no man, unless born in a position to be a patron himself, could make his way. Tolomeo's first influential friend was the historian Paolo Giovio, also of a Comasque family; and it is no disgrace to have had a lift in life from such a hand. The young man took holy orders, and was made bishop, archbishop, and cardinal, before he was forty years old. He bore his honors well, was charitable, munificent, a patron of art and letters, and a great benefactor to his native shores, where he built churches, colleges, and palaces. His brothers prospered in secular careers, and their descendants intermarried with the princely Milanese houses of Visconti, Borromeo, and Trivulzio. The family of Gallio is now extinct, I believe, but the name of the cardinal will live on Lake Como as long as his villas there last. One is at the head of the lake, the other at the opposite extremity close to Cernobbio, within half an hour's drive or row from Como. This has been known for the last fifty years as the Villa d' Este, the name given it by Caroline, wife of George IV. of England, to whom it once belonged, though it is actually a hotel named La Regina d' Inghilterra. The house has changed owners several times and has been greatly altered and added to since Caroline of Brunswick's occupancy. Cardinal Gallio's villa is swallowed up in an immense palatial vulgarity of pillared vestibules, salons, and galleries, with a magnificent double staircase of white marble; there are a few paneled rooms with the emblems of Cupid and Bacchus encrusted in gold on white wood-work, charmingly designed and executed in the style of the last century, but none of the original apartments can be identified. There is nothing distinctively Italian in the trim grounds immediately about the hotel, which stands low, close to the lake, and is shaded by sycamore trees worthy of an old English seat. But beyond the inclosure, and connected with

it by a stone bridge over a road, there is a hillside laid out in true rococo taste with grottoes, temples, artificial cascades and rock-work, and to crown all a mimic fortress erected by a Countess Calderara, who preceded Caroline as proprietress, to celebrate the return of her husband, General Pino, from the siege of some Spanish town, of which this was intended for a model.

Poor Caroline of Brunswick's sojourn at the Villa d' Este was unfortunate for her; the scandals which led to her repudiation and prevented her being crowned queen of England were connected with her life there, but she is still remembered gratefully in the neighborhood, and as she fades from recollection as a living woman she is becoming "a legend," as the French say. She opened a carriage-road from Cernobbio to Moltrasio, the next village of importance, which is called La Strada della Regina, and makes a beautiful walk or drive; at some places it skirts the lake, at others scales the cliff, passing for six miles or more continuously by private gardens, till it reaches the waterfall of Moltrasio foaming down over a black wall of slate rock crested with verdure. This road is the boulevard of the peasants and villagers; on holiday afternoons it is closely dotted with groups of them in Sunday clothes, strolling along chatting in their abrupt, bitten-off syllables. The dialect of the lake region is very odd, and every town has its own lingo. A foreigner who speaks good Italian will have no difficulty in making himself understood, but may be unable to understand in return. I was bewildered by answers in which the town of Comazzo, (properly pronounced Comatso) was called Comass, Moltrasio Moltras, *dieciotto* (eighteen) *dess-dot*, *sei meno dieci* (ten minutes to six) *sez men dess*, and the high-sounding name of Belgiojoso, Beljoose.

The lake of Como is well provided with waterfalls. The finest and most picturesque of them is at Nesso on the

eastern shore, opposite Moltrasio ; it breaks through a cleft in the mountain overgrown with dense greenery, and plunges between the houses of the village, which cling to the moist, mossy sides of the gorge, rushing into the lake beneath a steep bridge with a peaked arch. On the western side, still further northward, the pretty cascade of Camoggia skips down the sunny face of the rocks under the scanty shade of olive trees, turning a small mill-wheel where it reaches the lake. Near this is Comacina, the only island of Lago di Como, divided from the western shores by a strait ; a few acres of greensward, vineyards and olive orchards, among which lie the crumbling remains of fortifications that made this plot of earth a stronghold from the fifth to the twelfth century. The modern author, Cesare Cantù, entitles it, magniloquently, "the bulwark of Italian liberty," as the inhabitants of the mainland fled there for refuge from the barbarous hordes which swept over the country during the decline of the Roman empire, and held out against them when Rome itself fell. Comacina gradually acquired the right of sanctuary, and various important fugitives sought asylum there as in a church ; the town of Como at last grew impatient or jealous of the pretensions of the isle, and in the year 1169 destroyed its fortifications and banished its population. Some of them settled near by, in a hamlet still called Isola in memory of the home of its founders.

Beyond Comacina the western hills throw out a spur which, projecting half across the lake, interrupts the view, but makes a beautiful landmark in itself. It is the Dosso di Lávodo ; the steep sides are laid out in gardens, with monstrous aloe plants and oleander shrubberies which blush from afar, and on the ridge, or back (*dosso*), there is a classic portico of elegant proportions, conspicuous for miles. This commands an entrancing prospect down the Bay of Como

on one hand, and on the other over the exquisite basin of Tremezzina, to the promontory of Bellagio and the widening upper lake. Landward, at the foot of the eminence, lies the Villa Balbiano, built by Paolo Giovio on the supposed site of Pliny's villa, called Comedy, and at one time the property of the insatiable Cardinal Gallio ; above the roofs of San Balbiano and Sala, almost contiguous villages, rise the ruins of an octagonal baptistery and a striking Gothic tower, an uncommon bit of architecture to find in the realm of Romanesque. Fragments of fine old churches and castles abound on these shores and hill-tops, but they impress the traveler less than such remains do elsewhere ; they are merged in the present living beauty of the scenery.

The Tremezzina is pronounced, by common consent of Italians and guide-books, the Eden of the Lombard lake district. Here the mountains of the western shore stand back a little, leaving room for a tract of leafy knolls and dells sloping to a small crescent-shaped harbor, of which the Dosso di Lávodo and a narrow point of land tufted with foliage and ending in a single cypress tree form the piers. The chief and only town of this territory, which is no larger than an average New England farm, is Tremezzo ; it consists of one short street under low, straddling arcades, with wide granite or marble water-stairs on one side and on the other steep, narrow, crooked flights of steps, possibly considered by the inhabitants as streets, leading to houses, gardens, and vineyards on higher grades. They are mere slits between walls feathered with fern and maiden-hair, broken at irregular intervals by a window ledge bright with carnations and geraniums ; but every one of them makes a picture : in one, I saw at the foot of the stairs a gray-headed bel-dame in a dull red gown, helping a toddling, flaxen-haired child to climb the steps ; further up, a dark, handsome

young woman wearing a flowered neck-erchief sat spinning at her threshold ; and higher yet, a tall, slender, muscular man in blue cotton shirt and trousers and a broad straw hat was descending with a load of newly sawn boards on his shoulder. On the water-steps, the boatmen loll in suits of navy blue beside their light craft, furnished with white or striped awnings and cushions. The place is exquisitely pretty, and the view of the opposite heights is fine, the promontory of Bellagio standing out boldly towards the north, ending in an abrupt cliff with a dark, shaggy sylvan fleece. But Bellagio itself, at least if one lodges at the Villa Serbelloni, is to me by far the most beautiful and delightful situation on the lake.

The Villa Serbelloni has been rented as a *dépendance* by the Hôtel Grande Bretagne, and is reached from the town of Bellagio by long, breathless staircase streets, such as I have just described, or by the numerous sharp zig-zags of a carriage-drive from the hotel garden at the water's edge. The view grows lovelier at every turn as the road ascends, bordered by trees and tropical plants, until it enters the magnificent umbrage of the villa. The mansion is long, rambling, and barrack-like, but full of large, airy apartments, so disposed that almost every window overlooks one of the bays, some of the rooms commanding them both. The Serbelloni, who I am told are now extinct in the male line, have been known on Lake Como for four hundred years ; they inherited this property from another old and noble family, the Sfondrati, who have set the stamp of antiquity upon it. The grounds cover the head of the promontory, and, well as I know them, I am unable to guess at their extent, they are so steep and thickly wooded and laid out with winding paths and roads ; you can walk in them steadily for two hours without treading in your own footsteps. But I speak unadvisedly, as not many people

could walk there without pausing at every few yards. The woods open now and then upon lawns ; the walks pass from the shade of the trees to wide sunny ledges bordered by branching palms and tall yuccas with pagodas of milk-white flowers, or by hedges of oleander heavily laden with rosy bloom, and pomegranates covered with fierce little scarlet cockades, then disappear suddenly into dark rocky tunnels wreathed in pendant garlands, through which, as in a *camera oscura*, are seen glimmering pictures of fairy land ; emerging from these, you may find yourself on a broad road, or on the edge of a precipice two hundred feet above the water. The paths tend gradually to the highest point of the headland, on which are the ivied fragments of a mediæval castle built by the Sfondrati. Here an unexpected view of the upper lake breaks upon one through a ruined casemate, and not far hence, the three branches may be seen at once, a wonderful vision. You can descend by different paths from those which brought you up, with other grottoes and altogether novel outlooks, but not less beautiful ; or strike across the intervening woodland, to be brought to a stand-still by a jutting crag, or a miry glen, or a too rapid slope covered with a slippery, resinous-scented mast from the pines. It is difficult to estimate the distance of such peregrinations.

Although some of the views are more extensive, none is more satisfying than one which is within a few steps of the house, and on the same level with it. An immense oak divides into two trunks not many feet from the ground, and overhangs the terrace, spreading its boughs like curtains over the outer edge, which is railed in by roses and jasmine, and forming a screen both from the sun and from the dazzling reflection of the water below. In this impenetrable shade there are seats and a table, and a perpetual breeze rustles the oak-leaves. The view down the twin bays of Como

and Lecco, more and more separated by an area of highlands and mountains rising and broadening as it recedes, is the most perfectly beautiful composition of nature I have ever beheld. It has no elements of the sublime, but above the nearer mountains on the eastern side of Lake Lecco, several silver-gray peaks of bare rock lift themselves against the azure sky,—the summits of Monte Grigna, severely harmonious in form and tint with the rest of the landscape, and asserting a force that preserves it from sinking into mere voluptuousness. The outlines of mountain and shore follow each other in what George Eliot calls “rhythmical succession,” and the colors are more marvelous than on Lago Maggiore. At dawn the lake is like a mirror which has been evenly breathed upon and then touched by a careless finger here and there. An hour later, just before sunrise, it is a vast plate of silver, stretching from the dark green eastern mountains to the western ones bathed in amber radiance; then the tiny fishing-boats appear by the score, with two little sails set, looking like white moths expanding their wings, or a scattered fleet of pea-blossoms. Later in the morning, the color of the water is sapphire, with parti-colored reflections, sometimes violet, sometimes roseate, for which I could never account; they are not cast by clouds, as I have seen them when there was not a flake in the sky, nor are they from the shore; I have watched them apparently rise to the surface, spread, deepen, and then fade like a blush. In the hot hours of the mid-afternoon the water and the land seem melting together like golden ore, and the mountains swim and float in glory. At sunset the lines grow firm again; the western peaks and ranges are dark, the eastern ones repeat the hue of the heavens, but more faintly, like an echo, and the lake is a second sky; after the landscape has dislimned itself into calm, sombre masses, the ashen heights

of Monte Grigna glow with a delicious apricot-color, growing purer until they seem as if they were sprinkled with gold-dust. The sky, though no longer bright, is still limpid, and the brief twilight is so clear that the smallest bush on the mountain's edge stands out distinctly, yet as soft as if cut in black velvet. As it grows dark, the moon begins to shed a pale golden track the whole length of Lake Lecco, which scintillates where the ripples break against the land. Gradually diaphanous vapors rise from the water and glide out of the gorges, spreading and uniting until the distant mountains vanish and the nearer ones are veiled in a transparent, silvery gauze, which subdues the sheen of the moon in the heavens and makes her path on the water look like the reflection of the Milky Way. The scene becomes more dreamlike each moment, as if one's own eyes were closing; the perfume rises from the orange-blossoms, the *olea fragrans*, and countless other intoxicating flower-cups, and the only sound is the cascade of Varenna on the mainland, which does not call loud enough to be heard during the day.

As the Villa Serbelloni is cooler and quieter than any of the hotels in the town, I joined some friends there on my latest and longest visit to the lake of Como. The season had not fairly begun. We had the house nearly to ourselves for a few weeks, although in the great corridor which runs along the whole front there was a large placard, no doubt a duplicate of others in more frequented situations, enumerating the attractions of the resort, recommending it to Italians for its beauty and its accessibility from their principal cities, to Germans for its cookery and for its being patronized by their princely families, and to English people on account of the regularity with which the services of the Church of England are celebrated there. As long as I stayed, the last inducement was a deception. Americans like the

boating and swimming in the tepid waters at first, but soon find it hard to desert the oak tree on the terrace; for, if the truth must be told, the effect of the scenery is enervating, and disinclines one even for active enjoyment. Collecting our joint stock of resolution, however, five of us set off one day to find the Villa Pliniana, not one of Pliny's country-seats (though according to some authorities, in the neighborhood of the summer abode he called Tragedy), but a place where there is a sinking spring, which he has described minutely in a letter that has come down to posterity. The locality must have been known and visited ever since his times, but there was no house there until the latter part of the sixteenth century, when the existing one was built by a Count Anguisciola, or Anguissiola, of Piacenza. This nobleman took part in a conspiracy against the life of Pier Luigi Farnese, an execrable tyrant, and being the person who dealt the death blow, he was rewarded by the Emperor Charles V., then in possession of Lombardy, with the governorship of Como. Anguisciola, finding that he was in constant peril from the powerful enemies whom he had made by his crime, at the head of whom was Pier Luigi's father, the Pope Paul III., created a retreat for himself in a secluded position not easy of approach, and keeping aloof from public life he escaped their vengeance. The chronicle of the place is not continuous; I could learn nothing more about it prior to this century, except that Napoleon was there in 1797, after the treaty of Campo Formio, when meditating his first and unsuccessful return to Paris. The house looks as if it had a history; it stands withdrawn in a deep bight of the lake, a plain, rectilinear façade upon a single square terrace rising directly from the water; it has nothing to distinguish it except a certain symmetry, the mark of the *cinque cento*, and an air of bygone times, of melancholy and isola-

tion. It is more likely to be remembered by reason of its last owners than of any former ones. The shades of the Prince and Princess Emilio Belgiojoso still linger in tradition among the scenes of their romantic exploits. They were both rarely endowed by nature and in temporalities of every sort, — genius, beauty, accomplishments, old blood, high rank, great wealth; but they were several centuries behind their time in regard for appearances. The prince, after playing the lion in Paris for years, where his escapades had an exotic and melodramatic flavor, quitted it suddenly, under circumstances which Alfred de Musset briefly recounts in a letter written at the time. Belgiojoso was dressing to sing at a private charity concert, for his voice was one of the finest in Europe, when a great lady to whom he was attached burst in upon him with no baggage except her pocket-handkerchief, says Musset, and besought him to take her at once out of reach of her husband who was jealous; the prince set off with her immediately for La Pliniana, and the audience that was waiting to hear him sing waited in vain. The two remained in charmed exile for ten years, and then one fine day the lady left the prince without warning; a few months afterwards he died of love and a broken heart. Such is the version which is given by some of his surviving friends of the final episode of this exaggerated existence. The princess, his wife, was a Trivulzio, and appears like a modern incarnation of her family's crest, a winged mermaid or siren on a helmet. Musset and Heine, both unsuccessful aspirants for her capricious favor, have left portraits of her in verse as Paris knew her in her young time. There are persons living on the lake who remember her as she rode forth in 1848, in a general's uniform, one of them assured me, at the head of the troops she had raised for the Italian insurgents to join their patriotic outbreak. Many years afterwards she

returned to the Pliniana, an old woman, bent double from the effects of a stab in the back dealt her by a courier during her journey to the East, to spend her nights in writing historical and theological treatises, smoking a Turkish pipe, with a fire burning in her bedroom and windows wide open, summer and winter.

We found the haunts of these real though improbable personages perfectly fitted to their modes of life, but ill-adapted to any manner of being that is prosaic, commonplace, or even practical. Directly opposite Moltrasio on the eastern side of the lake is the small town of Torno, at which the steamboat does not touch, passengers being landed by a barge. Like the other towns that have not regular quays it is older, poorer, quainter-looking than those on the line of travel. There are no fine hotels at Torno, or shops and *cafés* under striped awnings. A narrow street ending in a still narrower path, the pitiless indigenous footpath of sharp stones, leads to the Villa Pliniana, now the property of the Marchesa Trotti, the Princess Belgiojoso's daughter. On the outskirts of the town there is an old church, Italian Gothic, with some good sculpture and *bassi rilievi* round the principal door; the interior is impressive, in spite of its gaunt bareness, from its fine, bold lines. Opening on the little churchyard there is a small cloister with only six arches, each framing a view of the lake; the wall is covered with tablets to the dead, two of which are in memory of young English women. One was Margaret, wife of Lawrence Oliphant of Condie, Scotland, aged twenty-seven, with the arms, crest, and motto "*Altiora peto.*" Both she and her countrywoman died in the early part of the present century; it is affecting to find their memorials here, and one speculates as to where and how they had lived. With a sense of quiet, induced by the simple English inscriptions and the thought of lives

that ended young and were possibly innocent and happy, we returned to the track of those other feverish, worn out human creatures. The path passes under a series of arches thrown out from the church wall like flying buttresses, and almost immediately enters a sylvan tract of trees and rocks, smelling of moss, fresh earth, and dead leaves. Overhead, the branches are endlessly interwoven; looking through them, one sees only more leaves and branches, until the eye loses itself in cool green, for the hill rises higher and steeper, clad to the top in forest; while looking down, far down, through the boughs and foliage there are glimpses of motionless blue water like a floor of ribbed agate. The way is long, and practicable only for pedestrians or cloven-footed quadrupeds. After half an hour's good walk from the town we reached a rift in the hillside, spanned by the single, high arch of a stone foot-bridge, through which the bright skeins of a mountain brook drop into a leafy gorge. The grated entrance of the villa is but a step further. Within the gate there is a deep, green shade of laurel trees, through which the path descends rapidly to the gardener's house, a large rose-colored cottage, then down between laurel walls to the *palazzetto* by a long flight of steps fringed with ferns, blue and pink hydrangeas at intervals refreshing the sight with their cool clusters. The house is plain and unpretending from this side, but after passing through a hall and corridor we found ourselves in a central courtyard, the *adytum* of the temple. The wings of the house form two sides of a quadrangle, covered with ivy, trumpet-flowers, and climbing white roses; the third is a wall arched over a rocky grotto half hidden in trailing verdure, through which gushes a clear torrent; the upper stories of the wings being connected by a balustraded gallery along the top of the wall, at each end of which a magnificent cypress stands sen-

try, the light, feathery foliage of the overhanging hillside waving between; on the fourth side is a paved and pillared *loggia* communicating between the lower rooms of the main house, and opening in three pointed arches on a view of the deeply recessed bay, a small, pale, variegated town with a tall tower and some red roofs lodged over against us between the cobalt-blue water and the green velvety lap of the mountain.

The *loggia* is furnished with a divan, tables, and easy-chairs; I sat down and tried to sketch the courtyard, but here, as it always happened on the Lake of Como, the charm of the spot held my hand in thrall. The sunshine beat from the cloudless sky on the dark cypresses and the bright green vineyards, the fountain poured and plashed, stirring a strong, cool breeze, the Gothic openings on the lake showed a landscape in each compartment, like a great triptych. If it was not the most beautiful human dwelling-place I had ever seen, it was the one which appealed most irresistibly to the imagination; nature, art, antiquity, history, and romance combined to lend it an ideal fascination.

The fountain is fed by Pliny's sinking spring, filling and emptying three times in the twenty-four hours under the occult influence, as it is now supposed, of the wind, which blows from opposite directions at regular intervals. It has been observed that when the wind sets strongly from any quarter for an entire day the phenomenon is not produced. The terrace on which the house stands is laid out as a garden, but the place is like some forest sanctuary, for a second and larger waterfall tumbling from the hilltop into the lake, and bridgeless, completely cuts off approach on the side furthest from Torno.

We took a row-boat from the town and pulled up to Bellagio in three hours. The evening was mild and windless, the lake perfectly smooth, and as the sunset faded from the sky a low-hung moon

shone dimly through gathering clouds. The stillness was broken only by the dip of our oars, and by the convent bells which now and then rang out from different heights, or the lesser tinkle of little bells which the fishermen fasten to the buoys of their nets, to guide them in the dark; their small, clear tones have a strange and witching sound in the twilight loneliness. By and by the stars came out in the sky, and lights twinkled at intervals along the shore, leaving the mountains in darkness.

Our energy being restored in some degree by this long excursion, the next thing was to see the country-seats near Bellagio on both sides the lake. It would be more easy to give a catalogue than a description of them, as, although each has its beauties, there is but one set of adjectives for them all, and one runs the risk of rhapsodizing. The most celebrated is the Villa Carlotta, close to Cadenabbia, opposite Bellagio, which belongs to the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. The grounds are in better order than those of the Villa Serbelloni, though not to compare with them in extent or variety; the collection of coniferous trees is very rare and fine, and the magnolias are the pride of the place. But on the whole it is not worth a formal visit for what is to be seen out of doors. There is some famous modern statuary in the main hall, which is large and lofty, and has a reddish-brown gambrel ceiling ornamented with rosettes of white stucco, the walls being pale blue, the wood-work dark brown; the effect is agreeable, and sets off the sculpture extremely well. Most of the groups are mediocre, even Canova's, except his Cupid and Psyche. In this the attitude of Eros, poised yet scarcely pausing, the life, purity, and lovely youthfulness of both figures, and the exquisite, light touch with which they embrace, as if each feared to brush the down from the other's wings, are ineffably charming and graceful, but the general outline is

too regular; the pinions of Eros and the elbows of the pair look like half-open scissors, from a short distance. Thorwaldsen's Triumph of Alexander, a frieze surrounding the room, is the finest thing in it, full of antique spirit and nobility, "ganz grossartig," as the inevitable æsthetic German lady explained to her party. It recalls the procession on the column of Trajan, even to the dignified old captive following an elephant, with bound hands and bent head, but it impressed me, nevertheless, as an inspiration.

There is a broad walk beside the lake, from the Villa Carlotta to Cadenabbia, under the dense shade of a double avenue of great sycamores, which frame a long gallery of pictures: soft green mountains, punctuated by dark cypresses and indented with little bays and coves, bright towns sunning themselves and throwing their doubles on the blue water. I am conscious of alluding to these frames and settings much too often; but they occur continually, and always with new combinations. Turn wherever one will, the variety is endless, and removes the odiousness of comparison between the villas, each of which has its peculiar beauty and physiognomy. The Villa Giulia, once the property of the king of Belgium, is the most lordly of them; it occupies a plateau between the bays of Como and Lecco, which is reached from the former by a wide flight of a hundred and fifty granite steps, bordered on each side by a line of towering cypresses in close rank, opening a grand perspective from the top of the stairs. On my first visit to this villa in 1871, among its chief ornaments were the camellia shrubberies; twelve years afterwards I found that they had been almost entirely cleared away by the new owner, an Austrian nobleman, to make room for a regular English ribbon garden, in a style which has already fallen out of favor in Great Britain, with initials and ensigns armorial in geraniums

and colored leaves. However, as the ground is level, it makes a fine, free platform for a glorious view of Lake Lecco, and the principal walk edged by orange and lemon trees in huge *terracotta* pots of Etruscan shape is an admirable decorative arrangement. The head gardeners of these great places are often men of great taste in their own calling; the dignified person who holds the post at the Villa Giulia looked with respectful contempt at the floral devices on the lawn, which are a fancy of his employer, Count B. Like many Italians of his class, his manner was at once stately and deferential, but on our asking if Count B. were at home, he volunteered the information that he was absent *per questione di matrimonio*, adding that he had eight sons to marry. My companions and I laughed a little among ourselves at this hard bestead parent; the consequence of which was, though we spoke English together, that the next time we came the gardener told us, in gleeful confidence, that it was Count B. himself who was trying to marry again at eighty years of age. The way in which he kept his balance between what was due to his *padrone*, to us, and to himself, and preserved his propriety while making these gratuitous communications, was inimitable. I opine that the Italians are great gossips, from the frankness with which my neighbors at *table d'hôte* and fellow travelers in railway carriages imparted to me the affairs of their acquaintance, of whom naturally I had never heard; I soon knew much more about them than of people at home, next door to whom I had lived for twenty years. Their want of reticence in regard to love affairs seems to be still as great as when a Roman servant told Madame de Staël that she could not see his mistress because she was in love; two Italian guide-books allude to Prince Emilio Belgiojoso's "*amore infelice e tempestoso*" as if it were an historical event.

The descent from the Villa Giulia to Lake Lecco is by a winding walk, guarded from the edge of the bluff by a barrier so overgrown with roses and flowering creepers, that nobody can say whether it be iron, wood, or stone; on the other hand, there is a myrtle hedge starred with tiny white blossoms. The exit is by a short, broad flight of stone steps, overhung by the pink masses of the finest oleanders I saw in Italy, into a miniature haven full of boats, above which, on two sides, stand small houses with terraces and pergolas; a chain that barred our egress was lowered, and we pulled back to Bellagio round the head of the promontory, passing under the perpendicular cliff from which it is said that a wicked Countess di Borgomanero threw her lovers down in old times, one a day. I do not know why all the guide-books, English, German, and Italian, concur in stating that the Villa Giulia is no longer open to strangers, unless it be closed when Count B. is not absent "per quistione di matrimonio." All the proprietors on the lake are exceedingly kind and generous, as far as my experience goes, in allowing their beautiful homes to be seen even when they are living at them. The sole exception that we found was the rich Duke Melzi's villa, open twice a week on specified days; here, after paying a franc's entrance fee apiece, besides the invariable half-franc to the gardener, we were told that the house, which contains a picture-gallery, and some statues by Canova and Marchesi, mentioned in the guide-books, is no longer shown. I promised my angry comrades that I would denounce this greed and fraud to Murray, Baedeker, and Meyer, — a promise which

I did not keep, so I hereby endeavor to atone for my breach of faith.

All the places which we saw were well kept, and there is a great deal of skill in the disposition of the trees and shrubbery, the confines of the grounds being generally completely concealed; it is difficult to detect how limited they are. The most beautiful instance of this is the Villa Trotti, the property of the fortunate lady who owns *La Pliniana*, a mere strip of land as flat as a billiard table along the lake, with hills rising abruptly behind it. There are two avenues, one of sycamores, the other of lindens, fine specimens of their kinds, meeting at right angles and bounding the place on two sides; the ferneries and flower garden lie near the house; beyond them spreads a wide, smooth lawn, planted with consummate art in groups, of magnificent firs, pines, and hemlocks of the rarest species, and with every variety of palm and palmetto. There are no statues, terraces, or any of the usual accessories of an Italian villa; a fountain rises from a simple marble basin in one slender jet, a mountain brook falls through a rockery, and then by a torn and stony channel down to the lake; there is no other sort of tree on the spaces of even turf except the many-storied evergreens and the great tropical fans at their feet. An old, gray campanile looks over their pinnacles from a short distance; on one hand there are craggy mountain-sides, on the other, across the celestial-colored lake, the ravishing graces of the *Tremezzina*. The mode of planting is unique, a perfect triumph of landscape gardening, and gives the place an indescribable charm of originality and poetry.

GRASS: A RUMINATION.

THE eye and the ear are inveterate hobbyists. This peculiarity in his perceptive faculties the observer of nature and the seasons must frequently have occasion to remark: one phase of growing life, one set of objects in the landscape, shall often so engage his attention as to render him comparatively dull to other impressions. The new season comes, clothing with wonder the whole woodland; but, for some unassignable reason, the observer finds nothing so sanitary and pleasing to his eye as willow green; or, among all the surprises of vernal bloom, he has regard only toward the hickory's richly colored buds, which seem to promise not mere leaves, but a blossom of royal dyes and dimensions; or, from among the various delicacies of vernal bloom in field and wood, his eye curiously singles out and visits with favor a flower with no more pretensions to beauty than the little pale starveling, plantain-leaved everlasting. "No doubt the blue and the yellow violets are abundant, but I happen to have seen only the white, fragrant kind, this spring," remarked one who looked with a loving prejudice. I do not account for these prepossessions and partialities; if I could account for them, I should understand why, during the season past, Nature's great commoner, the Grass, should have spoken with such unusual eloquence, convincing me that never before had I seen half its graces and virtues. Something, then, I have lately learned regarding

"the hour
Of splendor in the grass"

(supposed indeed to have been lost with our earlier Intimations of Immortality), and I may venture to corroborate the orphic strain which bids us believe that

"the poor grass shall plot and plan
What it shall do when it is man."

Being advised of this plotting and planning, it seemed possible to equal such foresight and sagacity by entertaining some speculations as to what poor man shall do when he is grass (if the road of this metempsychosis were traversable in both directions). That which all our lives we have under our feet is at length set above our heads, — the softly moving janitor, that follows us and shuts the gate opened for our mortal passing; the light touch soon removing all traces of the wound received by earth, when our sleeping chamber was delved. In fine, still weather you may lie close to the low gate, and, so lying, feel peace and comfort gliding in upon every sense; but do not venture, in any form, to repeat the old prayer, "Leeve moder, let me in!" lest the grass should hear, and, understanding the mother's sign, gather around, and quickly close over your repining humanity.

Plainly, the grass has its secrets; and a certain slyness or evasiveness characterizes all its behavior. It trembles at the slightest solicitation of the breeze, yet is there no sound arising from its agitation; herein it differs from the frank loquacity of the leaves of a tree. The stridulous gossip of the myriads that shelter among its blades only accentuates the silence of the grass. What busy traffic, what ecumenical gatherings, what cabals of the insect world, it could report! Probably no pageant in fairyland, could we obtain a pass into that jealous Chinese precinct, would be so well worth our admiration as would the hourly life of the inhabitants of this small plot of grass, when once we were inducted into its mysteries. The spirit of the greensward! Of what were the Greek poets thinking when, having assigned a naiad to every stream and a dryad to every tree, they forgot to give

the grass its deity? If the goddess Ceres ever held this position, she has since forfeited it by her partiality towards the grain-bearing grasses, she having bestowed her name upon these; whence *cereals* they still remain.

The grasses carry a free lance in all parts of the globe. In temperate climates alone are found those by nature fitted to unite in close, caespituous communities; weavers, they, of the rich, seamless garment which Earth loves to have spread over her old shoulders. When turf is transplanted, with what aptness of brotherly love do root and blade hasten to knit themselves together, as though with the grass had originated the maxim, In union is strength! If I lived in the builded desert called city, I would give myself the luxury of an oasis; and if this were a scant one (perhaps a window-garden), and if limited to a single kind of vegetation, I would choose a strip of green turf; sure, so long as this flourished, that my connection with the country would not be wholly lost. If the city's poor and depraved might but have the gospel as preached by the grass!

A family of the utmost benevolence is that of the *Gramineæ*. Out of its nearly four thousand known species only a single individual (darnel) sustains the charge of being unwholesome. The grasses are a royal society of food-purveyors, extending over the whole earth, and affording such plenitude and variety that man should not fare meagrely, even if confined for his sustenance to this one group of plants. Flour from the cereal, sugar from the cane, — strength and sweetness; with these left, what should forbid to the children of the earth their bread and treacle? And not only man, but his serviceable dumb allies, the most patient, innocent, and intelligent of the brute creation, are nourished by the bounty of the grasses. In a different sense from that intended by the Hebrew prophet might it be affirmed that

"all flesh is grass," all tissue and fibre remotely spun from this stout, durable thread. Some poor children living in a village suburb were asked what they had done at times when there had been no food in the house. "Oh, we went out-doors and ate grass," they replied, making no marvel of the case. Necessity, with a grain of salt (if necessity could afford the condiment), might perhaps manage a repast off the tenderer portions of the grass stem. A pity that Nebuchadnezzar left no record of the impressions gained during the time in which he "did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven." While the rest of the Babylonians ate grass at a remove, by eating the ox that ate the grass, their king was getting down very close to first principles. If, by this simple gramineal diet, he did not acquire a curious ruminating knowledge which let him into the feelings and cogitations of the gentle grazing beasts, his neighbors, then the lesson of wisdom and humility must have been but imperfectly learned.

Whatever the etymological affinities of *grass*, *cresco*, and *grow*, the plant itself may be taken as the readiest and most universal type under which to represent nature's crescent, unwearying energy. The year around, it cherishes good hopes, and continues to speak them, when other plant life is wholly silent. "The trees look like winter, but the grass is like the spring." It had hardly nurture from the beginning, the snow having cradled its seed; for the farmer thinks no time more acceptable for sowing than early in the spring, after a light snowfall. Summer's swarthy flame and that kind of white heat which we name frost may cut off growth above ground, but such is the recuperative power at the root that but one abundant rain or but one sunshine holiday is needed to start again the star y-pointing spear of the grass. There is no better economist of its resources than the grass.

Says Thoreau, in *Walden*, "It grows as steadily as the rill oozes out of the ground. It is almost identical with that; for in the growing days of June, when the rills are dry, the grass blades are their channels, and from year to year the herds drink at this perennial green stream." Although it is so dry to the touch, the veins of the grass are not scant. A drop of moisture collects at the base of a culm, on its being pressed between thumb and finger; and children, for sport, pit one such stem against another, to see which will carry away its own and the other's glistening bead, — drops of the life-blood of the grass.

But here I have a good calendar to advise me whether the year runs high or low; to indicate not only the season, but the month also. It is March. I should not mistake the time, seeing those piebald locks which the earth wears: here a thread or tress of forward green, there a shock of the old dead gray or brown. It is April, — witnessed by the wild mob-rule conduct of the grass, its pushing emulousness, in which, for no plain reason, one blade outstrips by half its nearest neighbor, and no two blades show the same length. It is May (the Anglo-Saxon Month of Three Milkings), and the grass moves on, a banded strength, the inequalities it had in April having disappeared. Now, who are you, so light and expeditious, that you boast you'll not let the grass grow under your feet? Let it! Take care, for it grows between your steps, silently mirthful, triumphant without vaunting. On a summer morning, with copious dew, the grass has its exultation. Innumerable caps of liquid hyaline I see, poised aloft on the points of innumerable bayonets. Some sudden, wild enthusiasm has seized these bladed myrmidons; what this may be I have to fancy, and also what rallying word or note of huzza would best match with spirited sound a sight so thrilling.

June, the Month of Roses, Meadow

Month, — which shall it be? The latter, if respect be had to numbers; since what are all the roses of all the world as compared with the infinite flowerage of the grasses, which this month fulfills? Think what bloom is represented by one panicle of June grass, or by one stately spire of timothy or herd's grass, with its delicate purple anthers flung out each way, like so many pennons from the windows of a tower! To the flower of the grass was given a recon-dite loveliness, — prize only of the faithful, refined, and loving eye, patient to investigate. Fair Science takes her little learners out into the open, and there teaches them by a parable: "Consider the lilies of the field." "But," return the little learners, "we can't see any lilies." Then says smiling Science, "They are all around you;" and, gathering a stalk of blossoming grass, or, yet better, of wheat, she proceeds to divulge in its obscure and curious inflorescence vanishing traces of an ancient lily-resembling type, from which the grasses have descended.¹ It appears that while one branch of a great botanical family rose to vie with Solomon (by their bright colors winning the admiration and friendly offices of the insect world), another branch of the family eschewed such ambitions, and obtained the wind as a lover. Science dissects the unremembering flower, and shows us by what crowding together of its parts and gradual suppressions the liliaceous form has been lost save to the nice eye of the specialist. Had not the grasses practiced humility, or had they not stooped to conquer, it might have come to pass that man had asked for bread and been given a lily.

In much the same way as he forecasts the profit he will have from the woolly flock does the farmer count upon the fleeces grown by his fields (whose shear-

¹ See the admirable essay *The Origin of Wheat*, in Mr. Grant Allen's *Flowers and Their Pedigrees*.

ing-time, also, is in June). There are hay-scales in his mind, and such calculation in his eye, that he can foretell with considerable accuracy and very definite cheer what will be the yield of this or that "piece," — whether a ton, ton and a half, or two tons to the acre.

Lovely and pleasant all its life, it follows that the grass rejoices in a fragrant memory. Whether curing for hay in the field, or already gathered, the "goodliness thereof" goes never to waste. I think sleeping on the haymow will yet be recommended as therapeutic for any that may be "sick or melancholious;" the breath of the hay being every whit as efficacious as that Chaucerian tree whose leaves were "so very good and vertuous." Needless to gather those special herbs so much esteemed as remedies, when the barn is full of more excellent simples that cure with their aroma.

You can tell the time of year by an

inspection of the barns; nor is it always necessary to see the interior. As you rode swiftly by one of these old harvest storehouses, you saw the setting sun shoot arrows of gold through the building from side to side between the warped boards. That was an evening in spring; now, in autumn, the garrison is quite impervious to all such archery, every chink and cranny being caulked with the hay, which reaches even to the high beam on which the swallows had their nests.

The yield of the summer meadows has not all been stored under roof. In the midst of the field where sunburnt Labor conquered with scythe, rake, and fork is raised a monument of the victory. The great cone of the haystack, rightly viewed, is no less interesting than are the pyramids themselves. If I mistake not, clear-seeing Morning "opes with haste her lids," to gaze upon this record of human enterprise, lifted from the home plains.

Edith M. Thomas.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

WHEN the civil war determined by its result the political position of the black people in the Southern States, there was a general belief among their friends that the race had thereby received a complete enfranchisement as American citizens; that they were made free to all our national inheritances; that all the problems of their future involved only questions of a detached nature, — such slight matters as their rights in hotels and railways, in fields of labor,

or at the polling booths. But those who by their eagerness to bid the negro welcome to his new place in the state did so much credit to the spirit of hope and friendship of our time could not see the gravity of this problem.¹ Never before in the history of peoples had so grave an experiment been tried as was then set about with a joyous confidence of success. Only their great military triumph could have given to our hard-minded, practical people such rash confidence. D. H. Chamberlain, formerly governor of South Carolina: their comments appear as foot-notes. The editor regrets that, while Southern statesmen and others of distinction wrote with more or less freedom upon the subject of the article, their communications were confidential, and he is obliged to adopt their opinions as his own, when adding an occasional note. — EDITOR ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

¹ This article was sent in advance of publication to several gentlemen whose position and experience especially qualify them to comment upon the assertions made and the suggestions offered. Among these correspondents were General S. C. Armstrong, at the head of the Normal and Agricultural Institute, Hampton, Va.; Colonel T. W. Higginson, author of *Army Life in a Black Regiment*; and Hon.

fidence. Here, on the one hand, was a people, whose written history shows that the way to the self-government on which alone a state can be founded is through slowly and toilsomely gained lessons, handed from father to son, — lessons learned on hard tilled and often hard fought fields. The least knowledge of the way in which their own position in the world had been won would have made it clear that such a national character as theirs could be formed only by marvelous toil of generations after generations, and an almost equally marvelous good fortune that brought fruit to their labor. There, on the other hand, was a folk, bred first in a savagery that had never been broken by the least effort towards a higher state, and then in a slavery that tended almost as little to fit them for a place in the structure of a self-controlling society. Surely, the effort to blend these two peoples by a proclamation and a constitutional amendment will sound strangely in the time to come, when men see that they are what their fathers have made them, and that resolutions cannot help this rooted nature of man.

But the evident novelty of this undertaking and the natural doubt of its success do not diminish the interest which it has as an experiment in human nature: far from it, for this trial of the African as an American citizen is the most wonderful social endeavor that has ever been made by our own or any other race. If it succeeds, even in the faintest approach to a fair measure; if these men, bred in immemorial savagery and slavery, can blossom out into self-upholding citizens, fit to stand alone in the battle with the world, then indeed

we must confess that human nature is a thing apart from the laws of inheritance, — that man is more of a miracle in the world than we deemed him to be.

Although this experiment of making a citizen of the negro grew out of a civil war, and necessarily led to the awakening of much hatred among the people where it was undertaken, there is no reason to doubt that it is being very fairly tried, and that if ever such changes are possible they will be here. There was no deep antagonism between these two diverse peoples, such as would have existed if either had been the conqueror of the other; on the contrary, a century or two of close relations had served to develop a curious bond of mutual likings and dependencies between the two races.² It was only through slavery that it could have been possible to make the trial at all.

American slavery, though it had the faults inherent in any system of subjugation and mastery among men, was infinitely the mildest and most decent system of slavery that ever existed. When the bonds of the slave were broken, master and servant stayed beside each other, without much sign of fear or any very wide sundering of the old relations of service and support.³ As soon as the old order of relations was at an end, the two races settled into a new accord, not differing in most regards from the old. External force during the period of disturbance prevented this natural social order from asserting itself in all the South; but in the States that were not "reconstructed," as in Kentucky, it might have been possible for any one who had known the conditions of 1860

there was no insurrection. On the contrary, I have yet to learn of a single instance where a family servant or a field hand abused his opportunity. — Ed.

³ There were two kinds of American slavery before the war, domestic and agricultural. The former was probably the most gentle slavery practiced on earth; the latter was the reverse. No punishment was more dreaded by the house-servant than to be sent to the negro quarters. — Ed.

² The planters and people of the South never feared their household servants, but they did fear their field hands. Insurrection with them was the standing bugaboo, the mere suspicion of which would throw a whole community into terror, during which the masters often perpetrated cruelties, honestly supposing them preventives. The civil war drew into the Southern army first only such whites as could be spared, yet when the exigency drove almost every available man into the army

to live in 1870 for weeks, in sight of the contact of whites and blacks, without seeing anything to show that a great revolution had been effected.⁴

The important relations between men are not matters that can be managed by legislative enactments, so the black soon found his way back to the plantations as a freeman, and hoed the rows of corn or cotton in the same fields with as much sweat of brow and far more care than awaited him of old. In place of the old lash, his master had the crueller whip of wages and account books. He could not be sold, but he could be turned off; his family could not be severed at the auction block, but they were more often parted by the death that came from the want of the watchful eye of a foresightful master, or by poverty. He was no longer crushed, but he was left without help to rise.⁵

To the mass of those born in slavery the change was one of no profit. When the excitement of the change was over they seemed to feel like children lost in a wood, needing the old protection of the stronger mastering hand. It was clear to even the best wishers of the newly freed slaves that the generation that first saw the dawn of freedom must pass away before it would be known just how the race would meet the new life.

The forecast of the unprejudiced observer was exceedingly unfavorable. Every experiment of freeing blacks on this continent has in the end resulted in even worse conditions than slavery brought to them. The trial in Hayti, where freemen of the third generation from slaves possess the land to the exclusion of all whites, has been utterly disastrous to the best interests of the

negro. In that island, one of the most fertile lands of the world, where Africans in the relatively mild slavery of resident proprietors had created great industries in sugar and coffee culture, the black race has fallen through its freedom to a state that is but savagery with a little veneer of European customs. There is now in Hayti a government that is but a succession of petty plundering despotisms, a tillage that cannot make headway against the constant encroachments of the tropical forests, a people that is without a single trace of promise except that of extinction through the diseases of sloth and vice.

In Jamaica the history, though briefer, is almost equally ominous. The emancipation of the negro was peaceable, and was not attended, as in Hayti, by the murder or expulsion of the whites. Yet that garden land of the tropics, that land which our ancestors hoped to see the Britain of the South, has been settling down toward barbarism, and there is nothing left but the grip of the British rule to keep it from falling to the state of the sister isle. Nor is the case much better where, as in the Spanish and Portuguese settlements, the negro blood has to a great extent blended with that of the whites. There the white blood has served for a little leaven, but the mingling of the races has brought with it a fatal degradation of the whole population that puts those peoples almost out of the sphere of hope.

Such are the facts of experience in the effort to bring together the races of Africa and of Europe on American ground. They may be summed up in brief words, — uniform hopeless failure,

⁴ This is true because freedom was a change in relations rather than in the practical realities of life. The destruction of the buffalo is a more serious fact to the Indian than emancipation was to the negro. In the altered relations of the whites and negroes there was little visible change, because in six generations the two races had become adjusted to each other. — S. C. A.

⁵ Does not this rather mean that after two hundred years or more of labor drill he was thrown on himself? And was he not better off *plus* this labor drill than was his whilom master who had succeeded in evading it? Consider the increase of wealth in the South; count the negro paupers; ask who is caring for the majority of the negro blind and infirm. — S. C. A.

a sinking towards the moral conditions of the Congo and the Guinea coast.⁶ I am not criticising the policy that enfranchised the blacks when their freedom came. I am not deploring the freeing of these Africans of America: that was the least of evils. These people were here in such numbers that any effort for their deportation was futile. It was their presence here that was the evil, and for this none of the men of our century are responsible. Whatever the dangers they might give rise to, they would be less if the Africans were freemen than if they were slaves. The burden lies on the souls of our dull, greedy ancestors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, who were too stupid to see or too careless to consider anything but immediate gains. There can be no sort of doubt that, judged by the light of all experience, these people are a danger to America greater and more insuperable than any of those that menace the other great civilized states of the world. The armies of the Old World, the inheritances of mediævalism in its governments, the chance evils of Ireland and Sicily, are all light burdens when compared with this load of African negro blood that an evil past has imposed upon us. The European evils are indigenous; this African life is an exotic, and on that account infinitely hard to grapple with.⁷

The twenty years that have passed since the Emancipation Proclamation gave the name of freedmen to this folk have removed the freedmen into the past and put their children in their place. More than half the blacks who are liv-

ing—certainly the larger part of those who are now of vigorous body—have never felt the influence of actual bondage; though perhaps the greater part of them were born during the days of slavery, they were but children when the war came, and never were sensible of the old system.

The economic history of these years since the war, though still too brief for any very sound opinions, seems to point to the conclusion that we may for the present, at least, escape the sloth which fell upon Jamaica and Hayti with the overthrow of slavery. The South has advanced in every branch of material wealth, though without much immigration to swell its activities. All its important staples except rice, especially those which are the result of negro labor, have increased in quantity much beyond the measure of the days of slavery. Even if we allow that the increase in the number of blacks has been as great as appears from the comparison of the census of 1870 with that of 1880, it is clear that the negro laborer is doing as much work as a freeman as he did when a slave, and is probably doing more.⁸ That he is doing it contentedly is clear from the general absence of disorder, even throughout the regions where the blacks are the most numerous. This is as far as it goes a matter of great encouragement and hope. It should not, however, blind our eyes to the danger which still lies before us. At present the negro population still feels the strong stimulus of the greatest inspiration that can be given to human beings. The very novel experience of a passage from rapid than that of the white race; but that the tendency stated by Professor Shaler exists in the case of the negro in any different sense from what is true of other races, even our own, I do not believe. — D. H. C.

⁸ This statement appears to me to refute the special conclusion as to the negro's tendency to revert to his ancestral conditions. The race is industrious, and if it is, it seems to me there can be no tendency to reversion to lower states, but rather an impetus toward higher. — D. H. C.

⁶ The cases cited are hardly parallel. The conditions of climate and surrounding civilization were very different in Hayti, Jamaica, and elsewhere. American slavery was a great educator of its chattels, and their gain by emancipation was the loss of the whites. The experience of our Southern States has no analogue. — Ed.

⁷ I have always felt, as the result of my contact with and observation of the negro, that he did suffer from the want of support afforded by ancestral virtue and experience in the ways of freedom. This will probably make his progress less sure and

slavery to freedom affected this sensitive people as by an electric shock. The ideas of advance in life, of education, of property, have yet something of the keenness that novelty brings. Let us hope that they will wear until the habits of thrift and labor are firmly bred in them.

The real dangers that this African blood brings to our state lie deeper than the labor problem; they can be appreciated only by those who know the negro folk by long and large experience, — such as comes to none who have not lived among them in youth, and afterwards had a chance to compare them with the laboring classes of our own race in other regions. Those who study this people after their tests of human kind are all made up and fixed by habit easily overlook the peculiarities of nature which belong to the negroes as a race. They are confounded by the essential manhood of the colored man; they are charmed by his admirable and appealing qualities, and so make haste to assume that he is in all respects like themselves. But if they have the patience and the opportunity to search closely into the nature of this race they will perceive that the inner man is really as singular, as different in motives from themselves, as his outward aspect indicates.

The important characteristics of the negro nature are not those that mark themselves in any of the features which appear in casual intercourse. Human relations are so stereotyped that we never see the deeper and more important qualities of any men through such means. The negro nature, charming in many respects, is most favorably seen in

what we may call the phenomena of human contact: quick sensibilities and a mind that takes a firm hold of the present is characteristic of the race. Even if we watch them for a long time we find that the essential structure of their minds is very like our own.⁹ I believe that one feels closer akin to them than to the Indians of this country or to the peasants of Southern Italy. The fundamental, or at least the most important, differences between them and our own race are in the proportions of the hereditary motives and the balance of native impulses within their minds.

This sense of close kinship felt with the negro may be due to the fact that for many generations his mind has been externally moulded in those of our own race. I fancy there would be none of it with native Africans; indeed, I have found little trace of it in intercourse with the blacks of the Sea Islands,¹⁰ who represent a people nearer to Africa by several generations, and deprived of that close contact with the whites which would give their minds an external resemblance to those of our own race.

When we know the negro well, we recognize that he differs from our own race in the following respects: —

The passage from childhood to adult age brings in the negro a more marked and important change in the tone of the mind than it does in the white. In youth the black children are surprisingly quick, — their quickness can be appreciated only by those who have taught them; but in the pure blacks, with the maturing of the body the animal nature generally settles down like a cloud on that promise.¹¹ In our own race inheritance has brought about a correlation

⁹ True, "Intensely human" was General Saxton's brief answer to a long list of inquiries. — T. W. H.

¹⁰ I lived nearly two years on the Sea Islands, in the most intimate intercourse with the very subdivision of the negroes described, and felt a constant sense of mental kinship with them at the time. — T. W. H.

¹¹ My attention was first called to this fact by

my late master, Louis Agassiz. He had excellent opportunities of observation upon this point during his residence in Charleston and his frequent visits to the South. Personal observations and many questionings of persons who had a right to an opinion have served only to corroborate it. — N. S. S.

In the main, I find Mr. Shaler's statements in regard to negro characteristics and distinctive

between the completion of development and the expansion of the mental powers; so that, unless one of our youth distinctly reverts towards some old savagery, the imagination and the reasoning faculties receive a stimulus from the change that this period brings. But, with rare exceptions, the reverse is the case with the negro: at this stage of life he becomes less intellectual than he was before; the passions cloud and do not irradiate the mind. The inspirational power of the sexual impulses is the greatest gain our race has made out of all its past. We can hardly hope to impose this feature upon a people; such treasures cannot be given, however good the will to give them.

Next we notice that the negro has little power of associated action, — that subordination of individual impulse to conjoint action which is the basis of all modern labor of a high grade. I have never seen among them anything approaching a partnership in their business affairs. They are so little capable of a consensus that they never act together, even in a mob, except for some momentary deed.¹² This ability to coöperate with their fellow men is a capacity which is probably only slowly to be acquired by any people; it is indeed one of the richest fruits of a civilization. In this point most negroes in Africa as well

as in America are below the American Indian. They show us in their native lands as well as here no trace of large combining ability; they do not build any semblance of empires. Combining power seems to have been particularly low among the West Coast tribes that furnished the most of our American-African blood.

Along with these defects goes another, which is less clearly manifest in casual intercourse, but which is in fact a more radical want. It is the lack of a power of continuous will. Few of us can see how much we owe to this power, the most precious of our inheritances. It is the power of continuous will, of will that goes beyond the impulse of passion or excitement, that most distinctly separates the mind of man from that of the lower animals. The gradations of this power mark the limits between savage and civilized man. In the negro the ability to maintain the will power beyond the stimulus of excitement is on the whole much lower than in the lowest whites. They are as a class incapable of firm resolve.¹³

At first sight it might be supposed that slavery has weakened this capacity, but it seems to me that the enforced consecutive labor which it gave must have accustomed the race to a continuity of effort that they knew nothing of in

features admirable, but from the above my own and my associates' experience leads me to differ. After careful study, each year for fifteen years, of three hundred negro children of from five to thirteen years of age in our primary department, and of four hundred adults of from fourteen to twenty-five in our Normal School, our deductions are not those of Mr. Shaler. We have not found a lack or a "clouding" of brain power to be the chief difficulty of the maturing negro, though we admit, of course, a decided race difference in intellectual development. I consider that where on an average from twelve to fifteen out of every hundred boys of our own race are able to receive a college education, not more than two or three negroes would be similarly capable. As to the differences between mulattoes and pure blacks, we find the former usually quicker, the latter simpler, stronger, with more definite characteristics; and this is also the case among our Indians. — S. C. A.

¹² What I should say is that their impulse of organization is very strong, but that through ignorance they cannot keep together, like whites. — T. W. H.

¹³ The negro is certainly lacking in the capacity for associated action. From the debating society to the general convention, the assembled negro demonstrates this. But the individual negro has remarkable resource. I am tempted to say that in a tight place, under familiar conditions, I should prefer the instinct of the black to the thought of the white man. After all, the best product of civilization is what we call "common sense;" and as the chief want of the negro I should put "level heads" in place of "continuous will" or "firm resolve," in which we do not find them lacking. Our labor system at Hampton furnishes a severe ordeal, and while many fail, many also endure it successfully, and the test seems a fair one. — S. C. A.

their lower state. So that they have gained rather than lost in consecutiveness, through slavery. Lastly, we may notice the relatively feeble nature of all the ties that bind the family together among these African people. The peculiar monogamic instinct which in our own race has been slowly, century by century, developing itself in the old tangle of passions has yet to be fixed in this people. In the negro this motive, more than any other the key to our society, is very weak, if indeed it exists at all as an indigenous impulse.¹⁴ It is a well-known fact that we may find among them a high development of the religious impulse with a very low morality. Along with this and closely linked with it goes the love of children. This motive is fairly strong among the negroes; it gives reason to hope that out of it may come a better sense of the marital relation.

Although these defects may not at first sight seem in themselves very serious differences between the two races, yet they are really the most vital points that part the men who make states from those who cannot rise above savagery. The modern state is but a roof built to shelter the lesser associations of men. Chief of these is the family, which rests on a certain order of alliance of the sexual instincts with the higher and more human faculties. Next come the various degrees of human coöperation in various forms of business life; and then this power of will, that gives the continuity to effort which is the key to all profitable labor; and last, but not least, the impulse to sexual morality. If the black is weak in these things, he is in so far unfit for an independent place in a civilized state. Without them the framework of a state, however beautiful, is a mere empty shell that must soon fall to pieces. Like all other mechanisms,

the state has only the strength of its weakest part.

It is my belief that the negro as a race is weak in the above mentioned qualities of mind. Conspicuous exceptions may be found, but *exceptio probat*. Here and there cases of higher-minded black men give us hope, but no security. The occurrence of Miltons and Shakespeares makes us hope that to those elevations of mind all men may in time attain, but it is a hope that is very near despair.

Let no one suppose that these opinions are born of a dislike for the black race; on the contrary, I am conscious of a great liking for this people. They seem to me full of charming traits, but unhappily they are not the hard-minded attributes that sustain a state. The negro has, on the whole, greater social sensibilities than any other uneducated man. He is singularly ready to respond to any confidence that may be placed in him. He acquires the motives and actions of social intercourse with noticeable readiness. He has within a certain range a quick constructive imagination and therefore reads character remarkably well. He has a very quick, instinctive sympathy, and is in a discontinuous way affectionate. When he neglects his wife or his children, the fault generally arises from the lack of consecutive will, and not from want of feeling. His emotions are easily aroused through the stimulus of music or motion, and the tide of life that then fills him is free and unrestrained. The religious sense, that capacity for a sense of awe before the great mystery of religion, is also fairly his, though its expression is often crude and its feelings are readily confounded with the lower passions.

I have now set forth the fear that must come upon any one who will see what a wonderful thing our modern Teutonic

¹⁴ Is it not too soon after slavery to justify this statement? Slavery necessarily discouraged monogamy; but the multitude of cases in which slaves

after escaping from slavery have gone back into danger to bring away their wives indicates an indigenous impulse. — T. W. H.

society is; how slowly it has won its treasures, and at what a price of vigilance and toil it must keep them; and therefore how dangerous it must be to have a large part of the state separated in motives from the people who have brought it into existence. I cannot expect to find many to share this fear with me, for there are very few who have had any chance to see the problem fairly. But to those who do feel with me that the African question is a very serious matter, I should like to propose the following statement of the prime nature of the dangers, and the means whereby they may be minimized, if not avoided.

First, I hold it to be clear that the inherited qualities of the negroes to a great degree unfit them to carry the burden of our own civilization; that their present Americanized shape is due in large part to the strong control to which they have been subjected since the enslavement of their blood; that there will naturally be a strong tendency, for many generations to come, for them to revert to their ancestral conditions. If their present comparative elevation had been due to self-culture in a state of freedom, we might confide in it; but as it is the result of an external compulsion issuing from the will of a dominant race, we cannot trust it.¹⁵ Next, I hold it to be almost equally clear that they cannot as a race, for many generations, be brought to the level of our own people. There will always be a danger that by falling

¹⁵ True, unless that external force shall be in some shape continued. There is serious danger of a proletariat class, especially in the Gulf States, where an Anglo-African population is massed together, but the outlook is *not hopeless*. Why may not these people continue to improve in the future, as they have improved in the past fifteen years, and from the same causes, namely, their own efforts, aided by the directly educative forces, by commercial activity, and by the general steady tendency towards an orderly social state? It cannot be too strongly urged that the most willing outside aid is the wise training of their best young men and women, who, as teachers and examples, mingle with and leaven the whole lump. So long as ignorant leaders, either religious or political, can

to the bottom of society they will form a proletariat class, separated by blood as well as by estate from the superior classes; thus bringing about a measure of the evils of the slavery system, — evils that would curse both the races that were brought together in a relation so unfit for modern society.

The great evil of slavery was not to be found in the fact that a certain number of people were compelled to labor for their masters and were sometimes beaten. It lay in the states of mind of the master and of the slave: in the essential evil to the master of this relation of absolute personal control over others untempered by the affection of parent for child; and to the slave in the subjugation of the will that destroyed the very basis of all spiritual growth. The mere smart of the lash was relatively of small account: if every slave had been beaten every day it would have been a small matter compared with this arrest of all advancement in will power that his bonds put upon him. It is clear that the best interests of the negro require that these dangers should be recognized, and as far as may be provided against by the action of the governmental and private forces of the state. It seems to me that the following course of action may serve to minimize the dangers: —

In the first place, the gathering of the negroes into large unmixed settlements should be avoided in every way possible:¹⁶ the result of such aggregations is keep control there is undoubtedly danger. — S. C. A.

¹⁶ Where these aggregations exist in the South, the establishment of well-taught schools in their midst is immediately remedial. We can cite counties in Virginia, peopled mostly by blacks, where the influence of a single teacher has practically changed the social condition. Our graduates who go out into these neighborhoods show us results which are most encouraging; not only is there an increase of intelligence, but a decrease of vice. It is on the testimony of Southern whites that we rely, and they do not hesitate to tell us that the work of one strong man or woman can and does change the standard of a whole community. — S. C. A.

the immediate degradation of this people. Where such aggregations exist, we see at once the risk of the return of this people to their old ancestral conditions, and it is from a study of these negroes, who are limited in their association to their own people, that I have become so fully satisfied that they tend to fall away from the position which their intercourse with the whites has given them. Of course this separation of the negro from his kind cannot be accomplished by any direct legislation. Such action is not in the possibilities of the situation nor in the system of our government. But where there are such aggregations, the force of public and private action should be brought to bear to diminish the evils that they entail, and as far as possible to break up the communities. The founding of public schools in such communities, with teachers of the best quality, affords the simplest and perhaps the only method by which these tendencies can be combated. To educate a people is to scatter them. There are now many devoted teachers in the South who are working to this end. These schools should give more than the elements of a literary education, for such teaching is of even less value to the black youth than it is to the children of our race: the schools should give the foundations of a technical education, in order that the life of the people be lifted above the dull routine of Southern cotton-farming, and that the probability of migration may be increased.

When there is a chance to do it, the regions where the negroes have gath-

¹⁷ This has been curiously tested in Florida, and with results which contradict this view. About 1770 a large colony of Greeks, Italians, and Minorcans was brought to St. Augustine. Their descendants, known generally as Minorcans, are far inferior mentally, morally, and physically to the Florida negroes. I have seen many of them. — T. W. H.

¹⁸ I think the destiny and the best hold of the large majority of blacks is to become cultivators of small farms, and their progress in this direction is rapid and hopeful. In the breaking up of

ered in dense unmixed communities should be interspersed with settlements of whites. Fortunately, there is only a small part of the South where the negroes show much tendency to gather by themselves. These are mainly in the shore regions of the Atlantic and the Gulf States, where the climate is tolerable to the African, but difficult for those of European blood to endure. Any colonies of whites in these districts should be drawn from Southern Europe, from peoples accustomed to a hot climate and miasmatic conditions.¹⁷ Elsewhere in the South the negroes show a commendable preference for association with their white fellow citizens. There is no trace of a tendency to seclusion. In the cities they are gathered into a quarter which becomes given up to them; but this is owing rather to their poverty and to the exclusiveness of the whites than to any desire of the blacks to escape from contact with the superior race; so that this people is still in very favorable conditions for benefiting by social intercourse with the whites.

There is clearly a tendency for the negro to fall into the position of an agricultural laborer, or a household servant.¹⁸ Neither of these positions affords the best chance for development. It is very much to be desired that there should be a better chance for him to find his way into the mechanical employments. Negroes make good blacksmiths and joiners; they can be used to advantage in mill work of all kinds, provided they are mingled with white laborers, to which the prejudice of race now offers no material barrier.¹⁹ The immediate need

the old estates, the negro and his almost equally emancipated brother, the poor white, get their full share. Their landed wealth to-day is surprising, and they are moving with the general movement about them. — S. C. A.

¹⁹ In my judgment, the persons who most influence the Southern blacks are not the whites, but the colored preachers, — a class whose ignorance forms a very great obstacle, and who particularly need "academies, high schools, and colleges." — T. W. H.

of the South is not for academies, high schools, or colleges which shall be open to the negro, — he is yet very far from being in a shape to need this form of education, — but for technical schools which will give a thorough training in craft work of varied kinds. Every well-trained craftsman would be a missionary in his field. As a race they are capable of taking pride in handiwork, that first condition of success in mechanical labor. Such occupations tend to breed forethought, independence, and will power. There is no better work for a benevolent society than to take up this task of improving the technical education of the negro as a means for his temporal and especially his political salvation. Technical schools are not costly to start compared with good literary colleges. Three or four teachers can do valuable work, in an establishment that need not be very costly, and might be partly self-sustaining. At present there are deplorably few opportunities for negroes to learn craft work in an effective way; a few schools have made some essay towards it, but none of them have proposed it as their main object.

The federal government would do well to found a number of technical schools, in the Southern States, under state control, but perhaps with federal supervision. These schools need not cost over twenty thousand dollars per annum, beyond the value of their products. They should train young men for trade work alone, requiring for admission the simplest elements of an education. The expense of teaching and feeding the students might be borne by the government. The pupils should be trained for the commoner departments of manual labor. I would suggest the following occupations as well fitted to

give useful employment and as easily taught: smithing, turning, furniture making, carpentering, wheelwright work, management of steam engines, the art of the potter.

The desired results might be attained by a method of apprentice labor, the government paying competent masters for the instruction of youths by placing several of these together in large shops. The price of their indentures need not be more than one hundred dollars per annum. Of course this system would require supervision, but it seems clear that the cost of maintaining ten thousand such apprentices need not exceed about a million dollars per annum. While the effect of such education in lifting the negro would be immense, it would in time give one trained mechanic in about each fifty a good practical education.

One of the best results that would follow from this method of technical instruction would be the wider diffusion of the negro over the country. Under the present system it is not possible to scatter the six millions of negroes in the South throughout the country, though it is from a national point of view very important that it should be done. The risk of degeneration in the communities where they are now gathered together would then be much reduced. If, on the closing of the war, we had begun to educate ten thousand negroes each year in technical work, we should perhaps have spent somewhere near thirty million dollars on the work, and should have brought up near two hundred thousand black men to occupations that would have bettered their physical and moral conditions.²⁰

I confess a dislike to seeing this work done by means of the federal government, for there are many risks of abuse

²⁰ The most manifest solution of this great negro problem is in the education of the race. The technical education on which Professor Shaler lays such stress is a part of it. Some negroes have very fair mechanical talents and take to the work naturally. They vary, like other people. Educationally.

tion must be effected by environment. A redistribution of the negro population must precede any high development. To this end technical training is of great value, since it loosens the negro's hold on a particular spot. — Ed.

attendant on it. But the difficulty is a vast one; it is indeed a form of war against a national danger, and requires national resources for effective action; and the need justifies the trespass upon the usual principles that should regulate governmental interference with the course of society.²¹

Even if all possible means be taken to keep the negro in the course of progress that his previous conditions have imposed upon him, success will depend on the rate of increase of the two races in the Southern States. The last census shows an apparent relative increase of the blacks. It is probable that this census was the first that gave a true account of the numerical relations of the races in the South; that the desire to avoid taxation during the slaveholding days led to a general understating of the numbers of slaves on most plantations. These numbers were not taken by actual count, but by questioning the owners. The census of 1870 was of the most viciously imperfect nature in some of the Southern States, its result being to underestimate the population in regions where the negroes were most abundant. The very high death-rate among the negroes in all the large cities where statistics are obtained, and the evident want of care of young children in negro families in the country districts,

²¹ I find myself heartily in accord with Professor Shaler in his practical considerations. Our duty and interest must lead us to aid the negro, and this aid will best come in the way of some special agencies such as Professor Shaler suggests, though I cannot favor the plan of putting this work or burden to any extent on the federal government instead of the States. Such a course is contrary to our scheme of division of duties and powers between the State and the nation, and will be attended by results likely to deprive such efforts of much of their usefulness. — D. H. C.

²² There seems to be no doubt as to the decrease in the mulatto element, although, as a rule, the young blacks prefer the lighter shades; they do not like to "marry back into Africa." The color feeling, though quiet, is deep and strong, but the white man as a factor is less potent than formerly. To-day, in the more northerly of the Southern States, the pure-blooded negro is the exception rather than the rule.

make it most probable that the increase of adults is not as rapid among the negroes as among the whites.

From extended observations among these people in almost every year since the war, I am inclined to believe that there are two important changes going on in the negro population. First, we have the very rapid reduction in the number of half-breed mulattoes.²² It is now rare indeed to see a child under fifteen years that the practiced eye will recognize as from a white father. This is an immense gain. Once stop the constant infusion of white blood, and the weakly, mixed race will soon disappear, leaving the pure African blood, which is far better material for the uses of the state than any admixture of black and white. The half-breeds are more inclined to vice and much shorter-lived (I never saw one more than fifty years old), and are of weaker mental power, than the pure race.²³

The other change consists in a rapid destruction by death, from want of care and from vice, of the poorer strains of negro blood. Any one who knows the negroes well has remarked that there was a much greater difference among them than we perceive among the whites of the same low position in England or elsewhere. It is clear from the history of the slave trade that this African blood

The difference in the original strains of negro blood is marked, but, personally, I have not been able to make any trustworthy observations in regard to the superiority of one over another. I have often noticed the varied types among the eight hundred youth who are taught at Hampton: there are black skins with European features, blonde or even auburn coloring with African noses and lips, but neither color nor features seem to be decisive. Of averages one can speak with some certainty as to probable lines of development; of individuals it is not safe to dogmatize.

There appears to be no "dead line" of progress for the negro. The possibilities of some among them are not to be limited to the level of the majority of the race, and it is too soon to generalize as to distinctive types. — S. C. A.

²³ The pure black in the former time always had a larger money value than a mulatto of the same age and general appearance. — Ed.

was drawn from widely different tribes. Even the leveling influence of slavery has not served to efface these aboriginal differences. The most immediate result of the struggles which this race is now undergoing is the preservation of those households where there is an element of better blood or breeding, which secures the family from the diseases incident to thriftless and vicious lives. Thus we have some compensation for the evils that lead to this rapid death-rate.

Now and then, in studying a negro population, we find some man or woman, evidently of pure African blood, whose face and form have a nobility denied to the greater part of the race.²⁴ We often find the character of these individuals clear and strong, apparently affording the basis for the truest citizenship. Every such American-African is a blessing to the state, and a source of hope to all who see the dark side of the problem that his race has brought to this continent. It is to be hoped that all such strains of blood will live, and their inheritors come to be leaders among their people.

I believe that the heavy death-rate among the negroes is not altogether due to vice or neglect. This is really a tropical people; the greater part of the South is as foreign to their blood as the equatorial regions to our own. Their decline in the more northerly States of the South could be predicted by experience,

²⁴ Very marked among the Florida blacks, men and women. — T. W. H.

²⁵ While they indubitably are of the tropics, they have a curious natural affiliation for the higher civilization into which they have been thrown, and in spite of ignorance, disease, and intemperance they multiply where the red man melts away. They cling to the skirts of our civilization; there is a black fringe on the edge of most towns in this country; the negroes are here to stay. Before the vigorous pressure of immigration it is possible that they may yield somewhat, fall back here and there, but nothing more. — S. C. A.

²⁶ All other foreign elements assimilate, and in the third generation are fully Americanized. The negro is the closest imitator of all: but in spite of the oceans of white blood which have been poured into his veins; in spite of the obliteration of the

for in no part of the world has a black skin been indigenous in such high latitudes. There is little doubt that the tide of immigration which is rapidly filling the open lands of the Northern States must soon turn to flow into the South. This will tend further to break up the negro population of that region, driving its weaker members to the wall.²⁵

Still, though these influences may serve to minimize the danger arising from the presence of this alien blood, there can be no doubt that for centuries to come the task of weaving these African threads of life into our society will be the greatest of all American problems. Not only does it fix our attention by its difficulty and its utter novelty among national questions, but it moves us by the infinite pathos that lies within it. The insensate greed of our ancestors took this simple folk from their dark land and placed them in our fields and by our firesides. Here they have multiplied to millions, and have been forced without training into the duties of a citizenship that often puzzles the brains of those who were trained by their ancestry to a sense of its obligations. Our race has placed these burdens upon them, and we, as its representatives, owe a duty to these black-skinned folk a thousand times heavier than that which binds us to the voluntary immigrants to our land.²⁶ If they fall and perish without a trial of every

remembrance of his fatherland, its language and its traditions; in spite of the closest of contact with the race which enslaved him, he remains substantially the most foreign of all our foreign elements. The lines of his life are parallel with, and not convergent to, our own, and here lies the danger.

But what would the cotton mills of Christendom do without him? Who would fit into our industrial and household life as he does? We need him, the nation needs what he can do; but his training must be directed by ideas, and not by demagogues. The work of the old taskmasters is still telling tremendously, and the old "uncles" sometimes shake their wise gray heads over the rising generation. It is a many-sided education that they need, and the result of anything less seems to justify the reply of the colored school-girl, who, on being criticised for careless sweeping, answered, "You can't

means that can lift and support them, then our iniquitous share in their unhappy fate will be as great as that of our forefathers who brought them here. If they pass away by natural laws, from inability to maintain themselves in a strange climate or utter unfitness to understand the ever-growing stress of our modern life, it may be accepted as the work of nature; perhaps, by some severe philosophers, as a beneficent end of the most wonderful ethnic experiment that the world has known. But they cannot be allowed to perish without the fullest effort in their behalf. So much we owe to ourselves, to our time, and to our place before the generations that are to be.

If the negro is thoughtfully cared for, if his training in civilization, begun in slavery, is continued in his state of freedom, we may hope to find abundant room for him in our society. He has a strong spring of life within him, though his life flows in channels foreign to our own. Once fix in him the motives that are necessary for citizenship in a republic, and we may gain rather than lose from his presence on our soil. The proper beginning is to give him a chance to receive the benefits of the education that comes from varied and skillful industry.

CONCLUDING NOTE.

I have read with great interest the notes of the gentlemen who have permitted their criticisms of this paper to be published with it, as well as many others which, to my regret, do not appear. The second note by the editor needs qualification. It is true that there was a wide difference between household slavery and that of the large Southern cotton, rice, and sugar plantations. But by far the larger part of the Southern slaves were held on places essentially

git clean corners and algebra into the same nigger."

Technical training is important, wisely directed mental work is essential, better ideas must somehow be put into better men, but it is the spirit of

like the Northern farms, in a bondage that was strongly affected by their near relation to the master's family. The sixth note denies the parallel between the experiment in the United States and in the West Indies. Undoubtedly there is a diversity in the conditions, for the results differ; but to lay this diversity on the climate "fetish" is to get out of the path of inquiry. The "surrounding civilization" in Jamaica did not differ essentially from that of South Carolina.

Note seventeen, concerning the Minorcan settlement of Florida, seems to me not to militate against the opinion that Southern Europeans, as a whole, will make the best colonists for the Gulf States. A discussion of the Minorcan settlements would probably show plenty of reasons for the decay of this people, if they have decayed.

I cannot agree with Colonel Higginson that the negro preacher has the influence which is so generally attributed to him over the laymen of the black race. The negro as by an instinct and insensibly strives to simulate the white. His religious advisers naturally have a very great hold upon him, and their education is of importance; but the two most important developing agents for this race in their present general state are free contacts with whites in the ordinary work of the world and a wide and long-continued technical training; of course not excluding the elements of what is ordinarily called education. I do not deny that now and then a negro appears who justifies the highest education, — men like Joseph Bannecker, for instance.

I am very glad to find that in most points I am so fortunate as to be of one mind with General Armstrong, who has done more than any one else to help the enfranchised blacks on their way towards the Sermon on the Mount that must permeate it all. Practical Christian education, without dogma and without cant, is the great need of the negro, as well as of most of his brethren, of whatever shade or type. — S. C. A.

a true citizenship. I regret to differ from him in my estimate of the value to the negro of a high purely literary education. The time may come when such a training will bear the same relation to their inheritances that it does to those of the literate class of our own race, but

as a rule the little colored girl was right: "You can't get clean corners and algebra into the same nigger." That combination is with difficulty effected in our own blood. The world demands the *clean corners*; it is not so particular about the *algebra*.

N. S. Shaler.

KNOX'S UNITED STATES NOTES.

THE work of Mr. John Jay Knox, lately comptroller of the currency, upon *United States Notes*¹ is a useful monograph. The style is that of an official report rather than that of a philosophical study of the subject, and the reader must trace for himself the connection between the several events recorded, and supply such reflections as seem to him appropriate upon the wisdom or the folly of Congress in the gradual development of the system of "coining" paper money. But Mr. Knox has furnished all the facts which are necessary for a full understanding of the subject, in a concise and readable form; and as we have now reached a point in constitutional interpretation, if not in legislative practice, where there is no further progress to be made in the direction we have been going, Mr. Knox's work may be accepted as the full history of a completed incident in constitutional development.

It is a little remarkable that two deliberate omissions by the convention of 1787 should have been followed by an assertion in each case, by the Supreme Court, of the right of Congress to do what the Constitution, by its ostentatious silence, withheld the power to do; that in each case the financial necessities of the government led to the passage of the acts, — certainly not author-

ized by the plain terms of the Constitution, — the validity of which was so sustained; and that the two judicial decisions relating to these laws have done more in the past and are capable of doing more in the future to make the United States government sovereign and supreme, in the broadest sense, to the fullest extent, and in all its relations, than any other event in our history, with the possible exception of the civil war. The first of the two acts referred to was, of course, the charter of the second bank. In the convention of 1787 it was proposed that Congress should be allowed to grant incorporations, and the power was expressly refused; that is to say, being urged thereto, the convention deliberately declined to confer the privilege, on the ground that the clause would empower Congress to charter a bank. Yet the new government was hardly organized when a bank was chartered; and, the exercise of the power having been called in question a quarter of a century later, it was affirmed by Chief Justice Marshall in a decision which ultimately overthrew the school of "strict construction," and made the United States a nation, with the power to preserve and protect itself, and to enforce its own authority at home and abroad.

The authority to "emit bills of cred-

¹ *United States Notes. A History of the Various Issues of Paper Money by the Government*

of the United States. By JOHN JAY KNOX. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

it" was withheld from Congress in a similar way, but the denial was more emphatic than it was in the case of corporations. The men who framed the Constitution had present before their eyes the evils of government paper money. They were substantially unanimous in holding that the States ought not to be permitted to issue such currency; and the prohibition upon them in this regard was allowed to stand. Some members, however, believed that, great as the evil might be, the possibility of its becoming a necessary expedient required that the power to emit bills of credit should be allowed to the general government. After a long and careful discussion of the subject the clause was struck out of the draft of the Constitution. Although no direct prohibition of an issue of bills of credit was inserted, the universal belief at the time—based on the theory that no powers were possessed by Congress except such as were conferred in express terms—was that the prohibition was absolute. Who could have supposed that the first issue of treasury notes, under the act of June 30, 1812, was to be the first step on a road which we have followed to a point where the ultimate goal of "fiat money" is in sight? These notes were for not less than \$100 each, they were reimbursable at a specified time, and they bore interest. They were not a legal tender, and no person needed to become the possessor of one of them, save by his own voluntary act. In principle the notes differed in no important respect from small government bonds to secure a short loan.

One by one the differences between such notes and "bills of credit," as they were known in revolutionary and pre-revolutionary times, disappeared. Notes of as small denomination as five dollars were issued under the act of 1815, and these were available as circulating notes in the pockets of the people, as the large notes of 1812 had not been. The next

step was taken after the financial imbecility of Jackson and his followers, notably illustrated by the war upon the Bank, which brought about the crisis of 1837. The payment of interest on notes was no longer promised, or, as there was a lingering idea that non-interest bearing notes might not be constitutional, the fancied obstacle was overcome by promising interest at the rate of one mill per annum on each one hundred dollars. Then at the beginning of the civil war notes were issued, bearing no interest and payable at no definite time; that is, on demand. Finally the last step was taken, and promises to pay which could not be met, or which might legally be met by other promises of the same sort, were issued as a forced loan, and made a legal tender between man and man. Upon the series of enactments which gave the country this currency for a standard of value, there have been three decisions by the Supreme Court of the United States: first, that Congress could not make such notes a legal tender in the payment of debts contracted before their issue; second, that, in time of war and great financial necessity, Congress might make such notes a legal tender in the payment of debts contracted either before or after their issue; third, that Congress may, at any time, and at its own discretion, make whatever it pleases a legal tender in the payment of all debts whatsoever.

Mr. Knox, we have already said, has made his work a record of facts, and not a philosophical treatise upon the subject of government paper money. But every observer of governments knows that a tendency so pronounced as that which has been briefly noted is not arrested when the last barrier to the free exercise of a right is removed. There is no present temptation to emit irredeemable paper money, stamped "This is ——— dollars," or even to increase the issue of promises to pay which are nominally redeemable. But

evidently, should the fancied necessity arise, there will be little disposition to choose the hard but safe system of finance, when there is open to Congress the seductive course of issuing a forced loan, by which, however much the cost of a war may be increased by it, the payment of that cost is postponed indefinitely. There are very many persons among us who are fully convinced not only that a greatly increased issue of paper money would be harmless, but that it would be positively beneficial to business. Those who know better are not eager to offer active resistance to the advocates of "soft money," because they are sure to be denounced at once as capitalists, monopolists, and slaves of the banks. Moreover, the American people are a long-suffering race, who reconcile themselves to things as they are, whether to the impertinences of hotel clerks, to the petty extortions of the newsboy who pockets five cents for a three-cent paper, or to the all-pervading evil of bad money. The unpleasant discovery by the Supreme Court of the fact that Congress has unlimited power over the legal tender has excited surprise, but it has incited no one to energetic action. A few newspapers have abused the court, as though that would mend matters. Two or three Senators and an equal number of Representatives have introduced resolutions to amend the Constitution, but not one of them has accomplished, or even tried to accomplish, anything. Constitutional change is peculiarly difficult and infrequent in this country, and this particular change can never be effected until strong leaders become not merely champions of the cause, but persistent agitators. To introduce a resolution and to let the matter rest there is about as effective as aiming a pistol at the moon, and then concluding, out of consideration for the moon, not to fire.

This being the case, in common with all the rest of the American people we

give up the fight and trust to luck until the required leader appears. If the country can avoid a war for a quarter of a century, and if it shall be favored during that time with a reasonable degree of commercial prosperity, the danger may be escaped. In that time the debt will be nearly or wholly paid. The increase of wealth will be very great, and the credit of the government will stand so high that only a very reckless demagogue would propose to meet an unusual demand upon the treasury by forcing irredeemable paper money into circulation. In short, the country may not adopt the silliest and most short-sighted financial policy that is possible, because it may not be under the necessity of borrowing any money at all. This is a slender reliance, it must be confessed, but it is the only one we have.

There is one chapter of Mr. Knox's book which is not covered by the title of the work. It is devoted to a full account of the distribution of the surplus in Jackson's time. The author finds a reason for including this chapter in his work; but most readers will think the connection somewhat strained, and will surmise that Mr. Knox wrote it having in view some other use than that which he has made of it, and having it on hand put it into the volume. Although it is artistically somewhat misplaced, yet it is well worth possessing for its own sake, for it is the fullest and best account yet printed of one of the strangest passages in our political history. Is there not, moreover, a suggestion that the country may make constitutional progress — if it be progress — in this respect, as well as in the matter of the issue of notes? No one could have dreamed, when the issue of large interest-bearing notes payable at a definite time was proposed in 1812, that the power would ever be discovered in the Constitution under which irredeemable legal tender notes, intended to circulate as money and to be the standard of value even for gold

and silver, could be emitted. Nor was it supposed, when the idea of "depositing" with the States "for safe keeping" the surplus, unusable revenues of the government was conceived, that any statesman would ever advocate the policy of maintaining a system of excessive national taxation for the express purpose of obtaining a surplus to be given to the States for the relief of local taxation. And yet, why not? The principle is fully established. The money "deposited" in 1836 has never been called for by the national government, and cannot be called for until Congress has passed an act directing that a demand be made for it. To all intents and purposes, therefore, it is a gift to the States. Manifestly, if the government may distribute its surplus among the States when it is free from debt, it may do so when it has a debt which Congress does not regard it as expedient to pay too rapidly. Nor is there any difference in principle between devoting to such a purpose the proceeds of taxes which, originally barely adequate to meet current expenditures, have, by the twofold process of enlarged yield and diminished government charges, become excessive, and a direct imposition of taxes in order to obtain a distributable surplus.

This matter bids fair soon to rise to the rank of a political issue. The Democratic platform this year specifically condemns the policy of a distribution of the surplus. Doubtless its position on the question has been deliberately chosen; and in the present unformed state of public opinion, probably three fourths of the voters of the country would say off-hand that the position is the right one. But who can say what those same voters will think when it is art-

fully put before them that, while this policy means no increase of national taxation, it does involve a perceptible reduction of that direct local taxation which is discharged by going to the city treasurer's office and handing to that official a check or a roll of greenbacks? Indeed, it might be asked if any Senator of either party, who voted for the Blair Education bill during the late session of Congress, can make a distinction, however fine, between the principle of that bill and that of a frank and undisguised distribution of the surplus.

Here, again, we run for luck. It may not be worth the while of any demagogue to base an appeal to the people upon this subject of taxation. If not, the States and the nation may be confined within their present respective spheres of taxation and revenue. But fancy a movement springing up in those States where taxes are most unwillingly levied and most unwillingly paid to demand of Congress relief by the measure here suggested. We need not trace the process by which it would gain strength, and perhaps by and by become irresistible. Let those who think this to be impossible reflect upon the history of the internal improvements controversy. Once it was deemed unconstitutional to appropriate money to repair the Cumberland Road, the main and the only post-road over which the government mail could be sent to Ohio and the rest of the Northwestern Territory. To-day members of all parties vote to appropriate money for clearing snags out of shallow channels in a river in Oregon or Washington Territory, for the sole object of enabling the owners of timber tracts on the upper waters to float their logs to market.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

ANY New Englander whose recollection goes back to the years between 1840 and 1850, and who was in any degree related to what was called the Transcendental or Liberal movement, will have his memories and associations stirred to a lively degree by Mr. Higginson's biography of Margaret Fuller. The book presents, as nothing has hitherto done, a picture of that vanished epoch and its actors, with their hopes at once unreasonable and infinite, their theories benevolent but impossible, their creeds flattering to the human heart but born of strange hallucinations instead of any real knowledge of the world they lived in. My individual reminiscences of those days would be faint had not family tradition kept certain figures alive in my remembrance. These odd and fantastic personages, who came and went at our house, belonged to a sort of phantasmagoria beyond my sympathies, but influenced my wonder and imagination like other unexpected phenomena I encountered. My father had not only become a Unitarian, but had built a church almost at his own expense, and was an eager propagandist. Leading Boston Unitarians were interested in the struggling society, and not only many of the most noted preachers of the day, but almost any enthusiast with a newly discovered Truth to impart, came to X, as I will call our little village. My father exercised unbounded hospitality, and invited all co-workers and all co-thinkers to visit him, and the result was that there were apt to be two or three bright-eyed and long-haired zealots at our house every week. My father was a born lover of ideas, and for about ten years quite gave himself up to the study of new theories; and whoever had a novelty was welcome, no matter, it seems to me now, how near its frontier line

was to the wildest absurdity. "It's hard work to tell which is Old Harry, when everybody's got boots on," as Mrs. Poyser said pithily, and in those days all ideas were equipped and were on the road.

Most of our visitors were vegetarians, and some of them confined themselves exclusively to one variety of food. Mr. — ate rice, and hardly anything else; invariably remarking with an air of exhilaration when he helped himself to the last in the dish, "When I get so I cannot eat rice, I think I shall die." He thrived under this diet, and had the loftiest theories concerning the ultimate possibilities of the human race when they should be brought to his way of thinking. It was, however, enough for him that he individually had satisfactorily reached the solution of the human problem, and he did not force his example upon others. He rose early, and as soon as he left his room took a tumbler, went to the well, and proceeded to drink glass after glass of water until breakfast was ready. "It purifies, it restores, it quickens me," he would remark blandly at intervals to any one who looked on with admiration or terror, as the case might be. Mr. W——, on the other hand, was a fiery zealot in his views, and his life was embittered by the sight of my father's family growing up in opposition to his own theories. "Are we beasts of prey?" he would demand, "that we should eat cooked meat?" (*sic*). He stayed in our house for some weeks, and mounted his hobby, and rode it to such good effect that a sensible diminution was effected in the amount of animal food consumed at our table, and an increase in the way of baked potatoes, milk, etc. Animal food, he declared, destroyed vigor, by burning and otherwise consuming the tissues; it led to

premature old age, loss of hair, teeth, etc. It induced alcoholism; being in itself a dangerous stimulant, it made the human body dependent on something that would excite. It caused restlessness. "Do you wish to see your children nervous, restless, like lions or tigers?" he would ask. Now with a diet of potatoes and milk, the crotcheter declared, there was no possibility of disease entering the frame, and accordingly any one brought up on that diet might, so to speak, live forever, so exactly were the elements of the two combined calculated to restore waste and revive tissue, etc. Another favorite idea of Mr. W——'s was that the brain needed the direct action of the sun's rays, and that, accordingly, every person should sit for at least an hour each day, with his head uncovered, in the sunshine. That he practiced this habit I well remember; for I can recall his rigid, upright figure, in a kitchen chair, established in the middle of the laundry-yard, while with the utmost good humor and decision he insisted that I should take off my head gear and keep him company. Another visitor, not a preacher, but a wild visionary in general, came to our house periodically, and always with some new fancy lodged in his brain. He was a man of much abstruse scientific knowledge, and was always inventing something which never succeeded; but he was a very dirty man, and his hands were at once our wonder and our disgust. On one occasion, when he made his appearance, my father rose to see him, extending his hand in welcome; but the visitor folded both his hands behind him, and said resolutely, "My dear sir, you must excuse me, but I cannot shake hands with you; I shake hands with no one. Too much of what is vital and spiritual essence is lost in this idle dalliance which the world calls 'friendly greeting.'" And we all rejoiced that his vital and spiritual essences were too precious to be wasted, for we did not like the touch of his hands. One vis-

itor, who broached his least idea with a circumstance as if, at last, something of real importance were to be proclaimed to the world, delighted us children by saying upon his taking breakfast with us, "Breakfast is my best meal; it is, I may say, my only meal. When I eat my breakfast, I eat for the day." He seemed to do so, but criticism of such an Homeric appetite was uncalled for, when he had told us he ate but once in the twenty-four hours. He had expected to leave in the morning, but the day turned out rainy, and he remained to dinner. Judge, then, of our amazement when, being helped bountifully for the second time, he remarked in a lazy, absent-minded way, "This is my best meal; it is, I may say, my only meal," etc. We laughed outright, alas, and had to be sent away from the table. Few of these thinkers and enthusiasts had any sense of humor. My father, however, when once driving one of them up the mountain, turned to him and said, "Mr. —, if I take you up to the top I shall insist that you preach me a sermon." "I will," was the reply, "and my text shall be, 'And the devil taketh him up to an exceeding high mountain.'" A constant lady visitor, M—— G——, who spent with us weeks at a time, was intensely interested in anything a little off color in the way of religious creeds. Theodore Hook, who when asked if he was willing to accept the Thirty-Nine Articles blandly replied, "Oh, certainly; forty, if you like," was no circumstance to M—— G——, who would accept any theory or any creed, provided it conflicted with the orthodox views she had renounced. This promiscuous greed for novelty was, however, so much the mark of the period that it merely made her seem eager and hopeful, until, a few years afterwards, it carried her into Bloomer dress, and left her stranded at high tide as a silly woman whose good taste could not be trusted. One evening, at our house, she was conversing with

a well-known lecturer on geology, whom she questioned incessantly.

"How long, Mr. —, do you suppose the world has existed? For an infinite time, I suppose."

"Infinite? Madam, infinite is a long word."

"But your discoveries all show that the accepted chronology is worthless. Don't you suppose it has existed billions and billions, even trillions, of years?"

"I think a billion will do, madam," said the geologist. "Suppose, just to be fixed and definite, we say the world has existed a billion of years."

"But why," said M—— G——, throwing her whole soul into the question,—"why be fixed, why be definite? Why dwarf the illimitable grandeur of scientific revelation for the sake of a feeble consistency with the accepted orthodox scheme of things? Sir," her eyes flashing, "I would not, if I were you, consider a billion of years anything."

In fact, the revolt against dogmatic creeds allowed new beliefs and dogmas which showed a wonderful receptivity on the part of these zealots. When phrenology, magnetism, and spiritualism, one after the other, were embraced, one saw that the person who begins by denying everything strikes an ultimate balance by believing everything.

—In the Grand Chorus of Birds as translated by Mr. Swinburne, the feathered folk, addressing the earth-bound human race, boast, —

"Thus are we as Ammon, or Delphi, unto you, Dodona; nay, Phœbus Apollo;"

moreover, flinging this twittered gibe:—

"And all things ye lay to the charge of a bird that belong to discerning prediction."

To this day, perhaps, the birds have retained a perception of the curious and mystified regard in which they are held by us; and so they amuse themselves now and then by setting us particularly difficult problems in divination. I had

not been instructed in the rudiments of this science, else I should have understood with what purpose a small bird, one day last winter, flew to my window, and clinging to the sash for a full moment peered into the room; by its quick, critical glance seeming to say, "So this is the sort of winter-lodge these human beings keep!" I was loath to accept so barren an interpretation of the bird's action as that its object in flying to the window was merely to secure some cob-webbed speck that promised food. Very lately, also, as the chimney-swifts of the neighborhood were holding their usual evening muster, two of these birds flew into my chamber, hovered for a brief space uttering the short, shrill note characteristic of their kind, then out again, and away to join their comrades of the airy campus. I felt that my chamber had been singularly honored by these birds. Perhaps they had flown in to deliver an invitation, bidding my thoughts to come out and aloft into good company; if so, to have mistaken their kind errantry would have been of a piece with the dull blunder of Rhœcus when he missed the wood-nymph's message. In my augury there was something very auspicious about this visit from the chimney-swifts, but an octogenarian friend to whom I related the incident considered it in a more serious light. Had a bird come to her window—much more had it entered the room—she should have understood that a "warning" had been sent her. "Depend upon it" (these were her words), "*it means something*,"—just what I can't tell now; but wait a spell, and you'll see!" That this cautious old soul has been able to keep her faith in supernatural monitions of this sort is probably owing to her discreet practice of waiting a "spell." It has been observed that several days or even weeks may elapse before she finds the sequel which fits with nice precision the conditions of the portent. Now, as the sequel may pertain to calamity within

her own household or that of a neighbor; to nature's mismanagement of rain, frost and heat forces; or even to disasters of a national character, something is sure to happen to justify her presagement of mischief. Allow her time enough, and she will give you a wholly satisfactory interpretation of any bird that may visit your casement. It is impossible that you will not admire the artless ingenuity of her post-fact prophecies.

— A literary friend of mine, who is a little irritable and subject to attacks of extreme views, has made a rather late discovery of the fine qualities of modern French literature. Accordingly, in order to be well off with the old love before being on with the new, he has taken to reviling the German. How many people, he wants to know, have gone to the study of German because of the alluring tradition that Carlyle was to "find what he wanted there"? And of the number how many have come to make the reflection that if, indeed, he found it he must have taken it all away with him? The trouble is, perhaps, that my friend went to the Germans for imaginative literature. And now he finds their literature essentially unpoetic. Their fiction, he says, is diffuse and tedious. In his worst moments he insists that their poetry is dull. At first attractive, the monotonous canter or jog-trot of its metres becomes wearisome, with the noisy click and clank of their consonant-encumbered rhymes. Moreover, it is always *Blumen* and *Blumen*, and never any particular species of flower; always *Duft* and *Luft*, *Klagen* and *Schlagen*, *Herz* and *Schmerz*, and never any specific variety of sound, or color, or feeling. It is as if only the commonest aspects of nature or life had ever been apprehended, and these few meagre "properties" had been handed on from one poet to another as perpetual heirlooms. This is, no doubt, the exaggerated view of a late convert to another

cultus. Yet it is no wonder that he is charmed with the recent school of French poets. How delicate, how subtle, how opalescent, with all manner of vanishing gleams of beauty, natural and spiritual, seems this poetry, compared with that of their more heavily moulded neighbors! The sonnets of Sully Prudhomme, for example, — it is impossible to translate them; tint and perfume have vanished from the pressed flower. But one is possessed to attempt it, as in the three sonnets offered here: —

SIESTE.

Je passerai l'été dans l'herbe, sur le dos,
La nuque dans les mains, les paupières mi-closes,
Sans mêler un soupir à l'haleine des roses,
Ni troubler le sommeil léger des clairs échos;

Sans peur je livrerai mon sang, ma chair, mes os,
Mon être, au cours de l'heure et des métamorphoses,
Calme, et laissant la foule innombrable des causes
Dans l'ordre universel assurer mon repos;

Sous le pavillon d'or que le soleil déploie,
Mes yeux boiront l'éther, dont l'immuable joie
Filtrera dans mon âme au travers de mes cils,

Et je dirai, songeant aux hommes: "Que font-ils?"
Et le ressouvenir des amours et des haines
Me bercera, pareil au bruit des mers lointaines.

SIESTA.

All summer let me lie along the grass,
Hands under head, and lids that almost close;
Nor mix a sigh with breathings of the rose,
Nor vex light-sleeping echo with "Alas!"

Fearless, I will abandon blood, and limb,
And very soul to the all-changing hours;
In calmness letting the unnumbered powers
Of nature weave my rest into their hymn.

Beneath the sunshine's golden tent uplift
Mine eyes shall watch the upper blue unfurled,
Till its deep joy into my heart shall sift

Through lashes linked; and, dreaming on the world,
Its love and hate, or memories far of these,
Shall lull me like the sound of distant seas.

ÉTHER.

Quand on est sur la terre étendu sans bouger,
Le ciel paraît plus haut, sa splendeur plus sereine;
On aime à voir, au gré d'une insensible haleine,
Dans l'air sublime fuir un nuage léger;

Il est tout ce qu'on veut : la neige d'un verger,
Un archange qui plane, une écharpe qui traîne,
Ou le lait bouillonnant d'une coupe trop pleine;
On le voit différent sans l'avoir vu changer.

Puis un vague lambeau lentement s'en détache,
S'efface, puis un autre, et l'azur luit sans tache,
Plus vif, comme l'acier qu'un souffle avait terni.

Tel change incessamment mon être avec mon âge;
Je ne suis qu'un soupir animant un nuage,
Et je vais disparaître, épars dans l'infini.

THE CLOUD.

Couched on the turf, and lying mute and still,
While the deep heaven lifts higher and more pure,
I love to watch, as if some hidden lure
It followed, one light cloud above the hill.

The flitting film takes many an aspect strange:
An orchard's snow; a far-off, sunlit sail;
A fleck of foam; a seraph's floating veil.
We see it altered, never see it change.

Now a soft shred detaches, fades from sight;
Another comes, melts, and the blue is clear
And clearer, as when breath has dimmed the steel.

Such is my changeful spirit, year by year:
A sigh, the soul of such a cloud, as light
And vanishing, lost in the infinite.

DE LOIN.

Du bonheur qu'ils rêvaient toujours pur et nouveau

Les couples exaucés ne jouissent qu'une heure.
Moins ému leur baiser ne sourit ni ne pleure;
Le nid de leur tendresse endevient le tombeau

Puisque l'œil assouvi se fatigue du beau,
Que la lèvre en jurant un long culte se leurre,
Que des printemps d'amour le lis dès qu'on
l'effleure,

Où vont les autres lis va lambeau par lambeau,

J'accepte le tourment de vivre éloigné d'elle.
Mon hommage muet, mais aussi plus fidèle,
D'aucune lassitude en mon cœur n'est puni;

Posant sur sa beauté mon respect comme un voile
Je l'aime sans désir, comme on aime une étoile,
Avec le sentiment qu'elle est à l'infini.

IN SEPARATION.

The bliss that happy lovers dream will bloom
Forever new shall scarce outlast the year:
Their calmer kisses wake nor smile nor tear;
Love's nesting-place already is its tomb.

Since sated eyes grow weary of their prey,
And constant vows their own best hopes betray,
And love's June lily, marred but by a breath,
Falls where the other lilies lie in death,

Therefore the doom of land and sea that bar
My life from hers I do accept. At least
No passion will rise jaded from the feast,

My pure respect no passing fires can stain;
So without hope I love her, without pain,
Without desire, as one might love a star.

—It appears that the admirers of Balzac are not few in America, and I take it for granted that most of them have read Mr. Edgar Saltus's charming little book, in which the great novelist and coffee-drinker is so cleverly sketched. Cleverly sketched, I say, but I must hasten to add that Mr. Saltus gives us something better than mere cleverness in his study. True enthusiasm is always infectious, and it is also a prime ingredient of genius; moreover, along with this enthusiasm, when our receptivity has been well fortified by a generous foretaste, there comes a faith in the genuineness of what is offered us. There is a zestful Franco-American flavor to Mr. Saltus's style, and a peculiar, albeit at times rather elusive, freshness in his suggestions. Balzac is no babe to handle. One who comes upon him for the first time recoils from his mere bulk, as from an elephant; and the longer one studies him the huger he appears. Mr. Saltus is sincere, and well aware of the difficulties in his task, but, like David with the chosen stone in his sling, he goes to the venture enthusiastically and confidently. The result is something well worth careful reading. It condenses, to a degree, the chaotic profusion of the great Frenchman's creations, and offers us something like a strong impressionistic sketch of a genius at once the greatest in some respects, and the most provokingly unsatisfactory in all respects, given to modern times. Upon reading Mr. Saltus's book I asked myself the question, What would a Balzac do in America? Where would he make his literary lair? How would he go about collecting the materials for his American *Comédie Humaine*? How, in some dingy Boston or New York loft,

with his old wrap around him, would he so brew his coffee as to draw from it the Contes Drolatiques of neologistic Young America? What street would be the Rue Lesdiguières, out of whose cobwebbed garret should issue the strange stream whose current, blended of all the constants, the variables, and the increments of American life, would break down every barrier, and flood the whole field of fiction? We have long been talking about the great American novel. Balzac's colossal idea, the *Comédie Humaine*, would have been, could he have reduced it to shape, the great French novel; but, on the same scale, what would the American *comédie* be, and what man has the nerve to undertake to write it? Novelists of to-day think they are treading in Balzac's tracks when they spin their slender story and draw it through a hundred eyelets of analysis, but they are as widely erring as are the linnnet-voiced poets who fancy they resemble Shakespeare! A novelist of Balzac's breadth, depth, strength, and fearlessness, if he should suddenly appear in America, would be at once a joy and a terror; for he would run the gamut of our social, religious, commercial, and political sins and virtues, with a voice whose volume would be overwhelming, and whose compass would not be strained by the furthest extremities of exertion.

Théophile Gautier, in his brilliant preface to the *Fleurs du Mal* of Charles Baudelaire, gives a curiously forcible suggestion of Balzac's nerve power. At one of the meetings of *le club des haschichins* the members attempted to prevail on Balzac to taste the *dawamesk*. Says Gautier, "In returning the spoonful of dawamesk (hasheesh) offered him, Balzac said that the experiment was not worth while, and that the hasheesh, he was quite sure, would have no effect on his brain. It was, perhaps, possible that this powerful brain, where reason sat enthroned, fortified by study, satura-

ted with the subtle aroma of Mocha, — a brain that three bottles of the best wine of Vouvray could not in the least becloud, — would have been capable of resisting the fleeting intoxication of Indian hemp."

We know with how many grains of salt we are permitted to take M. Gautier's praise of his contemporaries when he gets it pitched in a high key, but there must have been a gigantesque personality to call forth all that has been written of Balzac. Born at Tours, he drifted into Parisian life by the same channel that has since known so many provincial waifs, and found his way to novel-writing by the hardest and meanest turns. His methods were not those of M. Alphonse Daudet and the present realistic school of Parisian fiction-writers; yet, notwithstanding his prolixity, his coarse sensuality, and his singular liking for hideously abandoned people, one cannot help regretting that some of his masterly strength and virility has not descended to the novelists of to-day. I have often thought that a careful study of Balzac, not to imitate him, but to profit by his courage, his faithfulness, and his respect for details, would turn our younger novelists into a more desirable field with a wider horizon before them. Analysis is a great thing, but there is a very appreciable difference between the analysis that involves a deep and broad human interest and that which keeps us quibbling over what I should like to call psychal infinitesimals. It may be, however, that, after all, too much study of Balzac has led certain of our American analysts into the extremes of that hair-splitting dissection of motives of which we are all quite tired. I can readily see how this might be the case. A thorough-going admirer easily becomes an imitator, and an imitator, as a rule, gathers to himself, with provoking care, all the faults and but few of the excellences of his model. Conceding the fact that Balzac is the model,

and admitting that certain American novelists are the imitators, why should we wonder that we are called upon by the latter to hold our breath while they cover a dozen pages with a description

of the mental process by which an impecunious foreign nobleman screws his courage up to the point of proposing marriage to a "vulgar American heir-ess, you know!"

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Literature. A very pretty edition of Walton's *The Complete Angler* is published by T. Y. Crowell. It is noted as from the fourth London edition, and is the well-known Major's edition. The page and type are good; the woodcuts are apparently reproductions of somewhat worn plates, but they are printed with care, and in its neat binding the book is very acceptable. — A complete edition of George Eliot's poems (Crowell) is accompanied by a number of fair full-page pictures, and preceded by an essay from the *Contemporary Review* written by the English critic who signs himself Matthew Browne. Besides the Spanish Gypsy, *The Legend of Jubal*, *Agatha*, *Armgarth*, and *How Lisa Loved the King*, there are but ten minor poems. The binding is rather tasteless. — *The Home in Poetry*, compiled by Laura C. Holmway (Funk & Wagnalls), is a collection of domestic poems of greater or less notoriety. The English and American muse always was a house-keeper. There is no special judgment shown in the compilation. Every one must make from it his own selection. — *Red-Letter Poems by English Men and Women* (Crowell) is another selection, ranging from Chaucer to the Miss Robinson who alternates names and initials. The attempt is made simply to register the verdict already passed by multitudes of readers and many compilers. It seems to us unwise, however, to give selections from short poems. The weakness of the editor's taste appears when it is exercised on contemporary verse. — *Selections from the Poetical Works of A. C. Swinburne*, edited by R. H. Stoddard (Crowell), consist of *Atalanta in Calydon*, *Erechtheus*, *Chastelard*, *Bothwell*, *Mary Stuart*, and the least erotic of Poems and Ballads, together with a score of sonnets. The selection is abundant enough to stand as a complete edition of Swinburne, with those poems omitted which the judicious parent would skip if reading aloud. — *Stray Leaves from Strange Literature* is a collection of stories chiefly from oriental sources, retold by Lafcadio Hearn. (Osgood.) Mr. Hearn has selected those subjects which trench on the marvelous, and is himself evidently in love with the fantastic and bizarre. He has relied upon translators, but has touched his material with his own art. — *Wit, Wisdom, and Philosophy of Jean Paul Richter*, edited by Giles P. Hawley (Funk & Wagnalls) is prefaced by extracts from Carlyle's essay and

Longfellow's *Hyperion*. The editor has classified his extracts, and Richter stands excerpting so well that one may take the book up with confidence. — Henry James's *A Little Tour in France* (Osgood & Co.) is a volume that requires no introduction to readers of this magazine, in whose pages the contents were originally printed under the title of *En Province*. These delightful sketches of travel are of a kind that bears reprinting. — The author of *John Halifax, Gentleman* tells the quaint, domestic tale of Miss Tommy; a little overcharged, possibly, with sentiment, but with so substantial a foundation of fact that one submits cheerfully to the draft on one's emotion. With the story is the little sketch *In a House-Boat*, which makes one wish to read over again *Rudder Grange*. (Harpers.) — *The Adventures of a Widow*, by Edgar Fawcett (Osgood), is a social novel. We wonder sometimes if it is because people are becoming used to the style that they do not stare when they come across such a sentence as this: "Mrs. Poughkeepsie rose. It always meant something when this lady rose. It meant a flutter of raiment, a deliberation of readjustment, a kind of superb massive dislocation." Our modern novels are getting to be too heavily weighted with stuff like this. — *The House on the Marsh* (Appleton) is a damp, gruesome sort of story, told with an unwholesome power. — *An-nouchka*, a tale by Turgenev, is translated by Franklin Abbott from the French of the author's own translation (Cupples, Upham & Co.). Mr. Abbott's version strikes us as very good, — at least it is good English. — *The King's Men*, a tale of to-morrow (Scribners), is the joint production of four gentlemen, who cast a fictitious horoscope for Great Britain. — *The Story of a Country Town*, by E. W. Howe (Osgood), is a novel, reprinted from its first form in a Kansas publication, which has justly attracted attention. It is worth while to put up with the author's melodrama and his ineffectual close, to discover the delicious cynicism of Lytle Biggs and the strong portrait of Rev. John Westlock. — In the *Transatlantic Series* (Putnams), *The World we Live In*, by Oswald Crawford, will satisfy those who like to see a stage villain choked in a spectacular fashion at the end of a melodramatic story. Mr. Crawford's world is a watering-place sort of a world. Nobody in it does anything for a living.

— *Ten Years a Police Court Judge*, by Judge Wiglittle, of a country circuit (Funk & Wagnalls), has the form of fiction, but professes also to record the experience of a New England justice. The book has much to interest one, but it reads as if too close contact with petty crime had rendered Judge Wiglittle a trifle careless about his own manners in literature. — '49, the Gold-Seeker of the Sierras, by Joaquin Miller. (Funk & Wagnalls.) Mr. Miller succeeds in casting such an air of unreality over his story that we have great doubts whether it will be placed in the archives at Washington as a veracious chronicle of California. — Recent numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Series are *Curiosities of the Search-Room*, a collection of serious and whimsical wills, which is rather material for fiction, than fiction, and *Smedley's well-known novel of Frank Fairleigh*.

Current Poetry. Songs and Lyrics, by George Ambrose Dennison (Putnams), is an agreeable little volume in its outward form; the verse is that of a man who has an admiration for poetry abstractly considered, and deals chiefly with the elemental sources of inspiration, — the sea, the night, the pine-tree, the stars. The result is an impression of sincerity, though not of singular power or insight. — Verses, by Herbert Wolcott Bowen (Cupples, Upham & Co.), have the merit of simplicity, but it is simplicity which is not always to be distinguished from commonplace. — *Lays from Over Sea*, by William H. Babcock (W. Stewart & Co., London), is principally occupied with three narrative poems or ballads and two or three sonnets. There is a certain freedom of movement, but no singular art. — *Alexander the Priest* is a libretto for an opera, by William A. Swank (Randolph & English, Richmond, Va.) — *Seven Hundred Album Verses*, compiled by J. S. Ogilvie (J. S. Ogilvie & Co., New York), is for the benefit of people who are asked to write in albums. "Great care," the author says, "has been taken to procure as many original pieces as possible." That will be convenient, for the persons who ask one to write in albums always prefer original pieces. — *A California Pilgrimage*, by one of the Pilgrims (S. Carson & Co., San Francisco), is a series of rhymed lines which turn out to be crippled Alexandrines. They cover a number of visits to various missions, and have some interest as descriptions, but one cannot help thinking that sturdy, walking prose would have answered the author's purpose better. — *The Confessions of Hermes and Other Poems* (David McKay, Philadelphia) bears upon its title-page the name of Paul Hermes as author. There is a frankness and thoughtfulness in the longest poem — which is in the nature of a spiritual autobiography — quite sure to carry to its conclusion any reader who is persuaded into beginning it. It will not be found a complete interpretation of the mystery of life, — Hermes suggests hermetical as well as hermeneutics, — but it puts well some searching questions. Several of the shorter poems have melody in them, but it is clear that the poet has not escaped from the mesh of speculation. He does not yet sing outside of his cage. — *Katie*, by

Henry Timrod (E. J. Hale Son, New York), is a graceful little poem, with passable illustrations. One cannot read it without regret that a poet so simple and honest as Timrod should not be living to share in the literary spirit of his section, and to give the example of his reserve and good taste to verse-writers in general.

History and Politics. *Universal History*, the Oldest Historical Group of Nations and the Greeks, by Leopold von Ranke; edited by G. W. Prothero. (Harpers.) Mr. Prothero claims for the work that no similar attempt has been made to present a connected view of universal history in the English language. If completed, the work will occupy six or seven volumes more, the author's intention being to bring the subject to date. "A collection of national histories," says Von Ranke, "whether on a larger or a smaller scale, is not what we mean by universal history, for in such a work the general connection of things is liable to be obscured. To recognize this connection, to trace the sequence of those great events which link all nations together and control their destinies, is the task which the science of universal history undertakes." — *Speeches, Arguments, and Miscellaneous Papers of David Dudley Field*, edited by A. P. Sprague. (Appleton.) The contents extend over a period from 1839 to 1884, and embraces chiefly legal, international, and political subjects. — *The Discoveries of America to the year 1525*, by Arthur James Weise. (Putnams.) Mr. Weise has given the reader who knows how to use his book much convenient material.

Biography. *Life and Public Services of Grover Cleveland*, by Pendleton King (Putnams), has the merit that it confines itself to the actual public life of the Democratic candidate, and supplies the reader with the evidence, drawn from Mr. Cleveland's own words and acts, for a confidence in him. The writer rarely intrudes his own opinions.

Books for Young People. *Little Arthur's History of England*, by Lady Callcott (Crowell), is, we believe, a popular book in England. It is adapted to young noblemen and gentlemen, but the writer, who deals chiefly with persons in her history, and very little with laws and institutions, tries hard to be fair in her treatment of those whom she instinctively dislikes. — *Captain Phil, a Boy's Experience in the Western Army during the War of the Rebellion*, by M. M. Thomas (Holt); a tale in which the incidents of the war are real, the author using but little invention, apparently. The style is one of earnestness, and there is a fervor of patriotism which ought to take boys captive. It is adapted to the country north of Mason and Dixon's line. — *The Voyage of the Vivian to the North Pole and Beyond*, by Thomas W. Knox (Harpers), is an ingenious narrative based upon the voyages of Arctic travelers, and carrying a ship into the problematical open Polar Sea. Mr. Knox helps himself judiciously to the works of travelers, and while he has not much freedom of style his material is so good that boys, with their cast-iron digestive powers, will have no difficulty in bolting the book.

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IN WAR TIME.

XXIII.

Soon there fell upon the house the quiet with which we surround those who have no longer the power to hear, and the servants went and came with the want of naturalness which death inevitably brings to all who are not simply crushed by grief. Arthur, too deeply hurt to be of any use, sent for Mr. Wilmington, and had a curious wonderment because the old man, who was much attached to Edward, did not seem to be more shocked and more visibly distressed. Arthur was too young to have learned that age rarely retains life's primal capacity to grieve, and that for it a young life cut short does not awaken the same sense of premature wreck as it does in the young themselves. Age is too near eternity to value justly human hopes. Yet the elder man's calm was of service to Arthur, and steadied him; and then, too, the following day Hester came over with Ann Wendell to see him.

Wendell had felt that it was wise to stay as long as possible at the Mortons', so that it was near dusk before he reached home.

Ann was comfortably seated in a rocking-chair, her work on her lap, the shadows of evening having for a time suspended her task. She was singing one of the old Puritan hymn tunes with

which she was wont to enliven her labor or gratify her leisure. Wendell stood still a moment at the door.

"Ah! Is that you, Ezra?" she said. "How late you are! You are getting very unpunctual. Your tea must be stone cold."

Her quiet little criticism — she smiled as she spoke — exasperated him.

"You, at least, seem very comfortable!" he exclaimed, in a tone so hard and unnatural that his sister rose instantly, facing him. Then, even in the failing light, Ann saw that in his face which shocked her.

"What has happened? Something has gone wrong. What is it?"

He hesitated a moment before saying, "You won't be so comfortable when I tell you." He recalled with an approach to fury that it was the haste caused by Ann's obstinate folly that had been the true cause of the disaster which had befallen him.

"Why do you speak so to me, brother?" she said. "There is nothing wrong with you, is there?"

"No; but Edward Morton died suddenly, this afternoon."

"How dreadful, Ezra! I have long believed it could not be far off; but death is always near, and always far off. What can I do for them? Don't you think I should go over there at once?"

"No one will want you," he answered

abruptly. "Edward was in great pain when I got there, and your letter did not make things any better."

"You cannot mean that what I did hurt him! How could it do that? How could I have hurt any one I loved so well? And it had to be done,—it had to be done."

"Yes, and so have all stupid follies, I suppose."

"Ezra!"

"Oh, I don't mean it killed him, but it did make him worse. How could it do otherwise?"

"Will you tell me how the boy died, brother?" She spoke quietly and softly.

"I can't," he said. "I — Don't ask me any more about it yet. I was never in my life so upset by anything."

"Very well. Don't say any more now. We will talk of it another time. But why did Mrs. Morton trouble the sick lad with my letter? Surely that was needless."

"She was so angry, Ann, that I think she lost her head. She broke out about it before both the boys. A nice business you have made of it! I call it wicked."

Ann's eyes filled; if ever tears were bitter, hers were bitter then. Her incessant sacrifices for her brother had been too purely instinctive to be counted by her as of any weight in their mutual relations. Secure of his affection, she asked no more return for the gentle offices of life than the mother-bird asks of her young; but that any one she loved should think she would deliberately do a wrong action disturbed her deeply.

"What we think right," she said, "is all the right we can do. The issues are in other hands. Please not to say I am wicked, Ezra; but you did not say that, did you, — not that, exactly?"

"I do not know what I said. I trust that you were not fool enough to talk to Mr. Gray. In future I hope you will consult me about things which concern me more than any one else."

"I will do as you say, brother, as to anything in which my conscience is not concerned."

"Conscience! I am tired of hearing of it. Did you see Mr. Gray?"

"I did not. He failed to come, as he said he would. He was delayed, and has sent a letter for you."

Wendell took it from her. "When he does come, Ann, you must not speak to him at all about this matter. I shall attend to it myself."

"Oh," said Ann, shocked into unusual subjugation, "if you will do so, I shall be much relieved, Ezra. You are certainly the proper person; but you did not appear to think it quite so important as it seemed to me."

"Very well," he returned, "we shall see;" but he made no such pledge as Ann desired.

"Has Mr. Morton been heard from?" she asked. "Somehow I cannot feel at ease about it. I just seem to be putting aside a duty. And this awful death! It seems to bring one's duties closer, Ezra."

"Perhaps," rejoined Wendell, "it may comfort you to know that Colonel Morton has been heard from, and that he says it is simply absurd; so I trust we have now heard the last of it, Ann. It has made mischief enough to satisfy any woman."

Her brother's positiveness confused her. She was not clear as to being in any way responsible, and concluded that Ezra's outbreak was due partly to his grief, and partly to the irritability of a man not quite well, and now worn out by the strain the day's events had put upon him. She had the maternal feeling that unusual peevishness must be due to some distinct failure in health.

"You must be sick, brother," she said gently. "You never have talked to me this way before!"

It was not in Wendell to like to wound, and he was made uncomfortable by his sister's increasing distress; but we

cannot strike and not hurt our own knuckles.

"I am perfectly wretched," he returned. "This death has been too much for me. You must forgive me, sister."

"Don't ask me to forgive you, brother. It hurts me to think that you feel I have anything to forgive. You will go and lie down, won't you? I will not mention that business any more."

"Thank you," he said, and went upstairs.

Once in his room he threw himself on the bed, and with his hands clasped behind his head lay still and thought.

He was annoyed that he could not steadily control his own logical processes. He tried to feel clear that he was not entirely to blame for Edward's death, and then essayed with some ease to persuade himself that Arthur was the person most blamable, and yet that even if he himself had been hasty or careless he was bound to protect Arthur, and that to speak frankly would never so entirely clear Arthur as to be of any use. Still, no sooner had he seemingly satisfied himself than thoughts which rose unsummoned, like ghosts, startled him, and filled his mind with new and horrible suggestions of future risks and dangers. Vivid and terrible images of the fatal moment of haste came before him, and with a memory of his physical recoil he saw again the dead, and his own hand stretched out to close the open eyes. It was growing dark. He rose and lit the gas. As he crossed the room he remembered the Middle-Age belief that the blood would flow anew when the slayer touched the dead slain. There was a grotesque horror in the idea that in a man who had been poisoned this could not be. He sat down, with his face in his hands, and gave way to a strange sense of mental confusion, a valueless jostling of incongruous thoughts and memories and fears, which seemed to come and go on the stage of consciousness, until at last the

giddiness which sometimes follows great emotional tension made him stagger to the bed, on which he fell heavily.

Then happening to see Mr. Gray's letter, which had dropped on the floor, and being a little eased by the supine position, the physical distress of his vertigo having for the time cleared his head of its thronging and uncontrollable phantoms, he opened the envelope. It contained a kind note, in which Mr. Gray desired the doctor to tell Hester that, if pleasant for her, he wished her in a week or two to go with him to Baltimore, and further south if the state of the country made that possible. He repeated his thanks to Miss Wendell and her brother, and said that even if Hester wished to return to them for a time, he would like now to take charge of the sum placed in Wendell's hands. He hoped, however, that Dr. Wendell would not feel unwilling to retain a thousand dollars, as he had before asked him to do, and also would kindly render him a full account of the extent to which money had been expended for Hester's board and dress. He desired that the nine thousand dollars might be remitted to him in New York by draft as soon as convenient.

This added blow fell with but little weight on Wendell. Capacity to feel anxiety has its limits in mysterious failures of response in the brain cells, and convulsive explosions of emotional torment make impossible for a time the normal activities which an intellectual conception of a difficulty or trouble should awaken. He had a certain obscure sense that this matter had been provided for, until suddenly he remembered that this idea was due to Edward's promise to lend him money. A more commercially minded man would very early have presented to himself this as one, at least, of the embarrassments which arose out of this calamity, but Wendell was not prone to think even enough of money. To do him justice,

through all his fears, and efforts at self-vindication, there was forever coming and going a remembrance of how dear to him had been the young man who was dead, how noble he had been, how tender and true a friend. Recalling Edward's self-sacrificing character, he even tried to find in this an excuse for his own concealment, not for the moment setting before himself the conception that in hiding the truth he was allowing an innocent person to bear his guilt, even if only in the minds of Mrs. Morton and Mrs. Westerley.

"And really," he said to himself, "a brother should have been the most careful;" and he thus confused himself at moments into a state of rest of mind. Many people are helped at such times by their incapacity to think clearly, and at all times Wendell, who was admirably veneered with intelligence, was incapable of attaining in any of his logical processes the definiteness of results which is reached by more thoroughly trained intellects.

By degrees, this matter of the money he was unable to return to its owner began to relate itself painfully to Alice Westerley. Too well he knew what sentence he might have to read in those eyes, whose light would be to him as the sheen on the blade of the angel of judgment. For the time the nearness of this peril routed all other terrors, and he sat on the bedside holding the letter and thinking the vain thoughts of a man without resource. At last he felt again the dizziness which is so apt, upon concentration of mental effort, to return to a brain recently overstrained by either work or emotion. Then he began to fear lest some horrible physical incapacity should come upon him, and paralyze his activity. Stuffing the letter into his pocket, he opened the door and called, "Ann! Bring me some whisky." He took a half tumblerful, and quieting her fears said that he would undress and go to bed. Then he locked

the door, and still confused threw himself dressed on the bed, and was soon in a deep sleep, brought on by the unaccustomed stimulus.

The next morning his head ached, and he went back to bed, asking Ann to request a friendly physician near by to see for him such of his cases as needed care. She wrote also to Mrs. Morton that, overcome by the events of the day before, he had remained at home, suffering from a severe headache.

He was glad, indeed, when Ann herself suggested this course to him, and felt it an inconceivable relief not so soon again to have to enact his part before Mrs. Morton, and possibly Alice. From the former there came kind inquiries, and later in the day, with a basket of hothouse grapes, a note from Alice Westerley. It was simply a loving little remembrance in words, with of course no allusion to the scene through which they had so lately passed.

Towards evening a servant came over to ask Dr. Wendell for the usual formal attestation of a death. We have said that he had looked forward to this act with dread. He remembered too well the day when he had failed to meet a professional obligation brought on him by the unlooked-for chances of war. It had been known to few, and not to Ann, but he had bitterly regretted his weakness, and had only by degrees succeeded in putting it aside from his life; and now again he was to sin against the moral code of his profession. The need was too urgent to admit of long reflection. He wrote with haste the name and age, gave as the cause of death paralysis of the heart, and signed his name. After putting the paper in an envelope, he took it out and looked at it again, wondering whether his signature had in it any of the peculiar feelings with which he wrote it.

The next morning, early, he received a note from Mrs. Morton, asking him to call as soon as he was able, and contain-

ing other matter of so grave a nature that he hastened to write a reply, at the close of which he excused his prolonged absence on the plea of continued suffering.

The constant petty need for self-command which becomes part of the social training of women like Mrs. Morton is apt to make effectual those larger efforts which are now and then demanded by some grave exigency. But supplementing this, Mrs. Morton had one of those natures which are steadied by great emergencies, and sometimes unduly excited by small ones. In the presence of her dead son, she broke into the passionate grief of sorely wounded motherhood; but away from this dreary reminder, she shocked or surprised all her friends, save Alice, by a calmness and self-control to the mystery of which they had no clue. Three days after her son's death she said to Alice Westerley, "I have been unwilling to talk to you, or to any one; but now I have made up my mind, and I want to say some things to you, and then I desire never again to speak of them or hear of them."

Alice had dreaded this talk, but on the whole was not sorry to have it over. She too had something which she felt must be said.

"I think," she answered, "you are very right, Helen. I have not ceased to feel how hard it is for you that a thing as sacred and sweet as the ending of this dear life should come to you surrounded with such awful bitterness of suffering and such unusual trials. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, there is nothing. You understand me; that is something you have done for me. Beyond it there is nothing, — nothing! When once this talk is over, we will let its remembrance be as a thing that is dead and buried with my boy; but now there are things I must say, — I cannot live alone with them."

"And what, dear Helen?"

"Have you thought, Alice, that Arthur, whose carelessness cost my Edward's life, is his sole heir? That he ignorantly profits by it? That his way to an easy, happy marriage is smoothed by this deed?"

"Oh, Helen, don't talk of a pure accident as 'this deed'! It sounds too much like speaking of a voluntary act."

"I spoke as a malicious world might speak. What would such a story become with the comments of Mrs. Grace or a half dozen others we can name? What would happen to my son if such a whisper reached him? He would say, 'I cannot touch this money;' and then this feeling would be called remorse. Oh, I have tasted this cup in all its bitterness, Alice!"

"But he never can hear. He never will hear, unless you betray yourself. I trust he has not the faintest idea of his share in it, poor lad!"

"Not the least, Alice. He has seen the doctor's certificate, and you yourself heard what Dr. Wendell said to him. No; I do believe he has not the very faintest suspicion. Indeed, how could he? But I shudder lest something should turn up to make him inquire further. Suppose I were ill, or dying, and were to let slip some word of terror; and never, never, will this be out of my mind! Oh, I shudder to think of it! Even the most unlikely possibilities become probable to me, and it seems to me that there is no precaution I can take which would be needless. And you, — can you always be sure of yourself? And there is Dr. Wendell. The very ease with which he accepted the situation alarmed me. It seemed like weakness."

"Indeed, my friend," returned Alice, "you are making yourself uneasy without just cause. Like you, I too have thought over all this sad affair. To tell you the truth, I think we were all wrong: you and I, who were swept away by our love, and Dr. Wendell, who nobly accepted a compromising position to

shelter one who is not of his kindred. You and I may lie, and believe that he who knows all things and the secrets of all hearts will forgive us; but, Helen, whether you — whether you had a right to permit a man in Dr. Wendell's place to protect your son at the cost of his own honor — is — I think — you won't mind what I say? — I think it wrong."

Mrs. Morton reflected a moment. "I did not ask him to do it," she said.

"No, but you accepted the sacrifice, and you thanked him."

"And could I have been human and not have done so? Put yourself in my place. If Arthur had been your son, what would you have done?"

"I cannot say, Helen. No one can put herself in another's place. And yet — and yet I cannot think you were right; and, dear, to blame you even in thought at a time like this seems to me cruel."

"I must say, Alice, that you appear to think more of Dr. Wendell than of me."

"I think of you both. He has not in this matter the stake you have, and for him it must be inconceivably painful. And yet I confess that I see now no escape. It might have been better to have faced the truth openly at first, and taken the consequences, — better, dear, even for Arthur."

"You cannot expect me, at least, to think so. But now, Alice, that things have gone so far, what course except silence is left us and him? I mean, what in your judgment? Mine has never varied. I shall defend my boy at all costs, — at any one's cost."

"I see no other course," Alice sadly replied. "We have been wrong, and — now we must abide by it," and silently she thought of Wendell.

"Why," questioned Mrs. Morton, — "why do you suppose Dr. Wendell has not been here? I sent for him."

"But you told me that Miss Ann said he was sick"

"Yes, and he has written me himself to the same effect, but he must know how intensely desirous I am to see him. She says it is a headache. A headache!"

"Oh, I suppose that is a mere excuse. Cannot you imagine that a man may have been shaken by what he went through? And he is a very sensitive man, Helen."

"I know all that, but I think he should have come. I want to feel more sure about him."

"And you distrust him after what he has done for you?"

"I — I distrust every one, — him, you, myself, Arthur, every one! I must feel more certain, or it will kill me!"

"But how can you feel more certain?"

"I don't know — yet, but I must. I do not like this delay in coming here."

"It seems to me natural enough."

Mrs. Morton was silent for a moment, and then said, —

"Did I tell you what my poor Edward said to me about Dr. Wendell being a good deal in debt?"

"No, but it does not surprise me. He must have had many expenses; and there was Hester."

"Edward wished to put him at ease, and had not enough money on hand, so he asked me to lend him a thousand dollars for a few days."

"And did you?"

"I said I would. I did not think Edward was right, but you know, dear, I never refused that boy anything."

"And why do you speak of this now?" queried Alice, who was all alive with a terrible anticipation. She understood Helen Morton well, and knew that she was at times determined to carry her plans at any cost, and that in a difficulty, such as the one before her, no considerations were likely to arise except how to meet it.

Her friend's manner was full of suspicion for Mrs. Morton.

"I thought," she explained, "I would fulfill Edward's wishes, and I sent Dr. Wendell the amount Edward mentioned as desirable."

"How much?" asked Alice, faintly.

"Five thousand dollars, — a check, dear."

"You sent him five thousand dollars!"

"Yes. It would have been my boy's wish."

"My God, how horrible!" exclaimed Alice.

"Horrible! What do you mean, Alice!" demanded Mrs. Morton, sternly.

"I mean," said Alice, "that you did not do this as a gift from our dead Edward. You gave it as a bribe to silence! That is why you gave it. And how could you do it? A man does a wrong thing from noble motives, and because you never liked him you insult him with an offer of money, and this when you knew him to be in difficulties! And the folly of it, — the folly of it!" Alice rose and walked to and fro, agitated and angry.

"You told me that you could not put yourself in my place," said Mrs. Morton, "and now I am sure of it. I dare not trust any one, and I must make myself certain."

"And does this make you certain? It makes you insecure, if that were possible. Do you suppose a gentleman — do you suppose a man like Wendell will let you smirch his motives with even the semblance of a bribe?" She recalled Wendell's sad and refined face, and saw, as it were, the scorn of his lips. "He will send it back to you," she affirmed, "and you will have hurt a fast friend, or even made an enemy. I should hate you were I he."

Helen looked the surprise she felt. "Read that," she said.

Alice took the open note and reading it, life grew black before her. Its sweetness went out of it, and belief in man, and trust in God. It was this: —

"Dear Mrs. Morton, your kind note, with its inclosure, fulfilling my dear friend's wishes as expressed to me, has touched me deeply. I hasten to thank you, and to say how great a relief it is to me. I can never forget the terms in which you speak of my services to him, and I thank you again, both for the act and the words which accompany it. You do not speak of it as a loan, but as that I must of course consider it. I shall, I think, be able to see you to-morrow or the day after. I must ask, as I am sensitive about such matters, that you will not mention this to Arthur or to Mrs. Westerley."

"Not mention this to Mrs. Westerley?" said Alice, standing with the note in her hand.

"Of course," returned Mrs. Morton, "that was a matter for my discretion. You had to know it, as you know all the rest of it."

Alice felt that she must get out into the air. The paper fell on the floor as she spoke in broken tones: "Oh, he said well who said there is no wrong which has not a child! You have done a wicked thing. Don't talk to me any more now. I cannot bear it! May God forgive you, — I never can! Let me go, — let me go! Life is over, — life is dead."

"Alice, — Alice!" exclaimed Mrs. Morton, alarmed. "I could not have dreamed of this! Don't go!"

"I must, — I must! Don't stop me! I shall die! I shall fall dead if I stay here! Room, room!" she cried, wildly. "Let me pass! Let me go!" and with a face that scared her friend she left the room, and presently was moving swiftly across the lawn. Walking with a fierce energy which represented in physical action the agony of restrained emotion, she passed through the lanes. It was the close of June, and the air was warm even in the afternoon, so that in her own house the long windows were open to the floor. Alice was glad of it, as it enabled her to enter unnoticed.

She caught at the nearest chair, sat down at once, and a minute later was aware of Hester at her side.

"Oh," said the girl, "I am glad to have found you. How are they all?"

But hearing no answer, she came close to the chair. Alice was shaking, unable to speak. Hester turned in alarm to call for help, when Alice said explosively, "Don't — ring!" Hester was quick-witted, and her life in a doctor's house had not left her quite ignorant. She knew at once that this was an attack of nervous agitation, and that Alice was unwilling to have it seen. She closed the door, and kneeling without a word held Alice's hands steadily in hers, while the elder woman set herself with great effort to overcome the physical agitation which now possessed her. She was suffering from one of those wild insurrections which seem to be the natural result of the social laws which so continually crush into expressionless silence the normal outbursts of our passions or emotions. By and by Alice grew more quiet, and at last her tremor ceased, and she fell back with a sigh of relief.

"You are better," said Hester; "but shall I not run home and ask Dr. Wendell to come? He is not out, you know, to-day, but I am sure he would come at once if he knew you were ill."

"No," replied Alice, "I want no one; and you will never tell any one of this. I have had a great shock, Hester, and it has nearly killed me."

Hester of course presumed that it was Edward's death of which she spoke. "I can well imagine it," she returned.

"No, you cannot, child, any more than you can imagine death. But now I want to be alone; so please go home, and let this be as between us two. You behaved quietly, — I like that; and kiss me, dear."

Somewhat reluctantly Hester went away wondering, leaving Alice Westerley to the sad company of her own

thoughts. Like Wendell, the woman he loved had also to face a future. As her physical control returned, she began to find it possible to think. She knew that by degrees she had gathered interest in Wendell, and that a part of it arose from her power to lift him out of his moods, and to sympathize with his theoretical ambitions. He had said that others had not that ability, and the attribution of exceptional capacity is a subtle flattery. Then he was gentle, sad, and with all his intellect, which Alice rated too highly, he had much of that strange dependence on women which some much larger characters have exhibited. She knew that she had had full warning as to where the path she trod would lead, but each step was pleasant, and the steps unconsciously multiplied, until when Colonel Fox spoke return was impossible. Her lover had now done that thing which more than justified Colonel Fox and all that the malicious-minded had whispered.

A great writer has said that in all women's love there is a maternal element. It rose at times wildly in Alice's breast, making her yearn to help and protect Wendell, and for the moment utterly blinding her to the depth of infamy to which he had descended. This, indeed, was to her most strange. How could a learned, scholar-like man, of gentle ways and refined tastes, suddenly fall so far! She shuddered. There must have been events in his life of which she knew not, — horrible preparations for this final degradation. Then also there was something blundering and stupid about it all, — about his note, and his mode of acceptance, and his reference to Alice. And why did he not come to her, if he was in such sore straits? "And if he had, — oh, if he had," — she exclaimed aloud, "I should have married him; and then — and then — some day I should have come to know that he could do such things as this!"

— And here it struck her that she was

ingeniously torturing herself. "I must decide," she said.

In fact, from the instant that she read Wendell's note to Mrs. Morton she had made up her mind; nay, all the habits and sentiments of a life of truth and purity and honor made it up for her. When seeming to hesitate she was only cheating love's sweet patience with the semblance of indecision.

How the next twenty-four hours were passed Alice Westerley could hardly have told a year or two later. Great moral catastrophes, like physical shocks, disturb or even obliterate in some minds the memory of the lesser events which follow them. It may be added that she was suffering less acutely. For the mind, as for the body, the tiger claws of calamity bring about for a time a certain amount of incapacity to feel further anguish, and leave us crushed, inert, and hopeless.

The day after her talk with Mrs. Morton, Alice sat alone, towards evening, in her drawing-room. Unsympathetic nature mocked her mood with the sun of a June day, and with full eyes she sat watching a pair of humming-birds as they darted through the swaying roses which hung about the window.

At this moment she heard a step on the gravel walk, and catching a glimpse of Wendell stepped back into the room as he rang the bell. Then, without a moment's hesitation, she went to the door of the room and waited until the servant appeared in the hall, when she said, —

"I am not at home to any one, — to any one."

She stood with one hand clutching at her heart, holding her breath for the moment, as she heard a voice but too well known, and then through the vines saw Wendell turn and go slowly down the gravel path. She could see his side face, its pallor and the fineness of its lines. She gave way for the moment. Overcome by her emotions, and hardly

knowing what she meant to do, she turned to a window which opened out on to the porch and gave access to the garden. It was closed, and fastened by a catch. The physical effort needed to move it steadied her, and when she succeeded in lifting the sash she paused irresolute, and remained standing by the window while Wendell walked slowly and hesitatingly away from her, down the little avenue of maples which led to the gate.

"And with that face!" she thought, as she moved away, "I don't know how it can be!" For the moment she had a wild desire to see Wendell, and to tell him that, love him as she might, marriage was out of the question; but she was wise enough to fear her own weakness, and to know that to say to his face what she must say would but add to the sum of her misery an incalculable torment.

The love she dreaded to torture face to face was as strong as her own, and the capacity for the nurture of an intense affection was large in Wendell, — of a half-womanly largeness, — and represented a life of absolute purity.

As he left her house he knew that his reception had been unusual. He had seen Mrs. Morton, who had been kind and thankful, and had so stated her gratitude as to make him feel that the money he had taken with apparent reluctance was in a measure earned; but no word had been said about Mrs. Westerley. Mrs. Morton did not know what to say, or in fact whether she could wisely do anything but keep silent, and for the time her own grief was paramount. Then Wendell had walked up the main street, and been much questioned as to Edward's death by Mrs. Bullock and by Miss Sarah Grace, who was developing a promising faculty for the collection of facts about her neighbors. It had put the man in an ill humor, and he turned into the lane, contrasting with these petty natures the

graciousness of his mistress, her multiple interests in life and thought and politics, even her sympathy with those who followed pursuits that were incomprehensible to her. He had the happy poetical quality of dreaming himself out of situations, of ceasing to be himself for a time; and he walked along feeling as if now he were true and were moving in the sunshine of her truth, and as if her kiss had had the force of a benediction and had laid the demons of sin which once possessed him.

Then he was sent away from her door. That might have been an accident, but at present it was a new wretchedness. To see her banished all other thoughts, and to-day he had great need of her. He turned back, on a fresh impulse, and again rang.

"I must see Mrs. Westerley, if she is in the house," he declared.

"She is not at home, sir," repeated the servant, who knew his business.

"Give her my card," said Wendell, peremptorily. He had written on it "Please to see me."

John turned, rather dubious, and found his way through back premises into the drawing-room.

Alice shuddered. Fate had been too much for her. Should she put him off, and then write to him? But she hardly felt up to so stern a rôle of endurance. "Show Dr. Wendell in," she said. The servant closed the door behind him, and Wendell advanced with outstretched hand.

"At last, Alice!" he cried. "How I have longed for you! I have been so wretched."

There was something strange in her face, but he did not see it for a moment. She gave him her hand, and he drew her towards him. She had not spoken. Then he saw how grave and cold her face was, and that her eyes were red and the lids swollen.

"You cannot kiss me," she said. "Sit down."

"I cannot kiss you!" he repeated, slowly, and sat down with automatic obedience. "What have I done?" he faltered.

"Ask yourself," she rejoined, proudly. "I am not your conscience."

"I!" he said. "What is it? What does this mean? You know that what I did, I did for Arthur's sake! Did you disapprove of that? Oh, you could not! You must have understood what it cost me!"

"It was not that," she said. "You know me too well to suppose that I meant that. I have thought it over since, and I feel that what we did was wrong. Mrs. Morton had no right to ask or allow it, and I was weak to yield to her. But I cannot talk of it any more. The thing is done, and there is now no help for it. But why, why," she said, looking down as she spoke, — "why did you accept a bribe from Mrs. Morton? You had done a thing I might call falsely noble, and you took money she gave you to make her feel surer of your silence! The two acts were so unlike. The one was heroic; the other — I — I can't understand it!"

She had meant to ask no explanation. Now in her pity she had done so; but it was love, not hope, that prompted her.

He sat looking at her downward face, while she questioned him with slow, distinct utterance, seeming at times to search for the right word.

"If you think it was wrong," he said, "it must have been wrong, but Edward had promised it, and I am perplexed with debts, and I had to have help. You cannot conceive what misery it is to owe money. I shall repay it."

"Repay!" she cried. "What you lost to get this help you can never get back! Can she give you again your honor? Can you cease to be an accomplice, — a paid accomplice? You have made it look like a crime. It does seem to me strange that you did not see this.

I cannot dare to face the thought that, seeing it, you did as you have done."

He was silent. The darker guilt she did not guess was scourging him with intolerable anguish, as he saw himself in the clear light of her judgment. He dreaded to hear his sentence.

"What can I do," he asked, "to justify myself? I see that I was wrong. Help me to do what seems right to you."

His humility appeared to her disgusting. "And this," she said to herself, "this was the man I loved!"

"I will send it back," he added.

"That is for you to decide," she returned, looking at him.

"And you won't desert me, Alice?"

"If you mean by this that you can ever again be to me what you have been, you strangely misunderstand me. I could not marry a man I do not respect."

"Then it is all over."

"Yes, it is all over, — all but the shame and the bitterness of it. And I loved you! — oh, I loved you dearly; more than life, more than my soul! God help me, I would give it now, this instant, to be able to think of you as I once thought!"

She was scared when she looked at him. Down his face, ghastly and white, great drops of sweat rolled, and his mouth twitched convulsively. He was crushed by an agony of despair that seemed to him to make life unendurable. It was not alone the lost love that hurt him, but the fact that this woman regarded him with contempt, — she, so gentle and so full of sweet pity for all the forms of human trouble.

"And there is no hope for me?" he moaned, hoarsely.

"If I said there was, I should be false," she returned. "I meant to write to you, but you would insist on seeing me, and I have said more than I wanted to say. No doubt I have hurt you sorely, but you are not the only one hurt."

"And I must be to you of all men the lowest."

She made no answer, feeling that she was at the end of her powers of endurance. He stood up. "I cannot bear your scorn. I can bear the rest; that I cannot bear!"

Her silence tortured him beyond endurance. All else in life became little to him, — his name, his safety, his very existence.

He spoke, and with a singular calmness: "You are right; but I am now as one facing death. I had to do as I did, or resign all hopes of you. That I could not do."

"What?" she exclaimed.

"I — made the mistake that cost Edward his life. I did it. I was in a hurry, as you know, to reach Ann in time, and in my haste I gave Arthur the wrong vial. It was I who killed him. It was to be either Arthur or I; and if I had said it was I, then I knew life was over for me. It was because I loved you, Alice."

"And is this really true?" she cried. "Oh, it cannot possibly be true! You could not have lied thus, and looked me in the face. Take it back. Please to say it is not so. And the money, — after that, to take her money!"

"Wrong or right," he said, "I did it for you."

"For me! For me! He says he did it for me! How little you knew me, — how less than little! If you had spoken the truth I should have clung to you for life. You cannot know how I should have loved you. Ah, I should have loved you as man was never loved."

"And now is it over, Alice?"

"Yes, it is over."

"Oh, my God!" he cried, "what have I done? But at least you cannot scorn me now. When you think of me you will say, 'He had the courage to do one right thing. He was not utterly base.'"

"I shall pray for you," she said softly.

"I shall try never to think of you except in my prayers;" and the tears rained through the hands with which she hid her face. "Go," she urged; "please to go. I can bear no more."

"I will go," he returned; but he fell on his knees beside her, and seizing her hand kissed it, one long, lingering kiss. Then he rose and slowly left the house.

Several days had gone by since the burial of Edward, when Captain Arthur Morton took his way, one afternoon, across the fields from his home towards the long highway of Germantown. He was on his usual visit to Hester, but was more sad than common, his morning having been spent in the legal business which necessarily followed his brother's death. Nothing in life had so sobered him as this loss. He went along through the woods of June, thinking how remorselessly the busy waters of life had closed over this dear one, as the sea above its dead. It was in truth no common calamity. Edward's strong individuality intensified the sense of his loss to those he left; for although there are many people in the world, there are but few persons, and Edward's was a distinctive personality.

As the young soldier approached the house, he saw Hester in the garden beside it tying up the roses, which were now putting out anew their summer buds. She had dressed herself in black, and the vase-like curves of her young form came out sharply in the dark dress against the gray stone wall.

Arthur leapt lightly over the pale fence, and if the roses were of a sudden jealous they had reason therefor.

The two young folks strolled down the little garden, chatting as they went of many things: of the great war, out of which he had come with little scath; of the happy future they promised themselves,—and over and over returned to speak of the power to love which their

brother and friend had possessed, of the sweetness that came out of his strength, until, looking up, each saw tears in the other's eyes, and owned their mysterious relief.

"And, Arty, no one loved him better than Dr. Wendell."

"I am sure of that. But was it not very strange that he did not come to the funeral? I could not understand it."

"He was in bed all that day," returned Hester. "I never saw a person so altered. I think he must have been dreadfully shocked by Edward's death. I heard him tell Miss Ann once that he ought not to have been a doctor; and I think may be he is right, for Miss Ann says he broods for days when any of his patients die."

"And Ned did love him well," said Arthur. "I have a pleasant surprise for him, and I want you to come into the house with me and find him. It may do him good, poor fellow."

"And what is it, Arty?"

"That you cannot know until I tell Miss Ann. Come."

"I think he needs some help. He really must be ill. He scarcely speaks to any one. Miss Ann went out early to-day, and came back to tell me that she has arranged with Mrs. Westerley that I am to go to her, while Miss Ann takes the doctor to the seashore a while."

"Mother has a still better plan. She has written to ask Mr. Gray to let you go with her to Europe in August; and then in September, if you are a good girl, I may follow you; and afterwards, in a year, Hester,—mother says you must have a year abroad,—you will consider the propriety and advantages of a residence in a mountain district; Alleghanies, we may say."

"Perhaps," said Hester, smiling. "How kind your mother is!"

"Mother is never half anything," he returned. "She fought us a good while, and now she is making believe that she has won a victory. We need n't contra-

dict her. I never contradict people who agree with me."

"I shall know how to escape contradiction," cried Hester, laughing. "But there is Miss Ann at the window;" and as she spoke they passed through the hall into the sitting-room.

"Good news, Miss Ann," cried Arthur. "I wanted to be first to tell you that my dear Ned has left your brother ten thousand dollars." He had in reality left a letter asking Arthur to give it, as he had only a life estate in his property, which passed to Arthur.

"It was like him," she returned; "and I may say to you that it will be a great relief. God has been good to us, and there is no one I would like better to think of as helping us than your brother. But here is Ezra. Please don't remark his appearance. He has been very wretched, and he does not like to have it mentioned."

Arthur was struck with the man's face. It was haggard and flushed.

"Tell him about it," continued Ann; "you will like to, I am sure."

"What is it? Tell me what?" returned Wendell, in an uninterested voice.

"Only some pleasant news," Arthur responded. "I came over to say that by a provision of Edward's will you are to have ten thousand dollars. And we are all so glad, — Hester, and I, and all of us."

"*He* has left *me* ten thousand dollars!"

Arthur was troubled. "Yes; isn't it nice? We all owe you so much that I should like to have given it myself; only you might not like to take from the living what you can take from the dead. But it is as if dear Ned were thanking you for us all. That is why we like it."

Wendell looked up at the speaker with a face written all over with the toneless, infirm lines of weariness. Then he said, in a monotonous voice, as if he

did not feel the meaning of his own words, —

"The dead thankful! the dead thankful! I can't take it, — that's all. I can't take it. Let me lie down."

Arthur looked his amazement. "Doctor, doctor," he said, "you are ill. It has been too much for you. Why do you talk so?"

"No, I am not sick; I am dead. But hell is alive. Go away, all of you. I want to be alone."

"Yes," said Ann, "go away, children. Leave him to me. He will be all right in a few days. This last week has been too much for him." She knew he had taken a good deal of opium, and, thinking his strangeness of conduct due to this, dreaded lest he should further betray himself.

Somewhat reluctantly they left her. Then Wendell spoke: "We must get away, Ann. We must go somewhere. And don't mind what I say. Tell Arthur I don't mean anything. Tell him I took some morphia this morning; and don't look at me that way, Ann."

"Yes, brother," she replied uneasily; "yes, you want a change. Don't worry, dear. I will arrange it."

It was all one horrible mystery to her, — this last week; but she got her brother to bed, and went on at once completing her arrangements for leaving town for a week or two, hoping that with change of air he would become as he had been.

Within a day or two they left abruptly, without leave-taking; and the house was closed, and Hester went to Alice Westerley's.

Alice found it impossible to talk of what Wendell had told her. Some day she must do it. Just now she could not make up her mind to blacken further the character of the man she had loved; but being a just woman, she wrote to Helen Morton: —

"I have done you a wrong, and while I have in no respect changed my views

as to what should have been our course, I want to ask your pardon. I have kept away on the plea of ill health. If you can forget what I said in haste, I will come over to-morrow and see you, but let us say nothing of the past."

Helen Morton was too much softened by the sorrow of the week to give any but a kindly answer, and they were friends again, but always with a sense of some vague barrier between them. We may be eager enough to let the dead past bury its dead passions, but at times their ghosts move sadly in the dreary graveyard of memory. Some day the good priest Time shall lay them.

Late in August Mrs. Morton, Hester and Alice went abroad; and meanwhile there came no news of Wendell. In September, Ann returned. There was a sudden sale of their furniture, and she went as she had come, still ruddy-cheeked and quiet, and betraying no sign of any suffering these months may have laid upon her.

XXIV.

A year or more had gone by since the actors in this story passed, one by one, from the quiet village which now makes a part of the great city. There was a dinner, one of those debtor-and-creditor feasts which wise men dread, at which was assembled a somewhat incongruous collection of guests.

Mr. Wilmington found, to his horror, that he was assigned to Mrs. Grace, and was not sorry to see, as he sat down, that the seat on his left was occupied by Miss Clemson, who came in to dinner on the arm of Dr. Jones, a more than middle-aged man, much known as reliable; a comfortable physician, too well satisfied with his art, "and so sympathetic, my dear."

Mrs. Grace spoke to him across her neighbors as soon as the soup was removed. "Whatever has become of Dr. Wendell?" she asked.

"I do not know," he returned. "He was always a rolling stone, I am told. And he was a rolling stone in his opinions, too. Never could hold fast to anything."

"He was very strong on gout," said Wilmington; "had some ideas about it I never heard before."

"I dare say," rejoined Dr. Jones.

"The doctors are like dentists," murmured Miss Clemson to Wilmington. "How they hate one another; and after all people get well. It is merely a question of statistics."

"May be Dr. Lagrange knows," said Mrs. Grace, who pursued a personal fact as a naturalist does a butterfly. Lagrange was within ear-shot across the table. "We were talking of Dr. Wendell," she added. "Do you know where he has gone? I always did think he went away quite mysteriously."

"He is in the West, I believe," replied Lagrange; "but why he left I do not know."

"There was always something queer about him," affirmed Mrs. Grace. "I should think a doctor that didn't believe in liver, or malaria, or even in neuralgia, would n't come to much good."

"That is conclusive," said Miss Clemson. "I always liked him."

"And didn't you think he would marry Mrs. Westerley?" returned Mrs. Grace. "I think he will yet."

"It is hardly a subject for thought," said Miss Clemson severely; "but it may interest you to know that Alice Westerley is still abroad, and has so far married no one."

"I did think there was a chance for Colonel Fox."

"Might do worse," growled Wilmington.

"A year is surely long enough to mourn a lost lover," returned Miss Clemson; and then she whispered an aside to Wilmington: "Alas, poor Sarah! You should avail yourself of the opportunity."

"I am not old enough to manage so much real estate," said Wilmington, ferociously. "But do you know," he added, aloud, "that we expect Arty and his wife next week?"

"Oh, that is too bad!" exclaimed Mrs. Grace. "I never heard it."

She began to feel that the world of facts was evading her pursuit in some maliciously mysterious way.

"You seem skeptical," said Miss Clemson; "we shall have you dubious as to the census next, Mrs. Grace."

"Well, I have my opinions," returned that lady. "And as to Dr. Wendell, you can say what you like; I never approved of him, and I am not surprised at the result."

"You should have been a doctor yourself," remarked Lagrange, who said vicious things with a bewildering tranquillity of manner; "you are such a good observer thrown away."

Mrs. Grace had her doubts as to this compliment.

"And," added Miss Clemson, "it would be so nice to be able to ask people their ages."

"But they would n't ever tell you the truth," rejoined Mrs. Grace, thoughtfully.

"It is the absence of truth that makes social life possible," said Miss Clemson.

"And women agreeable!" cried Wilmington. "What a horrible sherry!"

"Poor thing!" cried Miss Clemson. "Let us talk wine a little."

"It is better than gossip," said Wilmington, sharply.

"I agree with you; but gossip is socially valuable, because it requires no intelligence. Even the weather is lost to us now, since we have the signal service. All the pleasures of doubt are being taken away from us. I like it myself, and if I live long enough life will become sufficiently definite to be agreeable."

"Goodness!" exclaimed Wilmington,

"I wish you would say all that over again to Mrs. Grace."

"Thank you, I never talk to her if I can help it. It makes me feel as if I were looking at life through a bad window glass. Alice Westerley was right about her when she said the real *chiffonnière* would be nicer society. Mrs. Grace does like the pursuit of ragged facts."

"Oh, our dear Mrs. Westerley! I wish she would come home and abuse me a little. Seriously speaking, I had myself some idea that she might marry Dr. Wendell. I liked the man, on the whole, a good deal better than I like most Yankees."

"I do not share your prejudices," returned Miss Clemson. "He was charmingly intelligent. What has become of him?"

"Well, you know his health broke down, and I believe Fox found him quite ill and penniless at Long Branch, where his sister had taken him. I understand that Fox carried them off to the West, and has given him a fresh start."

"It was like Mr. Fox," said Miss Clemson. "I shall write Alice Westerley all about it this very evening. She will be so interested."

Wilmington smiled.

"What is amusing you?" she asked.

"Oh, I was thinking," he replied.

Some two months after this dinner, which has let us into a knowledge of the fates of some of our friends, Mrs. Morton received from Ann Wendell this letter:—

DEAR MRS. MORTON, — I have been able to persuade my brother that it were well in the eyes of God that he permit me to write to you, and say that the death of your son Edward was owing to negligence on the part of my brother, who was in haste, for some cause unknown to me, and so gave the wrong vial to Arthur, and did not sufficiently

examine as he should have done. For reasons which I do not understand, my brother allowed the blame to rest on Arthur, and seemed to be willing to assist in concealing the truth. Now, at last, having come to look at it more wisely, he is desirous that I should tell you the truth; and hence you will see why he could not take the money which would not have come to him except for the death he caused.

Perhaps, now that some time has

gone, you will try to forgive this great wickedness, knowing that my brother is much broken in health and spirit.

When Alice Westerley saw this note, a good while after it was written, she had a great longing to be able to say some tender words to the true, simple, honest woman, who had poured out the waters of her loving life where the barren soil seemed to give back no least return.

S. Weir Mitchell.

OVER THE ANDES.

It was with regret that I broke up my residence in Santiago, and prepared for a trip across the Andes to Buenos Ayres. I was sorry to say good-by to the many hospitable and kindly friends whose attentions had made my stay among them so pleasant, and yet I was on the whole quite content at departing, since I was at last to scale that immense snow-crowned mountain range that formed a permanent background to every view, and with whose stately and sublime grandeur one could never become too familiar.

After leaving Santiago, I passed a few days upon the hacienda of Don José J. Carbajal, with his estimable family, which now includes his sister, the widow of Arturo Prat, the hero of Iquique; and at length, feeling eager to set out upon my proposed trip, I bade them adieu, and rode over to Santa Rosa de los Andes, where the road begins. Here I hastily procured provisions, a guide, mules, etc.; and being already provided with an American saddle, blankets, and revolver, I felt fully equipped for my journey.

At 6.05 A. M. I left the Hotel del Comercio with Pascual Martinez, the guide, and passed leisurely through the

dusty streets in the cool morning. On leaving Santa Rosa, we struck the Rio Aconcagua almost immediately, and followed it through its sinuous course until ten o'clock, when we reached the Resguardo,¹ where the Rio Colorado joins the river which gives its name to the province. The Rio Aconcagua is the redder of the two. I had brought letters to the Resguardo from friends in Santiago, and I stayed and breakfasted with him. At 11.30 I took my leave, thanking him for his attention, and, mounting my *macho*, rode off across the river and up the spiral path which leads easily into the Cordillera. Many of the tourists who cross the mountains by this pass come as far as the Resguardo in coaches; but soon after leaving this point the road becomes impassable for carriages.

I very soon found, to my regret, that the guide who accompanied me was as stupid as he was trustworthy, and that, although he had traveled the road for over twenty-five years, he could never give any explanation of the curious and often striking names of the different lo-

¹ The Resguardo is the custom house of the Cordillera. The same name is given to the officer in charge.

calities that we passed. I suspected this soon after leaving Santa Rosa, but on arriving at the Salto del Soldado¹ (the Soldier's Leap), which we passed at two o'clock, I found that even this name had never excited his curiosity to learn its origin.

In great disgust, and comprehending fully the little benefit I was to get from the fellow any further than to conduct my luggage, I left the path and wandered off through the dry thorn-bushes to get a nearer view of this famous ravine. Imagine two valleys, separated at this very point by a constriction whose two parts run out like immense buttresses, as if to meet each other; the level of the valley on the left hand being about a hundred feet above that of the other. The upper valley had evidently been shut off from the lower one, at some remote period, by an enormous boulder, which completely filled the little pass between the hills crowding down on the two sides. This rock, lying thus directly in the channel of the river, is split into halves, and its two fragments are pushed apart laterally, leaving the great fissure twenty yards wide, over which a Spanish soldier of the time of the Revolution is said to have jumped, thus escaping from his pursuers and following up his flight in safety among the mountains. Through this vertical fissure now foams the Rio Aconcagua in its rocky bed.

All day I regretted the exuberant stupidity of the guide; but nothing could be done now, and I must hunt up the notable objects on the way by myself.

From this point the hoary summits rise abruptly in rocky grandeur from one side of the road, while on the other, at an immense but varying depth, roars the whitening river. In many places and for long distances the road is simply a spiral path cut in the side of the mountains. Here and there a thin silvery

thread seems to waver down the rocky slope: it is a rivulet cascade rushing from the region of snow to join its cold, clear stream to the turbid river in the ravine. Fantastic forms of uncouth monsters come suddenly into view above me or at the side of the track: they are simple bowlders and rock masses rolled down long since from the barren heights overhead. The side of every hill is a landslide, formed by the alternate action of the sun and the snow from the detritus of the immense rock mountains. These land avalanches, now smooth and stationary, are being gradually covered with hardy vegetation, which in the distance yields to the eye a pleasant prospect, but which becomes thin and meagre on a near approach, shearing the brown and gray hillside of its green glory.

Riding on, on, at a gentle trot, the heat of the sun is soon passed, and turning round the side of the mountain one dips into the grateful cool shade of the twilight, while the mountain summits, rising on every side, still retain their bright glow, "*et sol crescentes decedens duplicat umbras.*"

At four o'clock I passed, without stopping, an adobe building on the other side of the river, bearing the inscription, "Posada i talaje. 1350 metros." This posada, the Guardia Vieja, is at the point of junction of the Rios Aconcagua and Blanco, being situated on the rocky bluff between the converging streams. It is accessible by a narrow willow bridge spanning the Rio Aconcagua.

A long road still separates me from the Juncal, which is the limit of this day's journey, and I push on without pausing to take a sup of water from the numerous icy streams which cross the path, or even slackening rein unless some abrupt ascent or sudden fall in the road renders it necessary.

Pascual seems to have considerable trouble with the pack-mule, and he has already degenerated from a guide to a

¹ Height 1172.40 metres (3845.50 feet) above the sea.

muleteer. I have ridden alone all day, with my revolver in my pocket and smoking an occasional pipe.

It was already dark when I passed Ojos de Agua, but I pressed on another two miles to the Juncal. The light had already faded from the mountain tops, and the valley was submerged in darkness. The profound quiet of the place and the hour, the loneliness of the road, the sublime spectacle of the mighty mountains rising all about and above me, impressed me strongly and strangely. The light blue sky had become dark, and the stars glinted out over the mountain tops; a sensation of delicious melancholy weighed upon me.

A turn in the road brought to view a white hut, or house, or rancho, at my right hand, without window or apparent door; it stood there like a phantom in the full darkness now upon me. I do not remember that I even wondered what it was; I was overwhelmed with the sensation of strange emotions.

As I thus moodily rode along, a small boy clad in white rags stood suddenly at my side, and in a hungry tone asked me if I could give him some bread for his sick brother, pointing to the white cupola, as if his brother were there.

"What is the matter with your brother?" I asked.

"We are Chileans," he replied, "and were coming back from the other side on foot, when my brother slipped and fell down the mountain side and hurt his leg, and he cannot walk, and I brought him along to this *casucha*, where he is now. I could not leave him to go to Chile, for it would take me a long time, and he would die, for he has nothing to eat and is very weak. And if I could leave him two or three rolls of bread I would go back to my country, and then I could bring my friends for him and take him home."

But I have not any bread with me, I thought, and must wait for Pascual, and—I knew not when he would come up;

it was still half a mile to the Juncal, and already late.

"Come to the Juncal in an hour," I said, "and I will give you bread." Then it occurred to me that I could at least examine the sick boy, and perhaps help him. "I will go with you to see your brother," I said. "I am a doctor, and may be able to help him."

"Oh, God bless you, sir! for he is very bad;" and the little fellow hurried on before me, while I turned my macho's head and let him pick his steps towards the small house, for it was too dark to guide him. But if it was dark without it was black within. The darkness seemed palpable, solid, as if you might strike your head against it. I fumbled about for my matches. I heard the child ask his brother if he brought him any bread.

"No, José, but God has sent us a doctor to cure your leg,"—I thought that he was putting it rather strongly,—"and he will give me some bread for you at the Juncal. But, sir,"—his voice turned towards me,—"we have no light."

I had already taken out a box of matches, and he spoke as one struck fire. The flame showed me a haggard little fellow lying almost naked on the damp earthen floor in the corner, and I crossed to where he lay. As he lit match after match, I examined his leg by their flickering light. It was an old dislocation at the hip-joint, and the adhesions were strong. There was only one thing to do, and he was weak with hunger; but I took out my pocket flask, poured into a cup a few spoonfuls of brandy, and gave it to him with a little water.

"Now, my little fellow, be a man, for this will hurt you badly, but it is the only way to save your leg." So he lay back on the floor; his brother struck the matches, while I with some difficulty replaced the thigh bone in its position. I was struck with the conduct of the two

brave boys, one of whom bore the excruciating pain of the reduction without a shriek, while the other continued scratching the matches, one after another, without leaving us for a moment in darkness. "Two genuine little Chilenos," I could not help saying to myself as I rode away, after giving them what help and directions I could. There was a glow at my heart as my macho picked his way carefully down the slope.

A few paces further, I crossed another stream,—this time a fairly large one,—and walked my macho up the opposite bank, when, at a short distance, he shied violently, and could not be induced by spurs or whip to follow the road. Indistinctly I saw a black mass lying in the path before me, and knew from the macho's persistent refusal to follow the road that it was a dead body, but whether of horse or man I could not see. I made a *détour* over the small sharp rocks at the side of the road, and in a few minutes reached a couple of mud-huts, in one of which was a light. I rode up and called for supper and a bed (*comida y cama*), and dismounted.

Two villainous-looking bandits appeared at my call, and showed me into one of the huts. I suspected them from the first. Dirty, wrapped in rags, faintly seen in the darkness by the stray light of a miserable candle which sent its straggling rays through the half-open door, they eyed me attentively and questioned me closely. I answered their questions in an offhand way, and entered the hut. Four posts stuck in the uneven earth and connected by two poles, upon which some ragged boards were irregularly laid, formed the only furniture, and promised me a night's cold rest.

For supper they could offer me nothing but a chicken *cazuela* (stew), and the chicken was perched somewhere in the corral without. I hurried them up, got them out of the room, and then examined my quarters. A damp earthen box

in a mud-hut, with no window, one door which padlocked on the outside, and with a wooden shelf to sleep on, gave me a poor assurance of comfort. Nor did I much like the conduct of the two suspicious vermin who had received me. One would enter and ask if I were alone, or if I carried money, or if my luggage were soon coming up, and who was my *arriero*, and then, joining his fellow, they would hold conferences outside in the darkness. I only responded by telling them to hurry up the stew; but they annoyed me until finally I took my revolver from my pocket, laid it on the table which they had brought in, and sat down on a box to write in my journal.

Soon Pascual came up, and brought the luggage to my room; then the *cazuela* came in, and I sat down to supper. The demands of impatient hunger once satisfied, my first question was for news.

"Are there any other travelers staying here to-night? Who have passed over this way within a few days?"

I found that my friend Señor J. Abram Pérez, the consul of Venezuela in Santiago, was a couple of days ahead of me; that the Argentine minister, returning from his post in Bolivia, had also lately gone over; and that there was actually in the other rancho a *caballero* who had arrived that very afternoon, and who intended to push on the next morning. These were all who had recently passed on their way to the other side, although two gentlemen had come over from the Argentine several days previous. This information was got in snatches and at intervals, and it required much skill not to completely lose their identity and mix them all up in an amorphous jumble.

I was anxious to see the *caballero* who was going my road, and if agreeable we could easily ride in company. At any rate, whether agreeable or not, it would be difficult to avoid him. Had the *caballero* dined? I asked.

Yes, he had dined two hours before, and had eaten up all the *asado* (roast) that there was, and then wanted more; and they had to kill two chickens for him.

What was he doing now?

Well, they could n't say; but if I wanted to know I could go over to the other hut and ask him.

The coolness of this unexpected answer made me smile, and I went on with the *cazuela*.

I presume the Hungry Unknown had similarly inquired of them about me, — though I hope with better success than I had had, — for when I went from the hut to take a breath of air I found him standing near by: rather a short and slightly formed figure, with a black beard and a slouching felt hat, which could not conceal the brightness of his eyes, that seemed to shine in the darkness. I could not tell if he were thirty or sixty years of age, but his face was seamed and scarred with either age or accident. All this I learned better the next day, when in the early morning we set off together.

As I came up he stepped forward, saluted me in a quiet voice, looked into my face closely and scrutinizingly by the faint light, and then fell back again. But if he examined my face, he did not try to conceal his own, and I was not unpleasantly impressed by his quiet voice and manner; so after assuring myself that Pascual had attended to the mules, I went back to the *cazuela*, and in a few minutes sent out to ask the caballero to do me the honor to come in and take a glass of wine with me.

I was amused at the alacrity with which he answered the invitation in person. As he entered my half of the hut his face beamed and glowed with good fellowship. He seemed not at all the gloomy, dark, subdued Spaniard whom I had met without. I should rather have taken him for an Italian than a Spanish gentleman. I arose, extended

my hand, and welcomed him; he replied cordially but quietly, and gave a side-long glance at the box upon which a few posthumous bones and supernumerary potatoes represented my dinner. His glance met a couple of bottles of "*Urmeneta*," however, and he beamed a hundred fold.

He proved to be a Spaniard who had long lived and mined in Bolivia; had been the proprietor of two silver mines until recently, and had sold them out in Chile for the purpose of going up into Santa Cruz, where he said much gold had been lately discovered. His silver mines had paid him well and were still productive, but the mere desire of a change had proved stronger than all else. I found him to be a man of wide experience, who had traveled through all parts of the world; a nervous, fascinating talker, — certainly a bad conversationalist, — of vigorous and original ideas and marked individuality. I was especially glad to learn that he had twice before crossed the path we were now traveling, and knew thoroughly the road and its traditions. We agreed to start out together the next morning, and he arose and bade me good-night. I, for my part, pulled off my outer clothing, and, with my revolver beneath the pillow, lay down on the bed they had made for me.

The next morning I arose at 5.30, and while Pascual saddled the mules I got out the coffee, to take a cup before starting. While making it I suddenly remembered the little fellow who was to have come for the bread, and I called out to the squalid bandit who had served us the night before.

"Did a little boy come here last night for bread?"

"Yes," in a surly tone; "he comes every night. I have no bread for beggars. He wanted to disturb your worship, but I would n't let him."

"You did very ill," I answered severely, for my conscience stung me for

having forgotten him, and I did not know now how to get food to him. "It is very evident that you are not a Chileño."

"No, I come from the other side," he answered coolly. "As for the boy, he is hanging about here somewhere," and he called the little fellow, who came into view from behind the corner of the hut. I spoke to him, and asked him about his brother, while pouring a double quantity of coffee into the pot. His brother had been in pain all night, he said, but felt well this morning, — better than he had done since he hurt himself; and the Holy Virgin Mary would help me for my kindness to him. So I gave him an armful of bread, poured out half the coffee into a tomato can for him, told him to keep the cloths wet for two or three days, and hoped he would get to Chile safely and soon. The little fellow skipped off gayly across the rocks, while I drank my coffee and ate a couple of crackers and watched him.

Desiring to cross the pass before noon, we began at 6.30 the ascent of the series of mountains intervening between the Juncal and the summit. Daily about noon rises a strong wind, which blows over the pass and before which nothing can stand. As I rode along I saw why this little valley was called "Juncal,"¹ for it was everywhere covered with the naked rocks except where the reedy rushes rise from the swamp. An hour of steep and rocky ascent brought us to a summit overlooking the tortuous path by which we had mounted and the delicious little valley of the Juncal, — a beautiful setting for the miserable rancho in which I had passed the previous night.

The first object that caught my attention upon the upper level was a big white dog-kennel-like building of brick, which recalled the similar structure that I had entered the night before. Later

I found others scattered along the road, making in all four on the Chilean side of the summit and six or seven on the Argentine side, the latter being much worse kept and less sightly structures. Stationed at intervals, they are meant to serve as a protection to the mail-carriers during the passage of the Cordillera in winter time, when the pass is closed, and all who live now along the road have betaken themselves to the cities on the plains. They are, as I said, large dog-houses of brick and mortar, whitewashed; the walls being about three feet thick, and the only opening except the door being a hole cut obliquely through the side of the wall.

It was Don Ambrosio O'Higgins, the father of the Chilean Liberator, who, as inspector of highways, ordered these post-houses to be built, and for a century they have been kept in excellent repair. From May to November the couriers alone enter this frozen wilderness. Three of them go together: one carries the post-bag, the second bears the provisions, — the load of each being strapped to his shoulders, — and the third goes to fulfill either office in the case of one of his companions being frozen to death. The trip sometimes requires thirty days, and is rarely made in eight; each courier earning twelve dollars for going and coming. In July, 1880, a courier named Vidal Toro, one of the most hardy and expert of all, froze to death in the Puente del Inca, when the thermometer registered 24° Centigrade below zero. A year later, August, 1881, two others, Victor Lagos and Juan Guerra, were whirled down by an avalanche for the distance of a mile and a half, and their bodies were found several months later, when the thawing of the snows discovered them in the valley below.

Passing along by the courier's lodge, we turned out of the way to see one of the wonders of the Cordillera, the Laguna del Inca, a beautiful crystal sheet of water occupying the whole space be-

¹ "Lapis omnia nudus
Limosoque palus obducat pascua juncos."

tween the bases of the surrounding mountains, and stretching away towards the north. The water bubbles up through many springs at the bottom, and the popular belief is that it is in direct connection with the ocean. Its water is wonderfully sweet and fresh, as I can certify.

Until now I had had few opportunities of exchanging more than casual remarks with my new companion, but here, standing on the shore of the Inca's Lake,¹ he opened the conversation:—

"When I passed here, two years ago, I did not stop to visit this lake, as I was hurrying to Valparaiso to take the steamer north, for the news had reached me of a rich vein struck in one of my mines; but I remember quite well the story that the men on the road were laughing at. Some scientific Englishman, in his journey over the mountains, had stopped, as we have done, by the side of the lake, while his guide told him that this lake had existed from the time of Noah, and that strange forms of fish were often seen deep down in its clear waters, but could never be hooked or snared. This was a very bald tale, like guides' stories in general; but three months later that Englishman came back, with a tent and provisions, a boat and a fish-line, and day after day he spent with his line out, rowing about to what he thought good places for fish. For weeks he stayed here, fishing for antediluvian specimens to enrich the British Museum, while all the passers-by would come a mile out of the way to sit on the rocks and laugh at him. When or how he left nobody knows, but the very boat he rowed round in is in the room where I slept last night, at the Juncal."

"And did he catch his fish?"

"Quien sabe? They say his boat capsized, and that he lies down there now on the cold bottom, with his face in

the sand. I cannot tell. Englishmen are always doing senseless and unexpected things."

I was inclined to pity the fate of the poor fellow, and the bitter laugh of Señor Queseyó jarred on my mind. I turned about, and we left the lake to return to the path from which we had strayed.

Between the path and the lake is a sandy area, perfectly level, through which a brooklet cuts its way between sandy ramparts about six feet high, their upper surface being perfectly parallel with the valley through which the brook runs. On all sides birds are flying about, as large as the English sparrow, and of a dull, dark-green color. The natives call them "*jilgeros*" (linnets).

This valley, near which is the Laguna del Inca, is the first of three, all of nearly the same size, each on a higher level than the one before, and all surrounded by lofty mountain crests towering into the infinite ether. These valleys are called the Valley of the Lake (Valle de la Laguna), the Valley of the Skull (Valle de la Calavera), and the Valle de Tambillos.

The first received its name from the Inca's Lake, and of the third I can find no explanation,—certainly Señor Queseyó could give me none; but of the second the story runs that many years ago three couriers were crossing the Cordillera at the worst season of the year, and had already narrowly escaped death in many ways when they passed up together along the side of the hills skirting this valley, for the purpose of reaching the lodge which already appeared below them on the edge of the rising ground. While stepping carefully along, a sudden avalanche of snow came rushing and roaring down the slope, and before they could turn to see if it threatened them they were sunk and separated by the overwhelming mass. One disengaged himself, after a

¹ Height 8508 feet above the sea. (Pretot-Freire.)

time, and in looking for his companions found one of them buried deep in the snow, but alive. All search for the other was in vain, and in the following November his head was found directly in front of the door of the lodge, whither the avalanche had bowled it, but his body was never again seen. For this reason the valley is called Valle de la Calavera, and the lodge in the valley is named Casucha de la Calavera.

In the Valle de Tambillos, two little streams of water that crossed the road were frozen over.

From the time that we left the Laguna, the conversation, or rather the monologue of my companion, had not flagged. Tradition, incident, and stories relating to the various parts which we had passed, or which we were to pass, flowed in an unceasing stream from his lips.

"There is little doubt that the Chilean Indians crossed this very road to reach the grand highway that led to Cuzco, and send to the Incas the yearly tribute that they exacted. The last journey that they made was in 1535, when Don Diego de Almagro left Cuzco and passed southward to conquer Chile. A little north of Jujui he met the Inca's slaves bearing the annual tribute to Cuzco, and himself took it in the name of the dead Inca. At the Puente del Inca, which we shall reach this afternoon, there is still buried the last royal tribute that Chile collected for the living Inca. You probably know better than I the circumstances of the occurrence, but I have read in the history of your countryman Prescott of the offer Atahualpa made to Francisco Pizarro to fill the large room where they were standing with gold 'as high as he could reach,' if Pizarro would receive it as a ransom for his life. The Spaniard at once accepted the offer, and the Inca sent out to all parts of his kingdom to bid his subjects collect and send to Cuzco their vessels and ornaments of gold, with

which to buy his freedom. To Chile, as to all other possessions of Atahualpa, came the royal command, and here, as elsewhere, they hurried to collect the precious metal which was to save the life of him who was more to the Indian than father, friends, or home, — of him who represented the great sun which they worshiped. The Chilean tribute, tied up in the fresh hides of guanacos, was carried along this very road. I can almost see the poor slaves sweating up this hot, dry road, in their haste to pour their gold at Pizarro's feet. In the very Valle del Inca came to them the fatal news that Pizarro had put their Inca, their high priest, their beloved idol, to death, and with sad hearts they scooped out the earth, and hid the precious gold which they had brought to save his life. Their offering was no longer required, and they buried it in some unknown place in the Valle del Inca. Ojala supiera yo donde se lo enterraron!" he continued, with flashing eyes, "that is the kind of mining that would suit me, and I hope to find it. I have a clue. Listen! Two years ago I was in a great hurry when I crossed this road, but I stayed one night in the Puente del Inca. I had no money then to get a room in the rancho they call a hotel, and I lay down on the lee side of it to keep from freezing. It was late in the season, and in a week longer the road would be deserted. It was already bitter cold, and at midnight I had to get up and walk about to keep my blood going. I had only slept an hour, but that was an hour too long, and I could not get warm. I determined to cross the bridge and take a good run across the plain to get myself alive again. I took my revolver from my *alforja*, put the strap about my waist, and started off on as fast a run as I could with my stiff legs and my senseless feet. In a few minutes I felt better, but kept on running faster than before and straight ahead, until suddenly I stopped dead short. I saw a light about

a hundred yards ahead, and some one moving. 'Strange,' I thought, 'any one out here at midnight with a lantern!' I began again walking slowly round about, that I might approach them behind the shelter of a neighboring rock. When I reached the rock I heard them talking, and I peered out. They were sitting on the ground. The light was out, and they were talking earnestly. I heard and understood them: they were talking about this very treasure; they knew where it was; it was at their feet as they sat there. How they had found it I could not learn, — they said nothing about that; they were disputing about the quantity they should each have. There were three guanaco skins, they said, and each claimed two of them. Each could not have two of them, of course, and consequently they went at each other with their knives. My heart danced and sang for joy. 'Let them kill each other,' I thought, 'and the secret shall be in my keeping alone. I could not distinguish them in the darkness, but I heard them struggling and gasping and rolling over along the smooth ground, until suddenly the noise of the struggle ceased. In my intense curiosity I had already stolen out from behind the rock, and gradually felt myself drawn towards them, and now I was at the very scene of the fight. One was sitting up on the ground trying to bind up his arm or leg, I could not see which; the other was lying beside him, dead. The very fiend seized me, and a fierce desire came upon me and shook me, as I stood there' — He stopped short and looked at me closely; his eyes were filled with a fierce distrust, his cheek was flushed with the vividness of his recollection, and he glared at me for a moment like a very tiger. Then remembering himself, he half laughed, and said uneasily, as if to finish the subject, "And that is all I know of the guanaco skins."

"And the other one, — the survivor

from the fight?" I almost asked, but I already knew without asking. His wild manner had told me all that his tongue had left unspoken, and I knew that he was the only one alive that held the clue to the Inca's treasure.

After this his presence made me uneasy, and he kept his eye on me askance in an indirect, suspicious way, which did not promise any more friendly talk between us, nor tend to tranquilize me; and I was glad when he gradually dropped behind, and rather secretly tickled my macho with the spur, so as to increase the distance between us. In a few minutes I felt that he was not in sight, though I pretended to myself not to know that he had left my side.

Through this chain of contiguous valleys, lying level and green, I passed, with the imposing presence of the mighty mountains always accompanying me, until the ascent began again, an hour later. Steep from the first, it soon became precipitous, and for a long hour my macho clambered up a sandy path, stumbling incessantly over the loose overlying blocks of stone, which were too small to obstruct, but large enough to impede, the passage.

At length at 9.30 I stood upon the summit,¹ and looked off on all sides upon the clustering crests of snowy mountains, rising like very companions at my side. The air was wonderfully clear. Aconcagua² rose before me on the north, and the clump of Tupungato seemed at hand on the right. Above each sharp white peak a light, fluffy cloud hung like a halo. Standing here on the summit, seemingly suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between earth and heaven, I was glad to be alone. I had been warned by friends in Chile of a feeling of faintness and giddiness, which might be followed by a hæmorrhage, and which always attacked travelers at the pass; they called the disease *puna*.

¹ Bermejo, 11,580.69 feet above sea level. (Pre-tot-Freire.)

² The highest peak on the western hemisphere.

I in fact forgot all about it on the *cumbre*;¹ indeed, I forgot everything, and seemed to exist like a cloud or a piece of red porphyry, without self-consciousness, as if I were a part of the sublime panorama before me. On the Chilean side the mountains seem to crowd upon you, recklessly, tumultuously; on the Argentine side a beautiful valley lies far below you, but almost at your feet, so sharp is the descent. Through the valley trickles a yellow thread, apparently so thin that only the color renders it noticeable: it is the River of the Caves² (*Rio de las Cuevas*), which runs along at the side of the path for about twenty-three leagues.

Here where I stand, on the wind-swept pass, a young man from Valparaíso, Rafael Tapia, came to a tragic end in 1879. After arranging his business in Valparaíso and taking a tender farewell of his wife and little ones, he set out for the Argentine over the mountains. Without knowing the cause of his desperation, one can but vaguely imagine the poisoned recollection that drove him away from his home and his friends on his fatal journey, and whipped him up the mountains till he had reached their highest point. Here, drawing his revolver, he shot his horse in the head, and watched the poor brute

roll and pitch down the steep slope. He then dressed himself in full evening dress, while the night-wind shrieked and swept by him, opened and drank a bottle of champagne from among his stores, and, putting on his white gloves, shot himself through the heart. He was found over three weeks later seated there, with his head bent on his breast as if asleep, and a dark stain on the gravel beneath him. He was buried at the side of the road, and one still sees the wooden cross that the pious hand of a stranger erected to mark his resting place.

The descent from the *cumbre* was so steep that, partly to rest myself after the long ascent, and partly because I distrusted my *macho* on a plunge like this, I dismounted, and jumped and tumbled down the slope with the bridle on my arm. Even thus it took me a full hour to reach the valley.

Here, as I had taken only a cup of coffee and two thin wafers in the morning, I paused to await Pascual.³ I unsaddled the *macho*, rolled a large stone over upon the end of the long bridle, and, finding a convenient crevice between the enormous boulders, lay down upon a pair of blankets to rest while I waited.³

From my post I could see the whole

¹ *Cumbre* means simply "the highest point." The special name of this *cumbre* is Bermejo.

² Height 10,248.2 feet above sea level. (Pretot-Freire.)

³ It would be impossible for me to give a more exact description of the geological formation as far as the Bermejo, or in fewer words, than Charles Darwin has already done in narrating a journey which he made over the same road fifty years ago. I have therefore borrowed from his *Private Journal* a part of the following description, which, in quotation, I have abridged, and in some places even ventured to modify.

From "the point where the *Rio Aconcagua* debouches on the basin plain of the same name—at a height of about 2300 feet above the sea—we meet with the usual purple and greenish porphyritic claystone conglomerate," with an occasional granite ledge becoming dimly visible through the overlying strata. "Beds of this nature, alternating with numerous compact and amygdaloidal porphyries, and associated with great mountain

masses of various, injected, non-stratified porphyries, are prolonged" to the Bermejo. "The mountain range north (often with a little westing) and south. The stratification, wherever I could clearly distinguish it, was inclined westward or towards the Pacific." After leaving the *cumbre*, compact blocks of red sandstone rise perpendicularly on each side, together with green, yellow, and reddish porphyry, with frequent calcareous conglomerates.

These vertical beds alternate with oblique strata of the same formation, with a westerly dip, and are flanked on the north by a lofty mountain of dark, amorphous porphyry, with a jagged top, which mountain Mr. Darwin believes "to have determined by an extraordinary dislocation the excavation of the north and south valley of the *Rio de las Cuevas*. This mountain of porphyry seems to form a short axis of elevation, for south of the road, in its line, there is a hill of porphyritic conglomerate with absolutely vertical strata."

mountain side down which I had just descended, but it was at such a distance that the dusty path looked like a zigzag white thread. Many objects caught my eye upon the slope, and I examined them all carefully to see if they really moved. I fixed them against some rock upon the hill's crest, and then watched the relation between the fixed and the questionable object. Then suddenly a new object would abruptly attract my attention, and I would say, "There comes Pascual!" until by a repetition of the parallax test (if I may so call it) I found that the new object had probably not moved for centuries. Thus inexhaustible hope unconsciously deceived me and stifled the cravings of hunger; but at noon, after a fruitless study of the mountain side for an hour and a half, the hot rays of the sun stole round the angle of the rocks and poured down upon my bed. Hunger and heat together were too much for my patience. I got up, saddled the macho, and with a hot head and a fainting stomach I desperately spurred him on over the dusty road, under the blazing sun, which beat down into the bed of the valley where I rode.

There was but one hill on my road this time, and in half an hour I had mounted its crest and descended into the valley on the other side. The road now lay through a sand desert and without a breath of air, while the thick dust followed me in a cloud, and filled my eyes and parched my throat; the heat seemed to rise from the earth as well as descend upon my head and back, and for another hour and a half I tore along at full trot through the sandy desert. Not a living thing moved on the track. The white and whitening bones of countless animals lay strewed along on both sides of the path, while far overhead, a floating speck in the light blue sky, the silent condor wheeled his graceful and tireless flight. On each side of me the view was closed

in by an unbroken range of mountains, bare of vegetation, and glistening red and yellow in the blistering sun. I hardly noticed them as I hurried past. At length I saw in the distance a round red brick lodge, which I approached and, dismounting, entered. Two roughly dressed men were seated there; one was the Resguardo. I was at the Puente del Inca.¹

In 1453 the Inca Tupac Yupanqui passed south from Cuzco, and with his enormous armies conquered the whole of the continent as far as the thirty-fifth parallel. During his triumphant passage his army descended into this very valley, and under a natural bridge which spans the river the Inca found the hot springs, in which for several weeks he daily bathed, and to which, as well as to the bridge, his royal title is now firmly attached. Some time before reaching the Puente del Inca I had passed the Rio de los Horcones at its junction with the Rio de las Cuevas; and this is the stream² which, running for a long distance at the bottom of a deep gorge, finally passes under the bridge of the Inca.

Imagine a deep ravine with perpendicular sides, and a brawling river at the bottom. On passing a bend it is unexpectedly spanned by a natural bridge, whose upper surface is continuous with the level on each side of the gorge. The bridge is perhaps fifty to sixty feet wide, and presents nothing remarkable as you cross it. Indeed, you might pass it and never see it. But on the side towards the Resguardo is a steep descent, down which a circuitous foot-path leads you directly underneath the bridge. From ten thousand stalactites of varying length, which hang from the arch of the bridge above you and before you, fall the sluggish drops, cold and clear, upon the irregular surface where you stand and into the river which raves

¹ Height 8690.2 feet above sea-level. (Pretot-Freire.)

² Retaining the name Rio de las Cuevas.

over its rocky bed far below you. The water is said to possess the peculiar property of petrifying all with which it comes in contact. In two days a sheet of tissue paper becomes stiffer than parchment, and by the infiltration of the salts which the water contains it will petrify completely the body of an animal placed in it. The process is a long one, requiring a year or more to become complete, but the fact of its success is attested by the concurrent and sonorous voices of many eager and voluble witnesses.

There are four springs: the first one bubbling from the hillside, seventy-five feet above the river in the ravine; this spring is called Mercurio. The second and third, Neptuno and Champaña, are situated on the ledge just below the arch of the bridge, in natural grottoes, and come foaming and bubbling out of apertures into which you may thrust your arm to its full extent. You may do it, but I should advise you to refrain from the attempt if ever you visit the Inca's bridge. Out of curiosity I made the trial. I expected that the water, bubbling out so forcibly, could not be restrained. Nothing easier. I inserted my hand, completely blocked the passage, and the flow of water ceased; but before I could withdraw my arm the ground began to shake and groan under me in the bath, and the choking noise of the water startled me to the extreme that I could hardly tumble out of the bath and fall upon the rock at its side. What would have happened I do not know. I shall never repeat the experiment. Probably the force which expels the water is in such perfect equilibrium with the diameter of the passage that the obstruction of the opening for a few seconds would suffice for the accumulation of expulsive power enough to make for itself another channel, which would perhaps be in the centre of the bath.

At a lower level and even more com-

pletely concealed from view is the Bath of Venus, where in the concave floor of a grotto, whose arched roof sparkles with the dripping stalactites, bubbles and foams the clear spring. It is like entering a sea-shell, and an effort of will is required to leave the bath, so delightful is the sensation and so beautiful the interior of the grotto. Hand of man has had nothing to do in the preparation of these springs, but the most luxurious Roman of the time of the empire, even Petronius Arbiter himself, could not have dreamed of more delightful baths than have made themselves here in this beautiful spot.

The composition of the water I could not learn with any degree of accuracy, but it contains a large quantity of sulphate of magnesium, carbonates of lime and of iron, and common salt. "Solid matter amounts to forty-five grains in every ten cubic inches of water."¹ The gas which bubbles up with the water is sulphureted hydrogen, and the temperature of the Bath of Venus is about 90° Fahrenheit. The altitude of the bridge is 9700 feet above sea level.

In this wonderful valley, by the side of one of the grandest of all natural objects, is a filthy rancho, ill kept by a wretched beggar of a Spaniard; and this is the only place where one may tarry and fare for the time that he wishes to stay at the baths. It was here that I went for a cup of coffee, on my arrival, weak and faint, at the Puente del Inca. While taking it and wishing to learn what I could from the Spaniard's wife, a thin, pinched, yellow woman, with her jaws tied up in a flannel kerchief, I asked her, —

"Will you kindly tell me what is the altitude of this valley?"

"Altitude?" (*altura*). She did not understand me.

"Its height above the sea," I explained.

Her face brightened at once. Yes!

¹ Darwin, op. cit. page 505.

she evidently understood that. "Seven days," she replied, with a satisfied look.

At about three o'clock Pascual arrived with the luggage, but Señor Queseyó did not accompany him, nor had he been seen since leaving the Juncal in the morning with me. I was hourly more and more perplexed at this singular man. Was he really a Spaniard, a Bolivian mine-owner? Was he even in his proper senses? What unknown path had he taken after dropping behind me on the road? I had noticed none by which he could have escaped. Was he perhaps some mountain bandit who wished to see if I were worth the trouble of robbing? He was certainly an educated man, and could make himself a pleasant traveling companion, but he was cynical and selfish. He talked well, however, and I half regretted that he had left me.

In the early twilight I went again to the bridge to take a bath, and I lay there in the warm, bubbling water and looked at the brilliant dripping stalactites above me, and then at the early shining stars away off past the top of the bridge, past the mountain summits, past the cool evening breeze, — away up there in the dark sky. How long I dreamed there I cannot tell, but when I came to myself it was so dark under the bridge that I could hardly find my clothes. I dressed rapidly, and left the bath-cavern along the slippery, zigzag path leading up to the level ground, when right before me in the narrow way I came abruptly upon a man standing there alone and silent. To say that I was startled would hardly express my sensation, for almost without seeing him I felt that it was my morning's companion. My foot slipped; he made a spring at me and caught me by the arm, saying politely, as he helped me back to my feet, —

"It is dangerous, sir, walking here in the dark; one stumbles and slips so easily on these wet stones. A friend of

mine fell into the river from this very spot, on an evening like this, and broke his head. But we are happily all safe."

A suspicion flashed through my mind as he spoke that perhaps he could, if he wished, tell the story of his friend more minutely; but by the time he had finished speaking I was able to thank him for his assistance to myself, and together we went back towards the rancho. By the way I thought, "If he wished to take my life, he could not have had a better opportunity. Indeed, if he had been content with the effect upon me of his sudden appearance, he could have simply let me fall, as I would have done when I slipped, and — No, he evidently did not want my life, nor could he get it now," as I put my hand in my pocket and grasped my revolver.

But these thoughts were due to the simple disturbance of my circulation, and in a few moments I was again collected and almost communicative. I forgot his tale of the morning, and we walked along quite gayly to the rancho. Here we lay down under the cool sky, on the hard, bare ground, as it rose from the valley to meet the hills. Señor Queseyó continued talking: —

"When I set out it was about this time of night, but much darker than now. My friends in San Isidro tried to keep me till the morning, but I was anxious to reach the mine as soon as I could, and I felt quite fresh from my afternoon sleep and a hearty dinner. I was well armed and well mounted, and had been over the road twice already, so nothing could persuade me to stay until the next day. My dog ran along beside me, and I galloped up the slight rise and then dipped into the cool valley beyond, leaving San Isidro and my old companions far behind me.

"Well, it was to be a good long pull, but my mule was fresh and the moon would be up in an hour, and after that there would be no chance of missing the road. But there was one thing I had

not noticed, — that there was not a star above me. The sky was blank and empty. I rode along looking anxiously for the first light streaks of the rising moon, but they did not appear. An hour, two hours, I waited for it, and only then did I perceive the dead darkness in the heavens. The sky seemed to have almost settled upon me; instinctively I crouched in the saddle that I might not touch it with my head. The air was hot and stifling. I was uneasy. I had never seen it like that before.

"I could not see the road, and I gave over trying to guide my mule, and trusting to her instinct I let her choose her own pace. This of course rapidly fell off from a gallop to a trot, from a trot to a walk, and then she came to a full stop. I whipped her, but she did not move; I spurred her, but she only shook herself and stuck there. I jumped to the ground with a good old Spanish oath, — forgetting that she might easily enough have halted on the side of a precipice, and that I might consequently have leaped not four feet, but a thousand, — and getting down on my hands and knees I felt about among the rocks for the road. I found none, neither on the way forward nor on that by which we had come. Sharp, jagged rocks covered the ground over which we had passed, and I wondered that the mule had found her feet among their cutting edges. The wall at my side I found to be continuous, rising higher than I could reach, and it seemed half smooth, as if done by the hand of man. Then I remembered that I had matches, and lit one. In a moment I saw it all. Not a breath of wind stirred; the flame of the match rose vertically in the still air. I was in an immense cavern, formed in some mountain side by artificial excavation, — perhaps some long-deserted mine. The walls were near together, leaving a passage of only ten or twelve feet in width where I was. The roof I could not see; I could only guess, by

the gradual approximation of the sides, that there was one. Ahead of me, in the part opposite the entrance, the light of the match was lost; it met with no object to reflect it; the cavern continued in that direction. Should I go on, should I pass the night there, or should I return by the way I had come? I made up my mind at once not to stay there for the night, and I disliked the idea of going back, because in the darkness I should have to trust to my mule entirely, and she would certainly choose the way to San Isidro; and to go back to my friends would shame me. Moreover, it was possible that — At any rate, I was going to explore that cavern and make up my mind as to it. I searched about for a piece of wood to serve for a torch; there was none, and I had only a few matches, but I took up the bridle of my mule and advanced into the darkness. Conscious that my matches must be husbanded, I decided not to light one until I came to an obstacle, and as the floor, after a few steps, became fairly level and smooth, I walked along confidently, with my dog beside me, the mule behind, and my revolver in my hand, when suddenly a damp puff of air smote me in the face, and I stopped as short as if the blow had come from a club. It was not repeated, and I lit a match. Then indeed I saw what I never expected to see, what I think I would rather not have seen, — a stone stairway cut in the living rock, and running far down beyond the reach of my match into the darkness. But the air seemed less heavy and dead, and now and then another damp whiff would send a chill through me as it struck me. I still stood there, undecided what to do. It must have been a long time, but at length the darkness became less intense, and I watched until by the faint and uncertain light of the hidden moon I could see the stone steps beneath me, and trace them down the hillside to the valley below.

"At once I was easy again and calm. This valley would very likely lead me — somewhere, at least. I would follow the steps and pass through it. Carefully I began to go down. At every step the mule threw her head back and refused to descend, but I pulled and jerked and dragged her down after me. I counted the steps mechanically. Fifty, sixty, seventy, seventy-five, eighty, ninety, one hundred. Would they never end? One hundred and twenty-five, one hundred and fifty, and still I went down, down, down, into the darkness. Who had cut and built this stairway? What hands had hewed this rock into form, and shaped the descent down which I passed? Those of men long since dead and forgotten, whose very race had disappeared from the earth. Probably for centuries the foot of man had not trod where I now stood. It seemed almost sacrilege for my mule to tread upon these sacred steps, and descend where the holy priestesses of the sun had led the long procession by night and tuned the sacred hymn to their great sun-god. I almost expected to see their white robes as they ascended the steps, and catch the gleam in the darkness of the precious image of their god shining out from the forehead of their high-priestess. In my fancy I already saw it, and paused to hear the low chant of their many voices. I was no longer in this busy world, — I was no more a miner in Santa Elena; I was an Indian of the days of the great Huayna Ccapac, and would have fallen upon my knees and worshiped like a very pagan had my fancy turned true. And I thought of the fervor with which to-day, in Honduras, they worship their ancient gods, and it seemed not unlikely that some few faithful souls might still preserve among these inaccessible mountains the ruins of the great religion of their ancestors. I stopped suddenly. Why was this path along which I passed so clean and in such perfect order? — not overgrown with cactus or

spine bushes, nor half hidden in the falling sand and gravel from the mountain; and how had my mule left the trodden road to dive among the bushes, if she had not discovered another way, hidden perhaps to the gaze of man, still sacred to the worshipers of the great sun? Without being uneasy I was deeply impressed by my thoughts, — perhaps more by finding myself alone at midnight in the dead darkness among unknown mountains, treading upon the footsteps of an extinct race. The ground burned my feet. I took another step down; it was the last.

— "The darkness had again become thick and heavy; I felt as if I were at the bottom of a well. I could see nothing, so I mounted my mule and let her take her own gait; but in a few minutes she had again stopped, and refused to advance. My dog gave a long whine, and then I heard his feet running up the steps down which I had come, while his whine rang in my ears. The mule shook violently and reared. I dismounted, and lit a match. I could see no valley at all, but in front of me was an opening in the rock. I dropped the mule's bridle, and entered. It was like the cave of some wild beast, — 'A jaguar, most likely,' I thought; but I was insensible to danger, and would have tried to go in had I seen the jaguar himself at the door. It was only a hole in the rock, shallow and low; but the light of a match showed me, within a foot of my face, the fattest vein of virgin gold that my eyes have ever seen. As I followed this vein with my sight, I saw at the farther end a chisel sticking from the rock. I went up to it: it was a chisel of *copper*. Then I knew that I was in one of the mines of the old Incas, and that I held in my hand the tool of their slaves. That copper chisel would cut steel itself. My foot hit against something on the floor. I stooped, and picked up an earthen lamp, with the bejuco wick still projecting from it; but it

was not that that my foot had struck. I stooped again, and touched — a skull.

“Well, I had seen and handled many a skull before, and perhaps shall again, and I cannot explain the sudden panic that thrilled me as I stood before the Inca’s wealth and with the skull at my feet. A fear fell upon me, and shook me and tore me inwardly. I would not have stayed there a moment longer for Atahualpa’s ransom. I stumbled to the door; my head struck the ledge; I dropped to the ground, and rolled out of that fearful place. I have never had the slightest desire to see that gold again. It lies there yet for some wanderer like myself, but pluckier, to reach, find, and enrich himself. I told it all to my partner and to my friends in San Isidro, and for five years they have searched for that stairway; they have never found it. I would not find it if I could.”

“That is true, then, that the old Peruvians knew how to temper copper?” I asked, after an interval; for his simple, direct tale had impressed me strongly.

“Not only true, but I know how they did it. I once saved the life of a very old Indian near my mines in Santa Elena, and then afterwards kept him supplied with candles and bread, and such little things: and one day he said that he would tell me a secret that everybody had forgotten but himself. I half laughed, but waited for what he had to say. He got up, and brought me a copper blade set in a bone handle. ‘Shave with that to-morrow,’ was all he said. Well, sir, I never shaved myself so easily before, and that copper blade had not been sharpened for sixty years. I have it yet, and I myself know how it was hardened.”

This is truly a remarkable man, I thought. I longed to know how he could temper copper, but I was unwilling to ask him, and when he spoke again he had forgotten the subject entirely.

We sat out there talking until late.

He seemed to have forgotten the guanaco skins. No! and then it all came to me why he had waited for me at the bath and entertained me ever since. He wanted to keep his eye upon me while I stayed at the bridge, and only after my departure would he search for the hidden gold. I had learned also that he had arrived at the Puente two hours earlier than myself, though he was ill mounted and must have taken some other road.

These and a hundred other things ran through my head, as I lay down on the camp bed in the earthen box provided for me. Pascual slept, as usual, on the ground, just outside of the door of my room.

At six o’clock the following morning I was again in the bath, and on leaving it I saw Senor Queseyó, seated on the other side of the river, sketching the bridge from below. He saw me at the same time, and crossing the river came to meet me.

“I know,” said he, “that of course our meeting at the Juncal and our journey together were quite accidental, and in fact our acquaintance is but a day old; but I am going to stay here at the Puente, as you have probably guessed, while you will soon resume your way to Mendoza. Still I have learned in that one day to esteem you, and it is possible that at some time I may be able to be of service to you. If that should ever be the case, you will call upon me without hesitation,” and he handed me his card, upon which an address was written in pencil. I could do no less than give him my card in return, but I was glad that no address was written upon it. We separated with the customary reciprocal regrets at parting, and did not meet again.

I may insert here, to finish this subject, a part of a letter which I received through the United States Consulate a few weeks after arriving in Boston. I translate the part to which I refer.

"I was quite uncertain, when I said adieu to you at the Puente del Inca, whether the scheme that I then had in hand was to be a failure or a success, and, wishing to have two strings to my bow, I waited until I should know the result definitely before telling you a secret that I saw interested you greatly. 'If this plan fail,' I had said to myself, 'I will go to England, to Sheffield or Birmingham, and start a company for the tempering of copper. That will serve me better than gold-mining in Santa Cruz, for there are many men who would pay me well to learn my secret;' but I am not reduced to my last resource. I inclose you, then, the old Indian's secret. It is yours, to do with as you like.

"Let it not surprise you that the ancient Peruvians, while gradually evolving a civilization distinct from our own, and reaching a widely different social state, achieved also certain side results, chance issues, that were unknown to the European conqueror, who, moreover, in his zeal for his God and in his thirst for gold, scorned to learn anything from miserable Indians, who could not even speak Spanish. Later, when the Indians realized this sentiment and felt the heel of the cruel conqueror upon their necks, they shut themselves up in the closest reserve; they served their lords faithfully, but threw their gold vessels into the lakes, carried off the images of their sun-god to the mountain caves, and became the dumb, suffering beasts that you have known them. Pedro González put a whole tribe to death to learn how they made their copper tools hard enough to chisel rock; but to cruelty the Indian can reply only by dying; to his persecutor he never gives his confidence, — only his life; and González never learned the secret that he wanted.

"The Indian Quipú lies still undeciphered in every museum, and the records of the Incas from the great Manco Ccapac are shut up forever in those ragged threads, while conjecture, un-

tamed and vagrant, runs wild over ancient monuments, and the sweet babble of Garcilasso is the only authentic record known. Garcilasso was himself an Inca, and spoke from family tradition rather than from the imperial documents. There are still Indians who can read the Quipú: if you want fame, search for them, unearth them, make them speak. You will rank with Rawlinson, Elgin, and Schliemann.

"The old Peruvian sun-temples have excited much wonder and caused many inane conjectures. How could these immense blocks of stone be piled so closely and symmetrically upon each other? Where did they quarry them, and how did they cut them, and by what means did they pile them into walls and roofs? Those arid plains often yielded nothing larger than pebbles, and what engines had they to drag these rock masses for leagues to the chosen spot? One will tell you that the stones were quarried and cut in distant hills, carted by thousands of men to the site; and that when one stone was placed earth was brought and a gentle incline made from the plain to the top of the stone, up which slope the next rock was carried in the same way, and the earth-slope again raised to the second level; that in this way they could have built temples much larger and higher and of still greater stones. It is all a guess. The old Peruvians did not have carts, and wheels were unknown to them; everything was borne on the backs of Indians; no other vehicle was known than the royal chair borne litterwise by the royal servants. It is all a guess. The real explanation, much more surprising from our standpoint than the guesses of antiquaries, is this: they did not quarry, and cut, and cart, and pile those immense blocks; they simply made them. While Toledo and Damascus were turning iron bars into delicate steel for fine swords, while Gutenberg was making the first rough es-

says at printing, and while gunpowder was beginning to depopulate the world at the same time that it civilized it, — for the world will be civilized only when man has disappeared from its surface, — the ancient Peruvians were stumbling upon a way to harden copper and a way to make granite. How did they make granite? I do not yet know. How did they harden copper? The inclosure marked “*reserved*” and sealed with my seal will tell you.”

That letter is still in my keeping.

In another part of his letter, alluding darkly to the success of his scheme at the Puente del Inca, he said, “I am doubly glad at the event of this hope, for it provides me with the means of carrying out the purpose of my life, — which sooner or later I should in some way have done, — and it saves me from the necessity of depending in the slightest degree for my resources upon that land that I cursed with an oath and a solemn vow many years ago. My time is coming now, and I am not alone in the work. A friend and companion of the great Italian liberator as I have been, I have a higher and a wider mission than his before me. Would to God he were here at my side! But *we* are strong, and the hand of man shall not prevail against us.” I well remembered, on reading these words, his vehement invective when together we left the Laguna del Inca, after he had told me of the fate of the English fisherman.

“Miserable slave of an accursed nation!” he broke out. “Would to God they might all perish the same wretched death! They have blistered the surface of this fair earth with their injustice and bull-dog cruelty. The blood of their victims cries out from all lands. For thirty years they have slaughtered Kafirs and Zulus and Chinese and Turks and Indians and Afghans and Egyptians alike, and there is none to stay their hands. The Irish at home and the Greeks abroad they have outraged.

They have threatened Guatemala and they have insulted Bolivia. The weak and the sick have been their sport and spoil, and their hand, like a plague, has spotted whatever it has touched. But all this only makes the reckoning greater when the day of reckoning comes. What was at first a national movement is becoming an universal one. The voice of vengeance cries aloud; it goes up from all lands. The day is drawing near, and this,” tearing open his coat, “is the sign of the victors!” I saw upon his breast a cross and a red ribbon, which I had not time to examine, for he covered it almost at once and dropped into a moody silence.

I spent the morning strolling about through the valley and climbing around on the ledge of rock that ran along like a gallery under the arch of the bridge, but high above the river. Many swallows had built their nests in the niches at the base of the stalactites, and they flew about my head in silent flocks as I clambered along. About once an hour a desire came upon me to take another bath, and I went back and lay down in the clear water bubbling warm about me.

The whole hillside is covered with the thin layers which form on the rocky surfaces where falls the water from the arch and the springs, and which comes from the hills above. So firm and regular are these thin sheets that the people split them from the rock, and employ them in making the roofs of their houses. Above these regular layers the detritus forms a dusty covering. It appears to me easy to account for the existence of the bridge itself; that the gradual deposit of these accumulating and adhesive layers has increased until, overhanging the ravine at its narrowest part, the new formation has projected itself to the opposite bank, while the continued accretion has filled up and symmetrized the span thus thrown across the river. The form of the bridge would suggest such an origin. On the

high land above the bridge the ground sounds hollow to the footstep, as if one were walking on an immense concealed drum. There are still to be seen in the valley the ruins of the old Indian huts, which must at one time have formed quite a village.

At half past twelve I mounted again, and rode down the valley, over the crest of a round-topped hill, and into the Valle de los Penitentes (the Vale of the Penitents), so called from the vertical attitude of many oblong blocks of stone ranged with a certain regularity in rows and files. At a distance the illusion is complete,—they are women at prayer. On the right continued the range of mountains which had accompanied me the day before. At this place was a gap between two adjacent tops, and in this gap appeared a castle of brown porphyry, with bastions and turrets and ramparts and battlements,—a ruin of the grandest type, a feudal castle, gradually undergoing decomposition under the septic agency of time. It was with difficulty that I could persuade myself that this was simply one of Nature's sportive deceptions, and that the hand of man had never traced and modeled those upright symmetrical towers that I saw before me. On the left the hills retain their porphyritic structure; on the right they are sliced into layers of gypsum, red sandstone, porphyry, and granite, the separate strata standing out prominently in distinct coloration on the mountain side. The dip seems here to become southwesterly.

For many leagues now I had passed them, these bald, rugged rock-mountains, bare of grass or bushes. They were all of the same type,—immense rocky summits towering bleak into the light-blue sky. But the alternate influence of the winter's frost and snow and of the hot summer sun is gradually breaking down their lofty strength, tumbling bowlders into the valleys, and covering the mountain-sides with land-

slides, smooth and fixed now, running down as straight as the side of a triangle into the plain below, which they meet at an angle varying from twenty-five to eighty degrees. The detritus which forms them is vainly clothing its nakedness with a thin growth of hardy spiny bushes, which in the spring is violently torn off and rolled down the slope by the annual landslides. I may also state, while it is pertinent, that both before reaching Uspallata and beyond it, while the road passes along the plateau, the rocky summits have become entirely disintegrated into sand-hills, with round tops and covered with a sparse vegetation resembling heather.

The rivers, too, that one passes or crosses during this trip, like nearly all the rivers of Chile, carry yearly many hundred tons of earth from the Cordillera across the abrupt slope to the sea, and deposit their earthy burden upon the coast. That they are one of the factors steadily at work in the elevation of the Chilean coast—a fact long since noticed by Humboldt and Huxley—becomes evident on taking a cupful of the yellow water and letting it stand a moment. A light sandy precipitate at once forms, and a calculation could easily be made showing the annual work of these rivers in the production of land.

From the Valle de los Penitentes, with the sun sinking at my back, I rode into the full view of the volcano Tupungato, by whose base the road twists towards the north. Sublime and aloft, conspicuous among his fellows, like a very Atlas among lesser giants, towers the massive head of Tupungato,—its bleak, rugged sides swept by the winds of centuries, its bare bald head erect and unshaken by the threat of the storm-wind, with the snow for a covering, the condor for a companion, the cloud for a hiding-place.

The posada at the Punta de las Vacas¹

¹ Height 7575 feet above sea-level. (Pretot-Freire.)

where I arrived at three o'clock is another squalid shanty, where one gets the worst of accommodations, food, and treatment at an exorbitant figure.

The succeeding day I left Punta de las Vacas at half past five, and passed along at an easy trot by a level road beside the river bank, whose channel had been cut deep into the plain by the spring freshets. The path lay over a sandy, shrub-covered plain, and but little water was to be met with on the road. It was therefore more grateful to me to find in a deep, abrupt gorge, at eleven o'clock, when the sun is hottest, the loveliest cascade I have ever seen. The lowest fall was the only one I could see from the saddle; so I dismounted, and without taking off my spurs I clambered up the sheer sides of successive rocks, until there lay at my feet the cascade that I had seen from the road, while above, in the narrow, difficult ravine, were two more, one above the other, falling straight and smooth into the hollow basins that they had themselves worn out in the rocks. I eagerly threw myself down on my side by the middle pool of the three, and, dropping my hat, I was about to plunge my head into the clear water, when right before me I saw, in the crevice between two rocks, a snake's head perking itself into my very face. I started to my feet and backed two or three paces, with my eyes on the snake, who, no less surprised than myself, sought a place to hide; but with a stone well aimed I succeeded in dispatching him. I measured him with my eye, three and a half feet, drab with black spots, and hastily withdrew, without my desired drink, cruelly disenchanted of my beautiful dream.

This gully leads one, climbing along the face of the cliff, precipitous and almost impassable, to a deep valley, heavily wooded, which lies behind.¹ For many

years the wood of this concealed valley was cut and carted away for lumber, thus giving the name *Las Cortaderas* (The Cuttings) to the whole region, including the outer valley through which winds the present road. If one should succeed in reaching the bottom of the hidden valley, and should stand in a certain position with reference to the distant mountains, he might still catch a glimpse of the old highway of the Incas, running away north among the mountains, and only lacking the reconstruction of the hanging bridges to become continuous.

At two o'clock we crossed the Rio Picheutas, and on the farther bank Pascual built a fire, and on a stick roasted a leg of kid, on which, with some unleavened bread and water from the river, we lunched; and after a half hour's sleep in the shade of the rocks I again mounted, and we set off.

At four I was well out of the heart of the Central Cordillera, and paused to take a note in the saddle: "The hills of the Quebrada Seca (Dry Ravine) rise at the near right, of green stratified porphyry, and apparently highly amygdaloidal. At the left flows the Rio de las Cuevas, in its pebbly bed; at this point it loses this name, and becomes the Rio Mendoza. Beyond the river rises an escarpment that the most expert military engineer might study with profit. Nature, in her fits of abstraction, produces unconsciously and without effort results far surpassing our difficult attempts at imitation. Behind rises the mountain range, ever lessening at this point until it degenerates into the sandhills of the Uspallata plateau. In front extends the valley, winding around the base of the hills, to whose slippery sides the footpath clings. Behind, thunder and lightning announce rain in Uspallata and Mendoza, while a few large drops fall upon my bare head here."

I rode along the river bed for about an hour, and picked up a number of beau-

¹ I must make my friend Señor J. A. Pérez responsible for this, as I did not penetrate any further than to find the snake.

tiful stones as mementoes of the valley. At half past five we reached a muddy stream, rolling its rapid and swollen torrent down the hillside to join the Rio Mendoza. The large stones at the bottom of the stream, bowling along and tumbling against each other in their furious passage, gave me some fears of breaking the legs of my macho during the passage, but there was no time to wait. The stream must be crossed, and its current increased in rapidity and in volume moment by moment; for it had rained long and heavily on the heights above. The whip would not serve, for my macho refused to enter the stream, rearing furiously when I again and again put his head to the water. The spurs, however, helped me, and when at last I reached the other side the blood was fresh on my rowels.

The Rio Uspallata was yet two leagues ahead, and already the darkness was closing in around me. Again I put the macho to the full trot, and held him to it for an hour across the plain. Happily the Uspallata flows through the smooth ground, and though wide and rapid it was not deep. I crossed easily, and rode up the slope to the inn, which put a period to this day's ride. Here I found the accommodations good, and at nine o'clock sat down to a hot and substantial dinner.

At Uspallata is another custom house, to the keeper of which I sent by Pascual the certificate which the Resguardo at the Puente del Inca had given me, and I consequently passed without delay. This inn is the only point on the road where anything like activity is found,—for one meets more people here than on the whole road elsewhere,¹—and the stable-yard was filled with mules and horses of people intending to start off the next morning. I find that many persons, ill used and half starved with the wretched treatment which they re-

ceive along the road, are glad enough to stay a day or two at Uspallata, and obtain, at a moderate price, a good bed and abundant food. It receives also the travelers to and from San Juan, who come and go by a road of their own.

This plain extends for nearly two hundred miles N. E. (perhaps more accurately N. N. E.) and S. W., its altitude being 6000–6500 feet above sea level. It is composed, as one easily sees by the palisades of the Rio Mendoza, of a stratified gravelly deposit, closely resembling shingle, many hundred feet in thickness, due to the gradual disintegration of the rocky summits. One also sees here and there the projecting surfaces and angles of lava and of a calcareous tufa that is indeed very common through the whole region.

I had ridden so easily and with so little fatigue up to this point that I determined to make the remaining thirty leagues between Uspallata and Mendoza in one day's journey. Pascual tried to dissuade me, but I was determined to put the two days' journey into one, and rose at 4.30. Moreover I carried letters of introduction to the Señores Gonzales, of Mendoza (Don Carlos and Don César), and wished to present them before the expected departure of those two gentlemen from the city.

There was no coffee ready, and it would take too long to make a fire and prepare it, and Pascual had overslept, so there was no remedy against starting on a hungry stomach. I purchased bread and meat for the march before leaving, intending to stop on the road at about ten or eleven o'clock, await Pascual, and take breakfast, pushing on afterwards towards Mendoza. I expected to reach this city at about ten o'clock at night. I thrust a roll of hard bread into the pocket of my traveling coat, mounted, and set out in the cool, early morn-

¹ By which it must not be supposed that anything like a crowd is to be found here. I saw

about ten or a dozen, but that number is enough to support my statement.

ing air. Several friends of Pascual had joined him on the road, and there was quite a caravan sweeping along behind me as I turned to take a last look at the inn where I had slept so well after my hearty dinner. The ground was still covered with a coating of soft mud, — a footing that only a mule could stand on, — and ours were the first tracks that crossed it. Gradually the morning air lost its grateful coolness, and the plain was already dry when, in an hour, the sun rose and promised us a clear sky and a hot day.

For five hours the path lay along the sandy uplands, with occasional insignificant dips and rises, and at ten o'clock I came, riding alone, to the old and long-worked mines of Paramillo, which a century ago yielded such immense quantities of silver. Now, however, without being exhausted, they lie neglected and in ruins.

Gradually, for the last hour, the scenery had become more rugged, though the vegetation had not changed nor the geological formation varied; but at this point the road suddenly drops down a thousand feet from the plateau to the lower and outer range of the Andes, where the rock formation become slaty, with, I think, an easterly dip, though not a very well-marked one.

I came to this abrupt descent at about half past ten, and plunged into the bed of a ravine which I followed for another hour, until I espied a rancho on the opposite hillside, and beside it a thin streak of green, which meant water. My roll was long since finished, but my hunger was not appeased, and my throat was so dry that when I tried to speak my voice gave forth an uncertain sound, and when I made an effort to swallow I choked in the attempt. Down the decline, then, I hastened, regardless of my macho's stumbling, and when I reached the rancho I drank a glass of water. Then I could speak, though my voice sounded strangely, and the little old woman fried

a half dozen of eggs, after eating which with a piece of bread and two cups of tea, absolutely all the refreshment that the house afforded, I felt much better. Here I waited half an hour for Pascual to come up, but as he did not appear I set off again down the ravine. At about fifty rods' distance the thin stream sank away into the bibulous sand, and soon after my thirst again overtook me. I regretted then not having filled a flask with water while it was possible, but I reflected that I was now on a steep grade, with abundant shade from the pine and other trees covering the hillsides, and it would be impossible not to meet sufficient water on the way, so I did not return. The descent became now more rapid, and the road passed through deep gulches, blotted here and there by the opening of some mine-shaft into the steep hillside, when suddenly my macho stumbled and fell, first throwing me carelessly over his ears into the dusty road. Like Celia and Rosalind, we "rose at an instant," and as I found him uninjured, and felt myself equally sound, I again mounted, and having been long convinced of the truth of the old saying, "*Non bis in idem*," continued the descent at the same pace, though with greater precaution than before.

At two o'clock I passed Villavicencio, the second rancho that has appeared on the road, and the last until one nears the outskirts (which are narrow and ragged) of Mendoza, fifteen leagues ahead. Villavicencio is a fanciful name to give to this cheap hut standing at the roadside; but there are rich silver mines on the estate, and to their profits the owner adds the contributions which he exacts from the tourists for the satisfaction of poisoning them with his leathery raw beef and thin soup, and bread the remembrance of whose burnt skin and thin glutinous core gives me an attack of acute dyspepsia. Ah, the man who invented bread was the enemy of mankind, for by this simple and guileless in-

strument he scattered on all hands the indiscriminate seeds of torture. I could have cursed him with a royal good will as I bumped along over the road, with a heavier weight on my stomach than I hope ever to have on my conscience.

In this I wish I could be understood as referring solely to the proprietor of Villavicencio, but I cannot, for his was the only house on the road which my gluttonous heart refused to enter, and I knew that his, like all the bread that I had eaten in other places on the road, was an irritant poison. I did not, indeed, dismount at all, but, drinking a glass of warm water, and giving the little girl who handed it to me a real, — not for the water, but for having such pretty eyes, — I pushed forward on the road to Mendoza.

Two hours later I rode out into full view of the immense pampa where lies the ancient city; but although I could judge of its direction by the bearing of the road, I could not make it out in the broad plain that stretched off eastward.

On and on I rode. The hot sun and the dry wind had parched my throat, until I began to doubt if I should ever be able to speak or swallow again. I felt strong, however, and fresh in all other respects, and pushed on at full trot down the very gradual descent which would lead me to the plains. The vegetation along this road from Villavicencio was simply the thorn bush and the flowering cactus. Here and there the cactus was in full bloom, with its large white blossoms like the magnolia flower, — a delicious blossom, fresh and sweet in the hot sun. Over the level plain, too, its flower shone here and there above the smooth surface, like a water-lily on some immense lake.

At half past five I had reached the pampa, and the squawking parrots flew swiftly over my head. A dry, arid plain it is, needing only a little of the Chilean system of artificial irrigation and some

of the Chilean industry to bloom with clover and wheat. Since leaving Villavicencio at two o'clock I had seen no water, and it was only at six o'clock that I rode up to the Hornos de Cal (Limekilns), where a bucket-well stood by the wayside. In a moment I was on the ground, had thrown the bridle over the macho's ears, and the bucket was on its rapid way to the bottom of the well, whence it returned full of the cool, delicious water. I threw myself on the ground and tipped up the bucket to my lips, and while half of its contents ran down my neck and stood in a pool in each of my shoes I slaked the first really furious thirst I have ever known. Strengthened and refreshed by that deep draught, I again mounted, and stood off across the plain towards the city, whose steeples could now with difficulty be discerned in the horizon.

At seven o'clock, already dusk, I entered the Avenida de la Chimba, a single street standing out from the city like the handle of a saucepan, — three miles long. The row of poplar-trees at each side was well enough, but the street was full of pits and man-holes, and half of it was covered with a rapid stream of water. For three days it had rained furiously in Mendoza, and very soon the street became a uniform sheet of water, stretching away in the distance as far as the half-moon could light up the road to me. I did not like the prospect. I felt tired with my long ride, and weak with hunger. The street was ragged and full of holes, and covered with a treacherous sheet of flowing water, of unknown and varying depth. The city was two miles distant, and the road deserted and badly lighted by the young moon, which was just setting. The macho was heady and restive with passing through the water, and I fully made up my mind to a good ducking, at least, before reaching the city. Here and there, on a dry spot projecting into the water, a group of ladies would be found prisoners, waiting

for the flood to abate and leave them passage. A less gracious and more disheartening entrance into a city I have never made, and the barking of strange and numerous dogs behind the hedge of poplar-trees, together with the raving of the exposed drains¹ on each side of the road, only added to the sensation of annoyance and distrust that ruled me. Fetid odors, too, rose to meet me, and once the macho shied very violently at

the body of a dead dog which floated by him in the faint light. At length I struck dry land, and found my way by inquiry to the Hotel Nacional, having accomplished my task, and traveled the thirty leagues during the day. I had left the saddle four times: once to tighten the saddle-girths, once when I breakfasted, once to take a drink of water, and once when the macho threw me over his ears and fell on top of me.

Stuart Chisholm.

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

"A LIFE of home; very quiet, very retired; no Bohemianism" (*Une vie en famille; très calme, très retirée; aucune bohème*), — so does M. Coppée epitomize the story of his younger days; and the words might also, it seems to me, serve fittingly for a motto to a critical study of his works, or more fittingly still, perhaps, for a starting-point.

And a strange starting-point, too, although the statement itself may seem strange. *Une vie en famille, aucune bohème*, — such would constitute no exceptional commencement to the career of an American or English man of letters. But it unquestionably strikes an exceptional keynote in the life of a French *littérateur*. For the French journalist, or novel-writer, or poet, generally comes to Paris at an early age. His home lies far away in the sunny south, or by the mist-haunted western shores, or in the rich central plains. The ties that bind him to it are very loose. He is rather proud of their looseness. He throws himself into the whirl of the great city with all the zest and eagerness of his youth, and with such talent as may be in him. There is first the Bohemianism of the student, that motley life of

the Quartier Latin that has been described so often and so well; a life of gay poverty, and noisy pleasures, and shifty expedients, and ephemeral loose loves, — loves that Alfred de Musset has idealized, and Gavarni caricatured. Then, with a few added years and some beginnings of success, he passes into the adjacent Bohemianism of literature and art. Here there is, perhaps, a little less noise, a little more money to spend, and in the loves a greater affection of passion and sentiment. Otherwise, in this real essence, things remain much as they were, until that moment, retarded as long as may be, when the author "ranges himself." But such a late return to the ordinary *bourgeois* ways scarcely avails to recolor his views of life or revivify his art. The influences of early manhood cannot thus be eliminated. They have become bone of bone and flesh of flesh.

Quite other were the influences that went to the moulding of M. Coppée's character. He has himself told us, in a graceful letter which the Gaulois published a few months ago, the story of his earlier years. "I was born in Paris in 1842," he writes, "my parents being Parisians. My father was a humble clerk in the war office. The family was

¹ Acequias-Mendoza is 2473.12 feet above sea-level. (Pretot-Freire.)

numerous," — numerous, that is, according to French ideas, — "and we were not rich; but there is the more love when the space is small, and all have to live very close together. My father had a dreamer's nature, and was passionately fond of letters. He taught me to love them, too, and from my first school-days I laid together lines of unequal length, with a rhyme at the end. That was at the Lycée Saint-Louis, where I was only a day scholar. At night I wrote my exercises near the only lamp, on the table round which all the family were gathered. . . . I was a delicate child, an idle scholar, but there were verses on the margins of my copy-books. . . . I was still very young when one of my sisters married; then another died; then my father died, too, and I was left alone with my mother and my eldest sister. To be the head of a family at twenty, — that was at once hard and sweet. I had in turn become a clerk in the war office, and, like my father, brought home my salary at the end of each month, to help keep matters going. Meanwhile I was always writing things of all kinds, — stories, plays, verse especially. The whole has long since been condemned. . . . It was only at the age of twenty-three that I began to think that some of my poems might perhaps deserve publication. I was encouraged by the poetical brotherhood presided over by Catulle Mendès, to which I had just been admitted. I owe an infinite debt of gratitude to Mendès: without him I should never have taken confidence in myself. The *Reliquaire*, my first volume, appeared in 1866; the *Intimités* in 1867. . . . But I remained in complete obscurity; a few literary men, a few poets, had read my verses, and that was all. The success of the *Pas-sant*, in 1869, changed the whole tenor of my life. . . . That was fifteen years ago, and now my works — poetry and dramas — form six volumes, more than five thousand lines. It is not for me to

speak of them, to enumerate them, even. . . . As to my private life, it is entirely devoid of interest. A poet's existence is made up of dreams and sheets of blackened paper. I have never married, and live with my eldest sister, my dear Annette, who has also remained single, and has taken the place of my mother, who died a few years ago. I live in a retired part of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, in a quiet house, surrounded by books and flowers. As I am still not rich, I leave home to fulfill my duties as librarian to the Théâtre François, and to be present at the first performances of new plays, which I criticise in the columns of the *Patrie*. And now what more can I tell you? That I have gone somewhat into society, but do so no longer, the working hours of life being too precious; . . . that the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor was given me in 1876; and that I am a candidate for the Academy. I wish you could add to this biography that I shall be elected. If such were your prophecy, it would be a very imprudent one. My chances, I am assured, are slight, albeit I have been excellently received by all the Immortals. The great obstacle, as one of them assured me with much kindness, is that I am paradoxically young; and yet, alas, I shall so soon be forty."

Fortunately, M. Coppée's youth has not prevailed against him, and he is now, as we all know, one of the Immortals, and occupies a place among the gods on the sunny peaks of the Academical Olympus. There may he, by all means, "live happy ever afterwards." But my object in quoting these autobiographical passages has not been to lead to that climax of the old-fashioned novel. Still less has it been to pander to the taste for personal detail, the very gossip of literature, which is invading genuine criticism ever more and more. What I have wished to do is to show, as it were, the foundation of M. Coppée's art. Let

us see to what extent the superstructure may accord with it.

Born in Paris, of Parisian parents, a Parisian of the Parisians, no wonder that M. Coppée loves Paris. He loves it in its every aspect, as a lover the face of his mistress. I don't mean that he loves it with an affection altogether exclusive. To go through the world having no eye whatever for the great aspects of nature was possible even for a real poet, in the days of Villon. It can scarcely be possible in this nineteenth century of ours. And so M. Coppée is to be only half believed when he exclaims, —

“For me, why, Paris is my only love ;”

or again, —

“Yes, I love Paris with a morbid love,
And everywhere regret the Seine's old shores.
Before the circling sea or snowy peaks
I dream of ” —

What? A suburb ringing to the shouts of childhood, some forgotten field in which clothes have been hung out to dry, old leprous walls covered with half-torn advertisements. Yes, M. Coppée is to be only half believed when he expresses his admiration for these things as if he admired nothing else. Indeed, it seems scarcely possible altogether to acquit his enthusiasm for some of them of a slight suspicion of affectation. But be that as it may, he certainly admires other things, too, — the sea, for example. Still, unquestionably, the scenery to which his thought turns most habitually, lovingly, caressingly, is that of the incomparable city. There he is happy and at home. There he chooses the best colors of his palette.

And not the scenery only, the mere inanimate nature of Paris, does he linger over with affection. He loves all the innumerable scenes from the drama of life that are ever being enacted there. The streets are to him as a stage in a theatre that is always open, and there the performances range from the deepest tragedy to the lightest farce. How

interesting it all is! What a jumble of characters and situations! Here the hale pensioner, sturdy on his wooden leg, traces the plan of some battle for the benefit of our open-mouthed recruit. Here, in the half-deserted Faubourg Saint-Germain, a discreet abbé leads homeward from mass a boy marquis, and seems to be seeking for admissible terms in which to describe the young gentleman's ancestors of the time of the Ligue. Here a little motherly atom — in mourning, alas! — conducts a smaller atom to school, and (for M. Coppée recoils from no humblest detail) wipes the smaller atom's tiny nose. Here a noisy band of students and grisettes, bent on some river expedition, fills the station with song and strident laughter. Here, in the evening quiet of the Luxembourg gardens, a young soldier, haled unwillingly from the plough, and a servant from the same far village mingle their memories of home, and speak their simple loves. Here the drunkard, sitting sodden at his table, traces with unsteady finger a woman's name in the drippings from his wine-can.

Yes, for the seeing eye and the sympathetic spirit, how full of interest is that ever-changing kaleidoscope of life! A seeing eye M. Coppée unquestionably has, and in a most marked degree a sympathetic spirit. At this point I place my hand upon the main-spring, the motive power, of his art. I touch one of its chief peculiarities. For upwards of sixty years or so the bourgeois has been the object of gibe and insult on the part of nearly all in France who hold pen or brush. Gavarni would not unwillingly have asphyxiated him with the mingled odors of punch, patchouli, and cigars. There was one other fiery and homicidal gentleman of the romantic school who expressed a cannibal desire to feed upon him. From such cravings of hate M. Coppée is free. The environment of his early days has given him the kindest capao-

ity of insight into homely joys and sorrows. He knows how much of courage and patient effort and unostentatious self-devotion lies hidden in lives to outward seeming quite commonplace and mean. He is seldom happier than when he can cull some dainty flower from soil that looks unpromising and barren. He has tears for those tragedies that are not really less pathetic because they occur in humble existences. *The Humble*, — that is the title of one of his books. It opens with the story of a peasant girl ill married to a village prodigal, — one of those marriages in which, as he says,

“Close on the first kiss the first cuff follows.”

Then comes the baby; and the woman's husband, having by that time spent all her savings, insists on her going to Paris as a nurse. Of course he promises to see that the child is well taken care of meanwhile, and equally of course he villainously neglects it, and it dies. When she comes back, after weary weeks of absence, yearning with all her mother-heart for the tiny creature whom she expects to see prospering and well, she finds, instead, a broken cradle, dirty and cobwebbed. I take another of these poems. It is entitled *A Son*, and tells of a boy's school career, promising, brilliant, with all its boundless hopes and possibilities, but suddenly shadowed and blighted by the revelation of his mother's shame and his own illegitimacy. He devotes his changed life to her, tends her through the long querulous years of age and infirmity, and when she dies is left a poor, broken, prematurely old little government clerk. A similar story, though told for the nonce in prose (M. Coppée being ambidextrous in the use of prose and verse), is the story of another government clerk, a man famed for his thews and sinews, his bulk and brawn, his autobiographical anecdotes of midnight victory over the footpad and assassin, of wild and perilous adventure in

war and love, and yet discovered to be the gentlest of kindly creatures, whose evening hours, so terribly depicted by himself, are really spent in ministering to an aged mother.

I will not affirm that there is not some faint suspicion of affectation in a few of M. Coppée's presentments of humble life: the grocer, for instance. I am prepared to sympathize to the utmost with his domestic sorrows, the coldness and ill-nature of his wife, his childlessness; with the feeling that prompts him, like Miss Mattie in Mrs. Gaskell's delicately beautiful story of *Cranford*, to sell lollipops for nothing to the little curly-headed purchasers. But when I am asked to drop the tear of sensibility over the elegiac melancholy with which he chops his sugar, why, then I begin to doubt whether I am being treated quite seriously. Nor can I stifle the same suspicion when, through many lines of very good verse, the poet moralizes over

“An old shoe, ignoble, fearful, foul,
Gone at the heel, the sole breached and agape,
Hideous as want, and like want sinister.”

One does not like to be so reminded, and yet one is reminded of Sterne, and his remarks on the ramshackle old carriage in the vineyard at Dessein's; yes, and of Thackeray's somewhat uncomplimentary comment on that sentimental performance.

But still, after making every deduction, there is no doubt that in his sympathetic delineation of humble life, his kindly thought for those who are trodden down in the great battle, M. Coppée has given proof of a very distinctive talent and nature. The vein is not one that French poetry has worked to any great purpose. A few poems by Victor Hugo are all that I at present remember as being at all remarkable. For Sainte-Beuve, as a poet, was by no means in the first rank; and his earlier work, which bears most affinity in subject with this work of M. Coppée, is

moreover without M. Coppée's tenderness and peculiar moral elevation of tone and ready accessibility to noble and generous ideas.

Here again I lay my hand, as it were, on one of the most essential characteristics of M. Coppée's art. Here the education of his earlier years has stood him in good stead. We have all lately heard much about that great goddess Lubricity, whose image fell, not perhaps from Jupiter, but from some inferior and foul deity, and whom France in general, and Paris in particular, is supposed to worship with a very special veneration. We can imagine her votaries — M. Zola in chief — clamoring round Mr. Matthew Arnold, as the Ephesians of old clamored round St. Paul; and, sooth to say, her rites occupy a place all too prominent and hideous in contemporary French literature. If we accepted the pictures of life which the "naturalist" novelists offer to us as true, or as being in any sense the whole truth, we might indeed despair of the country; weeping for the decay of a race to which in past times — aye, and in the present — mankind has ever owed and owes so much. Some French novelists have a good purpose in view, and M. Alphonse Daudet unquestionably wished to convey a weighty and terrible message when he wrote his *Sapho*; but there is a kind of acceptance of vice as the normal condition of men, a persistent dwelling upon it, that are in the last degree morbid and unhealthy. But these pictures of French life are incomplete and unfaithful. For all their braggart claims to scientific exactitude, and the noisy advertising of what they are pleased to call "human documents," M. Zola and his friends are only topsy-turvy idealists, with mud for ideal. Behind the France of the French novelist, a France which we know only too well, is a France of toil and self-sacrifice and generous deeds and noble aspirations, of kindly domestic pieties

and pure, true love, and even of faith and prayer. This France is far less known to us. We catch a glimpse of it now and again. We hear its voice occasionally. But it never flaunts itself much, nor does it cry its virtues from the housetops.

Of this France M. Coppée may fittingly be called the laureate. I cannot attempt to enumerate the poems, or stories, or plays of his which may be regarded as a setting to some elevated, kindly thought, which present this poor human stuff of ours in one of its nobler, better shapes. The catalogue would be too long.

Do I want a tale of Christ-like forgiveness for the most terrible of injuries? There is the poem of Irène de Grandfief, who sets herself to tend a wounded German officer, and discovers from his talk that he has killed her lover, somewhere near Metz, in midnight ambush, and yet, through a long night of agony that silvers the hair round her young forehead, she supplies at the stated times the medicine on which the frail life of her sick foe depends. Do I want a story of self-devotion? There is the poem that tells of two prisoners, during the Reign of Terror, both bearing the same name; and how the younger, who is unmarried and childless, accepts the guillotine in the place of the other. Again, there are poems that deal with self-sacrifice, not in some high and tragic moment, when every impulse is strung to highest pitch, but carried out heroically through the long hours of life, — youth, health, love itself, being given up to duty.

Scarcely one of M. Coppée's prose *contes* fails to have a moral motive. They are very various in subject, of course, yet nearly all have, if not exactly a purpose, still an animating soul of goodness and elevated thought. We know pretty well by this time in what terms the average French *littérateur* is likely to speak of love, and how much

of mere sensuality will enter into his view of the relations between men and women. It is by contrast that Alfred de Musset's beautiful poem, *Une Bonne Fortune*, shines so silvery pure. It seems like a rift in a cloudy sky, through which he had caught a glimpse of a purer, better heaven. We get the same impression again from the story of the actor, who receives a letter of assignation from a girl, almost a child, foolish and stage-struck, and suddenly bethinks himself that he might have a daughter of that age, and dismisses her with warning and kindly words, — yes, and with a superb and patriarchal blessing; for even when an actor does the good and the right thing, he still can hardly help doing it with an eye to imaginary footlights.

I have said that many of the stories have for obvious motive a kindly and elevated thought, and seem to exhale a fresh perfume of rectitude and disinterestedness. Was Captain Mercadier a perfect personage? Scarcely that, I fear. "He was not a saint," we are told, and there appeared every probability, when he took his pension and retired to live thereon in his native town, that the local *café* would absorb most of his slender means. From this, from a life of selfish, brutal old-bachelorhood, he is rescued by the hand of a child, a little lame foundling, who becomes to him as a daughter. Foreground, background, middle distance, figures, and accessories, all are different, and yet one is vaguely reminded of Silas Marner. Poor Leturc, too, — a sad story, possibly a true one: the gutter child, the reformatory, the branded life, the jail, the honest effort to mend, and then the devoted friendship for a young country mason, who gradually deteriorates in the tainted moral atmosphere of Paris, turns thief to feed his pleasures, and allows innocent Leturc to assume the responsibility for the crime and accept transportation for life. And Annette

de Cardaillan, whose heart has been broken by the unworthiness of a young *roué* to whom she was engaged, and who has become a sister of charity; and who, as she goes her way through Paris in an omnibus, is moved by a workingman's homely story of her child's sickness, and gives to the little one the last memorial she has kept of the world and of her love, — a medal blessed by the Pope; whereupon the conductor, who is an old soldier and a subscriber to the *Intransigent*, and regards "clericalism" as the "enemy," feels inclined to raise his testimony; but seeing that the mother is moved, he contents himself, out of pity for the weaker sex, with smiling the smile of superiority. For that smile, I fear M. Coppée has not all the respect that might be wished; and yet it possesses an attraction even for the greatest among Frenchmen. Has not M. Renan confessed that long study of religious questions has produced in him at last the same mind that was in Victor Hugo's *Gavroche* and Flaubert's *M. Homais*? But M. Coppée's stage of religious development is not so advanced. He still sees that the older faiths produced flowers too beautiful and delicate for ridicule.

Am I doing his art any wrong by dwelling at such length upon its ethical side? I scarcely think so. I do not believe that M. Coppée himself would think so, if these lines were ever to fall under his eye. A noble purpose, however, is not everything. Good intentions alone will not save a poet. He must be an artist as well as a moralist, or he is a failure. It behooves us, therefore, to inquire what is the value of M. Coppée's gift as a maker of prose and verse.

I myself set it very high. The stories contained in the *Contes en Prose* and the *Vingt Contes Nouveaux* are gracefully and artistically told. They are short, and naturally slight; some indeed incline rather to the essay than to the

story, but each has a sufficiency of interest to justify its existence, and nearly all have much more than this. M. Coppée possesses preëminently the gift of presenting concrete fact rather than abstraction, — the gift, it may be remembered, which M. Taine thought so noticeable in Thackeray; the gift, by the way, which belongs more specially to the literature of the nineteenth century as compared with that of the eighteenth. We seem to know his personages, to have met them and seen them among just such surroundings as the writer has considered essential. Small as is the canvas, the picture is finished; and yet it remains what it should be, in those proportions, a sketch. A sketch, also, is M. Coppée's one novel, *Une Idylle pendant le Siègle*. That is the fault of it. For in a novel we require stronger characterization, greater grasp of character, and, I was going to add, a more searching dissection of motive and impulse; but *dissection* is scarcely the right image, for dissection implies death, whereas the art of the novelist consists rather in vivisection, and should show us the human heart and intellect in full play and activity. This tale of love, with the siege of Paris for running accompaniment, is not one of my favorites among M. Coppée's works. I do not feel, when I have read it, that I know the hero and heroine particularly well, or that I have enlarged my knowledge of character, or deepened my insight into life. Loves belonging so essentially to the commonplace of French literature scarcely seem to require for their enacting such a tremendous theatre as the great siege, with its background of famine and blood and fire. There is an incongruity about the whole thing, a want of keeping. Nor is this feeling removed by the fact that the male lover, at least, appears occasionally to share it too, and to be dimly conscious that his philandering is not quite opportune. "Blood and iron," — the times rang to

other music than the love-notes in the human voice.

However, it is not as a prose-writer that M. Coppée is mainly known, or deserves to be known. So I will not linger for quotation and comment. The ampler, finer field of his poetry calls me onward.

It is a field which he has cultivated to various purposes. There are plays, real plays, plays to be acted; not plays written as an English or an American poet would probably have written them, simply for "the closet," but plays that have stood the glare of the footlights, with pelf and applause for result. Was it not after the performance of one of these, the *Passant*, by Madame Sarah Bernhardt and Mademoiselle Agar that he awoke, like Byron, famous, and crowned with a night's green growth of laurel leaves? As interludes to the plays, there are "occasional" theatrical pieces, written for the fiftieth anniversary of the performance of *Hernani*, or the two hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the *Comédie Française*.

Besides these theatrical pieces, of which the most important, and I think the best, is *Severo Torelli*, produced not so long since at the *Odéon*, — besides these, M. Coppée has written a very considerable number of miscellaneous poems, which have appeared in a very considerable number of dainty little volumes: and the dainty little volumes have from time to time been compressed into volumes that are thicker, though still dainty, — for M. Lemerre, the publisher, publishes all things well, — and the result is a goodly show of verse. But perhaps a little cataloguing may not be amiss. For French poetry does not win its way very rapidly into other lands, and though there are doubtless some of my readers who know a great deal more about M. Coppée than I do, yet it would not perhaps be quite safe for me, on any grounds, to assume that all stand to me in that relationship. So

for those who are not so advanced in knowledge, I may as well be categorical. M. Coppée's opus No. 1, then,—or rather, perhaps, opusculus, as it contains but very few pages,—was the *Reliquaire*, published in 1864, twenty years ago, and, we are told, at the poet's own expense. At these first ventures of literature, what winds of hope belly their sails, and how do the reefs and quicksands gnash at them with white teeth, and the deeps of oblivion wait for them as for a prey! M. Coppée was among those more fortunate traffickers whose argosies arrive safely at the desired haven. The book had but a small sale, no doubt, but it "numbered good intellects." The fit and few knew that another real poet was born; and their knowledge acquired greater certainty in 1867, when the *Intimités* appeared, to be followed, not long after, by the *Poèmes Modernes*, which opens with the pathetic story of Angelus, the little foundling loved to death by an old priest and an old soldier; and followed again by two of M. Coppée's noblest poems, the *Bénédiction* and the *Grève des Forgerons*.

Here the poet was giving the full measure of his genius,—for I think that great word is admissible. He was using, and to fine purpose, the more tragic stops in this human nature of ours. *La Bénédiction* is a story of the siege of Saragossa. It purports to be told by an old trooper, whose most familiar form of speech was an oath, but whose memory is yet filled with horror as he goes over the incidents of the last day of the siege. After the walls were taken each house became a citadel, each house had to be carried by storm. The priests were known to have been the soul of the defense. When one was seen among the combatants, he was shot down gayly. At last one of the attacking columns came before a convent chapel, and found some of their comrades struggling with a group of monks

on the threshold. A volley mowed the monks down. "Then," says the trooper, "when the dense smoke had slowly rolled away, we saw from underneath the pent heap of the dead long streams of blood veining the steps, and behind the immense dim interior of the church. Tapers starred the gloom with points of gold; incense filled the place with the languor of its perfume; and right at the end, with his face turned towards the altar in the choir, a very tall, white-haired priest was quietly finishing the mass, as if he had not heard the sound of the battle.

"The evil scene is so present to my memory that, as I speak, I almost think I see it still,—the old convent with its Moorish front, the great brown corpses of the monks, the sun making the red blood steam upon the pavement, and in the black frame of the portal that priest and that altar sparkling like a reliquary, and ourselves struck dumb for the moment and awed. . . . 'Fire!' cried an officer. No one moved. The priest certainly heard, but showed no sign, and faced us with the consecrated host, for he had now come to that part of the service when the priest turns towards the faithful and blesses them. His uplifted arms looked like wings outstretched, and all recoiled as he made the sign of the cross in the air with the remonstrance; and we could see that he trembled no more than before a congregation of pious women, and heard his fine voice slowly chanting forth, '*Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus.*' 'Fire,' repeated the savage voice, 'or I lose my temper!' Then one of our men, a soldier, but a coward, lifted his gun and fired. The old man grew very pale, but without lowering his eyes, that shone with a stern, high courage, he added, '*Pater et Filius.*' What frenzy, what veil of blood maddening a human brain, caused another shot to ring from our ranks I know not. Nevertheless that deed was done. The monk, leaning with

one hand on the altar, and striving to bless us once more, lifted again the heavy monstrance of gold. For the third time he traced in the air the sign of pardon, and in a voice very low, but still quite audible, for all sounds had hushed, he said, with his eyes closed, 'Et Spiritus Sanctus,' and then fell dead, having finished his prayer.

"The monstrance rebounded three times from the pavement; and as we were all, even the oldest troopers, standing with grounded arms, awed and horror-struck at the sight of a murder so foul and a martyrdom so heroic, 'Amen!' cried a drummer-boy, and burst out laughing."

There is a certain melancholy pleasure in seeing how inadequately one's prose renders a poem of this kind. But it is a pleasure which may easily pall, and I shall not translate any portion of the *Grève des Forgerons*. That, again, is a dramatic monologue, such as Mr. Browning has accustomed us to, and deals with incidents equally tragic. The story, too, is told with equal power. An old iron-worker recounts to his judges the tale of the strike: how his grandchildren were starving; how he appealed to the committee to let him go back to work; how one of the club orators, living on the general subscriptions, giped at his misery; and how he struck him down with his hammer. To deal with themes like these in fully adequate verse is to be a poet of high quality.

After the *Grève des Forgerons* came *Les Humbles*, to which I have already referred; and a few pieces written in 1870, during the siege of Paris; pieces, with the exception of the *Lettre d'un Mobile Breton*, by no means remarkable. Then followed a very characteristic volume of *Promenades et Intérieurs*. Its title may indicate the contents. This was succeeded by *Le Cahier Rouge*, a collection of disconnected pieces. This brings us to 1874. *Les Récits et les Elégies* appeared in 1878. It contains

a number of miscellaneous poems; a series which is called *Les Mois*; another entitled *Jeunes Filles*; the story of *Irène de Grandfief*; and several *Récits Epiques*, of the kind inaugurated by Victor Hugo in the *Légendes des Siècles*. Of these the finest — though several are fine — is, in my opinion, *La Tête de la Sultane*, which is as full of Oriental color and as tragic as a picture by Henri Régnault.

Lastly, after the *Récits et les Elégies*, came *Contes en Vers* and *Poésies Diverses*, whereof the two most notable are *La Marchande de Journaux* and *L'Enfant de la Balle*: the first being one of those stories of humble life in which M. Coppée excels, — an old newspaper seller, to whom the rise and fall of political interests mean only the more or less of comfort for her little weakling grandson; and the second, the story of a child born in the theatre and bred among the foot-lights, who achieves upon the boards a success phenomenal in every sense, and dies a martyr to her triumph.

All these several volumes represent a large body of verse: love poems in considerable number, stories of history and legend, stories of every-day life, "occasional" verses not a few, sonnets in profusion, a few dainty *vers de société*, and a small quantity of songs. The field has yielded a large and varied crop. What is to be said as to the quality of the grain?

Of the moral quality of M. Coppée's work I have already spoken. As to the literary quality, a few words are necessary. First I would say of M. Coppée's verse that it possesses the gift of spontaneity. It is not "art manufacture." Does that seem small praise and merely negative commendation? Such is far from being my view. Take, by way of contrast, the poems of M. Leconte de Lisle. M. Leconte de Lisle has learning, industry, an artist's real desire of perfection. But all his work "is full of labor; man cannot utter it." The sense

of effort chills the reader's pleasure. There is none of the seemingly careless excellence of absolute mastery. Every line bears the marks of the hammer and the anvil. With M. Coppée it is quite different. Here every poem seems to have sprung from a genuine inspiration. It has taken root one does not quite know how, and effloresces naturally. Of course this may not be really so. M. Coppée may produce with great difficulty, possibly with even more real pain than M. Leconte de Lisle; but so far as the result is concerned, — and in all such matters one is concerned only with results, — the younger alone is a spontaneous poet.

Closely allied to this gift of spontaneity is a gift of interest. Does that, too, seem a slight thing? I fancy not, to those who are under any sort of professional compulsion to read even a small part of the thoroughly unreadable verse which is produced annually. If poets would only realize that one of the essential conditions of saying something is having something to say; that a necessary preliminary to all poetry is some thought, passion, emotion, that is worthy of poetry's brocaded vesture, some scene from the great drama of life that is fit to keep the stage! M. Coppée does not fall into the mistake of supposing that gossamer can be made imperishable. He takes care to weave with silk of sufficient substance. When he sings, it is because he has something to sing about; and the result is, as I have intimated, that his poetry is nearly always interesting. Moreover, he respects the limits of his art; for while his friend and contemporary, M. Sully-Prudhomme, goes astray only too habitually in philosophical speculation, and his immortal senior, Victor Hugo, often declaims, if one may venture reverently to say so, in a manner which is tedious, M. Coppée sticks rigorously to what may be called the proper regions of poetry. When he falls into prose, as he very occasionally

does, it is not because he has wandered out of the right path, but because he has faltered. Such lapses are rare. Habitually his step is as sure as it is easy and light.

"L'art pour l'art!" Does that mean that art is to exist for artists alone, and only those qualities in a work of art are to be considered which appeal to the artist's fellow craftsmen? If so, surely the message of art were singularly impoverished. Let art exist for artists, by all means. Let every technical excellence have full weight and value. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the superb importance of workmanship. But beyond the artist lies the great mass of men. To them the technical side of art appeals only in a modified degree. They feel its insufficiency or absence. A sure and right instinct tells them, as I have already said, that if the poet is not an artist, he has scant reason of existence, whatever may be the worth of the message he has to deliver. Still, when this has been granted to the full, it remains that to the mass of men the message and its worth are the objects of chief attraction. Surely I am not contending that some direct ethical purpose should be the motive of every work of art. Far from it. The motive may be one of thought, or passion, or feeling, or fancy, or imagination, — may, in fact, be of almost any kind. But it must be there. Nor, maugre M. Zola and his school, will sane and healthy ethics mar either the message or the form of its delivery. So long as we are men, and not beasts, the human, not the bestial, must be the best stimulants, must answer best to our needs. To these remarks M. Coppée's works, in their sum and totality, may most fittingly serve for illustration. He is an artist, and an admirable one. He possesses most fully the *technique* of French poetry. He plays upon his instrument with all power and grace. But he is no mere virtuoso. There is something in him beyond the executant. Of

Malibran Alfred de Musset says, most beautifully, that she had that "voice of the heart which alone has power to reach the heart." Here, also, behind the skillful player on language, the deft manipulator of rhyme and rhythm, the learned disposer of pause and cæsura, one feels the beating of a human heart. One feels that the artist has himself felt. One feels that he is giving us per-

sonal impressions of life and its joys and sorrows, that his imagination is powerful because it is genuinely his own, that the flowers of his fancy spring spontaneously from the soil. Nor can I regard it as aught but an added grace that the strings of that instrument of his should vibrate so readily to what is beautiful and unselfish and delicate in human feeling.

Frank T. Marzials.

PENELOPE'S SUITORS.¹

1639, Mo. 1, 1. Long time hath overpast since I arrived in the colony of the Massachusetts, and long neglected hath been the keeping of a certain resolve made when first I set foot upon these shores. As we came hither on the good ship Susan and Ellen, I had much discourse with Madam Richard Saltonstall, who claimeth a sort of kinship with brother Herbert, through his wife, the sometime widow Walgrave, by reason of which she showed me great civility and gave me store of wise counsels. Amongst the many was one to keep a journal of what notable things should befall in this new world I was coming to. I repent me that I have not more speedily followed her valued advice, albeit no very great nor tragic event hath yet transpired.

Touching my first impressions of this same new world, truly I am not like to forget my grievous disappointment. I had fair imaginings of something like

Arcady, but it seemeth not at all Arcadian on nearer view, while the poor little town of Boston filleth the beholder with neither awe nor admiration. I dare not declare my mind in this respect by reason of giving offense to the good people hereabout, who affect to find it a paradise. Sure I am that without the town it is indeed a very wilderness, — yea, and filled, too, with wild beasts and savages, as I am assured, and have indeed the proof of my own senses; for the former, I hear them roar o' nights, and for the latter, I have beheld them walking the streets, and profess myself in such deadly terror if one do but so much as draw near me that I can scarce forbear to cry out. I am told, and can well believe it, that they have no scruple of making a meal of an Englishman, if they can but once beguile him into the forest. They have here, moreover, numbers of blackamoors, which are kept for slaves; they are quite harmless

¹ "The governor, Mr. Bellingham, was married. [I would not mention such ordinary matters but by reason of some remarkable accidents.] The young gentlewoman was ready to be contracted to a friend of his who lodged in his house, and by his consent had proceeded so far with her, when, on the sudden, the governor treated with her and obtained her for himself. He excused it by the strength of his affection." (Winthrop's History of New England, vol. ii.)

Penelope Pelham, sister of Herbert Pelham, who came to New England in 1638, and took an important part in colonial affairs until his return to England in 1647, being at one time treasurer of Harvard College, and at another one of the assistants. He became a member of Parliament after his return to England. Penelope was married to Governor Richard Bellingham in 1641, and survived him nearly thirty years, dying in Boston, in 1702.

and by no means of an aspect so terrible as the savages. But for all that, I care not for one of them to come too closely into my neighborhood, nor touch anything I am to eat; nor can I be persuaded but that soap and water might alter their hue. For the Bostoners themselves, the leaders in this little world, are, for the most part, folk of some birth and breeding, and affect, as they may, a little state. 'Tis odd to see the modes still in vogue here that are long time by-gones at home. Certain of my own gowns which I have esteemed in no wise noteworthy have, I hear, caused a great buzzing among the worthy dames of Boston.

On landing, brother John and I went straightway to brother William's plantation at Cambridge, which is three miles and over from the town. We found brother grown already to be a person of great consequence. They have here set up a small school, which they call a college, and have made Herbert treasurer thereof.¹ He hath a large plantation and a fair house, with a troop of people, amongst which are several blackamoors. By reason of brother's influence I have received much civility from everybody. Many ladies of the best fashion from the town have waited upon me, and I have returned their visits; amongst them I have made several friends, and thus no longer feel like a stranger on these remote shores.

Mo. 1, 7. To-day I repaired to town with brother, on a pillion, to wait upon Madam Winthrop, wife of the governor. While I sat discoursing quietly with the governor's lady, on a sudden there arose a great tumult without, and anon came trooping into the house a horde of savages, with one of their most redoubted sachems at their head, Unkus by name. I had well-nigh swooned with terror but that Madam Winthrop seemed in no wise disturbed, and bade me not to fear.

¹ A slight anachronism. Herbert Pelham was not made treasurer until 1643.

Indeed, when I had somewhat recovered I could not but remark the savages behaved with great decorum. The worshipful governor came presently downstairs to see them, attended by one of the magistrates. I know not what passed but that the sachem proffered some strings of Indian money, which the governor refused, by reason of some offense committed by the savages. Truly, the governor is a bold man who dare thus anger the heathen. When the powwow was over the governor came and spake graciously to me, and thereupon Madam Winthrop finished by craving a visit of several days. I could not refuse assent to such civility, and so 'tis concluded I shall come this day week. Brother Herbert presently appeared at the door, whereat I mounted behind him, and after some words of leave-taking we set forth homeward.

Mo. 1, 14. Yesterday, about four o'clock post meridian, brother Herbert brought me hither to Madam Winthrop's, in answer to her gracious invitation. She welcomed me hospitably, and ushered me presently up to a large chamber, where I unpacked my portmanteau and set my dress in order. At supper the table was fairly set forth with store of good cheer, which I opine the worshipful governor loveth right well. There was I presented to the family, several daughters and sons, of whom Mr. Wait Still chiefly drew my attention, a grave and comely young man, who regarded me narrowly, and offered me divers civilities. The discourse was mostly of the weekly lecture, which took place to-day, for which I arrived not in time. I marveled to hear that the teacher, the Reverend Mr. Cotton, therein inveighed loudly against wearing of lace veils over the face, which is newly the mode. Master Cotton, it seemeth, spake bitterly of the practice as sinful and abominable, arguing a corrupt heart. At all this I was much perturbed, as I came hither with a smart new veil cast over

my tiffany hood; and though in my blindness I perceive not that my heart is more corrupt, yet may I be deceived, and this mayhap prove a snare of the devil to lure us through vanity on to sin. Alack, how countless are the wiles of the tempter! Nothing, surely, seemeth more innocent than this film of network; 't is pity if it be a sin, for it marvelously enhanceth the comeliness of an indifferent face.

Mo. 1, 20. I become acquainted with the family, and rest well content. Here is much more astir than at home, for besides that the governor hath divers visitors upon ceremony and business daily, his dwelling is placed upon the chief street, where is much passing to and fro. It is a large house, quite plain without, but well-ordered within. Both the governor and madam are most gracious to me, and account themselves kinsfolk, it seemeth, with brother Herbert, through his wife. Yesterday Mr. Wait-Still came civilly and bade me forth for an outing. We walked upon the Centry Field, and thence by the seashore to Mr. Blackstone his garden, where we had good prospect of the sun's setting.

Mo. 1, 23. Dined to-day at Mr. Increase Nowell's; the governor and lady, cousins Saltonstall, Mr. William Hibbins and lady, Mr. Richard Bellingham, made the company. The latter sat by my side and discoursed with me, a man of majestic port and face most proud. He fixed upon me a pair of gloomful eyes, deep set beneath shaggy brows, whose glance seemed able to search out my hidden thoughts. I found myself in great awe, and sat with downcast eyes, stammering like a fool. Indeed, in everything I behaved rather like a raw rustic wench than a young gentlewoman of breeding, for which I was grievously ashamed; but truly I have never yet encountered a man, of whatsoever rank, who hath wrought upon me such an influence. Opposite at the table sat Mad-

am Hibbins,¹ a sister, 't is said, of Mr. Bellingham; she hath a shrewish face and keen eyes, which she kept, methought, more often than needful bent upon me, as marveling what qualities her brother could find in me worthy attention.

Mo. 1, 24. The Lord's Day. I was taken into the church on confession of faith, signing and accepting the covenants thereof. With me were one Mistress Elizabeth Allen and another. May the Lord Jesus Christ justify me through faith, and endue me with grace to keep his holy ordinances. Went thrice to meeting; strove sedulously to mortify the flesh and keep my thoughts on heavenly things. Bare in mind Mr. Cotton his words at the lecture, and left behind my veil, yet noted several in the congregation who seem not in awe of their teacher's wrath in this respect. Query whether it be sinful or no.

Mo. 1, 25. Madam Hibbins came betimes to wait upon me. Despite the sharpness of her visage and the keenness of her black eyes, she hath at call some honeyed looks, and these she spared not to bestow lavishly upon me. She hath engaged my attention withal more than any person I have yet encountered. She seemeth a woman of uncommon parts; her wit is admirable, and her countenance, once seen, not to be forgotten. I had much discourse with her, which truly is no great effort, as she maintaineth the chief part thereof. I noted Madam Winthrop grew somewhat grave and quiet in presence of this visitor. Madam Hibbins was dressed in more splendor than I have yet anywhere seen in the town.

Mo. 1, 26. To-day went with the governor and his lady to the lecture at Dorchester; afterwards dined with Mr. Dudley, the deputy, who hath a goodly house and a fine garden. Returning betimes, I wait upon Madam Hibbins,

¹ Ann Hibbins, afterwards, in 1656, hanged as a witch.

who dwelleth a stone's throw southward of the governor's mansion. She received me with much favor. I deem myself happy to draw thus far only sunshine from those glittering eyes, which show such good capacity for lightning. As we discoursed there went some one past upon the highway, whom madam, looking from the window, espied, and speedily sent a servant to recall. Directly, thereupon, came in a stranger, whom she presented to me as Mr. Edward Buckley, a young gentleman lately arrived from England, who is a kinsman of her own, and lodgeth with her brother, Mr. Bellingham. He hath excellent breeding and much ease of deportment. He was very civil, and presently quite at home with me. Madam herself was full of gayety: amongst the many droll things she recounted was the history of the new stocks, lately built for the town by one Goodman Palmer, who yet, by reason of demanding too great a price for his handiwork, was himself the first culprit to be thrust in them.

Mo. 1, 27. Came back to Cambridge with brother Herbert, who took me up on his way from market. Bade adieu to Madam Winthrop and her family with regret. It seemeth very dull and dead at home now, after so much bustle and variety of life in town.

Mo. 7, 7. To-day came cousins Saltonstall with Madam Hibbins, who made some pretext for bringing Mr. Buckley in place of her husband, all to dine with us after the lecture. The dinner was boiled fowls, bacon and greens, with store of fresh vegetables and dessert of a gooseberry tart, all washed down with brother William's best madeira; but had I let slip the secret that the whole repast was cooked by a blackamoor brother hath lately installed in the kitchen, much I fear the gorge of many would have risen, howbeit brother hath no patience with this whimsey of mine.

Mr. Buckley, methought, lent but an indifferent ear to the discussion of the

lecture, which was upon the necessity of due recognition of sin in the heart before repentance availeth. The young gentleman busied himself casting sheep's glances at me, which I affected not to note, but maintained ever a grave and discreet countenance. Nothing daunted by my demeanor, he came straightway dinner was over and set himself to discourse with me. And truly I remarked not before how proper a man he is at all points. He lingered when Madam Hibbins rose to go as he would fain have stayed longer, and on bidding adieu craved the privilege of coming again, which I saw no good ground for gaining.

Mo. 7, 10. Yesterday I repaired to town to pay divers visits of ceremony and go about among the shops. There is a monstrous stir among the Boston dames by reason of a law yesterday enacted by the General Court, forbidding all wearing of lace as "tending to little use or benefit but the nourishing of pride and exhausting men's estates, and also of evil example to others." But what seemeth more grievous tyranny is that short sleeves and wide sleeves are likewise frowned upon, it being declared that in no case shall sleeves be made more than half an ell wide in the widest part, which, as every mantua-maker knows, is of no seemly proportion. Many of the dames are outspoken in their vexation, and truly it will go far to make frights of us all.

Going through the market-place, I encountered by chance the worshipful Mr. Bellingham, who very graciously turned about to go with me out of the press. Hardly had we taken a half score steps, however, when forth from some neighboring shop ran Madam Hibbins, with eyes snapping like coals. In her great volubility I know not clearly what she said, but that she told her brother of something demanding his instant attention, and herself carried me off, despite some urgency in my affairs, to dine with

her. It was in vain I essayed to refuse ; she hath a manner that overrideth all opposition. At the table was her spouse, who is a man of few words, — I had well-nigh said of none at all, for he spake but once, and that from necessity. Thither came also Mr. Buckley, by chance as they would have it appear, but I suspect from certain looks between them that madam sent him warning on the sly. He seemed, methought, unduly rejoiced to see me, and betrayed an elation which the short sum of our acquaintance doth not warrant. It is hard to quarrel with too great kindliness, but I deemed it proper to summon up a little air of reserve to the young gallant, lest he should deem my acquaintance a thing too lightly to be come by. He failed not to note my change of demeanor, and straightway became anxious to discover the cause : thereto he studied my countenance with such evident concern that I found it most awkward, howbeit I strove to seem unheedful as I discoursed with Madam Hibbins. I had much ado on taking leave to restrain him from coming along with me to Cambridge, a thing not to be thought of.

Mo. 10, 6. A woman, one Dorothy Talbye, was this day hanged upon the Centry Field for killing of her child. There went out a great throng of people to behold the spectacle. I had not warning in time, and so made not one of the number.

Mr. Buckley came, not backward, it seemeth, to avail of the privilege I yielded to wait upon me. I could not but be gracious in my own house, and so made what effort I might to amuse him. He hath good store of knowledge, and converseth with such great propriety and ease as I have not often heard in a young man. He hath, moreover, a merry vein ; he abounds in quaint conceits quite out of the common. I know not when my attention hath been so enthralled ; two hours overpast so speedily I was quite amazed when supper-time

came. Brother William civilly bade the young gentleman stay and eat with us, to which, indeed, he seemed nothing loath.

Mo. 10, 10. Yesterday came to town to visit with Madam Saltonstall. She calleth me cousin (which is only by compliment), and is in every way most cordial. I went with her to the lecture ; saw many acquaintances. Madam Hibbins well-nigh embraced me. She walked some part of the way home with us, and on parting Madam Saltonstall extracted from her a promise to come soon and sup with us. It was due to this encounter, no doubt, that I was honored in the evening by a visit from Mr. Buckley. I was much put out of countenance at first, lest Madam Saltonstall should suppose I had connived at his coming, or secretly bidden him hither. I was therefore most grateful when presently he announced that he had been surprised *to hear from his cousin* of my being in town. He put me further to the blush by protracting his stay till eleven o'clock. I was greatly scandalized, and madam had much ado to suppress her yawns in his face, which he heeded not at all. For all of that, madam commended him this morning, and said, with a sly glance at me, "He hath a very persuasive way," which I affected not to hear.

Mo. 10, 12. To-day, it being warm, we went a short voyage upon the water, to wit, to Governor's Island : Mr. Richard Bellingham, Mr. Bradstreet, two of the magistrates, Madam Bradstreet, and the Saltonstalls, being of the party. We visited the fortifications ; were received with great respect by reason of the magistrates. I was in causeless dread lest they should discharge guns in our honor. On the homeward way it so fell out my seat was beside Mr. Bellingham, and quite too close to please me. I am not yet cured of my awe of him, and find it quite impossible, in such trepidation, to hold any reasonable discourse. Indeed, I made such inconsequent answers to his queries as must needs have persuaded

him I was fresh escaped from a mad-house.

The same evening, as it chanced, came Madam Hibbins and her husband to sup with us; she said her brother spake of meeting me upon the boat, and of pleasant intercourse betwixt us. 'T is a marvel he should remember so small a circumstance, unless indeed he mocks at me, which I can hardly suspect in one of such gravity. I noted Madam Hibbins narrowly scanning my face while recounting the above, as finding in it I know not what matter of suspicion. Cousin Saltonstall saith she keepeth ever a jealous eye upon her rich brother, lest his marriage should destroy a certain fair prospect she hath of becoming his heir.

Mo. 10, 15. This day I waited upon divers of my acquaintances, Madam Saltonstall accompanying. Later came Mr. Buckley, and invited me forth to climb the Tramount and behold the sunset. I sought a pretext for denial, but while I strove to fetch forth something worthy by way of excuse Madam Saltonstall (I know not what evil spirit prompted her) cut off all chance of retreat by crying out, "Truly, cousin Penelope, if you mind not the toil of ascent, 't is a sublime spectacle, I am told, and one not to be matched hereabout. 'T will soon be covered with snow, when your chance will be cut off till another year. You may easily be back against supper, when perchance Mr. Buckley will give us his company also." Hereupon I had no other resource but to set forth. 'T is a mountain of three peaks, the middle one monstrous steep: up the latter part thereof Mr. Buckley fairly dragged me with both hands; but once upon the summit I could not withhold a cry of joy and admiration. The whole earth, sea, and land seemed outspread beneath us. In my transport I had well-nigh forgot my young gallant, but was soon made aware of his presence by his odd behavior, standing a short distance apart and gaz-

ing at me with rapt attention, by reason, no doubt, of my ecstasy.

"Madam Saltonstall saith well," I cried at length: "'t is indeed a sublime spectacle!"

"'T is," returned he, with eyes still fixed upon me, and heeding not the prospect.

"Truly there can be nothing else so beautiful in the land!"

"Nothing!" reëchoed the swain, still staring.

"I marvel all the world cometh not hither to admire."

"So i' faith they would, could they but see with my eyes," still glaring boldly into my very face, which now for the first time I became aware of, and perceiving his intent straightway reddened like a rose. 'T is a marvel what hardihood men have to stare thus at a person, till she must e'en lose countenance if she be not altogether brazen; and this Mr. Buckley is by no means the meekest of his sex. I sat me down anon upon a stone, and strove to regain my lost ease by comments on the scene.

"Truly," I said, giving vent to the first reflection that came to hand, albeit somewhat trite, "nature hath multifarious aspects, and all beautiful."

"And yet," returneth my gentleman, fetching a sigh as he threw himself on the hard ground at my feet,—"yet is there something more beautiful still than nature."

"I can conceive of nothing such upon the earth."

"Yet one there is, beyond all cavil."

"I am curious to learn it."

"'T is the sight of the one we love," saith he, eying me askance. I marvel I waxed not angry at such persistent returning upon so delicate a topic, but I found myself strangely forbearing even when he went the length, which he presently did, of plying me with questions.

"Think you not so?" quoth he.

"I have never yet had occasion for such a thought," I answered discreetly.

Then sighed he again, and said he knew not whether to deem me fortunate or unhappy. By dint of turning a deaf ear to his innuendoes and discoursing only of the prospect I presently gave him a hint of my displeasure, and saved myself from further tormenting. Yet otherwise must I in fairness confess he was most duteous and concerned for my comfort; and ended by climbing the beacon for my diversion, vowing he would even fire the pot of tar at my bidding, at the risk of the stocks for himself. He hath a figure full of grace and a countenance hard to pick a flaw in, all of which I find more apparent than at first.

On coming home, Madam Saltonstall renewed her entreaty. Mr. Buckley, nothing averse, as it would seem, joined us at supper, and thereafter stayed for the evening, in course whereof it came out that I am in thought to depart homewards to-morrow, if brother Herbert come to town. Thereupon it transpireth "most opportunely," as he saith, that Mr. Buckley goeth himself to Cambridge to-morrow upon pressing affairs of business, and offereth me his company upon the way, if so happen brother come not. Whiles I hesitate what to say Madam Saltonstall chimeth in again, and straightway plucketh from me all semblance of reasonable excuse, till there is no decent ground for negation.

Mo. 10, 16. This morning, contrary to our expectations, brother Herbert duly appeared, and thereupon I was thrown into a most strange and inconsequent frame of mind. There was (item) a mixture of triumph that Mr. Buckley should for once be thwarted, and (item) a mixture of chagrin — very odd, to be sure — that I am to lose his society. But as we stood leave-taking at the door, lo and behold, there cometh my gallant along the street, and not to be discountenanced proposeth himself a member of our party, which brother Herbert very

graciously accepteth. Upon the road he so beguileth the time by arts he is well skilled in that brother bid him come to us to dine; and thereafter, a storm threatening, it needeth small persuasion to decide him to stay the night; nor yet is there any appearance of the weighty matters upon which he came hither.

Mo. 10, 17. By the coming in of a ship yesterday we have letters from home. Sister Betty talketh of coming hither to join us. Sister Helena condemneth herself to a life of virginity — needlessly, methinks — by reason of her black-pudding arm. There is yet no talk of brother Anthony being contracted in marriage, while sister Catherine hath been lately brought to bed with a fine boy. These news awaited us coming home from an excursion which hath occupied the day. Brother Herbert took us to visit his new plantation at Sudberry, where he hath a house already set up. Took along a servant with a hamper, containing wherewithal to dine. Cousin Walgrave and lady of the party; likewise Mr. Buckley, still strangely forgetful of the momentous affairs which brought him hither. No one hath been of such cheerful mien nor so full of quaint and careless discourse as he the livelong day. We were so late coming home that the young gentleman scrupled not to lodge with us again. Thereto I was constrained to add my voice to brother William's, as it seemed not fit he should make the journey to Boston alone, with the night coming on.

1640, Mo. 3, 14. Mr. Buckley hath been twice within the week to visit us. I marvel he findeth it worth while to come so far for the fleeting pleasure of a little talk; brother and I, however, discourage not his comings, as he bringeth ever news of the latest doings in town.

Mo. 3, 18. To-day, after the lecture, came Mr. Increase Nowell and lady and Mr. Bellingham, the worshipful deputy, upon brother's invitation to dine with

us. I was dismayed again to find Mr. Bellingham at my side, with the obligation upon me of holding converse with him. I plucked up my drooping courage to look him at least in the face, which causeth me ever a sensation I cannot describe; he hath eyes so dark, penetrating, and mournful. I studied him askance when he addressed brother Herbert, and was amazed to find a kind of grand beauty to his countenance, — a nose, a mouth, ay, and chin, that might well have been chiseled forth from marble, so fine, so massive, they are, and withal so inflexible; a mien of power he hath, and such as I have never before beheld. I recall not one word of all that was said; I yielded a silly assent to every question, without the smallest heed to the matter thereof. Despite my craven air and great awkwardness, Mr. Bellingham bestowed upon me the most of his attention, so that ere the repast was over I had somewhat recovered my assurance.

Mo. 5, 10. Twice in the course of the past week hath Mr. Buckley been here, and thus by degrees brought things to such a point of intimacy that he no longer deemeth it worth while to frame pretexts for coming.

Mo. 7, 2. Brother hath lately built a small ketch for sailing upon the river, and yesterday we all essayed an expedition to town therein. With a favoring wind we had a speedy passage. Cousin Walgrave and lady met us. Mr. Buckley took upon him the conduct of the ketch, and showed great dexterity. Brother thinketh to make it of much use in traffic to the town. Returning, the wind was adverse, and we were several hours beaten hither and thither by the waves, so 't was long after nightfall when we came ashore. Then befell an accident, which, albeit not at all tragical, hath yet given me much food for reflection. As brother hath not yet a proper landing, we were constrained to come ashore near some large stones, by which we

thought to step dry-shod to land. It so chanced that in the dark I missed my footing, and thinking myself about to fall uttered a cry; whereupon Mr. Buckley, without more ado, leaped at once into the water, seized me tightly in his arms, and bore me safely to the shore; exhibiting such great solicitude and concern for my safety as I was not prepared for. Thereafter he left not my side, but made me lean upon his arm as we walked through the dark woods, the others following. As we went I conceived it meet in me to express my gratitude for his good offices.

"Thank God," he cried with emotion, "that no harm hath befallen you!"

"Nay," I returned, "my silly fright impelled you into needless peril."

"There is no peril I would not encounter for your sake. Oh, Mistress Pelham," he cried ardently, the while I trembled lest he was about to seize me in his transport, — "oh, if I could but in some way prove my devotion to you!"

"Surely," I replied, without much regarding the purport of my words, "there needeth no stronger proof than this of to-night."

"Say you so?" he exclaimed, stopping suddenly and looking down upon me through the gloom, "Oh, that I dare think myself worthy your regard!"

"Truly," I made answer in all honesty, "I know no sufficient cause why you are not."

"Penelope," cried he then, in seeming ecstacy, clutching the while fast hold of my hands, "may I — do you mean — Oh, can I believe that you love me, then?"

"Nay," I began, taken all aback and seized with a sudden trembling, "I cannot say. It" —

"What! what! Speak!" he broke in, with the greatest vehemency.

"It taketh my breath," I gasped. "I must have time to think."

The others here suddenly coming up,

there was an end of it. How we came home I know not, only I know sleep visited not my pillow the livelong night thereafter. I could not by any means still my perturbed nerves, nor calm the beating of my heart. What passed between us may indeed prove to me of very tragical import. Accordingly have I examined well my heart upon the matter, and find there without doubt a very tender consideration for this young man. This I can trace in some small measure back to our first acquaintance, but since he spake out last night it hath flamed up prodigiously. Beyond a doubt this must be love. Then if it be, my content will depend on its continuance. But what said I to him? Not a word of hope. Will he gather discouragement from that, and forbear further following up the matter? I tremble to think of such a possibility. Yet can I not in maidenly modesty break silence. Whatever construction he putteth upon it, that must I accept.

Mo. 7, 3. Yesterday the long day passed, and there came to me no token. To-day I snatch myself away from these sharp anxieties and biting cares of suspense, and go with brother to Sudberry on matters concerning the plantation. Howbeit, I carry with me a grievous load which will not be left at home. I was indeed so distraught that brother rallied me, which brought me a little to my senses.

We arrived home not until nightfall, and great was my chagrin to learn that Mr. Buckley had been here and waited long for my coming; seeming, 't is said, in great anxiety.

Mo. 7, 4. To-day a serving-man brought me early a letter from Mr. Buckley; in my eagerness I snatch it and run away to my chamber, without a thought of bounty to the poor Mercury, who doubtless cursed me for a niggard. Lest any mischance ever come to this precious missive, I here set it forth in my journal:—

BELOVED MISTRESS PENELOPE, —
Thus I make bold to call you, and leave the future to disclose my warrant. I was grievously disappointed and sore at heart indeed not to find you yesterday at home. I waited till constrained to return by some pressing affairs of state Mr. Bellingham hath confided to my hands. These hold me even now, else should I be at your side wherever you may be found, to say what I must here poorly set forth in these dumb characters. I bitterly reproach myself for my vehemency, that so in the darkness and the forest I should have no more forethought but to terrify you with the suddenness of my avowal. I deeply repent I had not chosen some more fitting scene for opening my heart to you, but pray you to excuse what was due to the violence of my emotions, and vouchsafe now to listen graciously while I declare how the feeble language I then held cometh far short of expressing the depth and fervor of my great affection for you. All the whole world is now naught to me compared with one little object, and that object I leave you to divine. Indeed, I know not what a barren and arid waste this fair earth would be to me without you. But I will not yet torment myself with such thoughts. I beseech you only consider what anguish and wretchedness and despair 't would be to me to know you cannot hearken to me. Upon advisement I have confided my passion to my kinsman Mr. Bellingham; he so commendeth it as to show that he too hath taken note of the many excellences of your character. Adieu! I shall fly to you with the first moment of freedom. In the mean time neglect not, I pray, to think of me and prepare your heart to accord me a gracious word.

May God, in his divine surpassing mercy, hold you harmless and incline your heart to favor

Your obedient servant and eternal lover,

EDWARD BUCKLEY.

By oft conning this epistle I have it learned by heart. It must be most engrossing affairs of state, methinks, that can hold one so fixedly to town. 'Tis true the deputy is called a stern taskmaster, but such business concerneth the day, and I mind me 'twas by night Leander swam the Hellespont.

Mo. 9, 5. Came to town yesterday with brother John. Dined at Madam Nowell's, went to cousin Saltonstall after; she holdeth me for a visit. John is to send in my portmanteau. Madam Hibbins heareth of my coming, and hasteneth this morning to wait upon me; saith Mr. Buckley is gone on some affairs of state to Plymouth. She craveth a visit from me. I think it not seemly, in view of the late passages betwixt the young gentleman and me, to accept, but appease her insistence by promising to go to-morrow and sup.

Mo. 9, 6. Madam Hibbins waiteth not for my going, but cometh betimes to fetch me. Cousin Saltonstall excuseth herself. Madam saith her kinsman is not yet returned. I am content he should be gone, on the score of propriety; but having cherished a sneaking hope he might be there, go not now with much zest to the supper. Arriving, I was greatly put out of countenance to find the worshipful deputy seated at his ease awaiting us. But my discomfiture was as nothing to that of madam, who stood staring for some moments, quite at a loss for words.

"I expected not the honor of your company to-night, brother," she saith at length, with some asperity.

Mr. Bellingham, mayhap accustomed to his sister's humors, showed no surprise at this ungraciousness, but answered with his wonted dignity, "Nay, you had no cause. Buckley is not yet returned. I like not to eat alone, and so made bold to come unbidden."

"I would I had received some warning of it," saith his sister, with brow still lowering.

"I trust, at least, sister Hibbins, I am not unwelcome."

"I do not grudge you meat and drink, as you know, but it putteth me somewhat about," quoth madam, with unchanged front.

"It needeth not, when I bid you change in no respect the ordering of your household for me."

"When had you news of my company?" queried madam, whirling suddenly, and fixing the worshipful deputy with her keen, snapping eyes.

"Nay," replied the deputy, not at all abashed, "I knew not you were to be honored with so fair a visitor, but I deem myself doubly fortunate in encountering Mistress Pelham."

Madam Hibbins said no more, but withdrew presently about her household matters. She was gone but two or three minutes, when she returned so suddenly as to make me start in my seat. In this brief space her mood had wholly changed. Now she was all smiles and gayety, all graciousness to her brother, drawing him aside in conversation, to my great content. Thus I had leisure to regard him. His grand looks and majesty of bearing cause everything else to be forgotten where he cometh. He seemeth a man of few words, with a manner of saying these which causeth them to be remembered. Never any human being have I yet encountered who so filled the imagination that naught can be recollected after but his words and looks. When at length I rose to go for the night he offered to attend me, but though I would fain have gone with a servant I dared not deny him. On the road we came to a pool of foul water, too deep for my pattens: without a word he put forth his arm and lifted me over as I had been a child; and truly, in his strong grasp I felt like nothing more. Happily he spake not of his kinsman, albeit I had great qualms lest he should.

1641, Mo. 4, 2. To-day came off the

election, and to the surprise of many Mr. Bellingham is made governor. I know not what ground there should be of surprise; he seemeth a man most fitted for authority, and I marvel only he hath not before come to it. Brother saith he lacketh the arts to ingratiate the multitude, which is easy to understand; and that, moreover, he maintaineth too lofty a bearing upon all occasions to please suitors. In the evening came Mr. Buckley, who was ushered quite unawares into the room where we all sat. His first visit since the letter. He seemed at a loss for speech, and stammered forth I know not what. I followed suit, reddening like a village wench; happily 't was the gloaming, and the candles not yet brought in. The poor young gentleman tried divers devices of getting speech privately with me. He called me forth to see a strange star, but all the family came trooping after. Howbeit, anon, when the children were gone to bed, there arose some disturbance among the cattle at the barn, and brothers William and John went forth to inquire the cause. Then had we a brief space together. Without further ado he cast himself on his knees, seized upon my hands, and though I implored him to rise, lest we be discovered, he was quite reckless of all consequences. He rehearsed what is set forth in the letter above with much more, very eloquently said. I listened with no comfort, however, but the greatest agitation, lest every moment brothers should return; and this my perturbation he would seem to have construed into disdain of his suit, and thus continued his passionate imploring that I should not be so cruel. Truly, I had never any intention to say him nay, only he left me no occasion to show him my mind; and thus it happed brothers' footsteps were heard at the door before I had ever a chance to assure him what good cause he hath for hope.

Mo. 4, 6. There cometh to-day news that Mr. Buckley is ill, and cannot go

forth. I felt some pangs of conscience, and straightway sat me down and writ a letter, giving assurance of my sympathy and remembrance.

Mo. 4, 8. More news from Mr. Buckley: he is thought worse, and there be fears he will not escape a fever. I am grievously anxious, and have writ several letters advising him of my great concern. I sent him the former time a nosegay of wall-flowers, and to-day some jelly of apricocks.

Mo. 4, 10. Madam Hibbins hath writ me a kind letter, giving tidings of her kinsman, who is thought to be mending. She is nurse, as it seems. She saith he would be talking of me constantly, and would have letters writ every half hour. I returned by the hand of the messenger some knots of English lavender and a comfiture of rose leaves sent me out of England by sister Catherine.

Mo. 4, 12. A strange occurrence. To-day, while brothers were both at Sudberry, I was surprised by a visit from the governor.

"Brother is away," I murmured faintly.

"'Tis well," he replied. "I came not to see your brother; I came to see you, Mistress Pelham."

I was greatly abashed, and as helpless in speech as ever. That the first magistrate of the colony, and such a personage as Mr. Bellingham withal, should leave affairs of state to visit in person a simple maiden was indeed enough to paralyze my faculties. For some space I was dumb, but anon bethought me happily to ask for his kinsman. He said his cousin had sent me a message, to wit: that he yearned to speak with me, and hoped soon to gain strength to come hither. I noted the governor regarded me keenly, as he would read my thoughts, whenever I spake of his kinsman. We discoursed of divers indifferent matters for a space, when on a sudden he turneth, and, transfixing me with those deep, piercing eyes, said, — "Mr. Buckley

seemeth greatly enamored of you, Mistress Pelham."

"T is a marvel I did not redden and cast down my eyes and play the fool as heretofore, but to my much comfort I answered with dignity, —

"Yes; he hath told me so."

Hereupon there was so long a pause I presently uplifted my eyes, and found the governor gazing at me as he would read my soul.

"Love you him, then, in equal degree?" queried he, staring as before.

"Nay, Mr. Buckley hath not yet examined me as to that point, and till he doth I must be pardoned for keeping my own counsel," I replied, with a spirit which now I marvel at.

"Answer me yet one question," pursued the governor, unheeding my manner. "How long hath my cousin sought your society?"

"For the matter of a year, or thereabout."

"And in that time hath seen much of you, no doubt," he said, as speaking to himself.

I answered not, and he presently rose. I courtesied, supposing him about to depart. But he suddenly took my hand, and said, looking the while into my eyes in a way I cannot describe, "Penelope, my child, I pray you may be happy;" then, gazing long in silence, while he held my hand with a grasp that gave me pain, he finished in a thrilling tone: "Make no mistake; think well ere you conclude this matter. It toucheth your happiness for life."

His visit hath left me in a tumult. I know not what to think of his mysterious warning, his strange demeanor, his burning eyes, his tender accents, and the dread grasp in which he held my hand.

Mo. 5, 6. Yesterday, at Madam Hibbins' urgent bidding, I went to town, albeit with extreme reluctance, to wait upon her at the governor's house, where Mr. Buckley is now well-nigh recovered, and demandeth to see me. 'T is a fine

house, on a hillside; a noble hall of entrance, with a window at the bottom thereof, looking upon the garden rising in terraces behind, and filled with a goodly store of fruit and flowers. I arrived betimes. Madam came straightway to embrace me; said her cousin awaited me; led me presently upstairs to a large chamber, where I found him dressed, sitting in a sick-chair, with a pitiable aspect, his countenance both pale and meagre. He smiled at my approach, and held out his hand, much pleased, as it seemed, at my coming. I presently brought forth a little offering of home-made cakes, and he thanked me heartily. I was moved with pity at his appearance, and would fain have embraced him; but he made no offer thereto, though madam had discreetly withdrawn to the window, and made pretense of looking out.

After some interchange of queries, there seeming little purpose to the visit, I expressed again my good wishes, and withdrew. Truly, I hope my coming hath afforded him comfort, the rather that it hath given me a nameless pain. Going out, I encountered the worshipful governor in the doorway. He saluted me with great respect, and paused to speak. Hardly had we exchanged greetings, however, when Madam Hibbins came flying down the stairway, with a countenance of wrath, which most singularly changed to a smiling aspect as she came along the hall and in between us like a flash of light. She sweepeth me like a feather down upon the outer step, and under pretext of some parting message from her cousin poureth into my ear a hot torrent of incoherency, whereat I well-nigh gasped. Then presently she brake forth again into smiles, and bestowed some cheerful words of pleasantry upon her brother and me. The governor gave no sign of heeding her, but demanded of me gravely whether I had in mind to repair straightway to Cambridge. I replied I purposed lodg-

ing with cousin Saltonstall for the night, which I noted caused Madam Hibbins again to bite her lip.

Presently after supper came the governor to wait upon me at cousin Saltonstall's. I was abashed, as before; howbeit, much to my comfort, he had no occasion for private speech with me. On his departure, cousin failed not to bestow upon me many quizzical looks, saying, "Doth the worshipful governor come often to visit you, cousin Penelope? 'T is long, indeed, since he hath honored our poor house with a visit."

"I have seen him on occasion at brother William's," I replied.

"Mayhap 't is in honor of cousin William he cometh, then," she said, meaning, as I well knew, to rally me.

"Truly, I cannot divine," I made answer, somewhat peevishly, whereupon she forbore.

Betimes in the morning came one of Mr. Bellingham's serving-men with a fine basket of fruit and his duty to Mistress Pelham. I bestowed the fruit upon cousin Saltonstall to stop her mouth, and by summoning up a grave aspect checked her raillery. Directly thereafter set forth for home.

Mo. 5, 20. To-day brother went alone to lecture, and came bringing home to dinner Mr. Nowell and lady and the governor, whose coming hither so soon after my visit to town seemed of intent, and wrought a strange effect in me. An impulse of audacity seized and carried me away. At table I talked without stay. I laughed immoderately and without cause. Brother looked amazed, and little knew I was all the time on the point of blubbering. When dinner was over Mr. Bellingham found occasion to speak apart with me.

"I bring news of my cousin," quoth he.

"I would fain hear, if they be good news," I said.

"He findeth himself of better cheer, and sendeth his duty to you."

There was a pause, which I knew not how to fill. Mr. Bellingham anon brake silence himself.

"I suppose," he said, regarding me with most intent look, "as soon as he cometh to his feet it will be published."

"What will be published?"

"That you are contracted to each other."

"Nay, but we are not contracted," I made answer, with much pride.

"I pray God, then, you never may be!" brake he forth in a sudden transport, the while his voice shook as I believed nothing could have made it. "Penelope, Penelope, my darling, my sweet child, stay! bethink you! Carry it no further! There is one loves you, adores you, craves you, with a passion yonder sick boy hath no capacity of!"

All this, like the outpouring of a volcano, with such a mighty torrent of emotion and such a wondrous change of countenance as I never beheld in any man. Anon, before I saw his intent, he snatcheth me up like a straw or feather, claspeth me to his bosom, toucheth my lips with a kiss like scorching fire, and was away as the passing of a tempest.

I sat scarce alive. The vast throbs of my heart brake upon my ear with awful clamor. I was giddy. The floor uplifted beneath my feet. I rose anon and sought my chamber, reeling like one in liquor. My hands and feet, methought, were lumps of ice, my head was a coal of fire, and so have they ever since remained. I am, indeed, like one bereft of wits. I heed not what passeth, eat nothing, answer at random, and so neglect every reasonable pursuit that brother hath drawn me apart in great concern to inquire into my state, and would fain fetch the doctor but for my strenuous denial.

Mo. 5, 23. Three days are overpast, yet 't is all in vain I strive to bring any cool judgment to bear upon my state. In vain I try to pray. I know not for what I should pray, nor how I should

feel, nor how, again, I should act. Me-thinks I have been hitherto living in a dream, and am but now awaked to a reality, which yet is too large and momentous, too full of mighty raptures and pains, for my weak being. Anon cometh a dread feeling of guilt, as of having entered upon some pathway of crime which leadeth, yet strangely, to a blissful state beyond, whither fate driveth me ever on. Alas, my conscience is confounded, and serveth me no longer at need. I dare not, though sore tempted, take counsel of my teacher in a matter concerning one of such rank, and so stand darkling and amazed.

Mo. 5, 25. A letter cometh from Mr. Buckley. He hath been thrice already to take the air. Hopeth soon to attempt the journey hither. Rehearseth his affection, bespeaketh my fidelity. Truly, I am cast into a most strange and woful perplexity. I would reason of this matter, but find no clear or safe ground. This letter cometh to me like a message out of the past, as it were, long left behind. Yet hath it aroused within a voice that crieth ever, "Art thou not in honor contracted to him that writ it? What though not in deed and word, yet in fair dealing and intendment?"

Mo. 5, 30. The governor cometh to Cambridge on some matter of the college, and is brought by brother hither to dine. I fly to my chamber, and come not down to table, quaking with terror lest I be summoned. Brother excuseth me on the score of my late illness. Mr. Bellingham seemed concerned, 't is said, and made many inquiries.

Mo. 5, 31. To-day came Madam Hibbins, quite unlooked for, who hath embraced me I know not how many times, and smiled so continuously that I have never known her so gracious. She discoursed most eloquently of Mr. Buckley and the desperate degree of his affection for me; extolled his family, his character and person; proffered me open-

ly congratulations: and all in so voluble a tone that I could not once break in to set her right. When at last I had occasion and would declare the truth, she hastened, by smiles and winks and nods, to silence me, and would nothing but that it is an affair concluded betwixt her cousin and me. Suddenly she artfully brake off in the midst of some harangue, demanding if we had her brother to dine with us yesterday. Taken so unawares I reddened ere I could frame a reply, which was the proof she would put me to, and presently went on to discourse of her brother in no very flattering vein, to the effect that he hath of late waxed stern and morose, beyond all bearing; is quite given over to worldly ambition; thinketh only of himself, and is of no fit society for anybody; that, moreover, he is much older than he seemeth, and, in fact, in his very dotage; that he is fickle and heartless, and meaneth nothing by his fair speeches; that he hath already addressed himself to several dames of character and respectability in the town, raising in them fair hopes only to be crushed and defeated: all this with some show of commendation that naught may be set down to malice. This recounted she fieth away, after more smiles and embraces, before I could so much as utter a protest. In truth, it needeth a nimble wit to follow madam, who hath ever the air of pursuing some hidden purpose, and whose words are designed as oft to cloak as to disclose her meaning.

Mo. 6, 5. Alas, it would seem I am foredoomed to live in the midst of tragedy. I know not what is left that can befall me. What followeth here must be as the recounting of a dream, albeit every smallest event is branded forever upon my memory. 'T was yesterday, though seeming ages ago. I had repaired to the arbor at the bottom of the garden, there to be alone. Anon, as I sat, there is a noise upon the gravel. I look up and behold Mr. Bellingham only

a short distance from me. I would fain fly; there is no way of escape. I sink back and wait, my heart in my mouth. He cometh presently and seateth himself at my side. I speak not, nor raise my eyes. Truly, I seem bereft of all power of locomotion.

"Penelope!" saith he, after a pause.

I answer not.

"Penelope, my darling!"

I essay to speak. I fain would pronounce a word of entreaty, but in vain.

He pauseth a moment; anon he putteth forth his hand and gently uplifteth my head till he can look into my eyes. Then straightway I burst into violent weeping. He taketh my hands and would soothe me.

"Nay, nay," I cried, starting to my feet and stopping my ears, "I may not hearken to you! I am contracted to another."

"Said you not?" —

"Ay, ay!" cried I, sobbing bitterly; "albeit I spake not the words, yet am I contracted in honor. He believeth in me; 't is sin to deceive him. Oh, go! go! I may not hearken to you!"

"Ay, but you must, you shall, hearken to me!" cried he, clasping me in his arms with a terrible vehemency. "Since you made no promise you are not contracted. Honor is not in question. You are mine. God hath sent you to me. Yonder silly boy will outgrow his fancy; 't is but a fever of his blood. You were foreordained for me. Since I beheld you I have thought of naught else. My peace is at stake. You shall not go from me. You are my happiness, my life, my all. Penelope, child, dearest, look up into my eyes, nay, closer, nearer, — now speak! Say you are mine!"

God he knoweth I had no power to say aught else. Be it sin or no, I know not. I looked into his eyes. I heard his voice, and straightway my heart was filled with a thrilling ecstasy, such as it hath never known the like before. All care for any earthly creature beside was

lost or forgotten, and anon as I lay at rest upon his bosom a strange surpassing peace fell upon me. Yet in the very fullness of my joy was I doomed to pay its bitter price. A figure darkened the doorway of the arbor. All unawares I looked up, and cried aloud. 'T was Buckley, come from town, all pale and wan, stood gazing down upon me with dumb reproach. I know not what came after. My wits gave way straightway: I swooned. When I revived Richard alone was there, chafing my hands and kissing my cold lips. Methought I awoke then to a new world, wherein he was sole sovereign and ruler. Surely he was, and ever henceforth will be, sovereign and ruler of my heart and life. Presently he raised me tenderly in his arms and bare me to the house. Before the door, upon horseback, sat Buckley, with Madam Hibbins on a pillion. I turned away my head. Madam, in a fury, springeth from the horse and barreth our way. Never beheld I a countenance so terrible with passion. Bitterly she upbraided us twain with unchose epithets of scorn, spake of dishonor and discredit Richard hath brought upon his high office, threatened to discover all to the elders and publish it to the church, and what else I know not. I cowered before the blast, but Richard sternly bade her hold her peace and begone, and when she heeded not swept her from the way, and placed me at shelter within. Before he went he bade me not to fear; that he would find a way to establish my peace. He hath kept his word. To-day came he again, bringing from Buckley this declaration of dismissal: —

MISTRESS PELHAM, — My worshipful kinsman hath been at the pains, in your behalf and his own, to bestow upon me some explanation of the strange spectacle I yesterday beheld in your garden. He saith, in brief, upon examination of your heart, you find it not inclined to me as you had made me be-

lieve, but wholly knit to him. What hath wrought this sudden and marvelous conversion he vouchsafed not to disclose, and 't is indeed bootless to inquire. If it be true, as from the evidence of my own eyes I can make no doubt, then shall I not esteem so lightly my own self-respect, nor the fervency of my true

passion, as to persist in any further claim upon you; nor shall I needlessly waste your time nor squander my feeble energies in preferring vain reproaches. It remaineth, then, only that I subscribe myself, dear madam,

Your very obedient humble servant.

EDWARD BUCKLEY.

Edwin Lassetter Bynner.

TWO HARVESTS.

I.

BLOSSOM and fruit no man could count or hoard;
Seasons, their laws forgot, in riot haste
Lavishing yield on yield in madman's waste;
No tropic, with its centuries' heat outpoured
In centuries of summers, ever stored
Such harvest.

Had the earth her sole pearl placed
In wine of sun to melt, — one blissful taste
To drain her dead, — it had not fuller dowered
This harvest!

She who smiling goes, a queen,
Reaping with alabaster arms and hands
The fruits and flowers of these magic lands,
With idle, satiate intervals between, —
Oh, what to her do laws of harvest mean?
Joy passes by her, where she laden stands!

II.

A parched and arid land, all colorless,
Than desert drearier, than rock more stern,
Spring could not find, nor any summer learn
The secret to redeem this wilderness.
Harsh winds sweep through with icy storm and stress,
Fierce, lurid suns shine but to blight and burn,
And streams rise, pallid, but to flee and turn:
Who soweth here waits miracle to bless
The harvest!

She who smiling goes, a queen,
Seeking with hidden tears and tireless hands,
To win a fruitage from these barren lands, —
She knoweth what the laws of harvest mean!
Blades spring, flowers bloom, by all but her unseen;
Joy's halo crowns her, where she patient stands!

Helen Jackson.

THE LAKES OF UPPER ITALY.

IV.

THERE is an education needed for the appreciation of nature as well as of art. Many people scorn this notion, and as there undoubtedly are some with so fine an innate perception and discrimination of the beautiful that they instinctively recognize it, anybody may believe himself to be one of those chosen few. But the rest of us know that without the native gift, which nothing can wholly replace, the eye and taste require experience and training to comprehend and analyze the beauties of the outer world. There was a time when I resented as hotly as most other Americans the idea that any scenery could surpass our own; I knew that the Alps were higher than the Alleghanies, but, beyond that, I thought that where there are mountains, valleys, a lake, a waterfall, there must of necessity be a view of the utmost beauty, without regard to degree. It would be as rational to maintain that a human being is necessarily beautiful because possessed of eyes, nose, mouth, and chin; almost everything depends upon the outline and the relative proportion and disposition of the features. The Italian landscape has a classic form and profile; its glowing complexion is due to the light, — that heavenly effulgence which can transfigure any scene. It is surprising what changes are wrought by a dark or rainy day, or even by the shifting of the wind. As summer waned we found that the Lake of Como does not always show a radiant visage.

“Villa Serbelloni. August 15, 1883. This is the *festa* of the Assumption of the Virgin; and all day long there has been the greatest row of brass-bands, singing, shouting, firing of cannon and clanging of bells down in the town, and a straggling military procession up and

down the roads on the hillsides. Some of our party went into Bellagio and reported it full of old soldiers with medals and shabby uniforms, and of villagers and peasants from the neighborhood, but that there are no costumes to be seen. The church-bells in these Italian country towns do not chime, but keep up an unmeaning chatter of a few notes, repeating them over and over as if they were counting their beads. Towards midnight the weather changed; I could not have believed the lake could look so threatening; the water of the two bays was like blackened steel, the nearer mountains were ink-black, the further ones being hidden by heavy white clouds and ghostly mists. The very sky was black, torn here and there into rifts that let through a pale, troubled light upon the stormy scene; distant lightning glared among the clouds every few minutes and the thunder rolled from mountain to mountain.

“August 16. A stormy morning; not much thunder, but high wind and heavy rain. The lake is slate color and covered with vicious little white caps that spit and sputter and dash against the shore, flying off in spray. The landscape is metamorphosed; its warm colors have given place to a prevailing light green, the cypresses are dull rather than dark, the wind-swept olives are gray, the hillsides hoary. Yet they look as soft as ever, as soft as the fields under a warm April rain at home.

“August 21. A fine, bright day, with a hot sun and stiff breeze. Took the first steamboat to the upper end of the lake, which I had not yet seen. The water through which we drove our way was a delicate shade of aquamarine, melting into ultramarine blue further off. As we advanced, the familiar mountains on either side took new shapes,

different groups were formed, gorges opened into their recesses traced by the white thread of a waterfall, peaks and crests hitherto unseen appear and look over into the lake. The post-road to the Stelvio Pass, a great military work, makes the eastern margin a succession of sunny galleries and cavernous tunnels. The shores constantly bend into capes and headlands inclosing little bays, each having its own town with a musical, sonorous appellation, generally associated with some historical name or with one dear to letters. They all present the same features: white, pink, and buff houses, with archways below and balconies above, in irregular tiers, interspersed with long villa fronts and walls holding masses of dark polished verdure, golden fruit and prismatic bloom, like huge flower-baskets, the gray, Lombard church-tower crowning the whole; many of these last have been disfigured by walling up the graceful, columned windows and piercing loop-holes. Most of the towns are old, dating from the twelfth century or earlier, and the more ancient part of them is the more remote from the water under the wing of the castle, which is to be seen in ruins on the first high ground. Each *paese* had its feudal lord, who was habitually at war with his next neighbors; sometimes the entire lake was in terror of one tyrant like Gian Giacomo Medici or Medeghini, the castellan of Musso in the sixteenth century. His family was obscure, being distinct from the Florentine one, but intermarried with the Serbelloni and became powerful enough to give a Pope to the Holy See, under the name of Pius IV. Gian Giacomo took the position of an independent sovereign, coined his money, maintained his own army and flotilla, and waged war with the Swiss, the Milanese, and the Venetian Republic, for a number of years. After a disastrous naval engagement on the Bay of Lecco, in which he lost his youngest brother Gabriele, he made

peace with the Duke of Milan, the great Sforza, abandoned the castle of Musso, which was demolished, and passed into the service of the Emperor Charles V.; but he remained to the last a type of the ferocious, unscrupulous *condottiere* of the Renaissance. There is a fine monument to him and his brother Gabriele, in the cathedral of Milan. On the crags above Musso there are some dilapidated battlements, only to be reached by a narrow path intersected by numerous deep ravines crossed by high-arched foot-bridges, easily defended or destroyed, the last vestiges of the Medeghini's stronghold.

"A terrible amount of blood has been spilled into these laughing ripples; for ages there were incessant encounters on the unstable battle-field, in which the Swiss, Spaniards, French, Germans, and Italians fought for supremacy or liberty. They were worse centuries for the wretched inhabitants of the shore than the days of the Goths and Vandals. As times grew milder, the villages crept down nearer to the water, until now the most important portion is on the wharves, where palaces amid the gardens of Armida serve as suburbs to an arcaded street of fruit-stalls and small shops of bright wares, and a broad, sunny promenade edged by a double row of clipped locust trees, a line of boats like floating tents drawn up at its base. Near some of them there is a beach or spit of sand brought down from the mountain gullies by a torrent which is dry all summer; some have small breakwaters harboring a merchant-navy of skiffs and sloops to carry lumber to Como and Lecco. Bellano has large iron-works and wears a busy little air of trade and commerce, so that the inhabitants, of whom there are three thousand, proudly call it the Manchester of Lake Como. But repose and passive enjoyment are the ordinary expression of these townlets and of those who dwell in them; even the hard-taxed,

over-worked, under-fed peasants have a calm, dreamy gaze when their toil-worn visages are at rest, which breaks into a brilliant smile at a friendly question or a cordial 'thank you.'

"As the steamboat approaches the upper end of the lake, the villas are notably fewer and the gardens less luxuriant; the flowers that hang over the walls are coarser and hardier; no more pleasure boats are to be seen moored to the shore; the vegetation of the slopes is not so meridional as of those on the Bay of Como, and lacks the richness and softness which clothes those as with a vesture of moss; the colors are colder, light green and dull purple, like the Scotch hills. The towns keep up the interest. Rezzonico is a mere handful of scattered houses with a ruined castle in their midst, but has a grave, self-contained air as if still mindful of having given a head to Christendom. On the outskirts of Gravedona there is a striking group of sacred buildings standing apart, without the walls, in ecclesiastical retirement, on a grassy level screened from the lake by a row of locust trees. One of them is a fine twelfth century baptistery, in courses of black and white marble dimmed by time to quiet tones of gray; the arms of the nave and transept, which are very short, end in semi-circular apses, and there is a central decagonal tower of alternately broad and narrow sides rising three stories from the roof, — the upper one being much higher than the others and with larger windows, — crowned by a pillared gallery and a bulb-shaped cupola; it is Romanesque, but in some details differs from all other specimens of that style which I have seen. It is altogether an imposing edifice, of which any large Italian town might boast, yet it seems to be forgotten even by the insignificant village at its elbow. In the same group there is a much older and simpler church, claiming Queen Theodelinda as its foundress, in which there are some early Christian in-

scriptions, more ancient than the church itself. Beyond a sort of cloister round which these buildings stand, less skilled hands have raised a mortuary chapel, rudely painted with death's-heads, one wearing a papal tiara, another an imperial crown, a third a warrior's helmet, and so on through several phases of mortal greatness, above a grated opening which displays a ghastly collection of skulls and bones. The place is silent and isolated. Gravedona was not always so unimportant as now, and has played its part in history; it was the capital of a republic which made war and peace with the Lombard League; its troops assaulted the rear-guard of Barbarossa's army, capturing banners and booty, among other spoil, the imperial crown which was deposited in the baptistery, — a feat that so enraged the great emperor that he wished to exclude the town from the conditions of the peace of Constance. As late as the middle of the sixteenth century it was still a place of note; for there is said to have been some talk of transferring the seat of the Council of Trent hither, to hold its sessions in Cardinal Gallio's villa. This is now known as the Palazzo del Pero, from the name of its present owners; it stands on a rock forming a natural terrace, with a high and stately stairway to the water's edge, and it is the finest private residence on the lake, a princely mansion; there are four corner towers, each terminating in a graceful *loggia*, and a massive main building, divided by a three story portico with a triple arch resting on handsome yellow marble pillars, and a Venetian balcony. I was informed that the "*famiglia del Pero é richissima*," yet the house-linen was drying on the sculptured balustrades, and the fire-wood was being chopped under the arch of the principal entrance. It was altogether unexpected to find so much worth seeing at a place of which I had never heard, a place of but fifteen or sixteen hundred inhabitants,

where a stranger seldom goes ashore ; and besides this, Gravedona has a decided pictorial character of its own. Its population still separates into the old quarters of the *riva* and the *castello*, and there are touches of provincial elegance discernible about the latter, while at the landing, white houses garlanded with nasturtium vines from window to window and story to story, and huge sun-flowers staring over the walls into the water, look as if modern æstheticism had taken root there.

“We had reached the head of the lake, — its real head has been cut off by the muddy deposits of the river Adda, and is called the Lago Mezzola or Lago di Riva. The shores are low ; inland, the mountain wall rises rugged, forbidding, streaked and patched with snow. The steamboat goes no further than Colico, an ill name and a poor place, but happy in being the point at which travelers from the Splügen and Stelvio passes reach the lake of Como. It goes to sleep between the hours of morning and evening arrival, with which the steamboat corresponds ; I seemed to have it to myself, and the carriage drivers fought as to who should charge most for taking me to see the ruined fortress of Fuentes, and Azzo Visconti’s bridge. The road is wide, dusty, glaring, a sort of causeway bordered by water-willows and large poplars, which look plebeian in the land of the cypress ; fields of maize and mulberry plantations lie on each hand for a mile or two ; then a wide, noisome swamp spreads out to the right, while on the left a ridge of rock rises suddenly from the narrow plain, and along its whole length the remains of the great stronghold may be traced, here a barbican, there the base of a tower, further on some crumbling battlements. The road crosses the Adda, which comes suddenly into sight, its olive waters flowing swiftly and smoothly past the ridge, under the brows of the fort, into a pleasant valley fenced by mountains on both

sides. Some of the arches of the new bridge, built only last year, rest on the piers of that which the best of the Visconti erected early in the fourteenth century, to give his people a way over the swamp, and the Adda a way out to the lake. Here I turned back, but was overtaken by a long cloud of dust, through which the *diligences* from the Stelvio came rattling and jingling into Colico to catch the last boat. The beauty of the voyage increased every instant as we descended the lake ; the sunset poured over the scenery like elixir of gold. As I sat on the deck near the usual party of noisy Germans, — whose satchels were stuffed with edelweiss, forget-me-nots, alpenroses, and lunch-parcels in greasy newspaper, and who behaved themselves as if they had chartered the steamboat and as if nobody else had any business to be there, — I reflected for the first time on the size of Lake Como. It is forty miles long, and nowhere visible — except from a considerable height — for more than a third of its length ; its average width must be under four miles. These statistics were suggested by the conversation of a well-dressed young English couple, light-haired and handsome, though burnt as red as brick, who sat near me and thus commented on the scene before them : ‘I like *our* lakes better, they’re so nice and small, you know.’ ‘Yes, so jolly for boating, don’t you know.’ ”

In enumerating the resources of the Villa Serbelloni, it would be ungrateful to omit the gay little town of Bellagio, with its arcaded water-street, into which we made descents to buy fruit, from heaping baskets of melons, plums, pears, figs, and grapes, or native manufactures, — olive-wood tables, portfolios, paper-knives, boxes of every size and use, raw silk blankets of gorgeous colors, and handsome coarse linen-lace which dark-eyed girls wove on cushions at their doorways. As the lake season ap-

proached, the innocent rascals who had cheated us so genially of a few francs were supplanted by a tribe of real villains from the cities, jewelers with pretty coral and lava rubbish from Naples, and bricabrac dealers more depraved than those of Paris or Amsterdam, who brought some of us to the verge of ruin. At length there came a cloudless morning in September, when I got up early and took the eight o'clock boat for Lecco, and the halcyon days were done.

"The glamour and dewy sparkle of the first hours after sunrise still lingered on land and water, as I looked my last at the shores and villages, mountains, promontories, and cascades which I knew so well. By the time we were fairly under way in the bay of Lecco, they seemed already to belong to the past, for I was on a new cruise. It is not comparable to the twin branch, and is very different from it. There are no villas, and few towns or villages or even ruined castles and church-towers. Nature is left to herself; the mountains rise from the water's edge unbroken by terraces and vineyards, and for the most part wooded to the summit, haunches and shoulders of rock occasionally forcing themselves through the foliage. Over Olcio, a solitary bare peak raises its gray head above a hundred close crowding breasts of rock, like a cosmic Diana of Ephesus. Mandello, the prettiest town on this bay, stands on the point of a cape which so narrows the lake that from a little distance above or below, it seems to end here. At Mandello a handsome young woman holding a little girl by the hand, both prettily dressed, came running out of a narrow street as the steamboat bell was ringing for departure. She was followed by six or seven shabby figures of both sexes and all ages carrying traveling bags, shawls, parasols, bandboxes, and paper bundles. As these were passed to the boat-porters on deck, the farewells, embraces, adjurations,

warnings, and benedictions were going on, while a stream of children, friends, and servants continued to pour bareheaded out of the street to join in the 'addio.' With many good-by gestures, she put her foot on the plank, when 'Mamma mia!' was heard in a shrill, infantine scream, and a curly-pate aged four or five rushed from the street, holding up her arms for another kiss; the mother turned back, and there was a long hug. '*Avanti! Avanti!*' (Come on!) shouted the captain. The lady had reached the deck, when there was another cry, and out of the same street hobbled an untidy, unkempt old woman, the cook to all appearance; at sight of her, the fair passenger sprang back to land, fell into her arms, and only tore herself away as the captain stamped and ordered the plank to be pulled up. The lady and child stood waving their hands in reply to a flutter of handkerchiefs that looked like a week's wash, until we had rounded the point and were lost to sight; they then placidly settled themselves among their parcels and chatted about their journey; they were going for twenty-four hours to Milan, which is two hours distant. The Italians, like all other Europeans among whom I have been, never take a trunk when they can avoid it, to escape paying the charge on luggage; the quantity of hand-baggage they carry is inconceivable to Americans; the valises are often as large as a middle-sized trunk, and they are put into railway carriages to the utter discomfort of the inmates.

"Beyond Mandello the mountains fall back from the shore and range themselves in an imposing amphitheatre of ash-colored crags, the ridge split and chipped into innumerable small fissures and strange dents. The lake rounds and widens towards the lower end, and evidences of a larger industry are seen on the banks than anywhere else except at Bellano. The base of the hills

is scooped out by chalk quarries; along the water are great limekilns with castellated fronts; there are huge stacks of fagots for the furnaces, thatched with fine twigs, making brown masses of considerable effect in the landscape. Lecco, the last town on the eastern branch of the lake, is a busy place with iron works and smoking chimneys. Across the low, embowered coast is seen an inland region of mountains, so various in height, form, color, and distance, that they suggest a novel and charming field of unexplored loveliness. Lecco itself has neither interest nor attraction; among its closely overhanging chalk cliffs it is the hottest place on the lake, and the railway station is the hottest place in the town. A little way out of Lecco there is a small lake called the Lago d' Olgiate, which is only a tag-end of Lake Como cut off by the Adda again, which in this place also had to be bridged by Azzo Visconti; his ten arches remain to testify that he did good in his day. The river, issuing from the lake of Olgiate, winds and bends gently through a wide vale of grassy, shady reaches, laving the herbage of the low meadow-capes."

My comrades and I had parted some time before I forsook the Lake of Como, and I do not know what their state of mind was after leaving the enchantress; for my part I confess that for some days I wandered about as disconsolate and sick and sore at heart as one who has lost his love. I endeavored to distract my thoughts in the company of the old Lombard painters, and thus made acquaintance with the towns of Bergamo and Brescia, going even as far as Verona, which was familiar ground. The last name is not to be coupled with any other, but stands alone, like Rome, Florence, Venice, or Naples, though her ancient and lofty beauty is fast disappearing under insensate restorations. The other two are excessively striking and picturesque, with an undiluted fla-

vor of the past. They are sturdy remnants of the Middle Ages; each has a central piazza where the mediævalism is concentrated, on or near which stand the cathedral, the castle, and the town-hall; here the town still wears an air of being her own mistress, as of yore. There is a great deal to tell of them, and of their rich little picture-galleries and churches, full of masterpieces by Lorenzo Lotto, Solari, Moroni, and Moretto; but they are not to be disposed of in a parenthesis. This I will add, however, that at the hotels of both places you may be lawfully robbed in the good old-fashioned way, as in the days of the "grand tour," without receiving any equivalent for your money.

The road from Brescia to Bergamo skirts the Lago d' Iseo, which is praised in proportion to the difficulty of getting at it. The approach is uninteresting, the country for miles round Brescia being level, the hills distant; the only diversion is to watch the peasants, with their scythes and sickles, mowing and reaping, and the white oxen waiting under the aspens for their loads. The road at length turns a sharp corner into the mountains, and comes in sight of the lake lying among them under ward of several great embattled ruins. They are repelling mountains, either spotted with scanty vegetation, or bare and stony as newly mended turnpike roads. The further ones were of a dull opaque blue without lights or shadows, owing to the covered gray sky. On a sunny day the little lake may be one smile, but on the afternoon of which I write it looked morose and boding, and as if it deserved its ill-fame for danger to boats. On one side, the mountains come steeply down to the water; on the other, the land is flat and marshy, intersected by ditches, which were redeemed by being covered with water-lilies. Altogether Lago d' Iseo did not seem worth the trouble of coming out of one's way to see. There are such lakes lying about in every direc-

tion throughout upper Italy — lonely mountain meres, or strung together like crystal beads by the silver thread of a small river; the traveler does not turn aside a single hour between the Alps and the Apennines to see them, though he would journey hundreds of miles to gladden his eyes upon them in different latitudes.

There is one clear, round pond not bigger than a palace fountain, clean cut in the turf of a private estate between Brescia and Verona, which deserves notice, because, if my topography served me, it lies within the limits of the battle-field of Solferino; it is in sight of the swooping bronze eagle perched upon the monumental pillar that rises above the vine-bound mulberry trees to commemorate that bloody day. I saw it on my way to the last and largest of the lakes of upper Italy, the majestic Lago di Garda, of which, —

“Per mille fonti credo, e più, si bagna,” — says Dante, and which Catullus made his own forever by a rapturous little poem. I had once caught sight of its shining plane and fantastic mountains, from the railroad on going to Venice, and had carried away an indelible impression of magnitude and mystery from that single glimpse. The interest it had waked was deepened by recognizing the same unwonted shapes and colors in the background of Leonardo da Vinci's pictures, — in the *Monna Lisa* and *Vierge aux Rochers*. The desire to see more of them survived twelve years of absence and stimulated me to disregard various inconveniences attendant on the expedition.

“September 7. One of the many drawbacks to seeing the Lago di Garda is the inconvenient hour at which the steamboat starts from either end; another is the discomfort of the boat, a big, business-like vessel, ugly and dirty, without upper deck or saloon; the passengers for pleasure are crowded aft, the fore-part being reserved for peasants

and produce. I got on board at four P. M., at Dezenzano, a stopping-place on the railroad from Milan to Venice, about half-way between Brescia and Verona, the station, however, being at least a quarter of an hour's drive from the town and wharf. It is a steep, picturesque, dirty old place, with a citadel upon its croup. The quay had a lazy, Levantine air, with men in Turkish trousers and fezzes, or bare legs and head-kerchiefs, lounging among the bales. The fishing-boats on this lake carry the saffron-colored, red-barred sails of the Adriatic. We steamed and snorted through the translucent waves, hugging the land for some time. The splendor, the soft transparency of the afternoon, surpassed anything I had ever seen even in Italy. The colors of the water were extraordinary, — the deepest blue, like the dark iris or flag-flower, belted at intervals with bands of clear azure, like the sky in April or the light blue lotus, the whole surface glittering like the petals of those flowers. The lake is very wide at this end, the low shores bending in a great sweep which ends right and left in the peninsula of Sermione and the cliffs of Manerbo; between these outworks can be seen strange mountain shapes, distorted, crowded together, torn apart, and of a blue that is neither of sea nor sky, dissolving into dreamland. Going up the lake, the steamboat touches only at towns on the western side, which is low and grassy, with plenty of trees, until the rocks of Manerbo start up suddenly with a fine front of yellow crag. They form a tableland, once hallowed by a temple to Minerva, and rounding inland open a deep bay, at the head of which is the first landing, the brown little vine-wreathed town of Salò bathing its feet in the water. The next stopping-place is the island of Garda, or *Isola dei Frati* as it is called, from a Franciscan convent founded there in the thirteenth century by St. Francis himself, on the

ruins of a temple of Jupiter. It is now quite given over to this world, and transformed into a villa, which rises with leafy and blooming gardens from the lake edge, though the buildings on the top keep some of that inalienable air of contemplation which establishments formerly religious never entirely lose. Immediately beyond the island the lake narrows; the mountains on each side rear themselves to a great height, mole-colored on the west, mingled with chrome-yellow deepening to orange so vivid that its warmth is felt from the depths of the gorges, while those on the east are silver-gray like the Monte Grigna. Their forms are very singular and striking, — abrupt detached cubes and spikes like those in Leonardo's backgrounds. There is no luxuriance of growth, natural or cultivated, the vegetation is scarce and sparse; there seem to be almost no villas, and but few towns; there is none of the captivating amenity of Lake Como, or the stately graciousness of Lago Maggiore; the character of this scenery is grand, wild, and softly savage. A great blemish upon it is a contrivance for protecting the orange and lemon trees, — rows upon rows of flat, white pillars from six to ten feet high supporting skeleton roofs, the whole being boarded up in winter when it must be still more ugly; it is bad enough in summer, — acres of them in ten or a dozen tiers, looking like the bleaching ground of some great woollen mill. Limone is totally marred by them; the houses stand prettily round a cove, and rise against an amphitheatre of rock, but they are lost in continuous circles of white posts nearly a mile long and scaling the cliff for at least a hundred feet; they look like innumerable whitewashed palings, and as the steamboat passes them they criss-cross with the most annoying rapidity.

"The sun went down, changing the jagged silvery combs to imperial purple against the pellucid sky. Even then the

orange hues burned in the dark ravines out of which slipped the infrequent cascades — the prettiest of them glides into the lake at a place with the sensitive name of Tremosine. The twilight blended the colors and massed the outlines; by and by a young moon shed a pale glimmer on the spectral eastern cliffs, and a bright path upon the water. Before us the mountains looked heavy and threatening, behind us they closed like a gateway. The scene was more in keeping with historical memories than sentimental fancies; the imagination suffered no violence at the recollection of the martial exploits which had been performed there. The last canto of that romantic epic of the Lombard dominion, in which the melodious cadence of a woman's name is so often heard, opens with the captivity of the beautiful and saintly Adelaide, the widow of Lothair, sovereign of northern Italy, who had been thrown into a dungeon on the lake of Garda by Berenger, the usurper and suspected murderer of her youthful husband. He had tried by every persecution to force her into a marriage with his son Adalbert, and this rigorous imprisonment was a last resort. Otho the Great dashed across the Alps to her rescue, set her free, married her, and marched upon the royal city of Pavia, which opened its gates to him, and crowned him King of Lombardy. Five hundred years later, Sorbolo of Candia laid a wager with the famous free-lance Gattamelata, then in the service of Venice, that he would bring a fleet over the Alps and launch it in these waters; he won it, two thousand oxen dragging the heavy galleys and galleons upon tumbrils. Two naval engagements with the Milanese ensued, in one of which Venice was defeated, in the other victorious, April, 1440. There has been plenty of fighting hereabouts since then, but modern warfare is more prosaic in its ventures.

"The boat reached Riva, at the head

of the lake, at half-past eight o'clock. To my dismay, my first step on landing was into a low, ill-lighted room, foggy with tobacco smoke, where men in black and yellow uniforms were apparently rifling the travelers' luggage, and the German language smote upon my ears. It was the Austrian custom-house, and I had unintentionally come out of Italy. Nobody had told me that Riva was not in Italy, if they had I would not have come; I was in a rage; but then I had asked nobody, I had not been deceived: it was an impotent situation. The next shock was the irredeemable character of the Grand Hôtel Impérial du Soleil d'Or. My room opened on a dark wooden balcony above a long, narrow court smelling like a stable-yard. I protested; they assured me that it was one of the best in the house, and asked me what I wanted. '*Licht, luft*' (light, air), I replied. They shook their heads, and I heard them walking up and down the balcony, which was a thoroughfare, for hours, making reflections upon me. 'What more could man wish for? A magnificent chamber, *prachtvoll, herrlich*.' I discovered by degrees that the walls were hideously painted with fruit and flowers, and that the pillow-case and the sheets were trimmed with cotton lace.

"September 8. The fault of the Soleil d'Or, which is not without a quaintness and style of its own, is an absence of the elements of comfort in the arrangements, and of a notion of them in the mind of the administration; so that it was useless and hopeless to complain. Therefore the best thing was to escape as soon as possible. The only steamboat starts at five A. M.; that being gone past recall, I cast about me, and discovered that there is a station on the Brenner railroad but two hours' drive away, where I could take a train and be shortly in Verona. The diligence had started too, hours before, at eight o'clock; so I made my own arrange-

ments, and then breakfasted pleasantly enough under a vine-trellis on the little terrace garden of the hotel, which is like a morsel of Venice, so close above the water that the picturesque, swarthy boatmen stand up in their boats and look over the parapet to offer their services. The lake is almost closed at this end; through the rocky portal there is one distant glimpse of a faint blue coast, and then a wide expanse of deep blue water, sparkling like a summer sea. The mountains beetle over Riva; they look as if they were toppling down upon it. The strangeness of their forms is oppressive; one mass is like a flight of enormous steps to a vast, primordial throne, raised in the beginning of time over this forgotten corner of chaos. The aspect of the town is absolutely mediæval still; a huge, square tower of the thirteenth century rises straight up from the pavement, with the traffic of to-day at its foot; a still older one, in ruins, keeps guard on the rocks directly over the town. In the fourteenth century Riva belonged to the Veronese, who built the fine Palazzo del Pretorio with an arcade to the lake; but in the following age it fell into the hands of the Venetians, who gave it the Palazzo Municipale. The place is well protected against present emergencies; the high-road passes through the modern fortifications of San Niccolò before it is clear of the town, and a couple of miles further out, through the gateway of another fortress, high on the hillside, under a cliff bearing the warlike remains of the castle of Nago, like a skeleton in armor.

"As the road ascends, a wider view of the lake comes into sight; its pure, deep hue discolored to a poisonous green just off shore before every town. Northward the grass-green Sarca breaks its way through a maze of rocks, fragments of mountain lying on each side of its course as if the impetuous torrent had swept them aside. The vale of the

Sarca is literally one great market-garden and orchard; every foot of it is under cultivation, sheltered and warmed by the surrounding cliffs as if it were a hot-bed, and irrigated by the river. Olive trees grow from every crevice of the rock; great, gaunt trunks, twisted and rent, covered with a profusion of hoary, glaucous foliage and smooth, unripe fruit. The fertility stops short below the mountains' knees, contrasting sharply with the sterility above them. The scenery is harsh and desolate. Half way to Mori, the railway station, we passed a gloomy, marshy pool, the lake of Loppio, and soon afterwards descended into lower land through which the Adige takes its way. The castellated ruins on every commanding point show how fiercely beset this border-land was in the Middle Ages.

"Verona, September 10. Morning cool and bright, refreshed by last night's thunder-storm. I set off for the peninsula of Sermione and Catullus' Villa. The country about Verona has nothing to show but flat fertility; at intervals the long back of a basilica at right angles to its tall tower rises above the low tree-tops under the clear hot sky. The glacis and bomb-proofs of modern forts cut the horizon in every direction. Left the railroad at Dezenzano, took a one-horse carriage, and drove through a Virgilian landscape; the lake, at first seen at a distance through the mulberry orchards, drew nearer and nearer on both sides, until the fields ceased and the road entered a neck of land deeply fringed by tall, waving grass with a plummy gray flower. After about a mile of this, I was confronted by the fine ramparts of Castelnuovo, a feudal pile of battlemented walls and crenelated towers, with a noble gateway, through which everybody must pass who goes to Sermione, over a moat filled by the lake. The town consists of a dozen or two dilapidated houses, and the paved road soon expires in a sandy cart-track,

where my driver, in spite of appearances, said that wheels could go no further, for my way lay through the famous Quadri-lateral. This I afterwards found to be not strictly true; but knowing no better at the moment, I got out and began to follow a narrow, rather steep foot-path through a beautiful olive grove, accompanied by eight ragged urchins of from six to twelve years old, who had come nobody could say whence, how, or when. The biggest, who had a clean, intelligent face, I took as a guide, and gave him my lunch-basket and books to carry. The rest I dismissed, first amicably, then with threats, finally with a show of sticks and stones, but in vain; they stuck to me with silent pertinacity, falling to the rear when I frowned and bade them begone, dodging and disappearing when I brandished my cudgel, but ever returning to the pursuit. At last I gave it up, deciding that they were too small to murder me, even in such numbers, whereas they might be some protection in the extreme solitude, for by that time I had reached a lonely plateau covered with short grass and wild thyme and lovely shimmering olive trees. The fallen masonry of an old church lies among the aromatic herbs, one tower alone remaining upright; further on are the subterranean chambers of a Roman house, and at the very front of the headland, looking up the lake, the ivied arches and piers of an ancient palace with fragments of reticulated brick-work and mosaic pavement. The promontory breaks off in a fine cliff several hundred feet above the lake, which beats upon the slabs at its base with the sound of a gentle surf. It was breezy and sunny; the blue sheet sparkled, spreading further and further among the mountains, which took a hundred rich changes from the shadows of the clouds on their silvery, leaden, and tawny crags and purple depths of distance. It is a happy, heathen spot, ruled by the spirit of the classic muse

and antique myth; no wonder a Christian church fell into decay there.

"I sat down under an olive tree, and favorite scraps of poetry and thoughts of absent friends hovered about me like a joyous company. As I ate my lunch of fruit, bread, and red wine, my small body-guard seated themselves in a line along a furrow, like a flock of birds, to wait for the crumbs. Presently Bertoldi, the little guide, rose and went so rashly over the edge of the precipice that I called out to him to be careful; whereupon the others jumped up and rushed over it as though they would all have run violently down like certain swine; instead of that, they capered from point to point and ledge to ledge like kids; until, seeing that I showed no fears for their safety, they came back and lay in a row on their stomachs and elbows, with their heels in the air, not a yard from my toes. I sprang to my feet in mock fury; up they sprang too, and in half a minute were lodged in the branches of the olive tree. There they began swinging, climbing, and dropping from limb to limb like apes, with which exercises they diverted themselves till I was ready to visit the underground chambers, or the grottoes of Catullus as they are called. The monkeys scrambled and slid to the ground, scampered off, and vanished, as if they had been exorcised.

"Bertoldi alone remained, and I followed him obediently as he directed, — '*Piano*,' '*Andante*,' '*Si ferma*' ('Stop here'), — descending the broken passage, until we reached a cavern-like room of good dimensions, with openings in the wall into two others. Lo! there were my tormentors kneeling, crouching, or hanging, each with a lighted candle-end

to illuminate the darkness and show the extent of the vaults, with their bare feet, slouched hats, dark eyes and white teeth, looking like diminutive banditti in a Salvator Rosa study of light and shadow. This was the secret of their persistency, and this was their little industry, poor children, yet they did not one of them ask for a penny.

"I found a perfect subject for a picture among the palace-ruins: a great bit of brick wall, tufted with fine grass and slightly robed in ivy, with a gaping, broken arch in which grew a big gnarled and twisted olive tree with an argentine haze of leaves, just veiling the intense radiance of the lake, the opposite line of shore, and Minerva's Rocks. I tried to sketch it, but it was too beautiful for me; the boys peeped over my shoulders in clusters, whispering '*Bello! Bello!*' before I had drawn a stroke, false flatterers, and making it impossible for me even to try. So I shut the sketch-book and they lifted sweet, true, childish voices, and warbled very harmoniously in three parts, tenor, alto, and soprano; until carried away by my applause, they took to yelling and shouting in the discordant way to which Italians are addicted when they sing. When my time was up, they escorted me back to the carriage and then disappeared as they had come."

My pilgrimage through the Lakes of Lombardy ended with this classic morning, and I turned northward, asking myself, like Virgil, how I should tell of their treasures: —

"Anne lacus tantos? te Lari¹ maxime, teque
Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace,² marino?"

¹ Lacus Larius, Lake of Como.

² Lacus Benacus, Lake of Garda.

COMBINATION NOVELS.

FROM time to time we hear the announcement, as if it were a complete novelty, of some project of an imaginative work by several authors in common; but this species of diversion has frequently been indulged in by groups of friends and by private semi-literary clubs. Nor are examples wanting of illustrious reputations which have given it their sanction. Balzac, Alfred de Musset, and George Sand once thought it advisable to endow from the stores of their genius a volume entitled *Les Parisiennes à Paris*, which was not, however, in the true sense a collaboration. Another attempt was made with eminent success by Madame de Girardin, Théophile Gautier, Jules Sandeau, and Joseph Méry, in *La Croix de Berny*. Those Christmas books—*No Thoroughfare* and *Mugby Junction*—in which Dickens enlisted auxiliaries directed by himself cannot strictly be placed in the same category, because the responsibility for each portion was kept rather more distinct; but they remind us that Dickens was at least not averse to the plan of partnerships. In this country, some ten years ago, Mr. Edward Everett Hale joined Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Whitney, Miss Lucretia Hale, Frederic Loring, and Frederic Perkins in a story—*Six of One by Half a Dozen of the Other*—which the array of names on the title-page has not saved from oblivion. And now again, quite lately, we have had given us *The King's Men*, by Robert Grant, John Boyle O'Reilly, J. S. of Dale, and John Wheelwright; as well as *The Miz-Maze*, by nine English women, among whom are Charlotte Yonge, Frances M. Peard, and Christabel Rose Coleridge.

The list might perhaps be extended; but the ordinary form of partnership is that between two persons only. Beau-

mont and Fletcher, in play-writing, gave to it a historic renown, a traditional dignity, and in our day it is not at all uncommon for two writers to unite their powers in working for the stage; but, in addition to that, we have to credit narrative fiction with the successes of Ereckmann-Châtrian, of Besant and Rice, and of the two Goncourts. There was a time when a large part of the American public used to await impatiently the latest joint novel of the sisters Susan and Anna Warner; and, much more recently, Mr. Charles D. Warner appeared as the associate of Mark Twain in *The Gilded Age*, which made some amends for a remarkable absence of literary quality by presenting the racy character of Colonel Sellers. Setting aside those regular partnerships which have been maintained for long terms, we shall have to own that conglomerate authorship does not turn out so well as we might imagine it would. Instead of giving an aggregate of all that is best in each participant, it is an addition of plus and minus quantities, and the totals disappoint us. One might suppose that, as "stars" are brought into favorable conjunction on the stage in one play, the light of divers literary talents might be blended with dazzling brightness in one book. A richer orchestration, we should say at first blush, ought to issue from a harmonious union of several good instruments. But, the art of the novelist not being interpretative, the parallel will not hold. All the same, the somewhat glittering array of distinguished names that can be mustered on the side of combination writing demands consideration. If so many men and women of excellent rank in the world of letters do not hesitate to club their abilities—perhaps I ought to say, cudgel their brains—in order to make

a story together, one infers that such employment must have a strong attraction, whether it be a valid one or not.

The fancy that the sharp contact of two minds, in such a work, bears some analogy to the action of flint and steel is obviously alluring, and may have a share in bringing about these mutual efforts. Then, too, there is the spice of undertaking with a companion something which one would not have hazarded alone. Possibly the motive at the bottom of literary partnerships is akin to the instinctive desire for experiment, for adventure, asserting itself in the same mild way as with the floriculturist who hybridizes plants. We like to see what will be the outcome from a mingling of two individualities in an artistic creation, just as the florist is interested in botanical "freaks." If my guess be a true one, then we must regard the germinant principle of these enterprises as containing a bias towards the artificial; and it is at least suggestive, in this connection, that generally writers who collaborate are also capable of independent work so good that there would seem to be no inherent need of their calling in the aid of an associate. Erckmann and Châtrian, I believe, are alone in having absolutely merged their identity so far as authorship is concerned. Beaumont, as well as Fletcher, wrote plays in which no one else had part or lot. Edmond and Jules de Goncourt issued book after book under their joint signature; yet Jules died in 1870, and his brother continued for years to produce both novels and works of criticism, without any apparent diminution of force or pronounced alteration of tone. In much the same way it turned out, when James Rice came to his end, that Walter Besant could still bring forth fiction that bore the accustomed stamp and had the same characteristics which he and his friend had imparted to their popular and ingenious stories. Reversed illustrations of the same rule are af-

forded by the instance of Mr. Hale and his contributors, by the Englishwomen who planned *The Miz-Maze*, and by the French authors of *Les Parisiennes* and *La Croix de Berny*. Nearly every one of the participants had made for himself or herself, as the case may be, a distinctive position. What, then, was to be gained by a deliberate sacrifice of personal qualities, in the endeavor to achieve a result which, so far as might be, should hide the several sources of the composition? It may be well to bear in mind that painters have more than once combined to make a picture, — one supplying the landscape, let us say, while the other was responsible for animals or human figures introduced into the scene; and the masters, also, have had their pupils who not only laid in the foundation, but were even called upon to impress on the canvas by their own touches subordinate parts that had a considerable importance. Nevertheless, there exist no precedents of distinguished pictorial partnership on a large scale. Neither can we well conceive of such a thing as Cervantes, Walter Scott, Fielding, Thackeray, George Eliot, or Hawthorne choosing to mate their imagination with that of another individual, for creative purposes. It is in reflections of this kind that we shall find, I suspect, a clue to the lurking prejudice with which readers are often, though it may be unconsciously, inclined to receive combination novels. At all events, one can understand a fear lest the sanctity, or at least the peculiar and essential value, of one of the included personalities shall suffer in the process of amalgamation.

To be sure, Johnson might supply a line which Goldsmith accepted for one of his poems, and even Wordsworth and Coleridge could plan a ballad which they meant to write together; but here a law of inevitable fitness intervened, and *The Ancient Mariner* — except for a phrase or two like the

"And thou art long and lank and brown
As is the ribbed sea-sand" —

became radically and characteristically Coleridge's composition. It is difficult to imagine a "fine frenzy" inciting to or governing the execution of a novel by more than one author. I have heard the idea advanced that, in the composition of a four-handed novel, the experience of each author must resemble that of sitting at whist with two "dummies." Each, in playing his own cards, would encounter the same sort of difficulty as if his partner's hand were lying exposed; a condition of things which necessarily diminishes the excitement of the game, curtails the exercise of skill, prevents, in fine, the development of many sudden inspirations and surprises that would otherwise come in naturally. Let a novelist think out the form and contents of his book as much as he pleases: Mr. William Black goes so far as to frame the chapters and model every separate sentence before putting anything on paper; but with most men it will happen that, after the skeleton has been made and numerous details have been seen to, some of the best touches — nay, whole scenes — will be added to the work unexpectedly, at the moment of writing. Improvisation is assuredly one of the items in a novelist's equipment which yields the most enjoyable results; the writer should be left free to tell the story to himself as well as to the reader, for by so doing he may, in the act of composition, make highly interesting and piquant discoveries. Sudden turns of fancy; flashes of insight which illuminate the whole scene and the characters to the eye of the creator himself; fortunate epithets or vivid phrases that mirror with instantaneous life and sparkle the spectacle of reality presenting itself to the imagination, — these are accessions to the preconceived scheme which, it seems to me, one would sometimes have to deny himself in working with another person's consciousness

always linked to his own. Erckmann and Châtrian are said to proceed by a method which, when the outline has been arranged, permits one collaborator to write at will all that he thinks or feels; but his companion afterwards strikes out and rewrites with absolute discretion, and although the first collaborator is then given an opportunity for further correction or change, a kind of surrejoinder (to adopt a legal term), it is evident that he is to some extent bound not to introduce again those things which have been rejected from the first draft. The two associates may arrive at an agreement quite satisfactory to themselves: but is there not some danger here to that spontaneity which is one of the highest charms of fiction? In theory it would appear that such a peril does threaten; and, without pretending to lay down a sweeping or infallible rule, we shall find traces, in fact, that the drift of combination writing is towards forms, aims, or modes of expression that partake of the conventional or mechanical.

The Goncourts, it may be said, do not show this especially in a book like Charles Demailly; but in spite of the careful art of Erckmann-Châtrian, the existence of a fixed code of regulations and recipes constantly makes itself felt through their pages. Just how the perception of this becomes clear to a sensitive observer cannot perhaps be explained to any one who is not of the craft; but, by way of indication, it may be mentioned that Erckmann-Châtrian deal chiefly with generalized types. The actors in their stories do not come before us as strongly individual beings. The authors are content to describe a young girl briefly as having blue eyes, golden hair, and a fresh complexion; emotion of the widest variety is exemplified by saying that the person who experiences it turns pale. Then, too, they give a great deal of detail to illustrate particular characters, which fre-

quently seems intruded and superfluous, interrupting the story or muddling the effect, when it ought to do just the contrary, and doubtless would do so if it had not been too deliberately and dryly planned. These clever and diligent Frenchmen introduce us to a sufficiently diverse assortment of people; they give their creatures positive traits and ardent passions; they even portray remarkable eccentricities; but, for all that, we suspect the figures of over-careful manufacture, and feel about them a curious air of being subject to unlimited reproduction, as if they were lithographs, — very distinct, very neat, prettily colored, and dexterously grouped, but wanting at last the finest vitality of imagination. Above a certain level of story-telling, on which all good novelists may be regarded comparatively as equals, the test of difference, of less or greater artistic endowment, is to be sought in the richness of their imagination. Where that is best and most copious, it will inevitably precipitate itself in dramatic intensity, in power of pathos and humor, and in a multitude of delicate, indirect, unforeseeable strokes that make the characters real to us as persons whom we know and who cannot be duplicated. The requirements of this higher test are met only in a limited manner by Erckmann-Châtrian, who, however, are very well off for inventiveness, lucidity, and precision. Dramatic situation is also something which they know how to contrive and carry out; two of their stories, *Les Rantzau* and *Le Juif Polonais* (better known in English as *The Bells*), have been successfully transferred to the stage; but they do not infuse into their situations the dramatic fire which Dickens, with a less polished *technique* than theirs, could command.

The deficiency may with some reasonableness be attributed to the necessity they are under of mapping out a theory of their art, so minutely defined as to leave small room for mystery. Formula

clogs the flight of fancy; and collaborators, one would think, must be tempted to adopt and refer to formulas more than the single-handed artist. Take up for a moment Messrs. Besant and Rice's elaborate study of a miser, in *Ready-Money Mortiboy*. The significant traits, actions, utterances, of the man have been accumulated with great care and are very well put together; but the character hardly exhibits, at least to my apprehension, the unfettered movement which it might have enjoyed if it had sprung from one brain. However this may be, something of the same quality observable in Erckmann-Châtrian marks the less succinct and more complicated writings of their English counterparts. Messrs. Besant and Rice have given to the world some entertaining novels; and one who reads these with no little interest and pleasure may be acquitted of prejudice in saying that, after all, they are moulded upon a pattern and present humanity in conventional forms. Neither do the elements of which they are composed seem to be thoroughly fused: the fabric is a sort of rubble-work; incidents, bits of character, opinions, being held together by the general cohesive substance of the plot, rather than growing organically out of one idea. An excellent lecture which Mr. Besant has recently published, on *The Art of Fiction*, goes to fortify the view of collaborative fiction which I have been suggesting; for Mr. Besant maintains with much decision that the novelist's art may be taught to students, and he sets forth a theory of the art, to which he endeavors to give a firm and conclusive outline. Mr. Henry James has taken issue with him, objecting to definite prescription on the ground that the novel "in the broadest definition is a personal impression of life," and should therefore be made so elastic as to escape, if the author choose, all obligation to impart adventures or to tell what is commonly called a story. For the

most part, writers and readers still withhold assent to that disbelief in "story," which Mr. James implies and Mr. Howells distinctly announces. But, without subscribing in the least to the new doctrine, — which appears to be the error either of extremists or of imperfect statement, since its upholders permit themselves a certain amount of "excitement," adventure, and story, — one may easily see that Mr. James is speaking for those resources of refined and complex expression which widen the range and increase the worth of any artistic work. That is, provided the work also fulfills the primary and essential function of its class: namely, to embody the truth of life in strong or beautiful forms, and to amuse or interest the reader. Mr. James may be too much emancipated from the artistic duty of story-telling, which the greatest masters have not scorned. But it is possible, on the other hand, that Mr. Besant has bound himself fast to an unalterable notion as to how that duty should be done: his theory may be too cut and dried. For our present purpose it is enough to take his indirectly confirmatory evidence that collaboration encourages formulas and theories.

The authors who have practiced it may not ratify such a conclusion. It would be instructive to have their opinions. But in fact we already have some of their testimony. Those who wrote *Six of One* took pains to give us, in one of their six prefaces, a glimpse of the process they went through. "All I know," we are told, "is that it grew, novel and plot, much as I remember to have seen Signor Blitz's plates start from the table when he was spinning them. . . . If he saw one faint and weary he encouraged it by a touch of his finger at the point of revolution; and when these three were happily gyrating, like so many interior planets, he let loose in succession numbers four, five, and six. I think the chief started

the novel in much the same way." The similitude is a very good one; for, in a sense, all undertakings of the kind depend upon what may be termed literary legerdemain. It appears further that there was a "chief;" and we shall not go far wrong if we say that of two collaborators one must generally represent the active element, the other the passive. They must be alternately creative and critical; one would be likely to put his strength into the plot, while the other gave form and color to the characters. In this case, four principals met, "possessed themselves mutually of the best plot, the best moral, the locale, and the atmosphere of the story;" they also selected names for the personages; and then they inducted the other two writers into the scheme. A skeleton of the plot was made by the chief, and remodeled in conference with his companions; and in this skeleton, which is given, we discover at once that predominating force of the mechanical element already alluded to. The authors seized promptly upon a sharp, distinct, somewhat arbitrary plan, resting upon artful complexities. Attributes were assigned to the characters, in few words, and the evolution of the characters was conducted upon simple, elementary lines; so that, necessarily, the result gave little of the finer analysis and various reality of human nature which the best fiction conveys. Three young men were made to appear in love with each one of a trio of young women, successively: influenced first by local propinquity, then by accidents of new association, and at last, in the stress of a great emergency, seeking each his true mate. Such were the best plot and the best moral of Mr. Hale and his coadjutors; and in the embodiment we see again the same generalized types, the same conventional tendency, the same bustling stage business of the story, which are presented in the novels of Erckmann-Châtrian and of Besant and Rice.

The nine authors of *The Miz-Maze* likewise act upon a theory; but theirs relates to a special point of construction. Thinking that novels in the form of letters are generally unsatisfactory, they assume that it is because the correspondence is conducted by one writer under different masks; and they accordingly try the experiment of giving a narrative in letters written by several hands. We need hardly remind ourselves that the theory is fallacious, for the reason that their objection applies to all forms of fiction in which one writer represents the various characters from his own point of view. If the English ladies were right, single novelists would have to retire altogether, and we should be driven to depend on collaboration solely. As it is, the nine authors have written letters for nineteen imaginary beings, and it is impossible to give them credit for having differentiated their fictitious correspondents, by markings of style or thought, with even as much success as single writers have attained. *The Miz-Maze* is a pleasant, sleepy little English story in one hundred and sixty-two chapters; for each letter, it must be borne in mind, is virtually a chapter. The endless subdivision thus entailed is really a much more serious objection to the letter form than the one which our English friends have raised. Another is that epistolary style in real life, except under a master's control, is as apt to drop into monotonous grooves as the voice is to fall into sing-song when a letter is read aloud; and monotony is therefore risked in a story told by correspondence. Besides, *The Miz-Maze* contains numerous repetitions. A piece of family lace is sold, an English youth is imprisoned in Italy; and straightway each of these incidents is related over and over, in half a dozen letters, notes, or diaries. The problem has been handled with far more skill, indeed with much brilliancy, by Mr. Bunner and Mr. Brander Matthews in their short

story, *The Documents in the Case*, — a performance which proves that collaboration may yield perfect work within the limited field of construction. But the authors of *La Croix de Berny*, besides completing a beautiful piece of construction, illuminated their pages with style of a delightful ease, full of wit, color, incident, and charm. They also chose the form of letters; but there were just four personages in the piece, and each writer took one character. Gautier and Madame de Girardin conspicuously bore off the honors in this friendly competition; but the other rôles were at least very well carried out, and the whole affair, while unfolding a situation of strong interest and passion, never loses the engaging element of personality. It is an exceptional achievement, which may well be commended to the study of the wanderers in *The Miz-Maze*.

Like most of the other productions at which we have been glancing, *The King's Men* depends largely on plot, adventure, suspense, the unwinding of "threads;" but it makes an appeal on another side, by plunging into the future, and treating of events supposed to have happened (if we may say so) in the next century. Two of the authors have been known separately by work of a serious purport; a third has written burlesque, besides trying his hand at a novel which offers a more balanced estimate of life; and the remaining contributor has thus far limited himself to the comic phase. From a quartette so constituted one might expect a mixture such as they have compounded. Apparently, they looked upon their joint proceeding as a jest, a sportive exercise, which should allow them plenty of range for irresponsible inventions and humorous extravaganzas; but a strain of greater earnestness asserts itself here and there, and passages of some dramatic effectiveness or sensational interest are interspersed, such as the revolt of the Roy-

alists, the death of Dacre, and an escape of prisoners from Dartmoor. The fantasy of a British republic, under the presidency of an Irishman and approaching anarchy, with a state of affairs in which the nobility and gentry are hired out as guests to an American millionaire who rents a great estate in England, is sufficiently amusing. Little attempt, however, is made to improve the opportunity which offers for invention in depicting a stage of history that still lies beyond us. Nor is the book open to discussion as a piece of literature. Considered seriously, it evaporates. It is simply a joke, offered to the public in a mood of light-hearted bravado. Our American ventures at coöperative writing, in fact, seem principally to issue in skylarking; for Mr. Hale and Mrs. Stowe's *Six of One* had nothing more than a transitory, playful value, and the novels of the Misses Warner were insufferably dull, as well as quite devoid of literary merit. The single success of Messrs. Bunner and Matthews should here be excepted, because it shows — like some of the tales which they have written independently, but have bound together under the heading *In Partnership* — a touch of brilliant lightness, an exacting artistic conscience, and minutely thorough handling.

It remains to ask whether labor bestowed upon these federations of talent is, on the whole, worth while. So far as the playwright is concerned, the question would seem to be answered by experience in the affirmative; partly because theatrical composition rests upon a scheme of art so entirely separate from that of making books, and depends so much less on delicate shadings of literary technique, or upon the charm of a personal style. But in respect of the novel I should say that we must agree with Mr. James, that its highest claim upon us arises from its being "a personal impression of life;" and it is manifestly not often that collaborators

can with justice bring forward such a claim. The Goncourts were altogether apart; they constituted an unique entity, — a single soul, as Gautier has said, in two bodies. Notwithstanding that their dates of birth separated them by ten years, they were mentally twins. They lived, thought, worked, walked, studied, composed, together. Their very correspondence was signed in conjunction, until the day when the elder brother, Edmond, wrote above his solitary signature the heart-broken announcement of the death of Jules. Consequently, the works which they issued in company were indistinguishable from those which take their stamp from one will, one impulse, one creative instinct. They revealed the same unpremeditated movement and fire that capture us by assault in the attacks of a writer who obeys only his own orders. They took their readers by surprise. Erckmann-Châtian, Besant and Rice, are admirable tacticians; they move according to law, and it is impossible to condemn their evolutions without reserve; but if in the end we gracefully acknowledge ourselves prisoners to their skill, we have the right to keep our highest admiration for those who conquer us by forces equally well deployed, but more impetuously launched.

Taking simply the average outcome, as it is permissible to do, we may say that collaborators have it in their power to fashion adroitly adjusted machines that run very smoothly, or to piece together mosaics which might almost be mistaken for paintings; but when we come to that, the veritable painting is the more satisfactory — the masterpiece in which every line, every sweep of color, is governed by one supreme creative consciousness. Coöperation will serve well so long as the aim is not too high, or the theme too abstruse. It may safely be counted upon where construction is a main factor, and where picturesqueness goes for more than depth

and breadth of view, or vigorous, fresh truthfulness. But, in the end, the combination novel is made, not born. It is conservative rather than radical and progressive; hence it must usually fall into the old forms, instead of expanding into newer, more flexible ones. The problem would no doubt be reduced to greater clearness if we could define and place beyond the reach of incertitude the difference between old forms and new. This can hardly be done. We might say that the old forms are the conventional ones. But "the conventional" changes with every generation; frequently it changes from decade to decade. To us of the current time, how much more ancient the artificial devices of "Monk" Lewis and Anne Radclyffe appear than the historical romances of Scott, the interminable epistolary novels of Richardson, or the vital reproductions of Fielding! Yet these writers last named precede Scott, Lewis, and Mrs. Radclyffe, chronologically.

There exists, however, one geodetic point of observation, from which we may calculate measurably that distance and that curvature which make it so hard for the opposing parties to see and understand one another's position. Writers who hold one view insist that novels should conform to a stated system of surprises, incidents, complications, which real life, as they maintain, continually discloses. Writers who hold another view say that real life does not thrust upon their notice any system of occurrences at all. Let us, for an instant, fall back upon our own private knowledge. We all find that, occasionally, the lives of human beings with whom we are acquainted abound in peculiar coincidences: people of the most diverse kinds are brought into intimate association, without will or warning; one event that seems to have no significance suddenly exercises control over some subsequent occurrence. In this way the idea of a series grows up: we

cease to regard the phenomenon of the hour as an isolated thing, and learn that it connects itself with other phenomena. Here we find the natural origin of "a story." It is as much an absolute necessity as the mathematician's series of numbers, in calculating the law of chances. No series, no calculation; no connection of events, no novel. But within a few years the doctrine has been advanced that one incident is as good as another; that, in short, everything or anything is an incident — a look, a word, an intonation, the color of a flower, the relative position of three persons in a room. It is contended that if you have the skill to make such incidents interesting, one by one, nothing further should be demanded on the side of narrative. Connection, "story," in that case becomes wholly useless. This proposition, of course, if well founded, would make the novelist's standard very simple. Children settle all their literary preferences by resolving that a book is "interesting" or that it is not interesting; and if such verdicts obtained, a great many productions not now admitted to the catalogue would be registered as works of art. But it can hardly be denied that any plan of classification which should rely upon the opinion of any individual, or of an uninstructed body, as to what is interesting and what is not, would result in dire confusion. It would not give us a comprehensive or intelligent criticism. We are obliged, therefore, to conclude that the man or woman who wishes to reproduce in fiction a large and responsive likeness of life must include, in the survey of mundane affairs, not simply a given number of separate occurrences, but likewise the series of precedence and consequence — in fine, the "story," towards which our most casual experiences shape themselves.

But there is something beyond both the photographic transcript of daily occurrences, and the plan which is dis-

cernible in the relation of one incident to another. There is a higher truth, including both of these. There are eternal laws of verity and falsehood, of justice and of what we name injustice; and there is an abiding design full of strength and beauty, which it is the novelist's mission to indicate, though he may not be able to define or explain it. No matter what the incongruities, the horror, the dissonance, or the long, weary ague of disappointments which may have to be set forth, the author should still retain strength and insight enough to throw around this whole picture of human vicissitude, demoralization, joy, or sorrow some grand, inclusive outline that shall suggest beauty and harmony. The cadaverous presence of death itself is softened, through the action of an unquenchable instinct, by heaps of flowers. In a portrayal of life, whatever its grimness may be, we ought at least to provide a palliation of loveliness, and of the aroma of hope, as pronounced as that which we accord to death. There need be no falsity in making a design of this sort: it simply adumbrates the finest good that incessantly, in a broken way, asserts itself amid the dust and haze of passing events.

Thus we apprehend that there exists a very substantial basis for the demand that there shall be an instructive story, or series of events, culminating in an intelligible "ending." That sundry writers have tried to satisfy such a desire by crude expedients, or by formal and clumsy attempts at "winding up," does not prove that the desire ought not to be considered and sincerely ministered to. Those who fancy that, by ignoring it, they are able to give a bolder and richer interpretation of life are often just as restricted as the writers who uphold the principle of striking, in their fiction, a full chord of incident and complex relations. It is quite possible for a novelist who excludes "story," as be-

ing obsolete or adventitious, to remain very contracted in his view, and to present a limited, artificial picture of existence.

It is difficult to understand why all known or imaginable resources should not be at the beck of the novelist who wishes to establish, between his writings and the life which displays itself around him, a complete correspondence. And not the least among such resources is the exhibition of a train of incidents which shall repeat, with the closest possible adherence to actuality, the succession of affairs in our daily experience. It is equally hard to see why the novelist who rejects that element of verisimilitude is not guilty of narrowness and of a sort of unfaithfulness. Caricature, for example, is sometimes objected to; but why, pray, should we not employ caricature when it is fit? A friend of mine, a painter, was once engaged in making a water-color sketch of Windsor Castle. He brought in, from his point of view, the Clock-Tower; but some country urchins who were observing his work said to him, "Why don't you put in the clock-face?" The reason why he did not put in the clock-face was, that it remained quite invisible from the position he had taken. In a like manner, some critics think it very strange that the writer of fiction should not invariably tell them all about the other side of a character which it is intended — by the plan of the composition, the special grouping of the scene — to present only from one particular point of view. Consequently, they find fault with a novelist for portraying some characters in full, and other characters only on one side. But do we not, in real life, behold people and things grouped together at all sorts of angles; some in full face, others in quarter-face; still others in profile, or in some grotesque, haphazard obliquity of perspective? It strikes me that caricature is nothing more than the translation, or

symbol, of one set of perfectly normal perceptions. Hence I conclude that caricature, "realism," literalism, romanticism, satire, may all find a lawful place in the highest type of novel, provided that they are held in a judicious and proportioned control. It is likely enough that the collaborative novel will not utilize with supreme and sensitive mastery the various means just mentioned, for the reason that, as I have hinted, it will generally prefer to mould itself upon a fixed pattern. Still, it may at times recognize a loftier motive, a mission which it might fulfill. It is possible for it to emphasize the greatest use of fiction — that of showing the process of cause and effect, through all the incalculable diversities of individual experience. Those who fervidly declaim for

the liberation of the novelist's art from all constraints of tradition and the popular longing for "endings" would perhaps carry us too far, if they had their way. A counterbalancing force, therefore, may be desirable. The fiction of collaborators, being thrown by its specific weight upon the conservative side, could be made to supply such a force. However, if it is to be effectual, the influence must be exerted not hastily nor in amateur wise, but with indefatigable toil towards the highest goals of art. Let us hope that it will lend its aid to the augmentation and refining of that art of story-telling without which the complete novel would be an impossibility, that art which the world will surely require from the writers of the future, as it has from those of the past.

George Parsons Lathrop.

"THESE ARE YOUR BROTHERS."

A WELL-KNOWN French man of letters wrote a book, nearly thirty years ago, with the express object to "reveal the bird a soul, to show that it is a person;" in the hope of diminishing the enormous slaughter for purposes of personal adornment, of ministering to our appetites, adding to our collections, or, worst of all, gratifying our love of murder, pure and simple, by whatever name we choose to dignify the taking of life for our own amusement. To this noble man's effort every lover of birds, for higher uses than to put in the stomach or on the shelf, should add his chronicle, however unpretending.

It is a mystery how men of hearts tender to suffering can be so carried away by the excitement of the hunt as to lose sight of the terror and pain of the victim. Many hunters have confessed to a return to their better selves the moment the chase was won. In

what does this short madness differ from the sudden rage which impels one to lift his hand against the life of man, merely a (should be) nobler game? It seems even more strange that a gentle woman can endure the beautiful plumage of a delicate winged creature, whose sweet life of song and joy was rudely cut short by brutal men that the poor dead body might shine among her laces. For those who are willing to gratify their palate at the cost of so much beauty and music there is nothing to be said, — they cannot be reached. Not until man has outgrown the barbarism of nourishing his body at the expense of his soul can we hope to touch those who *eat* birds. It is sad enough to turn our murderous weapons against the gentle ox that trusts us, the innocent-faced sheep, and the honest-eyed calf, but to rob the world of an inspiring robin or a rollicking bobolink,

for the small bits of flesh under their feathers, is too pitiful.

"Open your eyes to the evidence" (says Michelet). "Throw aside your prejudice, your traditional and derived opinions. Dismiss your pride, and acknowledge a kindred in which there is nothing to make one ashamed. What are these? They are your brothers."

The following notes are based upon several years' study of birds enjoying the freedom of a large room, without attempting to tame them, further than by letting alone to inspire confidence and dispel fear.

The most noticeable thing about birds is their individuality; even those of the same family differ as greatly as children of a household. One goldfinch that I have studied is a shy, timid little creature, utterly unresponsive to its human neighbors, while another is the embodiment of gayety, brimming over with good spirits, and always ready to answer a greeting with a cheerful "Pick-wick." This bird is extremely fond of human society, and after being without it for an hour or two will pour out a torrent of greetings in his loudest voice, wriggling his body from side to side, as though too full of joy to keep still. Even in times of adversity, when he is moulting (which he does with difficulty) and his wings fail of their office, so that on setting out for his favorite perch, after the bath, he flies wide of the mark, beating the air vainly, and at last fluttering to the floor, where he never willingly goes, — even then he will hasten to a ladder placed for him, hop up round after round, stopping now and then to call out gleefully, as if to say, "I'm not hurt a bit! I'm all right!" When at last the time comes that he does not try to fly, he cheerfully avails himself of a series of perches running around the room, and takes his exercise as blithely as though he had never known wings.

Next neighbor to the goldfinch is a

cardinal grosbeak, a fellow of different temperament. He is a cynic, morose and crusty. His world is hollow and his cage is his castle, which he declines to leave for an instant, although the door stands open from morning till night. Above all he is captious on the subject of his rights, and insists on having them respected. To have a bird perch near his door is offensive in the extreme, and alighting on his cage is a crime which stirs him to fury. He despises his restless neighbors, and feels no need of exercise himself. He sits — not stands, like most birds — on his chosen perch hour after hour, leaving it only to eat; and I think that if his food were within reach of this seat he would not rise half a dozen times a day. His only recreation is music, in which he indulges freely; and his song has a curious quality of defiance in it, quite consistent with his character. His notes indicate a more gentle sentiment only in the morning, before his cage is uncovered and his churlishness aroused by the sight of associates whom he chooses to consider foes. At that charmed hour he will favor his delighted audience of one with a sweet and tender strain, utterly unlike his performance at any other time. A pining captive is an unwelcome guest in this small bird colony, and the cardinal could have his liberty at any moment. But that is not his desire. He evidently appreciates the comfort of a cage, is satisfied with his bill of fare, and has no inclination to forage for himself. The only thing he wishes is to be let alone. His dream of happiness, if put into words, would, I think, resemble the ideal of some of the human family, — a well-appointed house, having everything to please the eye and gratify the taste within and about it, and surrounded by a wall unsurmountable and impenetrable, even to the glances of the world at large.

In striking contrast with this uncivil personage is a serene and philosophic

character, partaking neither the rollicking spirits of the goldfinch nor the moodiness of the cardinal. The return of the house-mistress, after a week's absence, elicits no manifestations of joy from this bird, as it does from all the others, including the cardinal. Yet, though undemonstrative, he is not without emotions. He will follow her all day, stand for an hour within an inch of the rocker of her chair, and spend half his time on her knee, watching every movement, taking occasional lunches from her fingers, and not hesitating to indulge in a nap when he feels so disposed.

The element of mischief, of caprice, and practical joking is well represented by a cat-bird; or was, until he grew unhappy and a window was opened to give him liberty. No more tricky spirit ever dwelt in human frame: delighting in pranks, teasing the smaller birds, working confusion in desk drawers or sewing baskets, performing a war-dance, with appropriate screams, on top of the cardinal's cage, and exulting in his helpless frenzy. This bird was not quite affectionate, not absolutely trustful; he would alight on my hand for food, being however so wary and alert that he was as secure from surprise as though he stood on a tree.

Easy-going amiability is the prominent characteristic of another goldfinch. He submitted meekly to the tyranny of his cage-mate, ate only when he had eaten, bathed only when he had finished, till, growing bold by success, the autocrat waxed domineering, when the victim suddenly roused himself, became aggressive, asserted his right to the conveniences of the household, and, as in human society under similar circumstances, carried everything before him.

The manners of "these our brothers" are as individual as their tempers. Nothing is more impressive than the dignity of the thrush family; no vulgar haste or fussiness, no ignoble panic. All is

tranquil repose, yet without a symptom of dullness. A stranger may approach a thrush, and he will neither flinch nor fidget until the observer becomes intrusive, when he calmly and quietly slips away. Opposed to this high-bred manner is that of the redwing blackbird, who is never still a moment, restless and uneasy to the last degree; jumping from perch to perch, stretching one wing and then the other, jerking the tail, craning the neck, ever assuming new attitudes, and showing in every movement his unquiet spirit.

Different from each of the above in manner is the cat-bird. There is an appearance of grave repose, but it is superficial; it is the repose of the air before a tornado, of the volcano before a violent eruption. He is quiet, — he stands as still as a thrush, and looks one full in the eye; but he is alert to the tips of his toes, and a slight but significant jerk of the tail shows that he is wide awake and prepared for instant movement. Let him suspect one's intention to be hostile, and he will flash out of sight; not silently, like the thrush, but with harsh screams that fairly startle one with their violence.

To find rude, blustering, self-assertive manners we need go no farther than our city streets, which the house sparrow has made his own. For cool impudence and offensive intrusion upon the rights of humanity about him this bird has no equal. He is a genuine gamin, and shows the effect of life in the streets even on a bird.

Birds not only cough and sneeze, but they dream and snore, making most distressing sounds, as if strangling. They hiccough — a very droll affair it is, too, — and they faint away. The goldfinch spoken of above, being frightened one night, in his struggles was caught between the wires, and gave a cry like the squeak of a mouse in distress. On my hastening to his release, he slipped out into the room, and flew wildly about

till he hit something and fell to the floor. He was picked up, and his fright culminated in a dead faint. The little head drooped, the body was limp, apparently perfectly lifeless, and he was laid in his cage, ready to be buried in the morning. He was placed carefully on the breast, however, and in a few minutes he hopped upon his perch, shook out his ruffled feathers, and composed himself to sleep.

One feat sometimes ascribed to man is in the case of birds a literal fact,—they can sleep with one eye open. This curious habit I have watched closely, and I find it common in nearly all the varieties I have been able to observe. One eye will close sleepily, shut tight, and appear to enjoy a good nap, while the other is wide awake as ever. It is not always the eye towards the light that sleeps, nor is it invariably the one from the light. The presence or absence of people makes no difference. I have even had a bird stand on my arm or knee, draw up one leg, and seem to sleep soundly with one eye, while the other was wide open. In several years' close attention I have been unable to find any cause, either in the position or the surroundings, for this strange habit.

No "set old woman" is more wedded to her accustomed "ways" than are birds in general to theirs. Their hours for eating, napping, and singing are as regular as ours. So, likewise, are their habits in regard to alighting places, even to the very twig they select. After a week's acquaintance with the habits of a bird, I can always tell when something disturbing has occurred, by the place in which he is found. One bird will make the desk his favorite haunt, and freely visit tables, the rounds of chairs, and the floor, while another confines himself to the backs of chairs, the tops of cages and picture frames. One hermit thrush frequented the bureau, the looking glass frame, and the top of a cardboard map

which had warped around till the upper edge was almost circular. On this edge he would perch for hours, and twitter and call, but no other bird ever approached it. Still another would always select the door casing and window cornices.

Every bird has his chosen place for the night, usually the highest perch on the darkest side of the cage. They soon become accustomed to the situation of the dishes in their cages, and plainly represent any change. On my placing a drinking cup in a new part of the cardinal's residence, he came down at once, scolding violently, pretended to drink, then looked over to the corner where the water used to be, and renewed his protestations. Then he returned to the upper perch, flirting his tail and expressing his mind with great vigor. A few minutes passed, and he repeated the performance, keeping it up with great excitement until, to pacify him, I replaced the cup. He at once retired to his usual seat, smoothed his roughened plumage, and in a few moments began to sing. A dress of new color on their mistress makes great commotion among these close observers, and the moving about of furniture puts the tamest one in a panic.

"Besides song," says Michelet, "the bird has many other languages. Like men, he prattles, recites, and converses." The subject of birds' language is one of great interest, and I have studied it very closely. I notice that all the birds understand certain sounds made by any one of them, even by sparrows outside,—a cry of distress, any excitement, calls for food, and especially an expression of dislike for another's song; but I have never seen any appearance of talk except between those of the same family. Two goldfinches keep up a continual chatter, with distinctly different tones for different occasions, as when a fly alights on the window near them, or a neighboring bird makes any uncommon

movement. They never talk at the same time, although they often sing together, and one is much more talkative than the other. Sometimes their notes are low and their manner indifferent, as if the talk were mere desultory chat; but if anything occurs of interest in their small world the tones become animated, and in times of excitement their voices are raised almost to shrieks. After a quarrel, moreover, there is no more exchange of opinion for a long time. Further than this, I have experimented by taking one from the room, when invariably all talk ceased. I have never known one to make the peculiar sounds I have called "talk" when the other was not in the room. Robins notoriously talk together, and when one intrudes upon their neighborhood he can almost translate into English their low words of warning and caution, and their observations upon his movements. Who that has ever lain on his back in the hay, and watched the barn swallows as they come to their nest and perch on the great beam to dress their feathers, and perhaps give their quaint little song before setting out again, but is convinced that they are great chatterers! Indeed, one can hear them, as they fly through the air, not only calling to each other, but exchanging remarks, which is quite different.

To one who has watched birds it is plain that they are fond of play. A bit of string will often amuse one for a long time: he will jump sideways and drag it about in a very droll way, beat it on the floor, fly away with it, and in other ways enjoy it. A marble, or anything that rolls, will sometimes answer the same purpose. A mocking-bird delighted in a grass stalk with the seeds on. He would grasp it in the middle, hop all about his cage, lay it carefully down in one place, leave it, and then return and take it up again. He would entertain himself a half hour at a time in this manner. A cat-bird was partic-

ularly pleased with a handkerchief. If one fell to the floor he was after it in an instant, jerking it over the carpet and enjoying himself greatly. Another bird made himself happy by swinging on a spring perch, jumping back and forth, and seeming to like the motion. The desire for amusement is also shown by a habit of throwing things down to see them drop. Several birds have liked to throw pins from the cushion, and look over to observe the fall; and a cat-bird never came near a spool without pushing it over, rolling it to the edge of desk or table, and noticing the result with interest. This is true not only of birds in a house, which may be supposed specially in need of something to pass away the hours, but I have seen sparrows amuse themselves in the same way, throwing small objects — leaf stems, I think — from a roof, and looking over to see them flutter to the ground.

One bird diverted himself after the manner of a "sportsman" hunting a fox, by chasing smaller birds from one side of a room to the other, and the more frightened he could make them the more he exulted in the "sport." He would also run the length of a cornice in a panic-stricken way, as though suddenly gone mad, stop short at the last inch, turn instantly, and repeat the performance, and he would keep it up for an hour. The fun of another, a goldfinch, consisted in turning "back summersets." He would hang, head downward, from the roof of his cage, walk about in that position, using his bill to help, like a parrot, and at last give a backward spring, turn completely over, and land on the floor of the cage. His cage mate did not approve of this sort of frolic, and after mildly expressing his opinions once or twice he put an end to the gymnastics by a sharp reproof, accompanied by a twitch of one of the offender's feathers.

Most birds take deep interest in things going on about them, as any one who has

watched them, wild or tame, must know. I have seen a swallow hover like a great humming-bird before a stranger, to satisfy his curiosity regarding him. Nothing shows difference of character more plainly than the various ways of gratifying curiosity. One is very cautious, and circles around a new object a long time before touching it, while another flies directly to the spot, and pounces upon it or tries it with the bill at once. Many birds are fond of looking at things outside the window, carriages, people, sparrows flying about, and falling snow or rain, while the appearance of a boy's kite in the air never fails to put the whole roomful in a fright.

Especially are birds interested in others of their kind, and they are generally ready to help with their presence and advice, if nothing else. A cry of distress will bring sympathizers from every quarter, and during several sparrow broils I have noticed there has always been an audience, all talking, — giving advice, no doubt, — and many ready to take a hand in any sort of scrimmage. Robins, too, rush in crowds to the assistance of their neighbors.

Birds show a love of teasing in several ways, the most common being to display contempt for another's song. One of my goldfinches will assume the most indifferent air when the other begins to sing; moving to the farther end of the long perch, puffing himself out, and ostentatiously getting ready for a nap. The singer never fails to notice the offense at once, and follows up his tormentor, singing somewhat louder, till the naughty fellow deliberately puts his head under his feathers as if to sleep, when the voice rises to a positive shriek, and the offended bird stretches himself up tall, and towers above his sleepy comrade as though he would devour him.

The coolest insult I ever saw is often paid by a goldfinch to a cardinal as big as half a dozen of himself. He insisted upon alighting upon the cardinal's cage

to shake himself after bathing, and in spite of hard words from the owner, kept up the custom until sundry nips of his toes convinced the saucy goldfinch that it was not a good place to dry himself. Since then he perches close to the door of his crusty neighbor to sing, edging as near as he can, and singing his loudest. The cardinal expresses disapproval by sharp "Trip's" and other sounds, but when he becomes too enraged to contain himself he sings! It is certainly a strange way of showing anger. He puffs out his feathers, holds his quivering wings a little away from his sides, erects his crest, and sways his body like a Chinese mandarin in the tea shops, only from side to side, singing all the time at the top of his voice.

The goldfinch understands the meaning of this demonstration, and it really seems to awe him, for as long as the cardinal continues it he stands meek and silent. Although fearing it would be useless, I on one occasion fastened open the door of the angry bird's cage, to put him on more equal terms with his small foe. But so far from helping matters, the goldfinch became more saucy than before, even venturing into the enemy's cage for hempseed which he spied upon the floor. The cardinal hurried down when he saw this; but the smaller bird was so quick in his movements that he could go in, snatch a seed, and be out before his clumsy adversary reached him. Once outside, where he knew perfectly well he would not be followed by the irate proprietor, the small rogue stood on a perch not two inches from the open door, calmly cracked and ate his seed, and then waited for another chance to make a raid upon the coveted stores.

No one who has kept several birds needs to be told of their jealousy. In spite of infinite pains and redoubled attentions to the older resident, I have been pained to see the feeling towards a new-comer cause unhappiness, even

misery, and in one case a permanent souring of temper.

It is curious to see a bird show rage. Besides the singing already spoken of, the cardinal sometimes displays it in another way. He will perch as near as possible to the wires which separate him from the goldfinch; raise the feathers of his neck all around, till they look like a ruff; lean his head far over one side, with crest down, eyes fixed on the enemy, and *one* wing quivering. This attitude of speechless wrath seems to impress the goldfinch for a moment, but at last he takes courage and begins to sing, low at first, but gradually louder, till almost shrieking, while his own wings droop and quiver, and he edges nearer and nearer to his insulter, until his swelling body fairly touches the wires. Meanwhile, upon the opening of the song the cardinal scolds his harshest, and when the goldfinch touches his wires he gives a vicious dig into his rice, which sends a volley flying, and seizes a wire in his bill as though he would bite it off. Yet he will not avail himself of his open door. The native thrush alone, of all the birds I have watched, fails to display temper. I never saw one angry.

There is great difference in the general intelligence of birds, and so far in my studies I have found the larger ones on a higher grade in this respect. The robin, cat-bird, thrush, learn the intentions of the various members of a family towards them much more quickly than those that are smaller. These birds soon confide in me, let me do anything I like about their cages without a flutter, while the goldfinches, though the oldest residents and very familiar at a distance, and a linnet and a chipping sparrow are frightened if I touch the cage.

That birds show selfishness I am obliged to admit. Any dainty put into the cage of one arouses the interest of all, and a big bird hovering in the air before a neighbor's residence, to discover

if his grape or bit of apple is better than his own, is a queer sight. A bunch of fresh leaves in the goldfinch cage makes an excitement that would be funny, except that it is painful to see this ignoble passion so strong. To avoid trouble I always put in two bunches, one at each end of the longest perch. Neither bird can settle to one bunch lest the other is better, and so they vibrate between the two, till the whole is eaten. Even the gentle thrush so dislikes seeing others possessed of plantain leaves that he will snatch away from another's cage any leaf that he can reach from the outside. He is very dexterous, too, flying up and seizing the protruding stem without alighting.

Birds are as prone as children to imitate what they see others do. I have noticed them particularly in the matter of bathing. I have one bird that never really bathed till he learned by seeing another. He simply "washed his face," and then passed half an hour arranging his feathers. But when a companion was put into his cage who greatly enjoyed the bath, going in all over and splashing violently, he stood and watched the proceeding with great interest, came on to the perch nearest the bathing dish, looked on earnestly, and seemed to be amazed. Two or three days this went on, his interest in the thing not diminishing; and at last, after circling many times around the pan in an undecided way, dreading yet wishing to make the plunge, he finally got up his courage and jumped into the middle,—it was a shallow pan with one inch of water. Even then he hesitated, looked over to me, and called out gayly as though to say, "See what I've done!" I answered, and in a few moments he dipped his head and began to spatter. It was evidently a new experience, and he called to me again and again, and was so delighted that it was charming to see. Never since that day has he neglected the bath, and he often gets so wet

that he cannot fly to his cage, four feet above, till he has shaken himself out.

Now, at this hour of noon, all four birds are sitting quietly on their perches, indulging in their accustomed midday siesta. Suddenly the goldfinch utters in soft undertone, "Seep!" There is no reply, and after a moment he speaks again, a little louder: "Peep! peep!" Across the window the cardinal, sitting motionless on his perch, now adds his voice in a low call, followed soon by a loud "Three chēers! three chēers!" The thrush, on the other side of the room, next strikes in gently, a genuine whisper song, keeping his eye on me to see if I observe him. And at last comes the blackbird, with loud, clear "Conk-a-ree!" and all four are singing like mad. Then suddenly they drop to silence. The cardinal goes down for a lunch of rice; the thrush stands swelled out, motionless, on his perch; the blackbird

interests himself in the state of his feet and in stretching his wings; and the goldfinch plumes his feathers. When all these duties are performed and the cardinal has settled himself once more, there is a pause of a few moments, and the concert begins again in the same way.

Let me close with the sentiment of Emerson upon the bird:—

"In ignorant ages it was common to vaunt the human superiority by under-rating the instinct of other animals, but a better discernment finds that the difference is only of less and more. Experiment shows that the bird and the dog reason as the hunter does; that all the animals show the same good sense in their humble walk that the man who is their enemy or friend does, and if it be in smaller measure, yet it is not diminished, as his often is, by freak and folly."

Olive Thorne Miller.

AMONG THE REDWOODS.

FAREWELL to such a world! Too long I press
The crowded pavement with unwilling feet.
Pity makes pride, and hate breeds hatefulness,
And both are poisons. In the forest, sweet
The shade, the peace! Immensity, that seems
To drown the human life of doubts and dreams.

Far off the massive portals of the wood,
Buttressed with shadow, misty-blue, serene,
Waited my coming. Speedily I stood
Where the dun wall rose roofed in plummy green.
Dare one go in?—Glance backward! Dusk as night
Each column, fringed with sprays of amber light.

Let me, along this fallen bole, at rest,
Turn to the cool, dim roof my glowing face.
Delicious dark on weary eyelids prest!
Enormous solitude of silent space,
But for a low and thunderous ocean sound,
Too far to hear, felt thrilling through the ground.

No stir nor call the sacred hush profanes ;
Save when from some bare tree-top, far on high,
Fierce disputations of the clamorous cranes
Fall muffled, as from out the upper sky.
So still, one dreads to wake the dreaming air,
Breaks a twig softly, moves the foot with care.

The hollow dome is green with empty shade,
Struck through with slanted shafts of afternoon ;
Aloft, a little rift of blue is made,
Where slips a ghost that last night was the moon ;
Beside its pearl a sea-cloud stays its wing,
Beneath a tilted hawk is balancing.

The heart feels not in every time and mood
What is around it. Dull as any stone
I lay ; then, like a darkening dream, the wood
Grew Karnak's temple, where I breathed alone
In the awed air strange incense, and uprose
Dim, monstrous columns in their dread repose.

The mind not always sees ; but if there shine
A bit of fern-lace bending over moss,
A silky glint that rides a spider-line,
On a trefoil two shadow-spears that cross,
Three grasses that toss up their nodding heads,
With spring and curve like clustered fountain-threads, —

Suddenly, through side windows of the eye,
Deep solitudes, where never souls have met ;
Vast spaces, forest corridors that lie
In a mysterious world, unpeopled yet.
Because the outward eye elsewhere was caught,
The awfulness and wonder come unsought.

If death be but resolving back again
Into the world's deep soul, this is a kind
Of quiet, happy death, untouched of pain
Or sharp reluctance. For I feel my mind
Is interfused with all I hear and see ;
As much a part of All as cloud or tree.

Listen ! A deep and solemn wind on high ;
The shafts of shining dust shift to and fro ;
The columned trees sway imperceptibly,
And creak as mighty masts when trade-winds blow.
The cloudy sails are set ; the earth-ship swings
Along the sea of space to grander things.

E. R. Sill.

POE'S LEGENDARY YEARS.

THE Legend of Edgar Allan Poe would not be an inappropriate title for his biography. The most striking of the few things that the narratives of Poe's life have in common is a mythological strain, as if some subtle influence were at work in the minds of men to transform his career into a story stranger than truth, and to make his memory a mere tradition. It appears in that first newspaper article which Griswold wrote before the earth had chilled the body of the dead poet:—

“He walked the streets, in madness or melancholy, with lips moving in indistinct curses, or with eyes upturned in passionate prayer for their happiness who at the moment were objects of his idolatry; or with his glances introverted to a heart gnawed with anguish and with a face shrouded in gloom, he would brave the wildest storms, and all night, with drenched garments and arms beating the winds and rains, would speak as if to spirits that at such times only could be evoked by him from the Aidenn.”

It is as plain to be seen in Baudelaire's declamatory eulogy over him as the martyr of a raw democracy. In Gilfillan he is the archangel ruined; in Ingram he is the ruined archangel rehabilitated; in all the biographies there is a demoniac element, as if Poe, who nevertheless was a man and an American, were a creature of his own fancy. This change which is worked upon Poe's human nature by the lurid reflection of his imagination is almost justifiable, since the true impression of him must be not only of a man who ate, slept, and put on his clothes, but of a genius as well, whose significant life was thought. In the legend of him, however, there is also a romantic element, not springing from any idiosyncrasy of his own character, but purely literary, historic; belonging to

the time when our fathers wore Byron collars and were on fire for adventure in the corsair line, and all for dying in the sere and yellow leaf of their thirtysixth year. Thus, in what would sentimentally be called his *Wanderjahre*, Poe is represented as a young Giaour in Greece, or as a Don Juan in some French provincial town; but always as a scapegrace of the transcendent order, impetuous, chivalric, unfortunate, — in a word, Byronic.

It is an amiable human weakness to believe those we love better than they are; and he, even the humblest of us, who has not profited by such fond idolatry must be a very pitiable creature. The idealization of the illustrious dead is wrought similarly, though rather by the imagination than the heart; and this refining and exalting power is a great privilege of our nature, for it strengthens and supports our faith in perfection, and brings a light of promise on our own lives. Of old, Hercules and Perseus, Roland and St. Francis, were golden names on the lips of youth, and the modern age has not been a mean heir of history. There is a light round Shelley's head that any saint, the noblest and purest in the calendar, might righteously envy. No man would deny to Poe the honor or affection won by his manhood or his genius, if, in however less a degree, his purpose was of the same high kind. Nay, if the memory that gathers about his name were merely picturesque, were that of a boy-Byron, who rode on until he drank waters of Marah quite different from those mock ones for which the noble lord found hock and soda a sufficient remedy, we would welcome the romance and regret the sorrow of it, and never disturb the tradition of a fine folly. Let the myth increase and flourish if the root be sound and the flower sweet, and

let a leaf from it decorate our sober annals; but if the bloom be *fleurs du mal*, and the root a falsehood, let us keep our literary history plain and unadorned, raw democracy though we be. In the worship of genius, we know, as in that of the gods, there springs up now and then a degraded cult.

"In a biography," wrote Poe, "the truth is everything;" but he was thinking of other people's biographies. The speediest discovery that a student of his life makes is that Poe was his own myth-maker. He had a habit of secrecy, and on occasion he could render silence more sure by a misleading word. Thus it happens that in the various versions of his story the incidents seem to share in the legendary character of the hero. The record belongs, one would say, to that early period of literature when our ancestors first termed biographies *Veracious Hystories*. The three white stones of life, even, — birth, marriage, and death, — are, in Poe's case, graven with different dates; the first bearing four from his own hand, to which Mr. R. H. Stoddard has thoughtfully contributed a fifth. The most obscure period, however, extends from the Christmas holidays of 1826, when he was just under eighteen years old, to the fall of 1833, when Kennedy found him starving in Baltimore. During this time, from July 1, 1830, to March 7, 1831, he was in the light of day at West Point. To the remainder of the period on each side of his cadet life the romantic element in his myth belongs, and to it this paper will be devoted in order to elucidate somewhat more in detail than was possible in a limited volume the facts of his career.

Poe left his home at Mr. Allan's in the beginning of 1827, and he entered West Point in July, 1830. The story which was accredited throughout his lifetime as a true account of his doings during the intervening years first appeared in print in the sketch of him in-

cluded in Griswold's *Poets and Poetry of America*, published in 1842, the materials for which, Griswold said, were furnished by Poe himself. It was as follows: —

"Mr. Allan refused to pay some of his [Poe's] debts of *honour*. He hastily quitted the country on a Quixotic expedition to join the Greeks, then struggling for liberty. He did not reach his original destination, however, but made his way to St. Petersburg, in Russia, where he became involved in difficulties, from which he was extricated by the late Mr. Henry Middleton, the American minister at that capital. He returned home in 1829, and immediately afterward entered the military academy at West Point."

The next year, H. B. Hirst, a young Philadelphia poet, repeated this statement in a more extended sketch of Poe:

"With a young friend, Ebenezer Burling, he endeavored to make his way, with scarcely a dollar in his pocket, to Greece, with the wild design of aiding in the revolution then taking place. Burling soon repented his folly, and gave up the design when he had scarcely entered on the expedition. Mr. Poe persevered, but did not succeed in reaching the scene of action; he proceeded, however, to St. Petersburg, where through deficiency of passport, he became involved in serious difficulties, from which he was finally extricated by the American consul. He returned to America, only in time to learn the severe illness of Mrs. Allan, who, in character, was the reverse of her husband, and whom he sincerely loved. He reached Richmond on the night after her burial."

This was published in the *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, with which Poe then had close connections, and the article was written for the express purpose of advancing a scheme which he had in hand, in partnership with the owner of this newspaper, to establish a new periodical. Poe sent the sketch to Lowell

a year later as authority for a new life which the latter was to prepare for Graham's Magazine, and wrote that Hirst had obtained his information from Mr. T. W. White, owner of the Southern Literary Messenger, and Mr. F. W. Thomas, a *littérateur*, both intimates of Poe; and he added that he believed it was "correct in the main." Lowell therefore introduced the story as here told into his own article, and sent it to Poe, who revised it with his own hand and forwarded it to Graham's, where it appeared in February, 1845. Griswold naturally embodied the reiterated and uncontradicted account in his Memoir after Poe's death.

This, however, was the established version long before 1842. A gentleman who saw Poe last at some time earlier than 1831, at Baltimore, writes to me, "I remember he told me he had left Richmond in a coal vessel, and made his way to Europe, to Russia." Allan B. Magruder, Esq., who was with him at West Point, also writes, "I am unable to remember whether I derived the information I gave you in a former letter, as to Poe's rambles in the East and his whaling voyage before the mast, from Poe himself while a classmate at West Point, or from some mutual friend who received the account from him. I certainly learned it while he was at the military academy." Mr. Magruder goes on to give the story then current as follows: "He made a voyage to sea on some merchant vessel, before the mast. Finding himself in the Mediterranean, he debarked at some Eastern port, and penetrated into Egypt and Arabia. Returning to the United States, he enlisted as a private in the United States army at Fortress Monroe. After some months' service his whereabouts and position became known to Mr. Allan, who, through the mediation of General Scott, obtained his release from the army, and sent him a cadet's warrant to West Point." These letters fix the date of the alleged adven-

tures before July, 1830. The voyage to Greece and the journey to St. Petersburg, however, are stated by Mr. Didier, in his biography, to belong to the life of Poe's elder brother, William, and have consequently been discredited by later writers.

A second story is at hand, and for it we are indebted to Mr. Ingram, the English biographer. After mentioning that Poe's first book was printed at Boston, in 1827, on which account he supposes that the young man visited that city in the spring, he continues his narrative as follows:—

"Toward the end of June, 1827, Edgar Poe would appear to have left the United States for Europe. It is very problematical whether he ever reached his presumed destination, the scene of the Greco-Turkish warfare. . . . Edgar Poe was absent from America on his Hellenic journey about eighteen months. The real adventures of his expedition have never, it is believed, been published. That he reached England is probable, although in the account of his travels, derived from his own dictation, that country was not alluded to any more than was the story of his having reached St. Petersburg, and there having been involved in difficulties that necessitated ministerial aid to extricate him. The latter incident is now stated to have occurred to his brother, William Henry Leonard, whilst Edgar himself, it has been suggested by a writer claiming personal knowledge of him, resided for some time in London, formed the acquaintance of Leigh Hunt and Theodore Hook, and, like them, lived by literary labor.

"According to Poe's own story, which apparently accounts only for a portion of his time, he arrived, eventually, at a certain seaport in France. Here he was drawn into a quarrel about a lady, and in a fight which ensued was wounded by his antagonist, a much more skillful swordsman than he was. Taken to

his lodgings, and possibly ill tended, he fell into a fever. A poor woman, who attended to his needs and pitied him, made his case known to a Scotch lady of position, who was visiting the town in the hope of persuading a prodigal brother to relinquish his evil ways and return home with her. This lady came to see the wounded stranger, and for thirteen weeks had him cared for; providing for all his wants, including the attendance of a skilled nurse, whose place, indeed, she often took herself. Whilst Poe was in a precarious condition she visited him daily, and even persuaded her brother to come and see the young Englishman, as his language led them to believe he was. When the patient became convalescent he was naturally intensely grateful to his generous benefactor. As the only means he possessed at that time of showing his gratitude, he wrote a poem to her, which he entitled *Holy Eyes*, with reference to the trust, sympathy, and faith which he deemed her blue eyes typical of. Indeed, according to Poe's description, the lady's eyes were her chief personal attraction, she being otherwise plain, large-featured, and old-maidish. Owing to the peculiarity of her position in this foreign seaport, she did not wish her name made public, and impressed this upon the youthful poet. She made him promise to return to America — and perhaps supplied the means for him to do so — and adopt a profession, in which she expressed a hope of some day hearing that he had become famous.

"During his stay in France — so runs Poe's narration — he wrote a novel, in which his own adventures were described under the garb of fiction. The manuscript of this story he carried back with him to America, and retained it in his possession until at least some few years before his death. When asked why he had not published it, he replied that a French version of it had been published, and had been accredited to Eugene Sue,

but that he would not sanction its publication in English because it was too sensational; that it was not to his taste; that it had too much of 'the yellow-cover-novel style' for him to be proud of it; and, moreover, that it contained 'scenes and pictures so personal that it would have made him many enemies among his kindred, who hated him for his vanity and pride already, and in some respects very justly, — the faults of his early education.' The truth in his story, he asserted, was yet more terrible than the fiction. The *Life of an Artist at Home and Abroad* was the title by which Poe at one time designated this youthful novel: it was written entirely in the third person, and was pronounced by its author to be 'commonplace.'"

This circumstantial narrative was dictated by Poe to Mrs. Maria L. Shew, of New York, "from what," says Mr. Ingram, "it was deemed at the time might be his death-bed." That biographer finds it hard to decide whether the story "was fact, or fact and fiction deliriously interwoven, or mere fiction, invented in such a spirit of mischief as, like Byron, he frequently indulged in at the expense of his too inquisitive questioners." A death-bed is not the place where one expects to find a spirit of mischief, and there is more truth, though not perhaps in the sense meant, in what Mr. Ingram elsewhere remarks of this same matter: "There does not appear to be any reason for doubting the accuracy of this any more than of any other of the poet's statements."

A third story develops the tradition referred to by Mr. Magruder, that Poe was in the army; but instead of placing this in the period before he went to West Point, his biographers assign it to the time after he was dismissed from the academy. The first mention of it in print occurs in Griswold's *Memoir* as follows: —

"His contributions to the journals

attracted little attention, and, his hopes of gaining a living in this way being disappointed, he enlisted in the army as a private soldier. How long he remained in the service I have not been able to ascertain. He was recognized by officers who had known him at West Point, and efforts were made privately, but with prospects of success, to obtain for him a commission, when it was discovered by his friends that he had deserted."

Mr. Gill supports this version, on the authority of Mrs. Clemm, Poe's mother-in-law:—

"In a fit of desperation, the poet on leaving Mr. Allan's house [in 1831] enlisted in the army. He soon became seriously ill from the exposure incident to the unwonted hardship of barrack-life, and, being recognized by friends while at the hospital, his discharge was promptly secured. Griswold's statement that he deserted is, like others made by him, a malicious invention. The facts are, on the written testimony of Mrs. Clemm, that at this time his friends were seeking for him a commission."

Mr. Ingram remarks on this period:

"All attempts hitherto made to explain what Poe did and whither he wandered during the next two years [1831-1833] succeeding his expulsion from his godfather's home have signally failed. The assertion that he was residing at Baltimore with his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, is not in accordance with fact, her correspondence proving *that she never did know* where her nephew was during this interregnum in his history. . . . Another biographer, of proven unreliability [Griswold], suggests that Poe enlisted in the army, but after a short service deserted."

Of other writers who have dealt with the problem, Powell states that Poe went to help the Poles against Russia (but this is evidently a misquotation from Hirst); Mr. Didier places him at Richmond in the first period, and at Bal-

timore in the second; and Mr. Stoddard, while discrediting the early rupture with Mr. Allan on the ground that the latter probably paid for the Boston edition of the poems, discreetly disclaims any faculty for writing imaginary biographies.

In all that has been laid before the reader in opening the state of the question there is but one sure fact. A book, *Tamerlane and Other Poems*, by a Bostonian, was published in Boston by Calvin F. S. Thomas in 1827. A copy is in the British Museum, and its contents consist of the first drafts of poems since known as Poe's. On the threshold of investigation, however, I was met by the opinion that the author was John Howard Payne; but this suggestion was altogether too startling, it disclosed too dismal a view of my hero, to be entertained. The volume had contemporary mention in *The United States Review and Literary Gazette*, August, 1827; *The North American Review*, October, 1827; and *Kettell's Specimens of American Poetry*, 1829. In all these it was only named, but that is enough to show that it was issued before August and had some circulation. The name of Calvin F. S. Thomas is in the *Boston Directory*, 1827, where he is described as a printer at 70 Washington Street; but he was not a member of the Franklin Typographical Union, nor does any Boston printer of that time remember him except one now in Wisconsin, who merely thinks that he recalls him. His name is found also, crossed off, in a trial tax-list of 1827, in which he is assessed only for a poll-tax. These are meagre facts, nor is much added to them by the statements of his daughter, who, I learned through some obliging strangers, is living in Missouri. She writes that her father resided in Boston with his widowed mother and a sister in 1827, and, being then nineteen years old, had a printer's shop there; he left the city in 1828, and afterwards lived in New York,

Buffalo, and Springfield, Mo., and died in 1876. "None of us," she says (his wife and sister being still alive), "can remember ever having heard him speak of himself as the publisher of Poe's early poems; no copy of the book is in the possession of any member of the family, — neither account-books nor letters of that period." In view of the almost universal publication of reminiscences by those who knew Poe, and of the extraordinary interest of this portion of his life, it may fairly be inferred that Thomas never identified the author of the first book he printed with Poe, or, in other words, that the latter dealt with him under an assumed name.

One other source of information, besides this volume, would naturally occur to the mind, but it is so obvious that resort to it would seem superfluous. If Poe was in the army, the records of the war department would show the facts. Secretary Lincoln had a search made for the name of Poe, or any name with his initials whose bearer's career in the army corresponded in time and character with that ascribed to him. Adjutant-General Drum took up the subject with great kindness, and it is to his personal efforts, Secretary Lincoln informs me, that the recovery of Poe's army record is due. The examination of documents both at Washington and elsewhere has been exhaustive.

From these papers it appears that on May 26, 1827, Poe enlisted at Boston in the army of the United States as a private soldier, under the name of Edgar A. Perry. He stated that he was born at Boston, and was by occupation a clerk; and although minors were then accepted into the service he gave his age as twenty-two years. He had, says the record, gray eyes, brown hair, and a fair complexion; was five feet eight inches in height. He was at once assigned to Battery H of the First Artillery, then serving in the harbor at Fort Independence; on October 31 the battery

was ordered to Fort Moultrie, Charleston, S. C., and exactly one year later to Fortress Monroe, Va. The officers under whom he served are dead, but it appears that he discharged his duties as company clerk and assistant in the commissariat department so as to win the good-will of his superiors. On January 1, 1829, he was appointed Sergeant-Major, a promotion which, by the invariable custom of the army, was given only for merit. He now made his circumstances known to Mr. Allan, and shortly after Mrs. Allan's death, February 28, 1829, he returned to Richmond on leave of absence. Of this furlough there is no record, but on February 28 he is reported on the rolls as present for duty. The result of his visit is told in the following letter, which is, however, extraordinarily inaccurate in its details: —

FORTRESS MONROE, *March 30th, '29.*

GENERAL: I request your permission to discharge from the service Edgar A. Perry, at present the Sergeant-Major of the 1st Reg't of Artillery, on his procuring a substitute.

The said Perry, is one of a family of orphans whose unfortunate parents were the victims of the conflagration of the Richmond theatre, in 1809. The subject of this letter, was taken under the protection of a Mr. Allen, a gentleman of wealth and respectability, of that city, who, as I understand, adopted his protégé as his son and heir; with the intention of giving him a liberal education, he had placed him at the University of Virginia from which, after considerable progress in his studies, in a moment of youthful indiscretion he absconded, and was not heard from by his Patron for several years; in the meantime, he became reduced to the necessity of enlisting into the service and accordingly entered as a soldier in my Regiment, at Fort Independence, in 1827. Since the arrival of his company at this place, he has made his sit-

uation known to his Patron at whose request, the young man has been permitted to visit him; the result is, an entire reconciliation on the part of Mr. Allen, who reinstates him into his family and favor, and who in a letter I have received from him requests that his son may be discharged on procuring a substitute. An experienced soldier and approved sergeant is ready to take the place of Perry so soon as his discharge can be obtained. The good of the service, therefore cannot be materially injured by the discharge.

I have the honor to be, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

JAS. HOUSE, *Col. 1st Art'y.*

To the General Commanding the E. Dept.
U. S. A., New York.

The reply to this was a special order:—

OFFICE HEAD QUARTERS EASTERN DEPT.
NEW YORK, *April 4th 1829.*

SPECIAL ORDER No. 28.

Sergt. Major Edgar A. Perry of the 1st Reg't of Art'y. . . . will be discharged the service of the United States, on their furnishing, each, an acceptable substitute without expense to the Government.

By order of Major General Gaines.

(Sd) R. LOWNDES,
A. A. Adj't. Gen'l.

In accordance with this Poe was discharged, by substitute, April 15th. Before leaving his post he obtained the following letters from his officers, which show conclusively that he had already formed the plan of entering West Point, and indicate that this entered into the understanding on which Mr. Allan took him into favor:—

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., *20th Ap. 1829.*

Edgar Poe, late Serg't-Major in the 1st Art'y, served under my command in H. company. 1st Regt. of Artillery from June 1827 to January 1829, dur-

ing which time his conduct was unexceptionable. He at once performed the duties of company clerk and assistant in the Subsistent Department, both of which duties were promptly and faithfully done. His habits are good, and intirely free from drinking.

J. HOWARD.

Lieut 1st Artillery.

In addition to the above, I have to say that Edgar Poe [originally written *Perry*, but changed to read *Poe*] was appointed Sergeant-Major of the 1st Arty, on the 1st of Jan'y, 1829, and up to this date, has been exemplary in his deportment, prompt and faithful in the discharge of his duties—and is highly worthy of confidence.

H. W. GRISWOLD.

Bt. Capt. and Adj't. 1st Art'y.

I have known and had an opportunity of observing the conduct of the above mentioned Sergt-Maj'r Poe some three months during which his deportment has been highly praiseworthy and deserving of confidence. His education is of a very high order and he appears to be free from bad habits, in fact the testimony of Lt Howard and Adj't. Griswold is full to that point. Understanding he is, thro' his friends, an applicant for cadet's warrant, I unhesitatingly recommend him as promising to acquit himself of the obligations of that station studiously and faithfully.

W. J. WORTH.

Lt. Col. Comd'g, Fortress Monroe.

With these credentials in his pocket the discharged Sergeant-Major, aged twenty, went to Richmond, where no time was lost in attempting to place him at West Point.

The following letters were obtained for him:—

RICHMOND *May 6, 1829.*

D^R SIR: I beg leave to introduce to you Mr. Edgar Poe, who wishes to

be admitted into the military academy and to stand the examination in June. He has been two years in the service of the U. States, and carries with him the strongest testimonials from the highest authority. He will be an acquisition to the service and I most earnestly recommend him to your especial notice and approbation.

Very respy. yr. obt. serv't.

A. STEVENSON.

TO HONBLE. J. H. EATON,
Secy. of War.

RICHMOND, 6th May, 1829.

D SIR: The history of the youth Edgar Allan Poe is a very interesting one as detailed to me by gentlemen in whose veracity I have entire confidence, and I unite with great pleasure with Mr. Stevenson and Col. Worth in recommending him for a place in the Military Academy at West Point. My friend Mr. Allan of this city by whom this orphan and friendless youth was raised and educated is a gentleman in whose word you may place every confidence and can state to you more in detail the character of the youth and the circumstances which claim for him the patronage of the Government.

With great respect, your obdt. sevt.

JOHN CAMPBELL.

THE HONBL. JOHN H. EATON,
Sec. of War, Washington City.

RICHMOND, VA., May 13th, 1829.

SIR: Some of the friends of young Mr. Edgar Poe have solicited me to address a letter to you in his favor believing that it may be useful to him in his application to the Government for military service. I know Mr. Poe and am acquainted with the fact of his having been born under circumstances of great adversity. I also know from his own productions and other undoubted proofs that he is a young gentleman of genius and talents. I believe he is destined to be distinguished, since he

has already gained reputation for talents and attainments at the University of Virginia. I think him possessed of feeling and character peculiarly intitling him to public patronage. I am entirely satisfied that the salutary system of military discipline will soon develope his honorable feelings, and elevated spirit, and prove him worthy of confidence. I would not unite in his recommendations if I did not believe that he would remunerate the government at some future day, by his services and talents, for whatever may be done for him.

I have the honor to be

Very respectfully your obt. serv't,

JAMES P. PRESTON.

MAJOR JOHN EATON,
Sec'y of War, Washington.

Of more interest than all these, however, is Mr. Allan's own communication:—

RICHMOND, May 6, 1829.

D^R SIR: The youth who presents this, is the same alluded to by Lt Howard, Capt Griswold, Colo Worth, our representative and the speaker the Hon'ble Andrew Stevenson, and my friend Major Jno. Campbell.

He left me in consequence of some gambling at the University at Charlottesville, because (I presume) I refused to sanction a rule that the shopkeepers and others had adopted there, making Debts of Honour, of all indiscretions. I have much pleasure in asserting that he stood his examinations at the close of the year with great credit to himself. His history is short. He is the grandson of Quartermaster General Poe, of Maryland, whose widow as I understand still receives a pension for the services or disabilities of her husband. Frankly Sir, do I declare that he is no relation to me whatever: that I have many [in] whom I have taken an active interest to promote theirs; with no other feeling than that, every man is my care, if he be in distress. For myself I ask

nothing, but I do request your kindness to aid this youth in the promotion of his future prospects. And it will afford me great pleasure to reciprocate any kindness you can show him. Pardon my frankness : but I address a soldier.

Your obdt servt,

JOHN ALLAN.

THE HON'BLE JOHN H. EATON,
Secy of War, Washington City.

From the tenor of these letters it would seem that Poe delivered them in person. On his return from this journey to Washington he made the closer acquaintance of his blood relations at Baltimore, where he remained, engaged in publishing a new edition of his poems and corresponding with John Neal, the editor of *The Yankee*, until the end of the year. It must have been at this time that he received help from my unnamed correspondent, and said he had been in Russia, and that he entered into some obscure relations with William Gwynn, the editor of the *Baltimore American*, and showed him the manuscript of *Al Aaraaf*. On the issue of his volumes, in which it was stated that the Boston edition had been suppressed through circumstances of a private nature, he went back to Richmond, about Christmas time, and waited for his cadet warrant. His birthday came and went; he was twenty-one, and hence past the legal limit within which he could receive an appointment. This circumstance did not disturb him: he had grown four years older in 1827; he now grew two years younger in 1829, and relying on the fiction he solicited the favor of Powhatan Ellis, a younger brother of Mr. Allan's partner, and then Senator from Mississippi, who wrote to the Secretary of War in his behalf:—

WASHINGTON *March 13, 1830.*

HON. JOHN H. EATON.

DEAR SIR: I have received a letter from a young gentleman in Richmond

by the name of Edgar A. Poe stating, that he was an applicant for a situation in the Military Academy at West Point. He requested me to ask you, if there was any probability of his receiving a warrant to enter that institution. I am not personally acquainted with Mr. Poe, but from information I would say his capacity and learning eminently qualify him to make in a few years a distinguished officer.

I am sir, with great respect,

Your obdt. servant,

POWHATAN ELLIS.

HON. MR. EATON,
Secretary of War.

This letter received immediate attention. The appointment was made, and Mr. Allan, as Poe's guardian, gave his formal consent to his ward's enlistment.

RICHMOND, VA. *March 31st 1830.*

SIR: As the guardian of Edgar Allan Poe I hereby signify my assent to his signing articles by which he shall bind himself to serve the United States for Five years, unless sooner discharged, as stipulated in your official letter appointing him a cadet. Respectfully

Your obt. servant,

JOHN ALLAN.

THE HON : SEC'Y. OF WAR,
Washington.

There is no evidence that General Scott, Judge Marshall, or John Randolph had any hand in securing the appointment, as has been asserted since Hirst wrote his early sketch of Poe. Scott's wife was a cousin of the young lady whom Mr. Allan was now preparing to marry, but his interest in Poe belongs to a later time. Powhatan Ellis's letter was plainly the determining influence. The young cadet was furnished by Mr. Allan with whatever was necessary, and started north. He stopped at Baltimore, where he called upon Dr. N. C. Brooks, as that gentleman told

me, and read, and engaged to send to him, a poem for a forthcoming annual, and at length entered West Point July 1, 1830,—his age being recorded as at the time of entrance nineteen years and five months,—and there he figured among his classmates as an adventurous boy who had run away from home and sown his wild oats in the East.

In further elucidation of Poe's life at this period an extract should be added which has only lately been brought within my reach, by the courtesy of Colonel Thomas H. Ellis, the son of Mr. Allan's partner. It is from an open letter April 22, 1880, from himself to the *Richmond Standard*, and contains in my judgment the only account of the relations between Poe and Mr. Allan that can pretend to any authority whatever. In this Colonel Ellis quotes from a letter of the second Mrs. Allan to himself (and this is the only published utterance of the Allan family upon the subject) as follows:—

“Mr. Poe had not lived under Mr. Allan's roof for two years before my marriage, and no one knew his whereabouts; his letters, which were very scarce, were dated from St. Petersburg, Russia, although he had enlisted in the army at Boston. After he became tired of army life, he wrote to his benefactor, expressing a desire to have a substitute if the money could be sent to him. Mr. Allan sent it, Poe spent it; and after the substitute was tired out, waiting and getting letters and excuses, he (the substitute) enclosed one of Poe's letters to Mr. Allan, which was too black to be credited if it had not contained the author's signature. Mr. Allan sent the money to the man, and banished Poe from his affections; and he never lived here again.”

Mrs. Allan was an interested witness, and her prejudices were strongly excited against Poe. If her story be true in its essential part, it explains where Poe might have obtained the money to pay for his second volume of poems,—a bill

which Mr. Allan was not likely to meet voluntarily; and since it indicates that his purse was not liberally supplied, it also explains how it happened that during his long stay in Baltimore he was now and then out of funds. This incident, however, may be left one side; nor would it have been revived here had it not seemed necessary to include in this article everything which has been alleged regarding Poe during this period.

The natural construction to be placed on the foregoing story would seem to be this: that Poe's officers, becoming interested in him, advised him to go to West Point, the only way in which he could rise in the service; and that in compliance with the dying request of Mrs. Allan, with whom Poe kept up some correspondence, Mr. Allan recalled him, provided a substitute, and agreed to befriend him further, on the distinct understanding that he should go to West Point, but with no intention of ever making him his heir; and, finally, that during the fifteen months intervening between his discharge at Fortress Monroe and his entrance at West Point Poe lived mainly apart from Mr. Allan, and gave no reason for the latter to trust him more than in years past. It would also appear that Poe invented the account of his travels in the East or in Russia at once, possibly appropriating something from the adventures of his brother, who died in Baltimore, in July, 1831, and that he used this tale in later years to conceal his enlistment. If he ever went on a voyage before the mast, as is not altogether unlikely, it must have been on his way from Richmond to Boston, when he first left Mr. Allan's counting-room, in 1827. He would then have as the basis of the nautical knowledge he displays in his works his early ocean voyages in boyhood, this hypothetical one, and those with his regiment in its changes from post to post, besides the information he would naturally

acquire during a two years' residence by the sea; nor is it to be forgotten that his later journeys between the North and South were largely by water. His seamanship thus seems to be amply accounted for without assuming that he derived it from any long practical service in the merchant marine. As to Mr. Ingram's legend of the duel in France, the Scotch lady, and the novel ascribed to Eugène Sue, it requires no discussion.

In the seventh month of his cadet life Poe was court-martialed for neglect of duty, and dismissed the service. The sentence went into effect March 6, 1831. The version of this affair that was circulated by Poe has been universally adopted. This was that the birth of an heir to Mr. Allan by his second wife having destroyed Poe's expectations of inheriting his patron's estate, and Mr. Allan having refused to allow him to resign his place, he intentionally so acted as to be dismissed, in order to be free to follow some other profession better suited to a poor man than was that of arms. This may be substantially true. Nevertheless, as Mr. Allan was not married until October 5, 1830, there was no heir born in January, when Poe's offenses against discipline were committed: the marriage alone, therefore, determined him to take so extreme measures, and as it was a near event when he entered West Point he was probably apprised of it from the first. From the tone of Mr. Allan's letter to the Secretary of War it would seem that he had most likely made it clear to Poe that he did not look upon him as his heir, and meant merely to start him in a military career. Poe left West Point, one can be quite sure, not because he had lost the hope of a large fortune, but because he was restless, willful, and discontented. There is, however, nothing improbable in the statement that his dismissal was sought by him as his only way of exit from army life.

On the morning of March 7, 1831, he was thus a free man. He had, left over from his pay, twelve cents to begin that career which was better fitted for a poor man than the military profession. Possibly additional funds were provided from the subscription of the cadets, at seventy-five cents each, to the new edition of his poems; this money was allowed to be deducted from their pay, but a part only was advanced. Poe went to New York, and may have stayed in the city a while attending to his forthcoming volume, which was not delivered to the cadets until some time after he had departed. It is commonly said that he now went to Richmond to Mr. Allan's, where he was coldly received, and after a short time banished from the house. One hesitates to reject entirely so generally received a tradition, though it has no evidence in its support. It is unlikely that Poe, who had now made Mr. Allan's renewed efforts in his behalf wholly futile by violent and disgraceful methods, should present himself as if he expected to remain an inmate of the home where he had not lived for five years past, and to which in the mean time a young wife of thirty had come; nor would Mr. Allan's letters to him have invited such a course. At all events, the only fact in the matter is that two months after leaving West Point he was in Baltimore, and perhaps that was as far South as he got upon this present journey. On May 6, 1831, he addressed his old acquaintance, William Gwynn, the editor, as follows:—

May 6, 1831.

MR. W. GWINN.

DEAR SIR:—I am almost ashamed to ask any favor at your hands after my foolish conduct upon a former occasion, — but I trust to your good nature.

I am very anxious to remain and settle myself in Baltimore as Mr. Allan has married again and I no longer look upon Richmond as my place of residence.

This wish of mine has also met with his approbation. I write to request your influence in obtaining some situation or employment in this city. Salary would be a minor consideration, but I do not wish to be idle.

Perhaps (since I understand Neilson has left you) you might be so kind as to employ me in your office in some capacity.

If so I will use every exertion to deserve your confidence.

Very respectfully yr. ob. st.,

EDGAR A. POE.

I would have waited upon you personally, but am confined to my room with a severe sprain in my knee.

Poe's application to Mr. Gwynn was apparently fruitless, and shortly afterwards he wrote to another acquaintance, Dr. Brooks, — to whose annual, it will be remembered, he had promised a contribution, — and asked for a position as teacher in that gentleman's school at Reisterstown, but there was no vacancy. Dr. Brooks, who told me the incident, recalls perfectly well the time of its occurrence. This is, however, the last definitely dated event in Poe's life until October 12, 1833, when his name was printed as the winner of a prize for the best story contributed to the *Saturday Visitor*, a Baltimore literary weekly. During this period, the tradition of the Poe family and the sketches of his life published before he died place him at Baltimore, and there is not in any quarter the slightest bit of evidence on which to base a doubt of the truth of this belief. The fact that Judge Neilson Poe was then living in another town, and that Mrs. Clemm, Poe's future mother-in-law, had apparently also moved away, may explain why our knowledge of his whereabouts is not more exact, and how he came to fall into such circumstances of poverty as he did. A cousin, however, then Miss Herring, whose reminiscences of Poe have been carefully

obtained for me by a member of the Poe family, says that Poe called on her at this time, in the morning or afternoon, when he could see her alone, and used to entertain her by reading, or by writing verses in her album; but her father discouraged these attentions because of the relationship and of Poe's habits of drinking. These calls were made at frequent intervals, on flying visits from Philadelphia and other places, and this lady is positive that they extended from 1830 to 1834, when she was herself married. She never heard of his leaving this country during these years. A date that depends only on the memory of a long-past event is always open to question. In this case it was in 1830 that Poe called on his relatives as he passed through Baltimore to West Point; in 1834 he visited Richmond, and possibly Philadelphia, where he was endeavoring to get a book published: and such absences, though few, may have left the impression that he was given to traveling. However this may have been, such are the statements of the only person who claims any personal knowledge of Poe between the summers of 1831 and 1833.

Some inferences may be drawn from the condition in which Poe was found by Kennedy, who befriended him on his reappearance as a prize story-teller. Griswold may have exaggerated the meanness of Poe's poverty, but notwithstanding the strenuous denials of Mr. Ingram and others, who seem to think Poe degraded by misfortune, there is not the least doubt that he was in extreme distress, as is conclusively shown by this extract from Kennedy's diary: —

"It is many years ago, I think, perhaps as early as 1833 or '34, that I found him in Baltimore, in a state of starvation. I gave him clothing, free access to my table, and the use of a horse for exercise whenever he chose; in fact, brought him up from the very verge of despair." (*Tuckerman's Life*

of Kennedy.) It is further illustrated by the following self-explanatory note from Poe to that kind-hearted gentleman, who throughout life was seeking out and advancing merit:—

“Your invitation to dinner has wounded me to the quick. I cannot come for reasons of the most humiliating nature — my personal appearance. You may imagine my mortification in making this disclosure to you, but it is necessary.” (Tuckerman's *Life of Kennedy*.)

And if further proof be needed it is furnished by a letter of Poe's, written years afterwards, in which he says, “Mr. Kennedy has been at all times a true friend to me — he was the first true friend I ever had — I am indebted to him for *life itself*.” (Poe to Thomas Stoddard.)

If this extreme destitution of Poe be considered in connection with the fact that he had sent in to the competition for prizes six tales, so well finished that the committee advised him to publish all of them, it may fairly be thought that he had been devoting himself to literature for some time previous, and that his garret was in Baltimore. Nevertheless, if any one chooses to suppose that Poe was starving elsewhere, there can be no check to the vagaries of his fancy; for if the unappreciated genius who had now found out what a poor man's career was like was not at Baltimore, there is as much reason to imagine him in Hong Kong as in any other place.

One other source of information must be glanced at, since it has been relied on to clothe Poe with more respectability when he was in his worst disgrace with fortune and men's eyes. Mr. Lambert A. Wilmer, whose books, at least, do not entitle him to much regard, since they are scurrilous and filthy, was one of the projectors of the *Saturday Visitor*. He published reminiscences of Poe several times, but the only article which need be referred to here is one,

Recollections of Edgar A. Poe, contributed to the *Baltimore Daily Commercial*, May 23, 1866. He writes:—

“My acquaintance with Poe commenced in Baltimore, soon after his return from St. Petersburg, ‘covered with debt and infamy, and confirmed in habits of dissipation,’ as one of his biographers represents. I can most conscientiously declare, however, that at the time referred to, and a long time afterwards, I heard nothing of his debts and infamy, and saw nothing of his dissipated habits. His time appeared to be constantly occupied by his literary labors; he had already published a volume of poems, and written several of those minor romances which afterwards appeared in the collection called *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*. He lived in a very retired way with his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, and his moral deportment, as far as my observation extended, was altogether correct. ‘Intemperance,’ says the biographer quoted above, ‘was his master-passion.’ How then did it happen that during an intimate acquaintance with him, which continued for more than twelve years, I never saw him intoxicated in a single instance?

“His personal appearance and equipments at the time I speak of have been thus described: ‘He was thin and pale even to ghastliness; his whole appearance indicated sickness and the utmost destitution. A well-worn frock-coat concealed the absence of a shirt, and imperfect boots discovered the want of hose.’ This description is wholly incorrect. In his youthful days, Poe's personal appearance was delicate and effeminate, but never sickly or ghastly, and I never saw him in any dress which was not fashionably neat, with some approximation to elegance. Indeed, I often wondered how he could contrive to equip himself so handsomely, considering that his pecuniary resources were generally scanty and precarious enough.

"My intercourse with Poe was almost continuous for weeks together. Almost every day we took long walks in the rural districts near Baltimore, and had long conversations on a great variety of subjects; and however dry might be the subject of our discourse, and however dusty the road we traveled, we never stopped at any hotel for liquid refreshment, and I never observed any disposition on the part of my companion to avail himself of the liberal supplies of alcoholic beverage which were always to be had in the vicinity of Baltimore. In short, his general habits at that time were strictly temperate, and but for one or two incidents I might have supposed him to be a member of the cold-water army. On one occasion when I visited him at his lodgings he produced a decanter of Jamaica spirits, in conformity with a practice which was very common in those days, especially in the Southern and Middle States, where one gentleman would scarcely visit another without being invited to drink. On the occasion just referred to, Poe made a moderate use of the liquor; and this is the only time that ever I saw him drink ardent spirits. On another occasion I was present, when his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, scolded him with some severity for coming home intoxicated on the preceding evening. He excused himself by saying that he had met with some friends, who had persuaded him to take dinner with them at a tavern, where the whole party had become inebriated, — a circumstance for which many a poetical gentleman's experience might furnish a parallel. I judged from the conversation between Mrs. Clemm and Poe that the fault for which she reproved him was of rare occurrence, and I never afterwards heard him charged with a repetition of the offense."

This is all that Wilmer has to say with regard to this particular time. The twelve years' intimate acquaintance with Poe which he asserts is an absurd claim.

He knew Poe well only for a very few months at this time; during six of the twelve years he did not see Poe at all, and for the last five of them he met him only incidentally in Philadelphia. Other statements in this article — for example, the circumstantial account of Poe's attempt to learn lithographing in Philadelphia about 1841 — are entirely fictitious. Wilmer, therefore, is not a scrupulous and careful witness, and his word would not for a moment stand against Kennedy's as recorded in his diary. From Wilmer's book, *Our Press Gang*, in which he gives an account of his life, but without dates, it appears that he went from Washington to Baltimore to start the *Visiter*, and was its editor not much longer than six months; he lost his place, and was soon forced to go away from Baltimore in search of a living elsewhere, and did not return until after Poe had left the city. It is possible, of course, that Poe offered his services to the new weekly at once, and that an acquaintance sprang up between the editor and contributor, but this supposition cannot be verified, as no file of the paper is known to exist. It is quite as likely, and the hypothesis reconciles all the facts, that Wilmer's intimacy with Poe grew out of the latter's winning the prize, and his reminiscences therefore cover the months just subsequent to Kennedy's charity, when, after Mrs. Clemm again settled in Baltimore, he went to reside with her. Poe was then, under the stimulation of Kennedy's friendship and active interest, trying to retrieve his reputation and break off his bad habits.

Whether during these hard years Poe made any application for assistance to Mr. Allan has never been publicly known. The account which Colonel Ellis (whose article, as has been said, is the only one of the slightest authority) has given of the final scene between Poe and his old patron, though it took place six months after Poe's literary

adoption by Kennedy, seems to belong here:—

“A short time previous to Mr. Allan's death, on the 27th of March, 1834, he was greatly distressed by dropsy, was unable to lie down, and sat in an armchair night and day; several times a day, by the advice of his physician, he walked across the room for exercise, leaning on his cane, and assisted by his wife and a man servant. During this illness of her husband, Mrs. Allan was on an occasion passing through the hall of this house, when, hearing the front-door bell ring, she opened the door herself. A man of remarkable appearance stood there, and without giving his name asked if he could see Mr. Allan. She replied that Mr. Allan's condition was such that his physicians had prohibited any person from seeing him except his nurses. The man was Edgar A. Poe, who was, of course, perfectly familiar with the house. Thrusting her aside, and without noticing her reply, he passed rapidly up-stairs to Mr. Allan's chamber, followed by Mrs. Allan. As soon as he entered the chamber Mr. Allan raised his cane, and, threatening to strike him if he came within his reach, ordered him out, upon which Poe withdrew; and that was the last time they ever met.”

In this article all that has ever been alleged or is now known in regard to Poe's life, from his desertion of Mr. Allan's home in 1827 to his expulsion from it under the circumstances just related, has, I believe, been included. His story, stripped of its fabulous incidents, has turned out to be the commonplace one of a runaway boy, who persistently rejected and at last forfeited the honest kindness of his friends. There

is nowhere in it a generous, noble, or picturesque incident. If one desires to build up a transforming legend and to perpetuate the romance of a bygone literary fashion, he can do so only by suppressing the facts and elaborating the myth in the direction of a tawdry and foolish sentimentality. Whether or not, as Poe said, the truth is everything in a biography, justice has a supreme right there as elsewhere: I do not mean the justice that is expressed in verdicts, but that ideal justice, which, however obscured, or lost, or overborne, it may be, by the intrusion of extraneous influences, is nevertheless discernible in human affairs, and brings about a certain consistency in life and character. Shelley's youth was full of error, and at his death his name was held in dishonor; but, the nobility of his nature always remaining undefiled, ruin could not touch him nor shame live beside his grave. If Poe, on the other hand, was the victim, he was also the servant, as he was the poet, of the evil gods; and the same consistency, the same ideal justice, working itself out to a different end, is to be seen in his life as in Shelley's. It is not the career of a youth between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five that has been so minutely examined in this paper; it is rather the sowing-time of a man of genius, whose harvest proved so black a growth that it is deemed hardly natural. But so far from learning to credit any part of the legend that strives to turn Poe into the object of an exceptional fatality, one rises from the exhaustive study of his days from birth to death, with only the more profound conviction that nothing but a man's own acts can plunge him into the worst of life.

G. E. Woodberry.

AN AMERICAN FLIRTATION.

TIME, a warm, moonlit night in April; Scene, a public parlor in a comparatively old and incomparably respectable hotel; Place, one of the very loveliest of the many lovely little spots that have sprung up along the shores of the wonderful Mediterranean to lure the shivering Briton from his wintry home; Dramatis personæ — but no; the actors were out of the way for the moment, and the audience, to wit the rest of the hotel company, was discussing them in their absence. A fire of dry olive wood and odorous pine cones burned brilliantly on the hearth, intended, however, like many another blaze, for display rather than for comfort, as the windows were wide open at the same time, and the breath of the roses outside stole fragrantly in through the green lattices.

A number of ladies — an inordinate number it seemed at the first glance, so voluminous were the petticoats and so various the shawls — sat comfortably established about the room. They were nearly all old, nearly all interested in the subject-matter, and quite all English, as was indicated by the brilliancy of the gowns and the universality of that formidable piece of architecture known as the cap, even without the added testimony of their voices, — those soft, full, pleasant tones which are the privileged birthright of Englishwomen, and which the Pilgrim mothers, in their transatlantic voyage, unfortunately lost by the way.

“Of course they are engaged,” said one of these ladies, with that emphasis which seems to establish indisputably the fact which it announces. “It’s impossible that they are not.”

“Well, no, Lady Bruce, I believe not, — not exactly, you know,” said another voice, a little apologetic cough following the hesitating contradiction like a gentle

“By your leave.” “Of course I did n’t like to ask either Mr. Elsworth or Miss Allison point-blank, but I hinted the question to that friend of hers, — that wide awake little Miss Wright, with the American nose, you know. And she said there was n’t anything in it on either side; it was only the American way. It seems all the young men in the States are always particularly devoted to some girl or other, — first one, and then another, continuously.”

“It’s a very shocking way,” said Lady Bruce severely, pausing in her work to smooth out a blue worsted stripe upon her purple satin knee. “I hope we may never import it into England. How is one to know whether a young man means anything or not?”

“He never does mean anything, I am told.”

“Oh, but, my dear Miss Woodruff, a little common sense will tell you that there must come a time when he does mean something, don’t you see? And if this sort of thing goes on in the mean while, how are parents ever to judge of his intentions? Now this Theodora Allison, — if that young Elsworth is n’t courting her, why is he allowed to dangle after her in this open fashion? If any young man devoted himself to my daughter in that marked manner, I should ask him his intentions directly. I should fail in my duty if I did n’t.”

Miss Bruce, a small, plain, white-faced little thing, hopelessly deficient in that bright, healthful beauty which belongs to most young English faces, was sitting silently by her mother’s side, and blushed the color of her hair at the bare idea of a young man ever being devoted to her in the way that Mr. Elsworth was devoted to Miss Allison. Perhaps up in heaven there might be some manly angel detailed for that

kind office, but certainly here on earth every other impossibility would happen first.

"They went off for a walk this afternoon," volunteered a third lady, with an amused laugh.

"Alone, I suppose?"

"Quite alone, if you please."

"Fancy, now! Goodness knows where they went to."

"Only to the pier, I believe," answered Mrs. Pemberry reluctantly, feeling that she owed an apology for the tame admission. "Theo told me about it at the *table d'hôte* to-night. She said it was so interesting watching the workmen dump in stones. Odd taste, is n't it?"

"Extraordinary!" said Lady Bruce, thrusting on her thimble as one would clap an extinguisher on a candle. "The unprotected way in which American parents allow their girls to go about with young men is something incomprehensible. Fancy my Anna here going about alone with a young man!"

Anna again blushed, the suggestion was so shameful and so undeniably attractive.

"They went on a donkey ride this morning, did you see?" said somebody else from an unimportant corner. "It was quite a large party, to be sure; still Mr. Elsworth started by the side of Miss Allison, and came back by her side, and doubtless he never left her for a moment."

"American girls do seem to have such a good time of it!" murmured little Miss Bruce quite irrelevantly.

It was a bold speech. Lady Bruce glanced around sharply, then bent again to her work. "American girls are the worst brought up in the world," she pronounced scathingly; "and this free-handed comradeship between young men and young women is simply scandalous. The girls treat the men like so many other girls, and the men treat the girls as if making love to each one they speak

to. It's an unnatural and preposterous state of affairs. But in the case of these two, of course there can be no question how matters stand. They are engaged."

"Hush, here he is!"

A sudden expectant silence fell upon the room as a young man appeared in the doorway. The *entr'acte* was over, and the curtain had risen again upon the drama.

The new-comer was a tall, handsome fellow, with a noticeable air of good breeding and refinement. He stood still an instant, while his pleasant glance shot swiftly around the little circle. Miss Allison was not there yet, and what a dull time the poor women were having! He must make the best of it till she came. In another moment he had gathered Miss Woodruff's skein from the back of a chair, and was holding it for her with admirable grace and dexterity, chatting amiably and generally as he did so, with an easy flow of talk that could hardly fail to please his feminine audience, even though it betrayed neither great originality nor unusual intelligence. It was the guiding rule of this young man always to make the best of existing circumstances, extracting the utmost pleasure from even the most unpropitious materials, — a selfish principle which produced charmingly unselfish effects; and he now threw himself so heartily into the task of entertaining and of being entertained that even Lady Bruce was won over, observing to Mrs. Pemberry, in what she intended for an undertone, that this agreeable polish of manner was due entirely to the young fellow's foreign education, no American being able to get it at home.

Miss Allison, with her friend Miss Wright, came in somewhat later. Miss Bruce looked up at her with a faint pang, impossible to repress. It was very hard that American girls should have not only all the fun and all the young men, but so much of the prettiness and the taste-

ful dressing, too. Theo Allison certainly was enviably pretty. With her large, innocent blue eyes and her fluffy hair, parted on the side and falling across her forehead in great light rings that tempted one to lift them into place with caressing fingers, and with a certain quaint picturesqueness of dress, which had always some little dainty extra touch to make it an altogether different affair from every other toilette, she was indeed a pleasant object to look upon.

Elsworth naturally rose at once to give her a chair, and as naturally placed his own beside it, immediately concentrating upon her the attentions hitherto diffused among the roomful. He was only acting up to his creed, — doing what brought himself the most pleasure at the time; and no one could deny that for a young man it must certainly be pleasanter to talk with Theo than with any one else present. After her entrance, therefore, those who had for a short while enjoyed the privilege of the full loaf had again to content themselves with the crumbs. The two sat chatting merrily enough, yet saying nothing whatever that the others might not overhear; and in point of fact what was so overheard formed the chief staple of conversation for the rest, who used it as a text upon which to build running commentaries.

"He calls her Miss Theo. Why should n't he say Miss Allison?" said Lady Bruce, biting off a thread as if it were a dissenting opinion. "It would make me shiver to hear my daughter familiarly spoken to in society as Miss Anna. I should fancy that all the young men were footmen."

"Oh, he's asked her to go to church with him to-morrow!" broke in Miss Bruce, with wide eyes, aghast at the idea of this devotion to a fellow creature being carried into the very heart of the sanctuary. Dear, dear, how was it possible that Miss Allison could say her prayers rightly, with such a handsome

young fellow kneeling directly beside her! Would n't she get the service hopelessly jumbled up, and perhaps begin with the "We beseech Thee to hear us" before it was time to have done with the "Good Lord, deliver us"? "I know *I* should," said honest little Miss Bruce pathetically to herself.

"Do young ladies often go to church alone with young gentlemen, in America?" she inquired timidly of Miss Wright.

Miss Wright gave her a keen little glance of intelligent condolence.

"Often," she replied, with the relish of one speaking from personal experience of a desirable and not widely enough disseminated custom, — "very often. It's good for the young men. They would otherwise stay at home, perhaps, to smoke injurious cigarettes."

"But I should think it might n't be quite as good for the girls," stammered Miss Bruce confusedly. "It might distract them from the service. Why, if I had a young man next me and he looked over my Prayer-Book, I should be so afraid it might open of itself at the marriage service that I could n't attend to anything else."

"It would be much more likely to open at the commination service, I should say; there are so many things you English are forbidden to do," replied Miss Wright, with compassion. "Theo, are we not to have some music?"

The request being warmly seconded, Theo rose at once and went to the piano, Elsworth following as a matter of course to find her the music and turn over the leaves. She was an accomplished performer, and for a while all voices were still as her skillful fingers swept over the keys, gliding from one harmony into another before any one had time to ask for more, or even to know that the first was ended.

"Why does n't it fluster her to have him stand so near and never take his

eyes off her?" whispered Miss Bruce. "It would make me play all my sharps flats."

"Oh, we Americans are so used to young men that we never think of minding them," Miss Wright returned, with what seemed the very acme of *sang froid* to the little English girl. "They never put us out."

"And are you as used to them as Miss Allison?" ventured Miss Bruce. This stolen talk about young men was certainly treading on forbidden ground, but after the first step it did not seem so wrong to go further.

"Oh, yes, I am quite as used to them," responded Miss Wright calmly, "though to be sure I have none here; but that is because there is no one here but Mr. Elsworth, and he belongs to Theo."

"Belongs to Miss Allison?" repeated Miss Bruce eagerly. "Oh, then they are"—

"Oh, no, they 're not," said Miss Wright. "They 're merely having a good time together. It's so much pleasanter for a girl to have some man always devoted to her, and so much easier for a man to devote himself to one girl rather than to half a dozen, don't you see?"

"Oh," said Miss Bruce blankly, conscious of a sympathetic pity for the neglected five.

"At home I have any number of gentleman friends," continued Miss Wright, with an air of being rather bored by the subject which possessed so absorbing an interest for her companion. "But Europe is a poor place for men. We girls leave our good times behind us when we come abroad. Europeans are always in earnest when they go in for this sort of thing, you see, and that quite spoils it. Theo was uncommonly lucky to get hold of Fred Elsworth here."

"But how do Americans act when they are in earnest?" asked Miss Bruce, growing bold in iniquitous inquiry.

"Oh, they don't act any differently.

The girls just know it's different; that's all. It's perfectly easy to tell. Any American girl understands directly whether a man is in love with her or whether he's only passing the time. But I must go upstairs now. Good-night;" and with a bright nod around at the roomful of ladies, and scarcely a glance in the direction of Elsworth,—to whom, since he belonged to Theo, she was as indifferent as to a log of wood,—Miss Wright made her escape.

Soon after she had disappeared something dreadful happened. Theo rose all at once from the piano in the middle of a bar, turning around a sweet, flushed face.

"I can't play another minute!" she exclaimed, lifting her hands to her cheeks. "The heat is stifling."

Elsworth looked at her concernedly. "I am afraid you have over-exerted yourself, Miss Theo. That sonata is one of the most difficult of the set. You have played too long."

"No, it is not that, only I am so warm. Those shutters don't let in a breath of air."

"Come outside," suggested Elsworth. "It's a lovely night, and there's quite a refreshing breeze in the garden. It will revive you."

"I believe it would," assented Theo, bending back her neck, as if even the soft lace at her throat impeded her breathing. "Do let me get out of this stuffy atmosphere for a moment," and she impulsively turned to the door.

"Wait. You may need a shawl!" cried Elsworth. "Ah, here is one. Miss Woodruff, you are always so kind,—I'm sure you won't object to lending us this. We'll be back in a minute," and he hurried off after his fair companion.

A blank silence followed the departure of the reckless couple. Was it possible that such improprieties as this were of daily occurrence in America,—young men and young women going

out *alone* together into the garden at night? To be sure, the garden was very small, — scarcely more than an open vestibule; one could hear the voices of the two as they paced leisurely up and down before the house, passing and repassing the windows; and to be sure, there was a brilliant full moon shedding its broad rays with an effulgence that should have turned the darkest deed white; and to be sure, too, the garden was never less deserted than at this hour, when the proprietor and his book-keeper and at least a maid or two were always strolling about it. But still — no, it was impossible to believe that such regardless acts were common even in the land of enormities. Miss Bruce felt her heart beat high, half in rebellious sympathy with the sinners, half in alarm at the scandal of their behavior. After this, what might they not do! And out there in the garden, what might they not be doing this very moment! He might be holding her hand. He might even, — he would n't mind the proprietor and the maids, perhaps, — he might even — even be pressing it! A little chill ran over Miss Bruce as the unmaidenly thought flashed through her mind, and she looked guiltily around in an agony lest some one had read it on her face. Everybody else looked around, too. Mrs. Pemberry raised her eyebrows till they were almost lost under her cap, and Miss Woodruff coughed deprecatingly, feeling somewhat incriminated from the fact that she had lent the offenders the countenance of her shawl.

Lady Bruce was the first to speak:—

“Do you understand that this is an ordinary proceeding for American young people, Mrs. Pemberry, — going out alone in this way at nine o'clock at night?”

Mrs. Pemberry lifted her hands in protest at the appeal. “Don't refer to me, please. I was never but five weeks in America, and then only in Nova

Scotia. I'm sure I don't know what may n't go on in the States. Almost anything, I believe.”

“How can Mrs. Allison allow her daughter to do such things!” continued Lady Bruce. “Do you suppose she knows it? She seems a refined, well-bred woman, too. Anna, you'll remember never to be with Miss Allison again unless I am by. It's really scandalous to leave those two out there alone. Some one ought to go to them. If it were not for my rheumatism, I would go myself.”

A merry laugh rang out near the window as she spoke. The pair were just passing.

“Yes, indeed,” said Theo's high, clear voice. “*Riz de veau* five days out of seven is rather often, I admit.”

“And the chickens,” responded the gentleman with animation, — “don't you think it would be an advantage if they had fewer legs and more wings?”

And the voices passed out of hearing.

“If I were not afraid of stopping in the night air, I should certainly go outside to them,” said Mrs. Pemberry virtuously. “But the girl can't come to any real harm, can she? After all, every one knows she's an American.”

“That excuses a great deal,” added gentle old Miss Woodruff conciliatorily. “Those two young things are certainly deeply interested in each other, — deeply; and one must make allowances for people in love. I dare say to stand out there under the moon and look in each other's eyes is bliss enough to risk everything for, even a sore chest to-morrow.”

The voices were going by the window again.

“You don't mean it! The man cheated you!” Elsworth was saying. “Why, I only gave twenty-three francs for mine, and I thought that an awful price. Try the shop on the left-hand side next time,” and distance swallowed up the rest.

“All I can say,” declared Lady Bruce oracularly, “is that, if they are not en-

gaged, they ought to be. I never saw such devotion before, — he waiting on her every movement, without thought for another being if she is present, and she accepting it all in the most matter-of-fact way as her rightful due. Why, *of course* they are engaged.”

“Oh, I feel so much better,” said Theo from the door. “Miss Bruce, you ought to have come, too. You don’t know how nice it is outside, only all the couriers are smoking. Miss Woodruff, thank you so much for the shawl.”

Miss Woodruff took it back, with the smile of generous pardon difficult to withhold from an offender who has the grace to be young and pretty, while Lady Bruce rose austere, and carried off her daughter to the safe seclusion of their own apartments. Anna never dreamed of asking to be left behind, though there was a whole roomful of competent old chaperones, and only one young man to be chaperoned from. She followed her mother obediently upstairs, and sat for a long time pretending to read by the glimmer of an incapable lamp, which threw as dull a light upon her book as the book threw upon her brain. In reality she was wondering whether in that great and strange world over the seas, which seemed to be stocked so full of unappropriated young men, it could be possible that even plain girls — even ugly girls, she added stoutly to herself, catching a glimpse of her unattractive little face in the mirror — might stand a chance of winning from any one such lovely service as was now being laid at Theo’s feet. How gladly would she repay with her whole soul’s wealth but a tithe of such devotion as this! It was a great pity indeed that English people could not spend their winters sometimes in America, instead of always on the Riviera. Oh, what a land that must be, where life’s highest pleasures not only were never forbidden fruits, but were hung by a beneficent fate within convenient reach of even the

most timid hand! One could afford to be just a little barbarous, for the sake of being denizens of such a country.

The next day was Sunday, and, attended by her faithful cavalier, Theo came to church in the morning, looking prettier than any picture. Anna saw the couple the moment they entered, and colored high with interest, becoming immediately so wholly absorbed in them that she made sorry work with her responses, and at last forgot to turn over the leaves of her book as the service proceeded. It was surprising that Theo could look so innocent and unabashed all the time, though not even Miss Wright was there to support her. Once Mr. Elsworth leaned towards her and murmured something in the tiny pink ear next him, and the faintest gleam of a smile appeared on Theo’s charming face, followed by the lightest possible deepening of the delicate rose in her cheeks. Was she blushing at what he had said, or only blushing because she had smiled? And once, when some unprofessional chorister in the background added a few original and altogether unpraiseworthy notes to the anthem, Theo turned to Elsworth with a wicked little glance of intelligence. Anna watched the pair breathlessly, and wondered whether “Woman, wilt thou take this man to be thy wedded husband?” got elaborately mixed up with the text in Theo’s brain, as it somehow did in hers.

The sermon, truly, was quite lost on poor Anna. It was a black-letter day for her morals. She felt as if she were reading a novel in church. But who could lay down so sweet a romance unread, when it was fate, not will, that thus enticingly turned the leaves?

Mrs. Pemberry joined Lady Bruce at the conclusion of the service. Theo and Mr. Elsworth were directly in front of them, as they all strolled slowly homewards along the sun-bright esplanade.

“Engaged, don’t you think so?” whispered Mrs. Pemberry, with a nod

of her many ribbons towards the pair in front.

"Unquestionably," answered Lady Bruce, quite aloud. "Ought to be, if they are n't. Anna, can't you keep up with us?"

Anna was lagging behind. It seemed indelicate to walk within earshot of that self-centred couple. Perhaps even Lady Bruce was moved by some compassionate instinct of the sort, for she presently quickened her pace, till her party not only reached Theo, but passed her by. Anna could not help catching a bit of their conversation in the moment of passing, though she conscientiously tried her best not to hear.

"Hot, was n't it?" from Elsworth.

"Awfully," from Theo.

"Hard seats, too."

"Yes. I wish I had stayed at home. There was sure to be a mail."

"That's so. The steamer's in. Let's hurry."

Oh, how silly to hurry home for letters when one could linger on such a tête-à-tête walk as that! Anna sighed. How little some over-blessed people appreciate Heaven's favors!

But that very afternoon, as she sat at the window of the reading-room, while Lady Bruce bent devouringly over the Times, undisturbed by the hungry gaze of an old gentleman who had been waiting already three quarters of an hour for the paper, Anna saw the fortunate pair starting out again for a stroll, Theo turning up her bright face to a window above to kiss her hand to her mother. Mrs. Allison certainly seemed to see no harm in her daughter's walking off all alone with a young man. Strange that two mothers judged so differently of the same thing, one deeming altogether right what the other deemed altogether wrong! But of course it is always one's own mother who knows best. That is what makes a line of action clear and easy to each daughter. Still Anna's eyes rested wistfully on the pair.

"Prettily matched, are n't they, dear?" murmured Miss Woodruff, drawing a fur cape closer around her neck, with the unconscious caution of a confirmed invalid, as she stretched out her head beside Anna's to look after them. "Very imprudent of them to go out in this wind; and likely as not, too, they'll forget that they should come in before sunset. But I suppose young people can't be minding doctors when they're in love. Foolish, foolish; but it seems they can't be separated a moment. I dare say they're going up among the olives."

Anna's heart beat high. Up among the olives! All alone, with that kindly, leafy screen shutting them out from unsympathetic eyes! "Do you think so?" she answered faintly. Through her mind there darted, like the glimpse of a painted picture, a possible scene under the gray old trees: two young people seated together on a bench not long enough for three, holding each other by the hands and not speaking for content. No wonder she blushed so hotly and turned away her head. "Do you think so?" she repeated, lower yet.

"I should think it natural," said Miss Woodruff, quite off her guard from her deep interest in the couple. "At least," she added hastily, recollecting her duty towards the uncontaminated young girl at her side, — "at least, it's *most* foolish and out of the way, and not at all to be recommended, my dear; but they're so wrapped up in each other, poor things, — see him buttoning her gloves; I almost feel as if we ought n't to look, — and they'll like to have a good, quiet talk, off by themselves, I doubt not. It's the way of young people in their state. It's a very foolish state, my dear."

"Good-by," called a cheery voice from some window out of sight. "Good-by, Theo."

"It's Miss Wright," whispered Anna.

Theo looked up, still holding out one gloved hand towards her knight, and

with the other tilting back her hat, the better to see her friend. "Oh, Nettie, do change your mind, and come too!"

"Can't. Letters to write," came down in decisive answer.

"Merely an excuse, I am sure," commented Miss Woodruff, reaching out her head still further in a vain attempt to see Miss Wright, too. "When one is at home one says headache, and when one is abroad one says letters. But it's kind of her to take their condition into consideration, utterly foolish as it is."

"So sorry," Theo called out skyward. "We are going to the public gardens. It's fun to see the crowds there. Good-by."

The picture in Anna's mind of the two alone beneath the olives was suddenly obliterated. Still, in a crowd, an Italian crowd, — and she rapidly reflected that English was not taught in the common schools, — almost as much might be ventured as in a tête-à-tête. Theo was still greatly to be envied.

"What do you suppose they talk about when they are off all alone?" she asked Miss Woodruff, in the convenient half whisper in which their conversation was conducted out of regard to Lady Bruce and the Times.

"Oh, my dear!" exclaimed the good little old lady, scandalized at such an over-curious question, and hastily drawing in her head. "It won't do for us to imagine. They are Americans, and so of course not to be judged by our codes; but I really would n't like to guess. It's very improper, their being allowed off so beyond all restraint and oversight of their guardians, and I don't know at all what they may be saying under such circumstances; but I have a sort of idea," — she glanced around uneasily at Lady Bruce, and lowered her voice still more, — "of course I don't *know*, but I have a sort of idea that the young man must either be making her a declaration every moment, or at the

least paying her very open compliments, such as he would n't dream of doing in the presence of a mamma, they would sound so foolish. And compliments *are* foolish; remember that, my dear. They are always foolish, even when the mamma is n't by."

"But Theo," whispered Anna almost inaudibly, — "what could she be saying? She could n't be accepting him over and over again, you know."

"Well, no, she could n't. That is true," agreed Miss Woodruff, after a moment's consideration. "I don't see what she could be saying. Perhaps she only listens. But, as I said, it won't do for us to imagine it too closely. It's a very unhealthful subject for young girls. You should keep your mind clear of all such foolishness. And I think your mamma is wanting you."

It was an easy way for Miss Woodruff to be rid of the delicate subject. But Anna was absorbed, body and soul, in this one theme, and for her there was no escape from it, turn where she would. All the sultry afternoon she sat closeted in her own little room behind closed blinds, peering down stealthily through the slats. Her book lay unopened on her lap. If lost in reading she might miss seeing Theo as she came back. She was more than rewarded for the long watch, when at last the two returned, by the glimpse of a bunch of violets in Theo's belt that was not there before. Were these the first flowers he had ever given her? Violets were cheap on the Riviera, but oh how precious these must be! Doubtless as he gave them he told her that they were the color of her eyes, only less sweet, and less blue, and less perfect, as all things were less perfect to him than she was. Perhaps she permitted herself to smile back at him as he said it, unless, frightened at the love welling over in her heart, her lashes had drooped lower than before, and she had not dared to lift her head.

Surely, the next best thing to having a romance in one's own life is the living near some one else's romance, and poor little Anna felt very, very near to Theo's, — so near that it quite made her heart jump when they met. She wondered if Theo had made a confidant of her friend, and if so how it was possible for Miss Wright to look so unconscious and cool all the time, just as if no such lovely secret lay throbbing on her soul. For of course Theo and Mr. Elsworth were betrothed. Everybody said they were only waiting for the arrival of Mr. Allison for the engagement to be announced. And it was but a few days later, in fact when it was suddenly proclaimed that Mr. Allison was actually coming.

"He will be here to-morrow night," said Miss Woodruff, her gentle face all aglow with pleasure. "Theo told me just now, and you never saw such bright eyes and rosy cheeks. 'I dare say his coming means a great deal to you, my dear,' I said, very significantly. 'It's surely a great deal more than just your papa's coming back that brings such roses to these bonny cheeks.' The pretty creature stooped and kissed me, and laughed, and then ran away, redder than ever. Silly of her not to say anything, was n't it? But one can't expect sense of young people in love, and it'll be all settled now."

"Time it was," said Lady Bruce, — "high time. I hope they'll be married the day after. Then perhaps they can see enough of each other, which they don't seem able to do now."

But the very day of Mr. Allison's expected arrival a remarkable event took place.

Lady Bruce, with her docile daughter at her side, stepped into the reading-room on her way indoors from a walk, and quite ran into Mr. Elsworth, who, cap in hand, and arrayed unmistakably in traveling garb, was saying farewell to the two or three ladies present.

"Ah, Lady Bruce, I am glad not to

have to leave without saying good-by to you!" exclaimed the young man, coming up to her with his most cordial smile. "I am just off for Genoa."

"Indeed? How soon do you return?"

"I really can't say," he rejoined, smiling still more. "But it will hardly be again this season."

Lady Bruce drew back, and looked at him.

"What!" she said.

Her tone gave the monosyllable something of the character of a pistol shot. Anna looked to see the young man felled by it, but he merely shook his head in the most amiable way, and drew out his watch.

"Yes, — hardly again this season," he repeated cheerily. "I am to join friends, who are not thinking of coming this way. Perhaps" — he looked quite embarrassed all of a sudden — "you have all been so kind to me, perhaps it may interest you to hear what calls me away. You must congratulate me. I am going to Genoa to meet the young lady to whom I am engaged, and whom I am to marry next fall, so that whether I shall ever return here or not will depend, you see, upon a higher will than my own. However, I hope I may meet you all again some day. Good-by, Lady Bruce. Good-by, Miss Woodruff. Good-by, Miss Bruce. Good-by."

He shook hands heartily all round, including in his large good-humor a newly arrived old maid, with whom no one had as yet exchanged a syllable, and who was greatly taken aback at this exuberant cordiality; and in another moment he was off.

The group of ladies looked at each other in consternation.

"Well!" said Lady Bruce. "What has he done with Miss Allison? What does it all mean? And her father coming this very day!"

"Oh, the poor pretty dear! the poor pretty young creature!" sighed Miss

Woodruff, with wet eyes. "The wretch has broken faith with her. Oh, the unfeeling, cruel monster! the heartless scoundrel! To think of her pink cheeks last night, and her bright eyes! Oh, the poor pretty child! She'll be crying her sweet eyes out now up-stairs, locked in her room. To think there's no saying a word to comfort her! Whatever will she do? However will she look us all in the face again, and we knowing how it is? I said to her only last night, 'I dare say your papa's coming means a great deal to *you*, my dear,' and I said it *most* significantly."

Anna stood by, very white and silent. Was this, then, the cruel end of that lovely romance she had been watching from its beginning? Down to the profoundest depths of her compassionate heart, she pitied that poor girl up-stairs. Vividly as she had pictured the scene beneath the olives, she now pictured Theo in her desolation. How had he told her the cruel truth? Had he thrown it at her shortly, bluntly, unfeelingly, as he had thrown it at them, regardless of her pain? Had it nearly killed her to hear it, or had she been brave, as heroines sometimes are, and smiled up at him unflinchingly over her broken heart, as if listening to welcome news? Oh, but it was cruel, cruel! And she could do nothing to show her sympathy! Unless—what if she should lay a rose beside the girl's plate at dinner? She could slip it into place as she went by. Her mother and she were always down before the rest. Nobody need know who put it there, and perhaps Theo would feel a little comforted, finding so delicate a message of love from an unobtrusive friend. Comforted somewhat herself with the idea, Anna stole away into the garden to seek her flower. It must be very fair, very sweet, very perfect, that rose that was charged with so tender a burden of sympathy. She found it at last, after a long and patient search, and returned to the house just

as the omnibus drove up to the door from the station. There were but two passengers, one of them evidently Theo's father. Mrs. Allison had come down-stairs to meet him, all smiles and gentle gladness; and Miss Wright was there, too, with her American nose, and her wide-awakeness, and her air of encyclopaedical intelligence. Anna did not like to push by to reach the door, and so stood a little aside, timidly waiting till the greeting should be over, and holding her rose gingerly between her fingers, lest pressure should fade it.

The omnibus stopped, and almost before the passengers could alight a third figure sprang out from behind the others and threw herself into the old gentleman's arms. It was Theo. Was she laughing or crying on her father's neck? Anna's eyes dropped. How could she lift them to the poor girl's face, so dreading what she should see there?

But the other passenger, a handsome young fellow, much like a second edition of Elsworth, was bolder than Anna. He walked up to Theo, and standing directly behind her loosened her hands from her father's neck, and so drew her backward till he could look down into her face.

"Theo!" he said.

And right before everybody that strange and bold young man stooped and kissed her on the lips. Theo's face was rosier than the dawn, and her eyes were brighter than any stars, and she looked like one who had that very minute entered heaven.

In the hall there was the usual bustle of officious porters, and ubiquitous bags, and bowing landlords. Back of them all stood Lady Bruce.

"Miss Wright," she said, unceremoniously stopping that young lady on her way up-stairs after the others by lunging at her with her parasol, "is that young man Miss Allison's brother?"

"Bless you, no," returned Miss Wright, cheerfully, moving a step or two

out of reach of the dangerous weapon. "That's Theo's *fiancé*. Good-looking, is n't he?"

"And Mr. Elsworth? Pray, was he her *fiancé pro tem*?"

"Oh," answered Miss Wright brightly, "I always told you there was nothing in that. They were only good friends. Each one knew all the time that the other was engaged. It made it very safe and pleasant for them."

Lady Bruce gave an unaristocratic grunt. "And what name do you give such sort of devotion as theirs, if you please? It's a common thing in your country, I believe."

"Very common, indeed; rather often-

er than not," replied Miss Wright, unconcernedly, turning to follow her friends up the stairs. "Nobody means anything by it, and everybody understands. You might call it an American flirtation, if you like. *Au revoir*."

Just outside the doorway poor little Anna stood transfixed. Her rose had fallen to the ground, and the heel of the bold young man who had kissed Theo had crushed it quite out of shape as he passed by.

So nobody meant anything, and everybody understood.

Ah, could it be that if anything like that ever happened in her own life it would mean no more than this?

Grace Denio Litchfield.

CANADA AND THE BRITISH CONNECTION.

SIR FRANCIS HINCKS summed up his conclusions upon the Future of Canada, in an article printed last summer in a Montreal newspaper, by saying that "at the present time there is not the slightest ground for believing that the subsisting connection with Great Britain is in the least danger of being dissolved." Sweeping as the statement is, it is probably quite true. Were any intelligent Canadian to be requested to name the most distinguishing national trait of his countrymen, the chances are that he would instantly respond, "Loyalty to the Crown." The people of the Dominion are never weary of repeating, in public and in private, at meetings, in the newspapers, and in conversation with casual acquaintances, their expressions of attachment to the mother country, and their unwillingness even to discuss the possibility of a weakening of the bonds between the dependency and the imperial government.

Nor is this a case of protesting too

much. There are known to be some Canadians who are persuaded that their country is not working out the highest destiny of which it is capable, but those who favor a change in the relation with Great Britain are very few in number and unimportant. Moreover, there are sporadic and local outbreaks, like that in British Columbia a few years ago, and like the more recent one in Manitoba, which might lead superficial observers to think that no very strong provocation would be needed to bring about a general movement in favor of the independence of Canada. But these ebullitions have slight significance. The newspapers on the American side of the line make all that is possible out of them, which is not much. The men who participate in these movements are for the most part recent immigrants, who are neither strongly attached to Canada, nor burdened with a sense of responsibility for her past, present, or future government. The facility with which, when their real or their fancied grievances have been

redressed, they become obstreperously loyal suggests that their solemn threats of secession and revolution were not meant to be taken seriously. If we allow, however, to such outbreaks all the importance that might be claimed for them, it still remains true, so far as an outsider can discover, that not one Canadian out of a hundred has ever brought himself to the belief that a change in the relations between Great Britain and the Dominion would be desirable under any circumstances which may be classed as probable.

So much being admitted, it may be deemed presumptuous to maintain, nevertheless, that the imperial connection is an injury rather than a benefit to Canada. It seems to imply that a whole people, including statesmen and private citizens, are laboring under a delusion. It does not, however, really imply so much as that; for the willingness of men to adhere, conservatively, to things as they are causes them frequently to undervalue the arguments in favor of a change, if not to refuse to listen to such arguments; and the chance that this particular bond might not be snapped except by war may have disinclined Canadians even to consider what they might gain by separation.

What a Canadian may not do without forfeiting something as a penalty of his temerity, an American may do. Of course it is permitted to the people of the Dominion to believe that the motive that prompts a writer on this side of the line to present the argument is territorial cupidity. But annexation, or union, which is the better term, is no longer considered as a probable event of the future by our most flighty orators. There would inevitably be a strong opposition to the acquisition of Canada, were the Dominion to solicit admission; and the least symptom of unwillingness to join us would reduce the number of those who would favor the acquisition to the merest handful. No wise states-

man could support the measure. We have had experience enough with a group of States which, having tried to sever the ties which united them to the rest of the country, resumed their allegiance with great reluctance. To assume responsibility for the government of what would be the Ireland of America, should Canada become a part of the American Union except of her own free and unanimous choice, would be rash and imprudent to the last degree.

It is, however, no part of the present purpose to consider what the ultimate future of Canada should be, but to examine the effect upon her material interests of the relation in which she stands toward Great Britain, the limitations it imposes upon her freedom and her progress, and, briefly, the possibilities which a career as an independent country might open before her.

Canada is, with exceptions to be noted, a self-governing dependency of Great Britain. In the conduct of its domestic affairs but two restrictions are placed upon its sovereignty and supremacy. A Governor-General is sent out by the home government, which also reserves a right to disallow — that is, to give an absolute veto to — any act of the Dominion Parliament. Under existing circumstances, under any circumstances which are likely to arise, neither of these features of the Canadian constitution impedes the progress of the Dominion. The Governor-General represents the sovereign, and bears substantially the same relation to the Canadian legislature that the queen bears to the Parliament of Great Britain. Though he is governor, he does not govern. He accepts the advice of his ministers, who are responsible only to Parliament, in all matters of administration, and would act unconstitutionally if he acted otherwise. The government of the day and the Parliament exercise complete authority, and the Governor-General merely gives to their doings his official sanction. That

authority is nominally unlimited. The government raises money at its discretion in any amount, by taxation or by loan, and expends it for such objects as seem desirable. It establishes courts for the enforcement of its own civil, social, and criminal laws. As between its own citizens, it is conscious of no superior authority; for although the right of veto exists, the power is rarely exercised, and will never be employed in a way to cause irritation between the authorities at Ottawa and those at Westminster, until one government or the other is desirous of an excuse for separation. Canada will attempt to pass no law distinctly hostile to Great Britain, nor any which it expects to be disallowed, unless it is ready to dispense with British approval altogether by declaring its independence. On the other hand, so long as the imperial government sets a proper value upon its richest colony, it will not exercise the veto power capriciously. It may be said, therefore, that if the British connection is of no value in domestic affairs — and it would be difficult to specify wherein it is of value — it has not been, and is not likely to be, a hindrance.

The right of self-government at home, which has been, in the main, wisely employed, has made Canada a nation. But the privilege which independent nations prize more than any other, and which is more valuable than any other, Canada has not. Sovereign in all internal affairs, she has no voice whatever in regulating her foreign affairs. She is a part of the British empire. She is governed by all treaties made in the name of the sovereign, but really made by the prime minister and the foreign secretary of England, who are no more responsible to Canada for what they do or leave undone than they are to the people of Chicago. The very fact that Great Britain asks no help from Canada in men or money for the support of its army and navy, contributes nothing to the

defense of the Dominion, and shapes its general foreign policy without consulting Canadian wishes is proof enough that the foreign interests of the empire and of the colony are distinct, though they may not be adverse to each other. For Canada has interests abroad separable from those of the empire. Were it a free and independent government, it would make treaties with other powers different from those which are made, partly for her alone and partly for the whole empire, by the home government. It would not be doing justice to themselves for Canadian statesmen to assert that a British foreign minister could understand what Canada needs as well as they do, or that he would enter into a negotiation with as great spirit as would they, and with the same singleness of purpose which would animate them.

It is in the virtual prohibition upon Canada to have and pursue a foreign policy of its own, and to adopt such measures as from time to time might be expedient for the promotion of its own interests, regardless of the wishes of Great Britain, and in the ability of England to use the Dominion as a pawn in its own great game, that the weakness of the position of Canada chiefly consists. No doubt the people are aware of the resources which their country possesses. The subject is with them a frequent and a favorite theme. But if they know, also, what an advantage these resources, by their character as well as by their magnitude, might give them in dealing with other powers, they must be conscious of making a great sacrifice for the sake of the British connection. Their peculiar treasures are the finest fisheries in the world, immense tracts of valuable forest, and an unsurpassed wheat country. As Canada is at present situated, it derives no benefit whatever from these advantages, except the money return from the sale of its products. If it were an independent power, it might easily adopt measures

which would give to it certain advantages which it does not now possess.

For example, no Canadian is unaware that Americans desire fishing privileges in British waters, which the sovereign authority has the right to concede or to withhold. These privileges have been the subject of discussion, of negotiation, of treaty, of compensation, for nearly a century. The present arrangement — which will soon come to an end — is thoroughly unsatisfactory to Americans, but not so much on account of the amount as by reason of the form of compensation which this country pays, during a short term of years, for the privileges it has purchased. The Treaty of Washington was concluded under circumstances peculiarly favorable for Canadian interests. The government of the United States, having the Alabama claims on hand, was disposed to yield more than it would ordinarily, certainly more than it would after its recent experience, concede on this minor point of the fisheries; and Canada was directly represented in the joint high commission. It is not difficult to see that, when the subject comes up for discussion again, Canada's position will be less advantageous in each aspect of the matter. There is no other question than this, of any moment, between Great Britain and the United States. Should the imperial government treat this matter by itself, and yield to Canada all the benefits and compensation which may be made the price of a share in the fisheries, it can obtain no more than a Canadian minister might obtain; it is likely to get much less. For the British foreign secretary, or the British minister at Washington, is not to be expected to place as much value upon the privilege as a Canadian would set upon it; and the British government, with its manifold concerns of trade and commerce in all parts of the world, would be willing to concede more, and be more ready to come to terms, than would independent Canada, in order to

have no questions at issue with a country whose cordial friendship is so useful to it as is that of the United States.

It is not necessary to carry out this line of thought, for it is quite obvious that Canada itself knows its own interests best. To assert that the British foreign office can promote them better than they could be promoted by a Canadian statesman would be uncomplimentary to the latter. To assert that they would be more zealously advanced by a British minister would imply either a lack of patriotism on the part of Canadians, or a disposition on the part of the home government to sacrifice something of value to England to secure an advantage for one of its colonies; and the latter supposition involves a degree of self-abnegation on the part of the mother country which even the most loyal of Canadians will never expect.

But it is in the relations of Canada toward Great Britain itself that the chief objection to the existing connection lies, so far as commercial interests are concerned. Roughly stated, nine tenths of her foreign trade is with the United States and Great Britain, and this amount is almost equally divided between the two. At the best she can make a commercial treaty with the United States only with the consent of the mother country; in making and changing her relations with Great Britain she has no voice and no share. If one may draw any conclusion from the numerous attempts made, it was for many years desired, on the part of Canada, that there should be a reciprocity treaty between the Dominion and the United States. Whether the desire continues or not does not matter. Canada invariably met with complete indifference on the subject on this side of the line, but not because American merchants did not appreciate the value of a trade with Canada, nor because they would not advocate a treaty which would promote that trade; on the contrary, they would do much to secure a more

extensive commerce over the frontier. The reason was because Canada had nothing to offer in exchange for the admission of Canadian products into the United States free of duty. She might agree to reduce her tariff on certain articles of American manufacture, or to remove the duty altogether. But if she had done that she must have included in the same measure, and admitted on the same terms, the similar manufactures of Great Britain, and of all countries with which England had treaties of commerce. The only benefit America would derive from such a treaty would be the sale of a slightly larger amount, but not a larger percentage, of the whole quantity of goods carried into Canada, in case the lower duty stimulated imports.

To be specific: a reciprocity treaty would naturally admit free at United States custom-houses bread-stuffs, wood, unmanufactured lumber, fish, and coal. Though we were to place all these articles on the free list, as regards all countries, the benefit would go exclusively to Canada, which is the only large producer of either class of articles that could compete with our home supplies. On the other hand, we might sell in the maritime provinces a few more barrels of flour, and in Ontario a few tons of anthracite coal. What we wish to sell in Canada is our manufactured goods. To have even a slight advantage in that respect over Great Britain might be worth paying for by deranging our own revenue laws. But if the Canadian tariff is to be the same on English and American pianos, on cotton cloth from either Manchester, on cutlery from Massachusetts or from Sheffield, why should we care much whether that tariff be high or low? Canada, having found a state of perfect indifference on the subject of reciprocity in the United States, has turned its attention in another direction, and has adopted a "national policy" of protection to its own manufactures, with an avowed purpose of retaliating upon

the United States, and of recompensing this country for its illiberal commercial policy. The result has not been specially injurious to American trade, and no disposition to modify our sentiments on the subject of a reciprocity treaty has yet appeared.

Sir Francis Hincks, in the newspaper article already referred to, dismisses the idea that the power to make treaties for itself would be useful to Canada, in the most offhand manner. "The policy of civilized nations, with few exceptions," he remarks, "is to incorporate in their commercial treaties a clause known as the most favored nation clause. Were Canada independent it could not avoid agreeing to a similar proviso, and would therefore be unable to adopt the policy which has found favor with some of her prominent politicians." The statement is altogether too sweeping. If Canada, being independent, and putting the most favored nation clause into her treaties, were to agree with the United States to admit "coal" free of duty, no doubt it would be necessary for her to admit English coal free, also. But if she were to admit "anthracite coal" free, who would profit by it? The United States admits "Hawaiian sugar" free of duty without giving offense to Spain or to the Netherlands, upon whose Cuban and Javan sugar there is a heavy duty. Should Canada, as an independent power, desire to grant special trade privileges to the United States in compensation for other privileges received, she would find no practical difficulty in the way. In her present position she can do nothing whatever; but as a part of the British empire is required to observe the most favored nation clause, which has been imposed upon her without consulting any special interests she may have. The inability to regulate her own foreign affairs, or to change in any respect her trade regulations with Great Britain, is a real and serious disadvantage. It will continue as long as

the right to conclude treaties is withheld, and that right will never be conceded as long as the British connection is maintained.

Still another class of disadvantages must be mentioned as a result of this connection. It is certainly not regarded in Canada as a misfortune that the Dominion is enabled, by being a dependency of Great Britain, to borrow large sums of money on favorable terms; but there is too good reason to think that it is a misfortune, nevertheless. At all events, no candid Canadian statesman will deny that a huge and burdensome debt has been created, nor would he assert that it would have been incurred but for the facilities which the situation of Canada with respect to Great Britain conferred. A brief study of Canadian finances will be interesting.

On the 1st of July, 1867, when the act of confederation went into effect, the net debt was \$75,728,641. On the 1st of July, 1883, the last date to which the accounts have been published, the net debt was \$158,466,714. The net interest during the last year reported was \$6,603,387, being an average of \$1.52 per annum upon each inhabitant of Canada, according to the census of 1881. The expenditure for interest on the public debt by the United States during the same year was \$59,160,131, or an average of \$1.17 per annum for each person, according to the census of 1880. The following figures compare the situation of the two countries, as respects their debts, in the middle of 1883. The difference of a year in the time of the census is to the advantage of Canada in the comparison:—

	Canada.	United States.
Population	4,324,810	50,419,933
Net debt	\$158,466,714	\$1,538,781,825
Debt per caput	\$36.64	\$30.52
Net interest	\$6,603,387	\$59,160,131
Interest per caput	\$1.52	\$1.17

Canada had thus, at the date specified, created a debt, and was forced to pay interest upon it, imposing a heavier bur-

den, both of principal and of interest, than rests upon the American people. To say nothing of the fact that the relative wealth and resources of the United States are so much greater than those of Canada that the nominal difference expresses only partially the real difference in the weight of the burden, the debt of the Dominion is still constantly augmenting. About one half of the twenty-five million subsidy to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company remained to be paid over to the company in the middle of 1883. Last year, in addition to all that had been done before, a further loan of \$22,500,000 to the same company was authorized; and the end of the grand system of public works has not yet been reached.

Let us pause here, and consider that, while the American debt was necessarily incurred for the purpose of national self-preservation in war, the debt of Canada represents for the most part expenditures for public improvements in a time of peace. What are the works to which this vast fund has been devoted? Chiefly railways and canals which do not pay the bare expenses of operation. During the fiscal year 1882-83 the revenues of all the government canals were \$346,768; the expenses of operation were \$487,205. The revenues of all the government railways were \$2,541,205; the current expenses were \$2,636,552. The combined deficit was \$235,784. But to this deficiency should be added the sum of \$1,833,422, expended and charged to capital cost of the canals, and \$1,683,819, expenditure in construction and equipment of railways owned by the government. The Intercolonial Railway, 946 miles long, connecting the maritime provinces with Quebec, has cost the Dominion government more than forty-one million dollars. During the year 1882-83 its revenue exceeded its ordinary operating expenses by the insignificant sum of \$10,547.83, which would have been applicable to-

ward interest on the forty-one millions of cost, had not the Dominion spent more than a million and a half dollars in extensions, side-tracks, stations, rolling stock, and other capital charges.

The liberality of the government toward the Pacific Railway has been unbounded. A gift of twenty-five million dollars, and as many acres of land; a guarantee of three per cent. per annum for ten years upon its capital stock, now sixty-five millions, and to be increased to one hundred millions; and a loan of \$22,500,000, — these are the favors of the government granted to the company up to the present time. It is true that security has been given for the guarantee and for the loan; but that does not prevent the loss, in case the railroad should be unsuccessful, from falling altogether upon the Dominion government.

The object of incurring these enormous obligations was to cement the political union of the provinces and to consolidate the Dominion. That is an intelligible and a praiseworthy motive. But has not Canada paid an excessive price for what it has gained? Were it looking forward to an independent existence, perhaps not, for no one can blame a free and public-spirited people for assuming great burdens in order to insure their unity and strength. Canada, however, is still a dependency, and has no thought of separate national life. What it has accomplished and hopes yet to achieve by its magnificent extravagance in public works is surely of great value to Great Britain, but what is to be its value to Canada? The expenditure for the Pacific Railway — at all events, for that part of it beyond Manitoba — is the price paid for the union of British Columbia with the Dominion. Of what advantage is that union to the eastern provinces? In a commercial point of view, the benefit is as nothing compared with the cost of the railway. Is it then a political advantage, and if so in what sense? Whether the union

exists or not, the whole territory included within the Dominion and all the people inhabiting it are British. The prestige of Great Britain may be increased by the possession of a great country stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the railroad is to it a benefit strategically. But how does the railroad improve the political standing of Canada? Her fame in the world is not increased by it, and she is always remembered as a dependency. She gains nothing in her relations to England; she has no relations with foreign powers; she is not stronger or richer at home.

In short, Canada has expended vast sums to promote and cement a union which is beneficial to Great Britain, but not especially so to Canada. The statesmen of the Dominion, holding the views they profess, will hardly maintain that to be Canadian-British is something better than to be British. But if the political union which they have expended much money to secure is so valuable, should they not have all the advantages of it, instead of paying all the price and allowing Great Britain to derive all the profit?

As has been remarked, the creation of this debt has been assented to by the Canadian public in great measure because the British connection made it easy to borrow. It would be interesting to analyze the ideas of borrowers and lenders with respect to these loans. On the part of the Canadians there is, no doubt, an abiding faith in the richness of their country, and in their ability to bear even greater burdens than they have assumed. But there is something beyond this. There is a feeling that in case of need, and as the last resort, they can appeal successfully to England for help. That is what the imperial guarantee of a large part of the Canadian debt means, and it explains the readiness of the Dominion government to incur obligations recklessly. But how ever good may be the prospect that

Great Britain might afford temporary assistance to her colony, in case of urgent need, not only must the responsibility for all Canadian obligations rest finally upon Canada itself, but the imperial government will, as it has the power, enforce payment. No doubt the creditors of Canada have a confidence which is justified in the large resources and the good faith of the Dominion. But it is the power of Great Britain over Canada which they rely upon as their ultimate security, and it is that which explains the ease with which loan after loan has been taken on favorable terms. Had the case been different Canada would not have been able to borrow at such a prodigious rate, and a much more cautious and economical policy would have been necessary.

Turning to the effects of the British connection upon the growth of Canada, we can trace nothing beneficial to that connection. The Dominion has no trade which it would not have as an independent power. It has attracted no immigrants who have gone thither because it was a British dependency, except immigrants of the least desirable class. It has gained nothing in wealth by the connection. On the contrary, the habit of regarding England as "home" influences many persons to return to Great Britain with the wealth which they have acquired by trade in Canada. The result of the connection is to make the people British rather than Canadian. The sentiment of national pride is not destroyed, but it is weakened. Attachment to the country is a secondary matter, and the tendency is unfavorable to vigorous growth, because there are so many persons who regard residence in Canada as, not exactly an evil, but as something which is to be endured with good grace until a lucky stroke of fortune enables them to return "home."

The population of Canada has increased at a good rate, but not so rapidly that any part of the increase can be

attributed to the fact that the Dominion is British territory. Its growth, indeed, has been less, proportionately, than that of the adjoining territory on the American side. To illustrate this compare the population of Canada in 1871 and 1881 with that of a strip of territory on the south side of the border in 1870 and 1880. Take the three northern States of New England; that part of New York north of a line drawn from Troy to Binghamton, but including neither of those cities; the State of Michigan; the Territory of Dakota; and the Territory of Washington. The aggregate population of this imaginary district in 1870 was 4,487,290; in 1880 it was 5,357,520, an increase of 19.4 per cent. The population of what is now Canada was 3,670,676 in 1871, and 4,324,810 in 1881, an increase of 17.8 per cent. So that, although we have included in the American district the most sluggish States in the country, so far as growth of population is concerned,—because there is a constant drain from them into the newer States,—and although the district is formed so as to include no commercial city of the first class, the growth of that district has been more rapid than that of Canada. Washington Territory tripled its population in the decade, adding more than fifty thousand to the number of its inhabitants; British Columbia, according to the census, was stationary. Dakota increased nearly tenfold, and added 120,000 to her numbers; Manitoba increased a little less than sixfold, and added less than 55,000 to her population. Michigan's percentage of increase was thirty-eight per cent., while that of Ontario was only eighteen per cent. It is true that in the east the Canadian growth has been more rapid than has that of the corresponding territory in the United States, but even there the population is barely more than one third as dense as it is in Northern New England. The average population to the square mile in Maine, New Hampshire, and Ver-

mont is 27.5; in the four eastern provinces of Canada it is but 9.7.

The trade of Canada has not shown any remarkable growth during the last ten years. The exports of the Dominion in 1883 were but ten per cent. higher than they were in 1874. A more proper comparison, and one more favorable to it, is between the exports of 1879, the lowest in ten years, which were valued at $71\frac{1}{2}$ millions, and those of 1882, the highest in the decade, valued at 102 millions,—an increase of nearly forty-three per cent. The imports of 1883 were three per cent. more than those of 1874. The increase from 1879 to 1883, when the lowest and the highest amounts respectively were recorded, was from 82 millions to $132\frac{1}{2}$ millions,—sixty-one per cent. Compared with the much more steady growth of the trade of this country, the above figures are not favorable. Our imports in 1883 were twenty-seven per cent. and our exports forty per cent. higher than in 1874, and the increase from the poorest year to the best was in each case sixty-eight per cent.

Perhaps these comparisons, and others of the same class which might be made, are "odious." They are made, of course, not for the sake of depreciating Canada or of glorifying America, but merely to show that Canada derives no advantage in these respects from the British connection which is not possessed in a greater degree by her neighbor, which is independent. The inference is very strong that Canada herself would gain in population, in wealth, and in commerce by cutting herself loose.

Let us very briefly consider what would be the situation of Canada, starting out on an independent career. Can anything to be desired by a nation proposing such a destiny for itself be conceived which Canada has not? It has, in the first place, a perfectly defined boundary: the sea on three sides, and on the fourth a line accurately deter-

mined by treaty, arbitration, and survey,—a line, moreover, which is accepted through its whole length by the only government whose territory adjoins its own. Its people, more than four fifths of them natives, and more than one half of them members of families which are occupiers of land, are attached to the soil. They have been accustomed to self-government, and for seventeen years have been living together as a *quasi* nation. Their institutions are excellent in form and well administered; their laws form an intelligible and well-digested code, and public sentiment sustains their just and impartial enforcement. Canada is furthermore as well situated as is the United States to maintain itself free of entangling foreign alliances. It has the most peaceable and the least covetous of neighbors, and only one. The country has large wealth and varied resources, of which Canadians are even now justly proud and boastful, and of which, were they sole possessors of those resources, they could make much more than they have yet made of them. It has a foreign commerce of no mean importance, extensive shipping, admirable harbors, and well-lighted coasts and rivers. Having all these things, it has no enemy anywhere, and but one question—that of the fisheries—on which it finds it necessary to come to an early understanding with any other power; and even that question is only for how much it can sell an eagerly sought privilege.

Should it be said that, while it might be for the present advantage of Canada, in material things, to be free, the chances of a war are to be considered, the answer is easy. England's interests might force Canada to participate in a war with other countries; Canada's own interests could hardly bring her into collision with any country except the United States. But whereas Canada would inevitably be involved in any war between this country and Great Britain, no

matter what the occasion of it might be, her independence would secure her against hostilities on any account except her own. It would be insulting to Canada to suppose that she would reject independence on account of a fear that the changed relation would leave her defenseless against the attacks of a powerful neighbor; but it would be no less unjust to the United States to think that this country covets more territory, or has any but the most friendly feelings toward Canada, or cherishes the most remote thought of assailing the Dominion. Unless this is an untrue statement, the danger of being involved in war is far greater under existing circumstances than it would be if Canada were independent.

What remains? A sentiment, and certainly a very high and noble sentiment. That which we call patriotism, and which in monarchical countries includes loyalty to the sovereign, is one of the most elevating emotions of which the human heart is capable; and the deep loyalty of the Canadians is altogether to their credit. Yet it is by no means true that the highest manifestation of loyalty consists, necessarily, in devotion to the government as it is. History proves abundantly that, while conquests and revolutions and treaties have developed new nations and altered the map of the world times without number, the sentiment of patriotism has survived through all these changes. In-

deed, it has never been displayed in greater fervor and intensity than on occasions when it has employed itself in breaking down existing institutions and in rupturing existing national relations.

It is, therefore, — without offense be it said, — merely an accident that causes Canadian patriotism to assume the form of loyalty to the British crown. Should the national interest — for, after all, Canada is a nation — point in the direction of a dissolution of the political bands which have connected it with Great Britain, it would be the aim of the highest patriotism to effect that dissolution. The watchword, "Canada first!" is an assertion of the priority of Canadian interests. Were the time ever to come when the people of the provinces must choose between devotion to the crown and devotion to themselves, they would be highly unpatriotic not to act upon the principle, *Canada before all!*

In the present temper which prevails both at Westminster and at Ottawa the question cannot be presented in a form which will excite ill-feeling in Canada. Doubtless it would be extremely difficult, in the absence of an intolerable grievance, to persuade the people of the Dominion even to consider the advantages of separation. But that condition of the public mind is entirely consistent with the existence of overpowering reasons why it would be for the best interest of Canada to become an independent nation.

Edward Stanwood.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

IN this Club I suppose we may have our little private fling at the editors. They will probably never read it. And besides, they doubtless have an Editors' Club somewhere, in secret, where they relieve their minds about us con-

tributors, and so get their revenge. There are two grievances I wish to mention: First, the apparent assumption by the editors that we are going to be vexed, or feel injured, at receiving back our small contributions of unac-

tive through having so much of this to do, — by being, as it were; a kind of returning board. But there really is no reason for its being ridden constantly by dark imaginings of our raving round our apartments, tearing our expensive note paper and saying disagreeable words. There may be exceptions, but certainly as a rule we do not do it. We feel only the meekest emotions when we take out of our post-office boxes these too, too thick envelopes, with the neat print of the magazine's address in the upper corner. Sometimes we almost wish this tell-tale print had been omitted; so much do we suspect the sprightly post-mistress of having mentally registered the correspondence, and the number of stamps on the rejoinder. As we look with an air of unconsciousness at the trivial remainder of our mail, edging our way unobtrusively through the knot of villagers who loiter about the post-office door, we wonder if she is looking out through the glass boxes, and reading our innermost reflections in the expression of our back.

So far from feeling shocked or outraged at the verdict, we do not even feel any surprise; unless it be a small sense of guilty surprise that we should have had the temerity to send away the things at all. So far from hating the editor, we always feel that he has done a kindly and Christian act in sending back our little unavailable efforts. Why should he? The green-grocer does not send back to the farmer his load of undesired pumpkins; nor does the farmer send away to the depot in his best spring wagon the peddler whose wares he did not wish to buy. Why should the editor be obliged to return the basketfuls — or what might have fitly become basketfuls — of offered pumpkins from Parnassus that are not "some," or the prose peddler's tinsel finery?

The second grievance is that the editors seem to fear that we shall not enjoy the printed circular that sometimes so

courteously accompanies our trembling manuscript home. But there are many painful situations in life where the least said the soonest mended. When Barnardine, in *Measure for Measure*, refused absolutely to "rise and be hanged," protesting, "You rogue, I am not fitted for 't,'" it was no doubt because the communication was made too effusively personal. If Abhorson had sent in a neat circular, he would probably have felt very differently about it. There may, again, be exceptions, even outside of boarding-schools and asylums for the mildly insane; but I avow that, so far as my own observation extends, we contributors prefer the editors' communications to be "yea, yea," or "nay, nay." I mean, of course, on that particular subject of our *Rejected Addresses*. On other topics, we should prize the largest utterance possible.

When we shall become very famous personages, and receive the distinguished pilgrim to smoke pipes with us in our awful attic sanctum, while the faithful wife keeps off the vulgar who stand without, then we may wish to talk and be talked to about our literary offspring. But oh! not now! Have we not studied whole nights on short methods for changing the subject, when approached on the theme of our modest productions? Only last month, when the magazines came to the book-store, did we not practice thirteen new ways of suddenly seizing on the subject of the weather?

— It seemed very like the theatre, as at the entrance designed for the public were presented little octagonal bits of pasteboard with printed inscriptions: "Entrée pour une personne. Chambre des Députés. Gallerie D." Still more did it seem so when our tickets were torn in two, a coupon returned to us, and we passed on by one scarlet and black memorial to another till we reached Gallerie D. At the top of the staircase our theatrical illusion was by no means dis-

D. At the top of the staircase our theatrical illusion was by no means dissipated; for there we were received by yet another scarlet and black menial, who held the door of Gallerie D tightly closed while he said in exactly the tone of a Porte Saint Martin's *ouvreuse*, intent upon *pour-boires*, "Will you not relieve yourselves of your mantles, mesdames? It is very hot in there. There is a great crowd."

There *was* a crowd. The gallery above us, like our own, was thronged. The séance of the day before had been so stormy that cards of admission had been in great demand for this afternoon's continuation of the same discussion. This subject was *l'interpellation* of the government upon the condition of its magistracy in the island of Corsica. This subject does not smell of fire and brimstone to the natural mind. It proved, however, a perfect mine of gunpowder among French legislators. It exploded parties out of all natural relations to each other, and resulted in the queerest of combinations: fragments of the extreme Left in affiliation with the extreme Right; Bonapartist and Radical embracing each other; Paul de Cassagnac and the fiercest Intransigent falling on each other's necks, and if not exactly kissing each other, at least ceasing to bite.

The interpellation originated in the Left wing of the Republican party, and its object in citing the ministry to show cause why its management of Corsican affairs should not be condemned was to overthrow the present cabinet for the chance of one of less conservative tendencies. An internecine fight in a party is of course the most delightful of spectacles to the opposition, which is therefore quite ready to help in every way to ferment the disorder. In this case poor Corsica was the bone of contention, and was so pulled and hauled about, so reviled and spat upon, by one side and another, in its morals and manners, that a Corsican deputy, M. Emmanuel Arene,

whose seat was next to that of Corsica's most active traducer, M. Andrieux, both of them of the extreme Left, kept jumping up all through his colleague's speech, like a Jack-in-a-box, in a continual sputter of contradiction and recrimination. Thus we had the curious spectacle of a speaker contemptuously howled at by one section of his own party while applauded from the opposition benches; a member of the extreme Left receiving applause from Monseigneur Frappel.

One's first impression of the Chamber is a very crimson one. But as the benches fill with deputies the upholstery disappears, and the Chamber becomes an arrangement in black and red. Its shape is a semicircle: the flat side is occupied by the president's lofty chair and desk, the orator's tribune below the president's, with the reporters' table below and in front of the orator's tribune. The benches of the deputies rise amphitheatrically, the upper row scarcely an arm's length below the lower of the two galleries devoted to spectators. The ministerial benches are the first three of the Centre, and are inscribed in large gold letters, "*Bancs des Ministres*."

There is little decoration except a large painting flanked by two rather superciliously smiling female statues above President Brisson's head, two gold-and-green panels over the crimson-draped doors through which the deputies pass, and very light gold ornamentation upon the white paint of the galleries.

Of course there were numerous clocks. We smiled in counting them. They reminded us of the *four* ticking away in our two rooms in the hotel, and striking all sorts of hours at all sorts of unreasonable times, in flat contradiction to every one of the countless timepieces striking in the rooms above, below, and each side of us. There were five clocks within our sight in the Chamber; we could only guess at the number there might be somewhere out of our sight.

Before the séance began we amused

ourselves with various frivolous observations. Thus we decided that there were more blonds upon the Republican benches than elsewhere, and a greater luxuriance of whisker. The best furnished heads—that is, hirsutely furnished—were those of the Centre, and among them white was the color most in wear. Upon the benches of the Right baldness and shiningness seemed the rule, amid which baldness and shiningness the wonderful black crop of Paul de Cassagnac and the purple velvet cap of Archbishop Frappel, always hobnobbing together, thrust themselves with striking effect. Archbishop Frappel is a fat old man in a black gown with red cords up the seams of the back of the body, and a purple scarf around the ample waist. He is decidedly a militant priest; too much so to be a self-possessed and effective orator. Once when we heard him speak in the Chamber upon the question of substituting affirmation in place of the legal oath, he waxed into such a tremendous temper in the tribune, and consumed so many glasses of beer before our very eyes, that he reminded us much more of a war-horse prancing in among the captains, and shouting, “Ha! ha!” than of a Christian priest. Paul de Cassagnac, the Creole swash-buckler, the unscarred hero of twenty duels, cannot get any further Right than he is, unless he moves out into the corridor. His seat is at the very end of the front row of *bancs de droites*. De Cassagnac was once a handsome man, so the tradition runs; but to look at him now tradition seems greatly to have flattered him. His back is hugely broad; not unshapely, but with the soft plumpness of encroaching flesh and retreating muscle. He is tall, swarthy, with ample mustache, and a marvelous black mane combed entirely back from his face, and of such dense blackness as to seem almost unnatural and unhuman. His skin and features are coarse, the *ensemble* that of

a bully cultivated into the appearance and manners of a perfect man of the world. That he is as irrepressible as ever is proved by the fact that he was incessantly called to order during this séance by President Brisson, whose patience finally gave way to the extent of inflicting two fines upon him, *avec inscription au procès verbal*.

Monsieur le Président Brisson, whose office is no sinecure, and whom we have sometimes heard with voice so broken by efforts to quell the noisy transports of the deputies that he could only whisper, is a tall, imposing-looking man in a dress coat. His head is gray, but his body is stalwart and vigorous; otherwise he would have been long ago forced into a better world, under the terrific physical strain of this. The little respect shown his authority by the more turbulent members is amazing to American eyes. The writer has seen him go through every dramatic expression of command, expostulation, entreaty, and finally even piteous supplication, extending his arms this side and that, crossing them despairingly upon his breast, striking his head, madly ringing his bell, beating the table with his knife; and all the time not a sound could be heard from his frantic pantomime, because of the howlings, screamings, vituperations, criminations, and recriminations raging upon the floor beneath him. During the recent debate upon the divorce bill the uproar at one time became so ungovernable that the president was forced to put on his hat and stand speechless and motionless before the astonished Chamber as evidence that nothing could be done with it,—that the séance was dissolved. At one time, during the séance at which we were present, M. le Comte Douville-Maillefeu, in a violent temper, stood, or rather raged to and fro, in the tribune. He had been called to order several times during the session, and was now attempting to expostulate against the president's

injustice in so doing while overlooking the interruptions of favorites. M. le Comte was so naive in his wrath, he banged and thrashed the tribune so like a passionate boy, was so generally infantile in his fury, that the whole house burst into uproarious merriment.

"I will not have you making fun of me! You have no right to grin while I am speaking!" screamed the tribune. Then more laughter from the deputies, more impotent rage from the tribune, till finally we saw M. Brisson, from his altitude above, bending down towards the tribune, whence M. Douville-Maillefeu reached up, both to every appearance shaking vicious fists in each other's faces, while not a sound amid the universal uproar could be heard proceeding from them. "They are going to fight!" exclaimed the lady next us. And indeed it looked so.

The first speaker was M. Andrieux, deputy from Arbresle, a former *préfet de police*. Once his radicalism found Blanqui's lukewarm; to-day he speaks in the name of Law and Order against the license of a conservative Republican cabinet! He is a gray-haired man, of the thoroughly French type, sallow and black-eyed, of middle age and middle stature, with the red ribbon upon his breast. He spoke fluently from occasional notes, with voice both sonorous and penetrating. He was evidently well prepared with charges against the government's administration in Corsica, and spoke two mortal hours, arraigning the ministry, — except at such intervals as he could not make himself heard, and calmly recuperated for another *élan* during the deafening uproar.

Sometimes an excited deputy would be laid hold of by a friend or two, and an animated private squabble would go on under the president's hail of rebukes and amid the larger general clamor. Mingled with it all the sharp ding, ding, of the president's bell made confusion worse confounded, while unhappy

M. Brisson varied his ordinarily more virile attitude by pathetic appeals.

"Laissez parler, messieurs! Je vous en supplie! Laissez parler!"

"Who would imagine these the law-makers of a nation!" said an astonished-eyed American.

During this scene the ministers upon their central benches appeared to take no interest whatever in the proceedings. Jules Ferry, *blasé* and faded, looking older than his photographs, with a few hairs strained over the scalp and long, lax, tired-looking side whiskers, seemed half asleep. Beside him sat a gentleman, slightly more interested, — very slightly, — who made occasional languid notes. We thought him too young for a minister, and wondered to see him upon those benches. We wondered still more when, after M. Andrieux had descended, he calmly mounted the tribune to reply to him, and we discovered that this was the minister most virulently accused by the preceding speaker, the Minister of the Interior, M. Waldeck-Rousseau. M. Waldeck-Rousseau does not look more than thirty-five. His appearance is of striking elegance, without hint of foppishness; his manner cold, dignified and of perfectly haughty *aplomb*; his type medium blond, his stature above middle height, his figure moderately slender. He began to speak in a voice scarcely raised above conversational level, but was greeted by cries of "Plus haut!" from the Left benches. Notwithstanding this hint he made no apparent effort to be better heard, although by degrees his voice grew upon us, till its calm, dignified, even accents became infinitely more articulate to our foreign ears than the war-whoops of M. Douville-Maillefeu, the thick-tongued, half-lisping boom of Paul de Cassagnac. The minister's speech was chiefly a rebuttal of charges brought against the magistral administration in Corsica. The subject afforded no field for eloquence, even if M. Waldeck-Rousseau possesses

that gift, which his passionless manner seems to deny. We followed his self-possessed, easy diction with but scant interest, and certainly sympathized with the voluble lady near us who exclaimed exultantly, "We have well done to come to-day." A row is always more interesting than a debate."

M. Waldeck-Rousseau was not obliged to submit to quite so many interruptions as his predecessor, though those interruptions were numerous and vicious enough to disconcert almost anybody else than a French legislator.

It seemed curious to us that the deputies speaking from the tribune never address "M. le Président" as English and American parliamentarians address "Mr. Speaker." The deputies address each other, and stand with the president not only *above* their heads, but behind their backs. When the occupant of the tribune speaks of or to another deputy he rarely says "my honorable colleague from So and So," or "the member for This and That," but speaks personally of or to each gentleman by name. During M. Waldeck-Rousseau's occupancy of the tribune, M. Laguerre, a youthful and conspicuous deputy of twenty-six, ally and co-accuser with M. Andrieux called out, —

"You know that is a calumny while you are saying it!"

"M. Laguerre," called President Brisson, "you have used unparliamentary language. I call you to order!"

"I will not allow a minister to slander me in the Chamber any more than I will in the discourses he makes while traveling about the country," retorted M. Laguerre.

As, pale and exhausted, the minister took his seat beside Jules Ferry, the volcanic Comte Douville-Maillefeu rushed into the vacated tribune. Fairly forced from it by the derisive laughter of the Chamber, he was followed by Paul de Cassagnac. De Cassagnac looked fat and slouchy in the tribune,

of careless carriage and *insouciant* manner. He gave forth a thick-voiced grumble — "full-throated," but not in the least like "laughter of the gods" — against President Brisson for showing partiality toward M. Waldeck-Rousseau in permitting him liberties of speech restrained from M. Andrieux. Here was one of the curiosities of this *séance orageuse*, a member of the Extreme Right quarreling for the right of free speech for a member of the Extreme Left!

It was half past six when the *séance* was suspended. MM. les Députés rushed pell-mell from their places, like hungry schoolboys kept beyond their dinner hour. As we came out from Gallery D we saw the scarlet and black menial delivering cloaks and gathering in his harvest of francs. As we also presented our *pour-boires* and possessed ourselves of our umbrellas, we certainly seemed to be leaving some place of lively entertainment rather than a legislative assembly.

— A pleasant study in human nature is to ascertain the estimate formed of each other by any two persons of like mental and moral status. Commonly, such mutual reflectors are little in love with their mirrors. This was notably the case with the Two Georges. If similarity of trait and habit make for amity, there was every reason why these two should have been most favorably inclined each towards the other. On the principle that misery loves company, it might seem that the bond between them should have been indissoluble; though the question arises, Were they indeed miserable? On the theory that two of a trade cannot agree, the deep-rooted prejudice which existed between them is more easily explicable, — though I am reminded that neither individual had ever mastered a trade.

The Two Georges — such was the joint title which they had acquired in their native village — were privileged characters of the *roi fainéant* order.

Free and idle, with the civic irresponsibility of the sluggard king, they might have been seen, and were often seen, in all the favorite haunts of the village, among which were included the post-office, the grocery, the steps of the town hall, and a particular corner fence that had always afforded excellent leaning facilities to the possessors of bodies inert and spirits unweariedly speculative. The Two Georges, it must at length be said, belonged to that class of humanity which a rustic euphemism of mild negation characterizes as "not *overly* smart." While there may have been those accounted of whole wit who found entertainment in "bantering" these "half-witted" ones, the latter were generally treated with kindly consideration for their infirmity. But the odium existing between the two themselves was of an extreme degree, neither being able to put up with the feeble intellectual calibre of the other. "He's a fool, and I can't bear a fool, nohow!" George I. was wont to declare, referring to George II. This opinion was fully reciprocated by George II., who was known to have pronounced his compeer "*commos mentis*,"—an epithet which, I suspect, had been recommended by some one or other of the whole-witted.

It was remarked that this mutual antipathy affected the entire walk and conversation of the Two Georges. To cover with derision and discredit any statement made by the other was the particular delight of each; if one expressed preference, the other was moved to excessive dislike towards the object in question; and the opinion of each regarding any matter of local interest was at once determined adversatively, upon learning what was the other's view. While George I. was a strenuous supporter of Republican principles, George II. held as tenaciously to those of the Democratic party; and I have heard it said that the two debated political measures with very nearly as great sagacity

as was observable in many whose vote could never be "challenged."

In this singular feud there was that which resembled the nature of a profound attachment. When, in course of time, death took the one, the other exhibited every sign of the deepest melancholy; but whether this melancholy should have been attributed to grief, or merely to the satiety of an existence no longer made relishable by antagonism, cannot, at this remove in time, be asserted with any certainty.

— I wonder why it is that blue flowers are so few in proportion to red, yellow, and white ones. It may seem as foolish to ask the reason of this simple natural fact as to question why the sky is blue or the grass green, and yet there must be æsthetic laws governing the production of beauty in the visible world. I think I am not mistaken about the fact of the comparative scarcity of blue flowers, either wild or cultivated. I have no very wide acquaintance with the flowers of the woods and fields, but according to my observation white, vivid red, and yellow are the prevailing colors, together with a smaller number of pink and purple blossoms. White and yellow flowers bloom all through the season, from the anemone and dandelion of early spring to the wild carrot and golden-rod of the later summer. There is surely an artistic design perceptible in the natural succession we see, which harmonizes the delicate tints of the early-coming flowers, the arbutus, laurel, wild azalea, and wild rose, with the tender green of spring foliage and the soft blue of spring skies, and again assimilates with the glowing sunshine and the richer green of summer the intenser tones of golden-rod and sumach berry, purple aster and thistle blossoms.

In driving about these Connecticut uplands I have noticed this season several blossoming weeds I was not before familiar with, mostly of varying shades of yellow. One of these is the clustered

blossom of the wild tansy; another, having a delicate little head nodding like a columbine, on the slenderest of stems, I learn is called the "fly-catcher," or wild lady-slipper. Two others are as yet nameless for me: one with a bright canary-colored flower starred over a bush looking not unlike the English gorse, while the other, more rarely found, is brilliant with a clustered mass of reddish-orange or orange-red. The dwarf sunflower, which children sometimes not inaptly name "Black-eyed Susan," is blazing everywhere, and my favorite golden-rod, waving its graceful plumes, "fringes the dusty road with harmless gold." Here and there appears a wild orange lily, and in almost every farmhouse "yard" tall groups of flaming "tiger" lilies, which have an excellent æsthetic value in juxtaposition with the soft gray of weather-painted old houses set back among the maple-trees. Nature orders that all these gorgeous yellows shall be contrasted with a due proportion of purple, in the wild aster (or "Michaelmas daisy" of England), the downy thistle blossom, the pinkish-purple lobelia, and other weeds whose names I have not discovered. To my great satisfaction, I lately came upon the royal-hued cardinal flower; at first but a single, half-opened spray, which it cost me a wetting to pluck from its moist bed. Since then I have found a glowing mass of it in the shadow of a wooded bank overhanging a little lake unromantically known as North Pond. Let me in passing pay a tribute to the picturesqueness of this sheet of water, connected with two larger ones by channels so narrow that a row-boat must work its slow way through by careful paddling and poling from either side. The longer of these channels throws light and shade in the most charming fashion, the clear brown water reflecting the tops of the tallest trees upon its edge. Each curve presents a new and lovely picture, — a tangle of wild green-

ery closing in about the base of thin-stemmed, light-foliaged trees; here and there the bare gray trunk of one prone among the undergrowth, and clambered over with bright vines, or fast falling to decay and leaning across the stream to rest its bent head against a brother still erect and strong. One could fancy the little creek a Louisiana bayou; the scene, indeed, in its wildness and silence, might have been almost anywhere as well as in this old-settled State. It was just too late in the month for us to gather the beautiful white pond lilies from the lake, and the thickly wooded shores yielded the sight of no other blossom than the cardinal flower I have mentioned.

The love of flowers seems to be universal, and the cultivation of them in tiny garden patches or in a few pots upon a window ledge the sole æsthetic indulgence of thousands of poor folk in town and country. How one wishes that country people grasped more enjoyment from the beauty within their reach! A poet sings, —

"I said it in the meadow path,
I said it on the mountain stairs,
The best things any mortal hath
Are those which every mortal shares."

This is true, no doubt, yet with qualification. After the joys of the domestic affections, the love of natural beauty is a source of pure and unfailling delight, open to a greater number than perhaps any other; but this love does not spring up and grow in people without education, any more than the love of art does. In regard to either there must be a certain fund of native sensibility to work upon, and the rest is developed and refined by cultivation, by intimate acquaintance with the things which minister to the æsthetic sense. Hard-working farmer folk have small time to spare for anything beyond the routine labors of the day. Yet this one pleasure is within reach, if they but knew enough to seize it. Their imagination

and their powers of reflection upon subjects not of direct practical importance are, however, so unused and undeveloped that it is safe to say the mass of them pay as little heed to the natural beauty about them as the oxen that draw their ploughs. It is not mere familiarity with the scene they live in that breeds this neglect of its beauty, but their eyes have never opened to see it. They feel in a half-conscious way the pleasantness of clear sunshine and soft airs, but do not pause in their sowing or reaping to look at the lovely gold-green light filtering through the tree branches, or the soft blue shadows

over in the misty hollows of the hill, or the rich contrast of their yellow grain fields with the dark green of the wooded slope beyond. Could they only have learned to take in all this simple beauty, what a refreshment to mingle the sense of it with the toil of the working-day! Would it not be a missionary labor worthy to absorb the life of a true lover of his kind to go and dwell among these people, whose existence is so narrowed and whose powers of enjoyment are so stunted and starved, and teach them to know this one unbought delight and make it theirs for the enlargement and refreshment of their minds and souls?

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Illustrated Books and Books on Art. Shakespeare's *The Seven Ages of Man* has again been made the subject of illustration by Church, Harper, Shirlaw, Frost, and others. (Lippincott.) The illustrations are photogravures from original paintings, a process which keeps something of the painting quality, yet lacks firmness of outline. The treatment of the several subjects is unequal. Mr. Church's nurse and child is graceful, and Mr. Frost's Justice repeats the character cleverly. But are they photogravures? The same designs are issued in a smaller form as engravings on wood. The comparison of the two forms is interesting for the hint it gives of how an engraver may either help or harm. Mr. Shirlaw's second childhood, for example, gains in definiteness in engraving, and Mr. Hovenden's in color, but Mr. Church's loses in richness. — *Picturesque Sketches*, comprising architectural sculpture, statues, monuments, tombs, fountains, capitals, cathedrals, iron-work, details of ornament, etc. (Osgood), a series of twenty-six plates in a case. It is difficult to see on what principle of selection the subjects are taken. Good, bad, and indifferent objects are huddled together, and all rendered commonplace by some inferior process of reproduction. The plates are useless for any study of detail, and the drawings are too undecided to have any picturesque value. — *Gray's Elegy* (Lippincott) is a new edition of a work already recorded here, with no addition that we can discover. — *The Wagoner of the Alleghanies*, by T. B. Read (Lippincott), is illustrated from drawings by Hovenden, Fenn, Gaul, and Low. The engravings have a hard, metallic character. Whatever dreaminess there may have been about Mr. Fenn's illustration "Vague as a vessel in a dream" has been

resolutely waked up in the engraving. — *Marmion*, by Sir Walter Scott, has been issued by J. R. Osgood & Co. in an illustrated edition, on the same general plan as *The Lady of the Lake* and *Tennyson's Princess*, but a somewhat bolder style of work seems to have been adopted. — *The Art of Life and the Life of Art*, by Alexander F. Oakey, appears in Harper's Franklin Square Library, with a number of effective illustrations, and comprises several short essays which deal with the relation of art and life in an honest anti-commercial spirit. — *Austin Dobson's Thomas Bewick and his Pupils* (Osgood & Co.) is a delightful bit of art and literature. Mr. Dobson's appreciative text is illustrated by nearly a hundred specimens of Bewick's work. — *The English Illustrated Magazine for 1884* (Macmillan) makes a handsome volume. England evidently does not mean to let the American illustrated monthlies have the field all to themselves. — *The Art Year Book for 1884* (John Mason Little) is among the most artistic volumes of the season, and in point of variety and workmanship sets a handsome example to the makers of conventional holiday books. — Mr. Bouton sends us the *Illustrated Catalogue of the Luxembourg Gallery*, containing 250 reproductions after the original drawings of the artists, engravings, and miscellaneous documents, edited by M. Dumas. The execution of the process plates compares unfavorably with American work. The letterpress is better than usual, a brief historical sketch of the old Luxembourg palace being especially interesting. — M. Racinet's valuable work, *Le Costume Historique* (Bouton, New York), has reached its fifteenth part. Many of the plates are marvels of color-printing.

History and Politics. A History of Presidential Elections, by Edward Stanwood (Osgood), is a very convenient hand-book, which gathers into compact form all that one can desire to know respecting the mode in which our electoral machinery has worked. It contains the text of party platforms and a great deal of political matter which it would be hard for any student to collect from the various ephemeral sources. — *Contemporary Socialism*, by John Rae, is a historical survey of the subject by a clear-headed man who is in sympathy with the people from whom socialistic movements spring, but critical of the philosophy which they have adopted. (Scribners.) — *The Conventional Lies of our Civilization*, from the German of Max Nordau (L. Schick, Chicago), on the other hand, is a somewhat virulent attack from the socialistic side upon the various outgrowths of civilization. The author is for plucking up by the roots all the tares, regardless whether the wheat comes up or not. — *The True Issue* is No. XVI. of *Questions of the Day*. (Putnams.) Its subject is Industrial Depression and Political Corruption caused by Tariff Monopolies, by E. J. Donnell, who calls for reform in the interest of manufacturers, farmers, and workmen. The tract bristles with italics and small caps., and Mr. Donnell calls so many names that he makes one doubt if a debater so heated when treating of economic subjects can be trusted to keep carefully within the lines of reason and fact. — *The Standard Silver Dollar and the Coinage Law of 1878*, by Worthington C. Ford (Society for Political Education, New York): a tract of a different order, written by a man who goes carefully to work with his facts, and labors to convince the reasonable man. — *Reforms, their difficulties and possibilities*, by the author of *Conflict in Nature and Life*. (Appleton.) The writer is a man of conservative habits of thought, who recognizes the value of institutions, which have been the slow growth of generations, while at the same time he is ready to acknowledge the defects which weaken them. He occupies a middle ground, and endeavors in the various questions of labor, finance, and society to point the way both to preserve and to correct. Such writers are rarely heeded, but this one is worth attention. — *The Man versus the State*, by Herbert Spencer, contains four papers contributed originally to the *Contemporary Review*. (Appleton.) Mr. Spencer perceives a tendency in politics to give to the state a tyrannical power, and to check the freedom of the individual. His message is a warning to democracy, but does he take into account sufficiently the immense advantage given to the individual by the increased facility of combination and the greater ease of breaking up combination? Certainly, if political experience in the United States teaches anything, it teaches the flexibility of society, the increasing power of leagues for the accomplishment of definite ends, and the lessening power of party to enforce allegiance. — *Social Problems*, by Henry George (John W. Lovell Company, New York), is a new edition in cheap form. — In the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science a very interesting number is Dr. Edward Channing's paper on Town and County

Government in the English Colonies of North America. (N. Murray, Baltimore.) Dr. Channing shows very clearly the connection between the English parish and the New England town. — *The Policy of Protection*, by Charles A. Murdock (Samuel Carson & Co., San Francisco), is a mild plea for the continuance of a protective policy. — *Protection and Free-Trade To-Day*, at Home and Abroad, in Field and Workshop, by Robert P. Porter (Osgood), is a more vigorous plea of the same sort. — *Protection and Communism*, a consideration of the effects of the American tariff upon wages, by William Rathbone. (Putnams.) Mr. Rathbone, who is a M. P., contends that in free-trade England's wealth is becoming more widely dispersed, while in protective America it is becoming massed in a few families. But the fact in America certainly is that the day of great fortunes for the few is passing by. There must therefore be other causes at work than those which can be referred to the two policies. — *The Ancient Empires of the East*, by A. H. Sayce. (Scribners.) Mr. Sayce has attempted in this volume to give his readers the benefit of the latest discoveries. He writes in the spirit of the new learning, which does not see this subject through a strictly classical atmosphere, yet is well equipped in the best that Greece and Rome can give. — *History of Gustavus Adolphus*, by John L. Stevens. (Putnams.) Mr. Stevens was at one time United States Minister at Stockholm, and used his opportunity for becoming acquainted with his subject at first hand. He treats his work modestly, and evidently has labored to make it fair and truthful. Perhaps on this ground one should forgive the writer for being a little dull in his style. — *Women under the Law of Massachusetts*, their rights, privileges, and disabilities, by Henry H. Sprague (W. B. Clarke & Carruth, Boston): a careful summary, under heads, of the statutes relating to the subject, accompanied by slight comment, but the whole cast in a form to render the pamphlet of great value to those who would understand the exact standing of woman before the law. Mr. Sprague's conclusion is that, with a few amendments, woman's position in Massachusetts may be regarded as an unusually favored one. — *Icaria*, a Chapter in the History of Communism, by Albert Shaw, Ph. D. (Putnams.) *Icaria* is a community founded by a Frenchman, Etienne Cabet, who set sail in 1848 with sixty-nine followers, landed at New Orleans, and thence went to Texas to lands near Dallas, which had been bought for the enterprise. The place chosen was unsuited, and after various vicissitudes a remnant of the company settled in Iowa, and last of all in California, where the organization still continues. The story of this enterprise is admirably told, and the book throws a good deal of light on the philosophy of communism. — *Fifty Years' Observation of Men and Events, civil and military*, by E. D. Keyes (Scribners): an entertaining volume of reminiscences, in which Scott, Sherman, Thomas, Grant, Lee, Washburn, and lesser men are described with considerable picturesqueness by a frank and generous soldier. There are many descriptions of historical events which will be valuable hereafter to

those who write history and need the testimony of eye-witnesses. — History of the Andover Theological Seminary, by the Rev. Leonard Woods, D. D. (Osgood) : a valuable work, long in MS. in the hands of both the Woods, and now printed by a grandson of the first professor. The documents and other papers are not the least important part of the book, which will be welcomed for the light it throws on a tangled controversy. — Mr. Motley's work has been both of advantage and of disadvantage to Mr. Alexander Young in writing his History of the Netherlands. (Estes & Lauriat.) Mr. Motley has undoubtedly made his task easier, though this new book makes use of new material and also of criticism on the earlier work; but, on the other hand, Mr. Young stands under the shadow of a great name. His book, to be sure, is briefer, but it will inevitably be drawn into comparison. It will not suffer in one respect, for its clearness of language and straightforwardness of style are more agreeable to many readers than Motley's high color. It also brings the subject to date, and altogether one would have to go far to find so business-like and interesting a history within the limits which Mr. Young has set himself. It is a pity that the cuts could not have been fewer if they were going to be so poor.

Theology, Exegesis, Biblical Studies, and Philosophy. Dr. Mark Hopkins, long the president of Williams College, was wont to preach at every Commencement a sermon to the graduating class. In these sermons he gave as good an example of his method in treating philosophical religious themes as can be found in any of his writings. The sermons, moreover, were charged with a personal feeling, always earnest but always subordinated to the theme. He has collected twenty of these sermons under the title *Teachings and Counsels* (Scribners), and it would be hard to find twenty discourses by one writer of the day of more comprehensive thought and more practical in their bearing. — Dr. William Smith's Dictionary of the Bible appears in a new form, a compact volume of 800 pages, in which Rev. F. N. and M. A. Peloubet have tried their hands at bringing the work into a shape most useful to Sunday-school teachers. It might have been condensed still further by the omission of the pious reflections and a good many of the cuts. — *Manual of Biblical Geography* (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago) : a much more serviceable book than the last, and well adapted to aid teachers and pupils in a thorough and systematic study of Bible history upon a geographical basis. The maps are clear, and the whole work has grown out of practical experiments in the class-room. — *An Outline of the Future Religion of the World, with a consideration of the facts and doctrine on which it will probably be based*, by T. Lloyd Stanley. (Putnams.) Mr. Stanley looks for a world's religion which will rest mainly on the teachings of Christ, but he seems to disregard the central teaching of all as regards the personal relation of Christ to God and man. — *The Reality of Faith*, by Newman Smyth (Scribners), is a series of sermons looking toward a new adjustment of Catholic belief with modern terms. The book has all the writer's persuasive

rhetoric and large disregard of stumbling-blocks. — *Correspondences of the Bible. The Animals.* By John Worcester. (Massachusetts New Church Union, Boston.) A new edition of a thoughtful book, in which the writer, in the light of Swedenborg's faith, turns the natural world into a spiritual parable. — *The Native Religions of Mexico and Peru*, by Albert Réville, translated by P. H. Wicksteed (Scribners) : a volume of lectures on the Hibbert foundation. The study of these religions gives the author an opportunity to make certain comparisons, and to confirm himself in the belief that the religious nature is immanent and indestructible. "It teaches us," he concludes, "that there is a principle, bordering closely upon that of religion itself, which must serve as the torch to guide the religious idea in its development, — not to supplant it, but to direct it to the true path. It is the principle of humanity." — *Simon Peter, his Life, Times, and Friends*, by Edwin Hodder. (Cassell.) It is a little odd that while Paul has had his life written a thousand and one times Simon Peter should have had to wait patiently for his turn. The material, of course, is not so abundant, but the character is quite as striking; the situations, indeed, are far more dramatic. Mr. Hodder treats his subject as if he were personally interested in it, and has made a readable, sensible book. — *The Destiny of Man Viewed in the Light of his Origin*, by John Fiske (Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.) : a suggestive little book, in which immortality is considered by a student who examines the subject by the aid of the theory of evolution. His treatment of infancy is singularly fresh and thoughtful. — *Occident, with Preludes on Current Events*, by Joseph Cook (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), merely uses the circumstance of travel in Europe for the exploiting of views in philosophy and religion. Mr. Cook travels far in his thought, but constantly comes home to make a fresh start.

Biography. *Some Heretics of Yesterday*, by S. E. Herrick. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The heretics are the great Protestants, exclusive of Luther; the term being used not technically, but to include such churchmen as Savonarola and Tauler. Mr. Herrick sets before himself no severer task than to tell over again in brief form the stories of a dozen or more of these men, but he does it with an animation and an interest in his subject which commend the book, and the adoption of a chronological order makes the volume a running commentary on Protestantism. — *The Letters and Times of the Tylers*, by Lyon G. Tyler. In two volumes. (Whittle & Shepperson, Richmond.) The Tylers are Judge Tyler and his son John Tyler, the President. The piety of a descendant has produced a full and minute biography, involving a discussion of historical subjects with which the two men were connected in a greater or less degree. The work, of which the first volume only has appeared, promises to be monumental in character, and the diligent student will find a good deal of local history which will interest him. Judge Tyler also, whose life occupies the former half of the first volume, offers a good picture of a Virginian gentleman. — *Another campaign life of Cleveland*, with a sketch of

Hendricks, appears in Lovell's Library, by Deshler Welch. The writer is not fulsome, but like previous biographers makes liberal use of Governor Cleveland's public papers. — Some Literary Recollections, by James Payn (Harpers), is an interesting little book, written with as much candor and modesty as can be expected of a man who does not leave his memoirs for other folk to print. Like all English books that especially require an index, this has none.

Natural History and Travel. The Fishes of the East Atlantic Coast, that are caught with hook and line, by Louis O. Van Doren; including the Fishes of the East Coast of Florida, by Samuel C. Clarke (The American Angler, New York): a series of chapters originally contributed to the Angler by men who are sportsmen rather than commercially interested. The writing, like that of all enthusiasts, has humor, intentional and unwitting. In speaking of the menhaden, so useful for bait, one of the writers says, "The great use the menhaden are put to is in making fish oil, and right here lies a very threatening danger to our coast fishing. Seine nets are made that cover acres. Fast-sailing steam tugs scour the shoal waters of the coast at all times and seasons, and with one haul of the nets, worked by huge engines, countless thousands of the defenseless menhaden are taken. In this way, in season and out of season, thousands upon thousands of the most important bait fish that swims are ruthlessly slaughtered to serve the pleasure and avarice of greedy capitalists, among whom it would be safe to bet there is not an angler." — A Naturalist's Rambles about Home, by Charles C. Abbott. (Appleton.) The home is in New Jersey, and Mr. Abbott, without straying from it, has presented the results of his observations in some forty interesting chapters. He is not a literary scientist; that is, his first object is not to turn a graceful sentence; but he is a close observer, an interested narrator, and his writing is free from technicalities. Altogether the book is a capital one, which young people will read with avidity and older readers will find equally attractive. — Country Cousins, Short Studies in the Natural History of the United States, by Ernest Ingersoll. (Harpers.) Mr. Ingersoll writes partly at first hand and partly at second hand. His book lacks, therefore, some of the freshness of Dr. Abbott's, and while much of his matter is interesting there is often a lack of simplicity and directness, a wordiness in short, which renders his book occasionally unnecessarily tedious. — Our Birds in their Haunts, a popular treatise on the birds of Eastern North America, by Rev. J. Hibbert Langille. (Cassino.) The author does not lay aside his cloak altogether, but the reader of his preface will be misled if he fancies that he is constantly to be reminded of the argument for design. On the contrary, the book is a readable account of birds in widely remote districts, and is drawn much more from personal observation than from books. — Life and Labor in the far, far West, being notes of a tour in the Western States, British Columbia, Manitoba, and the Northwest Territory, by W. Henry Barneby. (Cassell.) One ought to read this book on a long, long, weary day. As a hasty series of letters writ-

ten home to one's wife it has some excuse, but the writer makes little discrimination between the trivial and the exceptional, and occupies his pages with a good deal of detail which supplies one with little real knowledge of the country traversed. — Descriptive America, a Geographical and Industrial Monthly Magazine. (George H. Adams & Son, New York.) The August number, devoted to Michigan, has reached us. The somewhat unwieldy form of the magazine appears to offer convenience only to tabular views, but the general plan of such a magazine is well adapted to give a rapid survey of the features of the several districts of the country. A State, however, is rather a large field for one number. — Ten Days in the Jungle, by J. E. L. (Cupples, Upham & Co.): a simple, unpretending narrative of personal experience in a journey from Penang, told in the form of letters.

Fiction. Where the Battle was Fought (Osgood) is the title of the first novel published by C. E. Craddock, whose stories collected under the title of In the Tennessee Mountains are already familiar to readers of The Atlantic. — A Yankee School-Teacher in Virginia, by Lydia Wood Baldwin. (Funk & Wagnalls.) The title-page further describes the book as a tale of the Old Dominion in the transition state, and the scenes are carefully studied, — too carefully, one might think, for entire freedom and naturalness. Nevertheless, the freshness of the subject compensates for what might otherwise be only a conventional tale. — The Children of Issachar, a story of wrongs and remedies (Putnam), has its scene also laid in the South after the war. It is a confusing *mélange*, in which a purpose struggles through, intelligible apparently to the author, but somewhat concealed from the reader. — Love and Marriage, or the Waiting on an Island (Harpers), is a sentimental English tale, in which the actual facts are enveloped in a gauzy unrealism. — A Young Girl's Wooing, by Edward P. Roe (Dodd, Mead & Co.), — a moral tale. — Recent issues in Harper's Franklin Square Library are: Hago the Dreamer, a tale of Scotch University Life, by William Sime; Between the Heather and the Northern Sea, by M. Linskill; Judith Shakespeare, by William Black; Joy, or the Light of Cold-Home Ford, by May Crommelin. — Admiral Porter has begun a serial romance, Allan Dare and Robert Le Diable. It has an old-fashioned honest tang about it, and if the admiral brings his venture into port he will probably find a good many of the inhabitants waiting to cheer him. (Appleton.) — Tales of Three Cities, by Henry James (Osgood), includes the Impressions of a Cousin, Lady Barberina, and a New England Writer. — An Old Sailor's Yarns, Tales of Many Seas, by Capt. R. F. Coffin. (Funk & Wagnalls.) A continuous stream of maritime lingo unrelieved by any reasonable English gives one a fatigued sense of trying to keep on his legs in these stories, and a doubt whether he is going to reach any harbor at all. — It may be well to record here the sensible little paper by Walter Besant on the Art of Fiction. (Cupples, Upham & Co.) — The sixth volume of Stories by American Authors (Scribner's Sons) is notable for Mr. C. H. White's The Village Convict. This sketch and Mr. Bunner's Love in

Old Clothes (in volume five) seem to us the best stories in the collection thus far. — In *Partnership*, by Brander Matthews and H. C. Bunner (Scribner's Sons), contains eight short stories, the first and fourth being written in partnership. Of these two, *The Documents in the Case* is much the superior, in both *motif* and execution. Mr. Matthews "goes alone" in *Venetian Glass*, *The Rival Ghosts*, and a pretty little parlor piece called *Playing a Part*. Mr. Bunner contributes *The Red Silk Handkerchief*, *A Letter and a Paragraph*, and *Love in Old Clothes*, the last being easily his best work in this line. — It is difficult for a person with ink of only one tint to write adequately about a book printed upon paper of seven different colors. — *The Inner Sisterhood*, by Douglas Shirley (J. P. Morton & Co.), is a series of social studies supposed to be written by several (feminine) hands. The conception demanded a sort of dramatic ability which the author does not seem to possess. The sketches differ from each other in degree and not in kind. The most successful of the series is cleverly called *Flirting for Revenue Only*. The printing and paper of the volume remain its most striking features.

Books for Young People. *The Boys and Girls' Herodotus* is a companion volume to the *Plutarch* of last year, edited by the same scholar, John S. White. (Putnams.) Mr. White has not had the advantage of such good translations as served him in the former instance, and has given, we think, a little too involved a form. Sir John Mandeville ought to have translated *Herodotus*. The project, however, is admirable, and a better book for young people it would be hard to find. — Under the title of *Captains of Industry, or Men of Business* who did something besides making Money (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), James Parton has written nearly fifty brief biographies, in which he gives in sharp outline the careers of men who have made their mark not only by achieving personal success, but by making the success carry with it the good fortune of others. Of the list about four fifths are Americans, the remainder being English and French. The book is one well calculated to stimulate the honorable ambition of boys. — Hawthorne's *Wonder-Book* has been charmingly illustrated by F. S. Church (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), and the page and style generally of the book are fit form for the most delightful modern translations of the ancient stories. The very frankness with which Hawthorne throws away all the antique dress of the stories enables one to accept them, not as imitations or even as reproductions, but as transmutations. — *Queer Stories for Boys and Girls*, by Edward Eggleston (Scribners): lively stories of a *bizarre* order, and we think they might have been just as lively and just as natural if Mr. Eggleston had used a little more reserve in the boyish language. — *The Viking Bodleys*, by H. E. Scudder (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), implies by its title far more savagery than the readers of the mild Bodley books are accustomed to, but the Berserker rage is all on the title-page and in an occasional picture. The book intends a jaunt through Norway and Denmark. The author takes leave

of his readers at the end of the eighth volume of the series, and promises not to write any more. — *The Hunter Cats of Connorloa*, by Helen Jackson (H. H.), is a story of California, in which cats and children and Chinamen figure in a very interesting fashion. The story is a bright one, well told. (Roberts.) — *Tip Cat*, by the author of *Miss Toosey's Mission and Laddie*. (S. P. C. K., E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York.) *Tip Cat* is not one of H. H.'s kind, but an English squire, Tipton Cathcart, of eccentric memory, and the story centres about him. It is rather for misses of the romantic period than for children, but it has character and humor in it. Published also by Roberts Brothers. — *The Story of Vitean*, by Frank R. Stockton (Scribners). *Vitean* is the name of a château in Burgundy, and the story is of the time of Louis IX., with two boys for the principal characters. Mr. Stockton has told his historical tale with simplicity and directness, and while he cannot altogether lay aside his drollery he has not allowed it to dominate in his work. One discovers from this book, if he has doubted it before, that the author's humor, dry and unintentional as it appears, is really a subtle force which he understands perfectly. His *naïveté* is a distinct, measured quality. — *A Sea Change*, by Flora L. Shaw (Roberts), is a story of a waif saved from shipwreck, whose history is unraveled in the course of the book. The scenes are laid in England among gentlefolk, and the story is what may be called a novel for children. — *Ralph the Drummer Boy*, a story of the days of Washington, by Louis Rousselet, translated by W. J. Gordon (Holt), — a French version of our war for independence. The foreign accent to the story makes familiar things picturesque, but it is a pity that the author could not have kept to facts a little more closely. His desire for dramatic effect has made him negligent of historic truth. — *The Ice Queen*, by Ernest Ingersoll (Harpers): the story of how some young people moved themselves and luggage a hundred miles across the frozen Lake Erie to Cleveland, with the thrilling adventures which they met on the way. Mr. Ingersoll has seized on a very clever and novel theme, and his story illustrates the immense field of new adventure open to writers of American life. — *Jack Archer*, a tale of the Crimea, by G. A. Henty (Roberts): the old story of a young English midshipman who marries not the captain's daughter, but a Russian nobleman's daughter. We suppose these gallant tales will go on forever, and old heads continue to sprout from young shoulders. — *Our Young Folks' Josephus*. (Lippincott.) *Josephus* has been simplified by William Shepard, and the book makes a volume far more likely to be read than the original unabridged *Josephus*, although that has been the nutriment of many minds now mature. The heroism of the Maccabees can be read nowhere else so well. — *Young Folks' Ideas*, a Story by Uncle Lawrence (Lippincott): chats about the philosophy of familiar fact, such as cooking, printing, photographing, mining, etc. It requires some threshing to get the wheat, and the story portion is not especially to be commended.

